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The Pilot.

A Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, & Learning.

Edited by D. C. Lathbury.

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THE WEEK.

Home. On Thursday the war was again the subject of a not very profitable discussion—first, on the purely academical question how much the Transvaal is likely to contribute to the cost of its conquest, and then as to the precise meaning to be given to the word "independence." The wish to get back some part of our military expenditure is so natural that we do not as yet seem to have asked ourselves in what character we are to make the demand. Is the cost to be recovered from the Boers by way of indemnity? That is an intelligible proposal, and one which is in accordance with the precedents of modern warfare. Unfortunately, however, it seems far more likely that we shall have to find money to keep the Boers alive than that they will have any surplus to hand over to us. Is it to be recovered from the mine owners? That again is an intelligible proposal, if it be true that the war was undertaken mainly for their benefit. If the Imperial resources were in fact placed at their disposal for the development of the mining industry, nothing can be fairer than that they should recoup us for all that we have spent on their behalf. But we do not understand the Government to admit that this is a correct description of the origin and purpose of the war, and certainly it is not one that expresses the feelings and motives which make it popular with the vast majority of Englishmen. But if the mine owners had nothing to do with the inception of the war why should they bear a larger share of its cost than would come upon them as part of a general scheme of taxation? Whenever the time comes for the Chancellor of the Exchequer to explain the principle on which he proposes to tax the Transvaal (for objects other than the cost of its own administration) he will, we suspect, find it more difficult than it may now appear to make out a good case for any proposal that aims at relieving the Imperial Exchequer of an appreciable proportion of the war outlay.

Mr. Lloyd George's speech comes upon us as a surprise. In common with "the Colonial Secretary and others who misrepresent the opinion of Liberal members" we have always supposed him to be an advocate of giving back their independence to the Boers. From the point of view of a man who believes the war to have been absolutely unnecessary and therefore absolutely wrong this is a consistent course. We have made a great mistake, let us undo it as quickly as we can. Now, however, it seems that Mr. Lloyd George asks nothing of the kind. He only wishes to see the Boers given independence "upon Australian and Canadian lines." But in the Boer sense this would not be an independence worth having. The only independence they value is the independence of a sovereign state. If Mr. Lloyd George is not prepared to give them this he is wasting his breath; his clients will merely regard him as one of their conquerors. Independence in the Australian and Canadian sense the Boers will inevitably enjoy sooner or later, but a merely local and subordinate independence is not what they are now fighting for. Neither Mr. Brodrick nor Mr. Balfour seemed to see how completely Mr. Lloyd George had climbed down from the consistent Boer position, but all the same the speech is a remarkable tribute to the influence of the Imperialist Liberals in the party. There is no practical difference that we can see between Mr. Lloyd George's present view and Mr. Asquith's, though there is abundant difference, of course, in the tone and manner in which the two views are expressed.

For twenty-four hours the House of Commons and the country were without an Education Bill, and we do not know that either of them felt appreciably poorer in the interval. However well conceived and well drafted a measure may be it is of no great value until it has survived the Parliamentary ordeal, and we have ceased to look for this amount of vitality in Unionist Education Bills. Whether it is, as some say, that Unionists do not really care about education, and that they would gladly let the question alone if they could but be sure that the Radicals would let it alone also; or that

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those who do care about it are so divided among themselves that each man dislikes the clauses contributed by his neighbour more than he loves the clauses contributed by himself; or that the supporters of Voluntary schools, who have the largest share of influence in the educational policy of the Government, are hopeless of getting what they really want, and do not much value anything else—we will not undertake tosay. But if the cause be doubtful the effect is unmistakable. The strongest Government of modern times has twice attempted to pass an Education Bill and has twice failed in circumstances of unusual ignominy. Of course they tell us that this second collapse is merely for the moment, and that education will have an "early and honourable" place in the Session of 1902. We are quite able to accept both promises. The Government must be getting so accustomed to have an Education Bill on the stocks that they would feel lost without one; and an early and honourable place in the King's Speech and in the sessional programme saddles Ministers with no very burdensome responsibility in the matter of legislation. What is introduced in February can always be withdrawn in July.

It would not be just, however, to lay the whole blame of what has happened upon the Government. The extent of their interest in education may be judged from the fact that the real Minister of Education is not in the Cabinet, but leaders who have no enthusiasm of their own may have so much pumped into them from outside that they come in time to fancy that they are the authors of their own measures. In the present case, unfortunately, this external pressure has been wanting. The clergy, no doubt, are keenly concerned about some aspects of the question. They are by tradition or conviction strong believers in the Voluntary school system, and in so far as any Education Bill makes for or against Voluntary schools they are acute and informed critics of it. But though Ministers may not know very much about education, they do know that it cannot be regarded exclusively from this point of view, and they are probably disposed to put aside the clergy as too much interested in a particular aspect of the question to make it prudent to trust to them in the preparation of a comprehensive measure.

It must be admitted that the clergy have too often given occasion for the scant attention they have met with. They have in too many cases judged every educational issue by its effect on Voluntary schools. This has been the test they have applied alike to the demands of the Education Department and to the action of school boards. Moreover, their zeal for Voluntary schools has frequently been untempered by larger considerations. They have set the means before the end, they have thought so much about keeping Voluntary schools alive that they have forgotten to ask themselves how far they further the one purpose for which they exist, or whether this purpose might not be better served by a wholly different arrangement. We do not forget the sacrifices they have made in behalf of their schools; but the most heroic sacrifices may be wasted, and are wasted, if they do but keep alive a system which has no enduring power, and, even if it had, would be wholly inadequate for the function that it professedly fulfils. If Churchmen will spend the rest of this year in asking themselves what Voluntary schools are meant to do, and what the chances are of their doing it with any approach to completeness, they will be very much better critics of the next Education Bill than they have ever been of its predecessors.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has contributed another speech to the inquiry how an Opposition can be built up out of discordant materials. We do not see that the attempt could have been better made, and if Sir Henry proves to have failed, it will be because he has tried to compass the impossible. The difference between the Liberals who take Mr. Asquith's view of the war and the Liberals who hold with Mr. Morley will cease to be important when the facts in which it has its origin have passed into history. But so long as they remain matters of current controversy it is too deep to be bridged over. Still, as we have said elsewhere, such differences need not for practical party purposes survive the war. They have to do with the interpretation of past facts, not with the treatment of future facts. But if they are insisted on now they will leave effects behind them which may greatly hinder the co-operation of the two sections of the Liberal party in the future, and in practice there is no surer way of insisting on them than by either minimising their importance or seeking to find points of agreement which do not really exist. There will be need of a watchful and critical Opposition when the particulars of a settlement come to be debated, and if it is to be watchful and critical to any purpose it must first be decently homogeneous. So long as the war lasts there is not much to be done even by a united opposition, but attempts to make it seem united when it is not can only result in giving this uselessness a longer lease of life.

There is another course open to Liberal politicians which apparently finds favour with Mr. Asquith. It is to leave the war on one side and to insist on the unity of the party as regards domestic legislation. There would be more to be said for this plan if at this moment any appreciable number of persons cared about domestic legislation. Mr. Asquith's speech at the dinner which is to heal the Liberal schism will no doubt be read, but it will be read to discover what indications can be gleaned from it as to the relations between him and his nominal leader, or as to the extent to which he is prepared to support the Government in South Africa. The war has taken the interest out of every other question, and we doubt whether a shrewd reader of the public temper would think it worth his while to talk about anything else. The best use that could be made of the coming dinner would be to treat it as a private festivity, and to substitute songs for toasts throughout the evening. Otherwise the choice of the public will lie between leaving the proceedings unread or searching Mr. Asquith's sentences for something that he has of set purpose left out. Neither process promises to do the Opposition much service.

The second night of the debate in the Lords on the Duke of Bedford's resolution was interesting as showing signs on the part of the Government of a disposition to reconsider their decision not to increase the pay of the regular soldier. Hitherto it has been difficult to decide whether their promises to take further measures, in the event of the present proposals failing to answer their purpose, had reference to increase of pay or to the introduction of compulsory service. Lord Lansdowne's speech

has set this doubt at rest, and now the admission that recruiting is "the very bed rock of organisation" carries with it an assurance that the Government will pay the market rate if the men cannot be had more cheaply. There is no need, however, to make the increase of pay "indiscriminate." On the contrary, it should be carefully directed to giving most to the best men, to rewarding professional merit and to encouraging longer service. It is quite possible that recruits of the better sort might be greatly attracted if the pay and status of non-commissioned officers were improved. The spectacle so often witnessed of late of a sergeant drilling a raw Imperial Yeoman and getting only half the daily pay of his pupil is certainly not calculated to encourage regular enlistment.

The *Times*, which has often done excellent service in calling attention to the needs of the Navy, returned to the subject on Tuesday in an article urging the Admiralty to anticipate a threatened agitation by "a frank and explicit" statement of their "policy, views, and intentions." If the "Mediterranean Scare" should have the result of drawing this forth, it will have served what will probably prove its only useful purpose. The strength of the fleet on any particular station is a matter of high politics. It is conceivable, of course, that a Government may be unmindful of their duty in this as in other respects. But if so, their offence is too grave to be the subject of amateur discussion. The strength of the Mediterranean Fleet, whether generally or at any given time, must be determined by our relations, present or prospective, with foreign Powers, and these are not matters for politicians of the type of Mr. Arnold White. Unfortunately there is no need to go further than Mr. Arnold Forster's speech on Wednesday to discover more solid grounds for uneasiness. He did not deny that the Mediterranean fleet needs reinforcement. On the contrary, he said expressly that it is defective alike as regards battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. It is something, doubtless, to know that these wants are in the course of being supplied "so far as possible." But ought the statement to be accompanied by such a qualification as this at a moment when the nation is alive, as it has never been before, to the necessities of naval defence, and ready, as it has never been before, to give the money needed to meet them?

There has been more activity, if not more progress, than usual in the war during the past week. Commandant Fouché, who has been operating in the Barkly East district, sacked the village of Rhodes, imprisoned the resident magistrate, and then proceeded to Maclear, a small town surrounded by hills which lies about fifty miles east of Barkly East. A small garrison occupied the hills encircling the town and for three days held out against Fouché's attack. After a tough resistance the garrison was relieved by Colonel Dalgety, who commanded a mixed force of Cape Mounted Rifles and East Griqualand Mounted Rifles. On the approach of this force Fouché retired with his commando to the Drakensberg mountains. The Transkeian territories which Fouché has been invading have hitherto been regarded as neutral ground, since they are occupied only by natives. The invasion of them and (what inevitably follows) their devastation, are the necessary results of the guerilla system into which the war has degenerated. Agreements are violated, first by one side and then by the other, until they become meaningless; and, of course, destruction and suffering are inflicted on neutrals and non-combatants.

Correspondents at the Cape speak of Fouché's invasion as "a complete fiasco," and, although it was a small affair, we have nowadays to regard even trifling successes as satisfactory. There has also been fighting in the neighbourhood of Hanover and Richmond in Cape Colony, and in the south-east a commando has been plundering in the neighbourhood of King William's Town. Philippolis in the Orange River Colony, and the Crocodile River in the Transvaal, have also been the scenes of skirmishes, in most cases resulting favourably for us. On the 26th June the Boers attacked a blockhouse on the Delagoa Bay line near Brugspruit, but were beaten off by the armoured train with about twenty-four casualties. Field-Cornet Depriez has surrendered at Pietersburg with forty-four men, and Lord Kitchener's last weekly report announced that seventy-four Boers had been killed, sixty wounded, and 160 taken prisoners. It is in figures like these that we shall probably have to reckon the war's progress for many months to come.

Foreign. The present phase of the Chinese crisis seems likely to pass into the next without a break. The European preparations for withdrawal and the transfer of Peking to the Chinese authorities are going on; but there is rioting round Mukden, the French troops are to stay through the summer at Pao-ting-fu to repress the "Allied Villagers," who are Boxers under a new name, Prince Tuan and Tung-fuh-siang are reported to be collecting forces for an invasion, and the Dowager Empress may come back only as far as Kai-fong-fu in Honan, fearing a trap at Peking. If so, the *status quo* cannot be restored even in name. However, the occupation has impressed the Tibetans; and future travellers on the roof of the world may escape Mr. Landor's experiences. Much is made in Germany of the ultimate dangers that may ensue to England from the Tibetan mission to the Czar; but the prediction is apparently designed to point the moral that Germany is our friend and not Russia, and leading Russian papers are disclaiming all desire for the permanent possession of Manchuria.

On Friday of last week the French Chamber accepted the Senate's amendments to the Associations Bill by 428 votes to 143, and passed the Bill itself by 313 to 149. On Tuesday a decree was issued defining the method of application by the Congregations for registration under the Act. They are to send in their statutes in duplicate to the Minister of the Interior within three months, with full particulars of their property, their objects, their establishments, and the names, birthplaces, ages, and nationalities of their members. The most significant feature of the decree is the requirement that their application shall be approved by the bishop of the diocese, and that they shall undertake to submit to his authority; whereas several of the Orders at present own allegiance only to their superiors at Rome. There are said to be precedents for this requirement, in the legislation of the restored Bourbon Monarchy (1825) and the Second Empire (1852); but these laws

limited the submission to "spiritual things." The decree raises some difficulties, chiefly dialectical. How, it is asked, can a Congregation have property before it acquires the personality which is given it by registration? And will the Government be obliged to submit the request for authorisation to the Legislature? Suppose the introduction of a Bill is deferred, what will be the *status* of the Congregation in question? It would seem, however, that the Ministry intends to deal gently with the Orders, and the Dominicans have decided to apply for registration. The other unauthorised Orders seem to be awaiting directions from Rome. Some of the Jesuits have explained that a refusal on their part would not destroy the so-called Jesuit schools, which are staffed, but not owned, by the Order. When the Bills are brought in, however, the probability is that Ministers will be opposed by their own Radical supporters, and will have to depend on the Centre and Right.

The Labour Pensions Bill cannot now pass before the autumn, and a motion requesting the Ministry to take the opinions of employers and employed upon it, through their respective Unions, in the recess, has been carried by 300 votes to 237. Foreigners have been excluded from its benefits by 430 to 68. The proceedings on it are being used against the Government in various ways more or less futile. M. Drumont declares that it will involve a new loan, that the pensions will be paid out of capital, and only the Jews who find the money will be benefited. The Moderates object to it as State Socialism. The income tax question is to be taken immediately after it in the autumn. M. Cavaignac, who has hardly improved his prospects by his adherence to the cause of Nationalism, told a meeting at Lyons on Sunday that the anti-Clerical zeal of the Ministry had made them give precedence to the Associations Bill over genuinely democratic reforms. This meeting, by the way, was protected by five hundred stewards, and M. Cavaignac himself denounced "international syndicates," much as speakers of a very different stamp nearer home. A rival demonstration was attempted in the streets, but failed. But it does not follow that the Nationalists have captured Lyons.

The Italian Chamber adjourned on Saturday until November, after an uproarious scene which is, however, only an episode in proceedings calculated to strengthen the Ministry in the end. Last week a number of harvesters were on strike at Berra, near Ferrara, and labourers had been imported from Piedmont to take their place by the company which works the land. Early on Thursday morning some five hundred strikers approached a bridge which was guarded by a lieutenant and twenty soldiers. The strikers' friends declare that they came as a pacific deputation, waving white flags, to announce that the Prefect of Ferrara had undertaken to arbitrate, and that they wished to communicate the fact to the Piedmontese, and ask them to stop work. The lieutenant, however, himself shot the leader, and ordered his men to fire on the crowd, taking precautions that they should not fire too high by striking down the rifle-barrels within his reach. These particulars are given by a well-known Venetian paper, the *Adriatico*, though other accounts differ; and on Saturday the matter was brought up in the Chamber by the Extreme Left. Signor Giolitti, the Minister of the Interior, declared that the troops were perfectly justified in protecting the imported labourers' right to labour, and that when five or six hundred men were trying to force a bridge guarded by twenty soldiers, it was absolutely necessary to fire. The Opposition were silenced by this clear declaration, but Signor Bissolati, a well-known member of the Extreme Left, proceeded to read from the *Adriatico* and to attack the moral character of the lieutenant, apparently without adducing evidence. The War Minister lost his temper and abused the newspaper and the speakers; there was a tumult, the sitting was suspended, and on its resumption he had to apologise. However, he has challenged Professor Ferri, the Socialist deputy, who refuses to fight on principle, and he threatens to resign. Still, the attitude of the Ministry averted an attack from the Opposition, and the Extreme Left cannot choose but support them in the long run, while they are now safe till November from the accidents of Parliamentary life. The pity is that the Chamber should have adjourned before touching the question of a reform of taxation, but apparently the Committee which has been examining it was not ready.

M. Janson's proposal that a vote of the Belgian people should be taken on the question of introducing manhood suffrage was rejected on Friday of last week in the Chamber by 85 votes to 50, nominally on the ground that such a vote is unrecognised by the Constitution. The result is to be regretted, for such votes were so often taken by municipal authorities before the great Constitutional reform of 1893 that the process has become legitimised by usage, if not by legal enactment. The Socialists have issued a manifesto calling for street demonstrations, and declaring that they will not shrink from a revolution. But that will effectually alienate the Liberals, and even now the alliance with them is provisional and precarious.

The possibilities of a crisis in the Near East continue to multiply. It is semi-officially announced, indeed, that the disturbances set up by Albanians in the Novi Bazar district have been grossly exaggerated; but new troubles are announced from Gusinjé, near the Montenegrin frontier. The Albanians and the Slav inhabitants (Servian by race) have come into conflict; the latter have been worsted, and bands of Montenegrins are hastening to aid their kinsmen. They will not, of course, have the support of their Prince, but events may easily get beyond the control of any Balkan Government. Meanwhile the Porte, whose financial straits are reported to be worse than ever, is powerless, and does not even mean, as was reported last week, to send commissioners of any kind to Macedonia.

A curious criticism, by an Albanian refugee (a Mohammedan), who publishes a paper in Brussels, on the recent debate on his country in the Italian Chamber, is reproduced in the *Cologne Gazette*. This refugee, who is known as Faik Bey, thanks the Italian deputies, rather ironically, for their sympathy, but wants to know if they are in favour of Montenegrin aggression upon Albania, or against it. Moreover, he ridicules the assertion that there is a large Italian population in Albania, and the zeal which induced some of the speakers to claim the Albanians, absurdly enough, as a "Latin race"; he intimates that the Italian schools in the country are really intended to denationalise its inhabitants, that if Albania must be under foreign control he would greatly prefer the overlordship of the Dual Monarchy, and that probably Albanian nationality and religion would be safer in Austrian or Hungarian than in Italian hands.

American weather is like other things in America in its scale, and New York, in spite of its splendid position, is almost of necessity overcrowded in its poorer parts by an eminently unsanitary population. Accordingly the heat wave has produced terrible suffering, even if we discount the reports of an excitable Press. Crowds are sleeping out on Coney Island—naturally an arid desert, where life at such a temperature can hardly be endurable by day—in the parks, on the roofs, or wherever they can; the death-rate is startling and (the effects of continued heat being cumulative) it will probably go higher still. A change was reported on Friday, but the Weather Bureau declares that it was only temporary.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, July 6, 1901.

THE DISTRACTIONS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.

Not very long ago, "the Great Liberal Party" was still a common phrase in the mouths of men who were born opponents of latter-day Liberalism. Weakened by the exhaustion of its tenets and the dissension provided by a much-loved leader to be his monument, the party yet retained a strong hold upon respect by the alert and tenacious loyalty of its rank and file to their old flag in conditions well-nigh hopeless. Then came the South African war to disintegrate the solidarity of the party where alone it had any existence—in the provincial Liberal associations, we mean; and very successful the war has been in that way. Perceiving its dissolvent effect on their following, the leaders of the party, who up to that time had been sufficiently at variance to be of small use in their calling, became yet more so; or rather, were more willing than ever that their dissensions should be known. That the Liberal leaders should disagree about the South African war on some points, even on some important points, was to be expected; but though they are agreed upon a far greater number which have the advantage of *not* being irrevocable and unalterable, they seem more concerned to quarrel with each other in some public place over questions which are past praying for than in coming together to contrive the more judicious means of working for what all profess to desire. Their differences must be staged; they must have an audience for them. What they are agreed upon is meanwhile to be drawn on either side into a separate fund for use under direction of those differences. And if, perchance, as a consequence, the total ruin of Parliamentary Government should be accomplished, of what concern is that to leaders of the Liberal party? Apparently, none.

Such observations and questionings as these are forced upon every independent mind by the performances of the Chief Priests of Liberalism in the last fortnight. To be sure, these performances are not readily understood. We begin with a public dinner, at which Mr. Morley said something on behalf of one Liberal faction which seemed extremely invidious to the other. It was an assertion of superiority equivalent to "Codling's the friend," or "Ours is the Original and the Only: you must have it!" Challenge it might be considered, but a challenge which would have been sufficiently answered in a letter to an inquiring constituent by Mr. Asquith or Sir Edward Grey. Instead, there was another Dinner, held ceremoniously and in force to hurl back Mr. Morley's insinuation and to put Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his right place. This was done in a very remarkable speech, from which not the worst but the best possible might have been inferred. For while Mr. Asquith, speaking for himself and his friends, vehemently denied that the Government was in any way to blame for the origin of the war, he gave a reason for thinking them contributories to it, and then went on to explain that his other differences with the leading men of the Bannerman faction were few and meagre. He thought our treatment of the Jameson Raid and its contrivers "fatal," that the war would bring to Great Britain "neither material nor military glory," and that the farm-burning was a political and military blunder. Even when the war had begun he "hoped and believed that it would be possible not to interfere with the political *status* of the Republics"—a most significant and most conciliatory avowal of opinion and feeling. If he now believes that annexation is inevitable, that independence in the old sense is impossible, he has not found one among his friends "in all sections of the Liberal party" who holds a different opinion. So that there again he is all right; while as to ultimate aims and objects, his desire is "the construction of a free federated dominion in which both the now-estranged races can sit down side by side without sacrifice of self-respect in what will then be their common country."

We can but think that in less passionate times a speech like this, with its long recital of points of agreement—all, too, of the most vital order, and all pertaining to present action and living endeavour—would have done much for conciliation. Not, of course, that it could have been expected to reconcile extreme men who make a merit of shouting for the sublime impossible, or who would urge the Better to such heroic enmity of the Good as to cut its throat and so commit suicide. We speak of the men to whom (presumably) Mr. Asquith's speech was addressed; they being of a different order. It soon appeared, however, that on *both* sides, on his own and on Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's, the many points of agreement in his speech were entirely neglected for the one objurgatory assertion of difference. So pleased was his own party with its fervid out-spokenness that they resolved upon having another Dinner in honour of it, to emphasise it, to have more of it and drive it home as a sundering wedge. This was the next tale, believed by all; but not by the prudent among patriotic Englishmen till it appeared certain that Mr. Asquith had accepted the invitation.

And a dark hour it was for men of undrugged sense—or let us say for men who sincerely believe that a smashed Opposition must disorder and corrupt the whole system of Government—when the prospect had that appearance. But now it took another change and a

more agreeable one. It was said that Mr. Asquith had himself suggested this other Dinner (a curious statement if true, considering what easy access he has to pen and ink and the printing press) because he had more to say. And then came the letter which was published on Tuesday, in which he declared himself "almost the last man in the party wantonly and without due occasion to emphasise such differences as unhappily exist among us." He had no such meaning. "My hope, on the contrary, was and is to take advantage of the proposed dinner for another purpose"; namely, to dispel the illusion that the Imperialist Liberals are preparing to orb themselves into a satellite party revolving in the ministerial sphere of influence. For the reason already given, this was good hearing for all considerate men, in or out of party livery. And who but they should fall a-dreaming of graceful candid letters privately sent to "My dear C.-B.," that he might have the same assurance in the friendly way usual and proper to the occasion. Perhaps he had no such civil missive; but if not what are we to think? Or if he had, *then* what are we to think? For immediately after Mr. Asquith's published letter, which itself opened the promise of a more partner-like speech than his last, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman lifts his voice in objurgation also. He strikes back, with unusual vigour and directness. "It has always been difficult, it is now seemingly impossible to preserve unity owing to the persistent schemes and efforts of a few men, who, under the influence, I imagine, of some personal jealousy or antipathy of their own, are constantly and actively engaged in magnifying and embittering such differences of political opinion as exist." Therefore announcement is made that the official leader of the Liberal party will not await the developments of the Dinner of July 19 (and we should all feel the suspense as a little too long), but will call the party together anon, and determine in an orderly manner whether to go or to stay.

The "few men" who are so directly accused by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may be of more than one school and one profession; but as to the main quarrel, we must suppose it not very different at bottom from those old contentions which Sir Wemyss Reid dwells upon in this month's *Nineteenth Century*. Accusation is there shifted to the Radical side, and may not improbably flame out on all sides and in all colours at the Reform Club on Tuesday —even to the roof of that inflammable institution. All that we have to say is in profound regret for the time and the occasion. Quite incompetent and very little disposed to apportion blame to the combatants in this other inevitable war (for such it is now declared to be by the politico-philosophical) we must not be told that it is blameless—still less that it is patriotic; and they must be stone-blind with passion who do not see that it can be fortunate for no party and no faction in the long run. If any one of them imagines that it may at any rate find some brief immediate advantage in the conflict, it must be the Ministerial party which Mr. Asquith thinks the country is tiring of. That his own would be served by taking an asteroidal place in the political system he can hardly believe; and what sort of existence the Radical Left hope to lead as the shards and fragments of a Party of the Unattainable is beyond conjecture. Is there not time before Tuesday next for both to turn such questions over in their minds? We would persuade them to do so if we could, for the sake of a great deal more than the existence of any political party as such.

THE PROPOSED ROYAL DECLARATION.

THE Report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on the Declaration required of the Sovereign on his accession by the Bill of Rights is a characteristically English piece of work. It seeks to remove a particular fault in the language of the Declaration without attempting to put the Declaration itself on a more rational footing, or stopping to consider whether in removing one fault it does not introduce others. As the Committee propose to amend it, the Declaration will no longer pelt the King's Roman Catholic subjects with abusive epithets. It will not call them idolatrous or superstitious. That, no doubt, is an improvement, or, rather, it would be an improvement if terms such as this had not in their political application ceased to have any meaning. But the order of reference authorised the Committee to go a good deal further than this, and the case was eminently one in which they ought to have used their powers to the fullest possible extent. The question they should have asked themselves is whether there is any longer need for the King to make any Declaration of the kind. There are, we believe, some three hundred odd religions in his Majesty's dominions. Why is he to declare his disbelief in only one of them? If it be said that certain events which happened in 1688 make it specially necessary for him to reject the Roman Catholic religion, why should he not equally reject the Independent religion. The worst that can be said of the Roman Catholics in 1688 is that they tried to set up a despotism. But the Independents in 1649 actually did set up a Republic. That is the more revolutionary act of the two, and supplies a more intelligible ground for rejecting the religion of its authors.

If, however, it was indispensable that the Declaration should wander off into theological refinements, and single out for repudiation certain specific doctrines which are held by the King's Roman Catholic subjects, why were the doctrines chosen such as are equally held by millions who are not Roman Catholics? The formula suggested by the Committee is possibly an improvement on that which shocked the public conscience early in the year. It is better to say that such and such doctrines are "contrary to the Protestant religion," than to say that they are "superstitious and idolatrous." Still, though the offence given may be less than it is now, it can hardly be agreeable to the Roman Catholics throughout the Empire that their Sovereign should be made to single out for express denial what they hold to be Divine truths. In days when people have become so sensitive in regard to their religion that they resent being asked to state it in a census paper, why should the King be made to go out of his way to emphasise the religious differences between any section of his subjects and himself? If, however, it is held to be still necessary that the King should make a formal declaration in place of that hitherto made, let him be required to affirm that he is not a Roman Catholic. Or if even this be thought insufficient, and good Protestants cannot sleep securely in their beds until their Sovereign has singled out for rejection certain specific Roman Catholic doctrines, the rational course would be to select for the purpose doctrines peculiar to the Roman Catholic Church. But the Declaration, as the Lords' Committee propose to amend it, is far more extensive in its scope. It mentions three doctrines, Transubstantiation, the Invocation of Saints, and the Sacrifice of the Mass, and it makes the King say of the first, that he believes that no such change takes

place, and of the other two that they are "contrary to the Protestant Religion." As regards the Sacrifice of the Mass and the Invocation of Saints, they are held with equal conviction by the millions who belong to the Orthodox Church of the East. In the opinion of the Lords' Committee, therefore, the King must go on saying on his accession not only that he is not a Roman Catholic, but also that he is neither a Russian nor a Greek Christian. Why should English Sovereigns thus go out of their way to preach the Disunion of Christendom? Repudiate the doctrines of one Christian Church, if you must, but why use language which equally applies to another Christian Church?

What is left in the Declaration is open, however, to a worse objection even than this. It is true, no doubt, that the Church of England denies transubstantiation in the strict technical sense which the word bears in the scholastic theology. But the words in the Declaration will be popularly taken as equivalent to an affirmation that "in the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper there is not any *change* of the elements of bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ." In other words, the King will be made to dissociate himself not only from his Roman Catholic subjects, but from his High Church subjects. So, again, as regards the statement that the Sacrifice of the Mass is "contrary to the Protestant religion." Whether this is true as regards "the Protestant Religion" we will not undertake to say until some learned person has discovered for us the authoritative documents in which the doctrines of the Protestant religion are enumerated and defined. But the Declaration will popularly be taken to mean that the Sacrifice of the Mass is contrary to the religion of the Church of England, and to say this would be to treat the condemnation in Article XXXI. of "the Sacrifices of Masses" as equivalent to a condemnation of the Sacrifice of the Mass. The distinction that has been drawn between the two phrases may be right or wrong. That is not a point which we shall discuss here. It is enough to say that, whether it be right or wrong, it is a distinction commonly drawn by High Churchmen, so that here again the Sovereign is to be made to take a side in a party controversy. If this is to be the object of the Declaration, would it not be simpler to put into the Royal mouth some such words as these: "I do profess, testify, and declare that I am a sincere member of the Evangelical party." At all events, that would be less invidious than to make the King "profess, testify, and declare" that he is not a High Churchman.

Of course, if the Lords' Committee are really convinced that in order to maintain the Protestant succession it is indispensable that every English Sovereign should, on his accession, administer three distinct and several religious slaps in the face to Roman Catholics, to members of the Greek and Russian Churches, and to High Churchmen, they are right in proposing to keep the Declaration in substance while modifying it in form. But the conclusion is so odd and so unexpected that the reasons which have led them to it ought really to be set out in detail. We are glad, therefore, that Lord Grey's motion on Monday will give Lord Salisbury an opportunity of indicating from what quarter the threatened danger to the Protestant succession is likely to come, and in what way the proposed Declaration—and that alone—is calculated to ward it off. It would be better to leave the Declaration what it is—a mere survival from an age that has happily passed away—than to re-enact it with no more improvements than have been proposed by the Lords' Committee.

THE HOUSING QUESTION.

WHAT OUGHT TO BE DONE?

We have seen that unless it can be clearly proved, either that municipal building stimulates private enterprise, or that private enterprise is entirely wanting, such building, though it may be a temporary palliative, cannot be a permanent remedy. There may, of course, be conditions which make it necessary that the palliative should be applied at once. The evil may be so great that attention must be turned to its immediate alleviation first and only later to its permanent cure. This may be the case at present, and if so the London County Council and other bodies which have carried out extensive building operations are supplying a necessary first aid to the wounded. But it should not be forgotten—as perhaps public opinion has too much tended to forget—that first aid is not all, and that something more must be provided before the cure is complete. Public meetings, conferences, or lectures upon housing have been held in almost every large town and in many small ones, but these conferences have mostly confined their attention—at all events, their resolutions—to two objects. They have urged upon all local authorities, their own in particular, increased action under Part III.; and they have asked, on behalf of these authorities, for further legislative powers, the most important of which seems to be the extension of the period for the repayment of loans. With regard to this particular demand two things have to be considered. In the first place, how far are we justified in burdening a generation which will doubtless have problems of its own to solve with the cost of our experiments? A century hence new means of locomotion, new methods of life, will probably have rendered many of our artisan's dwellings—even if they are still in existence—obsolete and useless. Why, then, should a part of the payment for them be made by the ratepayers of that time, to whom possibly the very existence of our flats and blocks may be a burden and an expense? In the second place, the longer the period of payment, the greater in the end will be the amount repaid. The burden will be less for each year, but greater for the whole period of years. Nor is it sufficiently realised that this burden of repayment is very unequally distributed. The difference in the annual payments of loans which have to be repaid in ten, twenty, or forty years respectively will be very considerable; the difference in the case of loans for sixty, eighty, or a hundred years will be very slight indeed. On a loan of £10,000, at 3 per cent., for instance, the annual difference between the annual repayment during periods of sixty and of a hundred years would only be £45. Thus, if we are honest enough to bear our own burdens, we can console ourselves with the thought that, even if the period of repayment were extended to a hundred years, we should feel but little relief.

It is an excellent thing that public interest in the housing problem should be roused by means of conferences and lectures, but it is at the same time a pity that such meetings should not take wider views, and that public opinion should confine itself, as it seems in danger of doing, to urging local authorities to build. Nothing is easier than to shift the burden of responsibility which ought to rest upon each individual's shoulders on to those of a local council, but until a feeling of personal responsibility is aroused little can be hoped for. The earlier reformers were

wiser. Under their influence the great housing companies were formed, private landlords were incited to action, pressure was brought to bear in many directions, and much was done to improve the general conditions. The Mansion House Council was a direct result of the agitation of the eighties, and it is difficult to overestimate the good it has done. But if we must confine ourselves to urging our local authorities to action, let us get them to insure a sufficient supply of able and efficient sanitary inspection. Is there any town which has a really sufficient sanitary staff of competent men and women, not of persons who have been foisted into the position, as is too often the case, by interested friends on the council? Let us urge them to make and enforce proper laws for the regulation of sublet houses and of lodging houses. Let us see that good building bye-laws are made and adhered to, and that the Public Health Acts are carried out. No man should be allowed to sell an unwholesome house any more than he should be allowed to sell putrid meat, and if the law were properly enforced he would be unable to do so. There is a provision in the Housing Act which declares that in every contract for letting a working class dwelling there shall be implied a condition that the house is fit for habitation at the time of letting, and if it is found not to be fit, damages can be obtained from the landlord. How many times has this been made use of?

By thus insisting upon the proper enforcement of the sanitary and building laws we shall not only prevent the formation of fresh slums, which will have to be dealt with by the next generation, but we shall have done a great deal to solve our own immediate problem. Much useful work can be done by the action of local sanitary aid committees, who can bring to light cases which need publicity and can strengthen the hands of the sanitary staff. One of the great difficulties of the present day, in the neighbourhood of great towns, is that clearances and strict administration within the boundaries result—as they ought to result—in moving people into the outskirts of the city. But outside the boundaries local administration is in the hands of district councils which are possibly quite inefficient. The result is that while slums are being gradually cleared inside London, new slums are growing up on the outskirts, and our descendants will have to begin the work of clearing afresh. This disaster can and ought to be prevented. Every district council possesses certain powers under the Public Health Act, and they should be made to use them. An active public opinion is probably the only agent which will affect them, and this public opinion should be brought to bear, not only on the Town Councils, though there is plenty for it to do there, but also upon the district authorities outside.

Lastly, there is the great question of transit, in which perhaps the best hope of the future lies. Mr. Charles Booth has recently declared that improved means of locomotion are the first step towards the solution of the housing problem. We are confessedly inferior to other countries in our means of locomotion, and every effort should be made to remedy this defect. Municipal management of tramways does not stand upon the same basis as municipal building. Tramlines are more or less in the nature of a monopoly, for there is not space for more than one in the same street. If a local authority takes over the tramways it is not in any danger of interfering with private enterprise, while the profits of the monopoly are wholly or partly returned to the ratepayers. When there is no lack of occupation for local authorities, is it wise to urge them to attempt new operations of an admittedly difficult nature, when they have so very imperfectly fulfilled their primary end—the administration of sanitary law? Those who are absolutely certain that these operations are the best possible remedy for the evil we all acknowledge and deplore will have no difficulty in saying yes to this question. But for those who, like ourselves, have no great faith in municipal house building, there will be employment enough in urging upon our local authorities good sanitary administration, competent inspection, pure administration, the proper enforcement of adequate building laws, and in great towns, above all in London, the immediate improvement of the means of communication. Further, if circumstances make municipal building really necessary, let us make certain that it is the right people who are housed by it.

Finally, there is plenty of scope for private enterprise. Nothing can be more useful than the work of sanitary associations, and the annual reports of the Mansion House Council are most stimulating reading for intending reformers. Those who have plenty of time can take up the work of rent collecting; those who have money can furnish the necessary capital; women can do a great deal by helping to educate their poorer neighbours in matters of hygiene and sanitation; everyone who possesses knowledge of and interest in the subject can do something to stimulate and educate public opinion; while those who possess the necessary qualifications and are able to spare the time can do invaluable work by taking part in local administration. Still, the evil will never be cured by local administration alone. Active personal interest must be created and sustained before a problem so difficult and so complex as that of housing can be finally solved. Happily, the future is not without encouraging signs. Public interest is aroused, co-operators are turning their thoughts to building, local authorities are becoming more and more active. Much good has been done already, more is being done, and new applications of scientific discoveries may arm the twentieth century with weapons of which the nineteenth hardly dreamed.

THE TEMPERAMENT OF DOUBT.

(Communicated).

THE saints apart, who form a class by themselves, and stand outside our categories, it is probable that to minister successfully to the spiritual needs of others we must have experienced states of consciousness similar to theirs. A supreme effort of imagination may take the place of this personal experience—at least, in exceptional cases—but the imagination capable of those flights is allied to genius, and seldom found. Especially is this so in matters of religious belief. "*Illi in vos sæviant*," quotes Newman from St. Augustine; "let them be fierce with you who have no experience of the difficulty with which error is discriminated from truth, and the way of life is found amid the illusions of the world." Yet nothing is rarer in apologetic, and generally in religious writers than this experimental note, with the insight and sympathy that accompany it. Hence such writers run, for the most part, as those beating the air. A dull man, with little understanding and less heart, placed in a position of authority, takes fright—not so much at the general drift of thought, of which, perhaps, he is scarcely conscious, as at some eccentricity of opinion, individual rather than representative—and strikes out right and left in blind stupid terror. He mistakes shadow for substance, windmills for giants, and falls sword in hand on the harmless sheep which his distorted vision sees as men at arms drawn up against him in battle array. Motives are imputed recklessly, cruelly; those who differ from him are actuated by worldliness, by secret immorality; they have neglected the use of the sacraments and prayer. He argues as if these things were unknown among the conventionally orthodox; as if the dogmatic temper connoted regularity, and the undogmatic laxity of life. So slander is heaped on sophism, and denunciation on ineptitude, till the most sanguine are driven to despair and the most

submissive to exasperation. To respect authority, when it acts on these lines, is impossible; yet the attitude of antagonism is disastrous to the morale even of those who are forced into it. The childlike temper is the condition of entrance into the kingdom of God.

In times of perplexity, from the Arian conflict downwards, it has been the faithful at large rather than the bishops who have won the victories of the faith. It is difficult to draw a hard and fast line between the *Ecclesia Docens* and the *Ecclesia Discens*: as the Christian priesthood is the inheritance of believers as such, so the *magisterium*, or teaching office, pertains not solely, or even perhaps chiefly, to what we call ecclesiastical authority, but is inherent in the Christian community as a whole. *Spiritus ubi vult spirat*; the ministry of the first age was charismatic not official; it acts oftener than we think after the old sort, and through the old channels to-day.

The writer of an unpretending essay lately published under the title of "The Temperament of Doubt" strikes a note, absent from more authoritative documents, which will find an echo in the minds of many whom speech without knowledge, or that which is better even than knowledge, charity, leaves unmoved. The diagnosis of the temperament in question is exact; the profession of faith is inconsistent, it seems to many, with veracity. "Duty and truth appear to have parted company, and even duty seems to be imposed rather from without than by the inner moral sense." And where this is so men "suffer from a painful feeling of compulsion, as though they were called upon to profess what they do not believe, and to think what they do not mean. They have no wish to abandon the faith which they have hitherto cherished, and yet it seems to them that, were they true to themselves, they would have to do so, and that they are kept in it rather by outward compulsion than by inward conviction." Such cases are met, as a rule, as was that of Job by his comforters, by insistence on the sufferer's moral guilt; and acts of faith are proposed as the remedy. "That there may be, and sometimes is, guilt, we do not wish to deny; but it does not seem, all the same, particularly helpful to say so just at the moment"; while "to recommend the patient to make acts of faith is like advising him to dance on a broken leg by way of setting it." "Another mistake is in supposing that it is a question of answering certain difficulties. In the first place, what difficulties there are are very subtle and elusive, and it may not be possible to answer them in any satisfactory manner; and, in the second place, as Cardinal Newman said that no number of difficulties made one doubt, so might we reverse the statement, and add that neither do many doubts constitute one difficulty; for it is a curious psychological fact that we cannot usually ascribe the condition we have depicted to any definite intellectual difficulty. . . . It is not that of definite difficulty, but of general uncertainty; so much so that we have no very keen inclination to seek answers to positive questions, since no one of them seems sufficiently to represent our need." Again, the peculiarity of this temper of doubt is that "it attacks often not those who think little on religious subjects, but those who think much"; it is the religious mind that is most subject to it; of those who, themselves untouched, blame others who suffer from it, many "are not in fact exempt by reason of their more, but of their less, religious cast of mind."

The key to the facts, it is argued, is given in the analysis of the doctrine of habit. Life does not consist exclusively in personal activity; a large part of the routine of existence is subconscious, and carried on, as it were, underground. Habit, indeed, is not in itself automatic, but "as the active can become the habitual, so also the habitual can become the automatic; and whereas the habit begets a facility for action, automatism is the decay of the habit. . . . . According to the activity exercised will habits remain living; according to the indifference and absence of personal effort will they become automatic." The habit of belief and, generally, of religion, may undergo degeneration of this kind; it may have the name of living, and be dead. For "faith and religion are nothing unless they regard the whole moral and intelligent being: unless they are at each instant *mine*, they become mere machinery, and mechanism *per se* has no place in the spiritual world." Hence what appears to be doubt is, in many cases, a religious awakening; "a new and personal perception of spiritual realities which extinguishes the more formal one; and faith is only dying in the sense that it is being renewed, that sensation is returning to a benumbed limb, and that what was on the very outskirts of the being is becoming conscious and personal." We would come to Christ were we sure that it was He to whom we were invited; we would worship in spirit, were we certain that our worship was not in spirit only, but also in truth. And the way to a clearer light in this dim region is not passive assent to a formula—this were to perpetuate the automatic condition instead of revivifying it—but experience; we need to be brought into living relation with a religious fact. The spiritual world, within and without us, is such a fact; if it is deeper and wider than we have imagined it, we have simply to revise our notions, unlearning as well as learning; and to unlearn is more difficult and more painful than to learn. "What we have to do is to spiritualise the truths we had regarded under too material an aspect, to let the breath of eternity blow on what was too limited and temporal. And it is in this way that we shall find room in our spiritual world for those other realities, scientific and material, which have sometimes so disturbing an influence on faith. The Church must be to us a thing of spiritual, not material, beauty; and then we shall not be troubled at finding that, if everlastingly beautiful, she may also be temporarily black."

We have let the writer of this remarkable essay speak for himself. He addresses primarily "those who hold themselves subject to the teaching of an infallible authority"—that is Roman Catholics. But his words have a wider bearing. In all religious societies there are those who, while they hold, and hold strongly, to the sacramental life and the Christian fellowship of a believing community, find it impossible to associate themselves with the policy of a "clerical" party, or to assent to the mass of belated opinion which it is too often sought to impose upon men as the mind of the Church. Here, indeed, our author stops short. As regards the fundamental religious truths his reasoning, it seems to us, is conclusive; but the introduction of dogmatic formulæ brings in a new element on which he does not touch. We should be glad to see it dealt with by so competent a hand and with so healing and sympathetic a touch. For with regard to dogma there is this difficulty—that it is historical, not evangelical; no dogma, however true, no rite, however edifying, no institution, however useful, being the Gospel; while, with regard to its interpretation, if this be literal, the idea is stifled and stereotyped; if symbolical, the dogma, it will seem to many, vanishes into thin air.

Such are the questions with which a living theology must deal. The new wine stands waiting; to provide new bottles is the work, and, we may believe, will be the achievement, not necessarily of a class of officially accredited teachers, but of those, be they who or where they may, to whom the free spirit gives utterance—*dividens singulis prout vult.*

"OUR SKIPPER."

NOW that the cricket season is with us once more, the captain of our county team is a great man again. Where he has been hibernating I have no idea, but he made his appearance last month apparently little the worse for the process.

I am a great admirer of the Skipper, but I should like him still better if he would oftener lay aside his look of

angry, or rather pained disgust. More than once I have been on the point of warning him that if he did not force himself occasionally to put off his mask of peevish annoyance—apart from the worries of office he is the most genial fellow going—he would have, as our old nurse used to say, to "stop in it," and would never be able to look genial again. But then he has, I think, got much too high an idea of the importance of his position, or at all events of the importance to the county—and even more or less to the Empire—of losing or winning matches. I am pretty keen myself about the position of our County Cricket Club at the end of the season, but I don't mean to go off my head about it. There will still be cakes and ale. I ventured last season to assure "Our Skipper" that even if he were to lose the match—as indeed happened in the end—against Blankshire, it would be all the same in a hundred years or so. But he could not, or would not, see it. Perhaps he was right, and the losing or winning would make some difference for good or evil to generations yet unborn, but that was hardly what I meant. I had intended to suggest that it would be all the same to him in a hundred years, but I doubt if he would have agreed with me even that far.

No doubt quite a number of good qualities are needed for the making of a great skipper, and ours would disdain to be a little one. First, of course, he must know his men ; but this, as his crew only consists of a dozen or so, ought not to try him too severely. Nor should the equally necessary knowledge of his antagonists be difficult to acquire, since he will be constantly meeting or reading about them. Then he must learn to diagnose swiftly those whom he meets for the first time. It is not only their special hits or "breaks" that he has to make up his mind about ; the skipper should be able to make a shrewd guess as to their tempers. Is a certain batsman conceited and fond of showing off, and if so, can he be tempted ? To this query—since a cricketer is no exception to the rest of mankind—"Our Skipper" may answer confidently in the affirmative. There is one temptation—one ball—which to every player everywhere is irresistible, if the bowler, or the demon, can only discover it, and then offer it at precisely the right moment. It is droll that, in addition to pluck and common sense, a skipper should be expected to have control over his temper, since this particular virtue is not absolutely necessary to a General or a Premier. To these last, indeed, a reputation for being able to lose one's temper, or to simulate the loss of it, has frequently been found invaluable ; nor would an M.F.H. who should allow his best hounds to be ridden over without turning fiercely on the aggressor be successful or even popular. But the captain of a county team has not the last privilege of the worm.

I suppose it is the perpetual striving after these phenomenal qualities, and perhaps an occasional doubt as to the possibility of acquiring them, that has given "Our Skipper" his careworn look. He is a fine, handsome young fellow, and to one who knows how little cause there is for him to look worried, his air of overwrought solemnity is rather comic. The mountain is always in labour, and Lord Salisbury, compared with his rival, looks quite a light-hearted boy. But then Lord Salisbury has only the cares of Empire on his mind. "Our Skipper" has copied and exaggerated the expression of solicitude worn by the unfortunate Atlas, as depicted in the windows of the map-sellers' shops. Too often there is a frown on his brow as he stands, with his back to the empty fireplace, moodily meditating, and champing—*more Americano*—an unlit cigar. You address him ; the frown vanishes, and his lips take on the genial, almost boyish, smile so familiar a short time ago to his college friends. Alas ! as you leave him the frown returns. "Will it rain to-night ?" he is thinking far more anxiously than the neediest farmer in an unsettled harvest time. "If it rains to-night Todger will be no use to-morrow ; I shall have to play Dodger. Whereas if there is a fine dry night Dodger will be a perfect drug." Why can't he endure what he cannot cure, and let things take their chance ? He will end, as he might have begun, by including both Dodger and Todger in the eleven. Are such things worth worrying about ? There are occasions even now when it is well not to take too much thought for the morrow. Perhaps the hardest question for a popular official is to determine when to resign. Coroners are reported never to retire from a position which to outsiders generally appears unenviable. "Our Skipper's" aspiration necessitated a good deal of self-denial, and even more will one day be required to resign it. Perhaps he can still play cricket—more likely he can't—as well as ever ; but he ought to be playing, or rather doing, something else. One cannot—though to this rule there is apparently an exception—play cricket for ever, and a day comes when it is too late to take up a new *rôle*. But even if he could go on for ever there is something absurd in a middle-aged man, grey, perhaps, about the temples—when, in a fit of forgetfulness, he takes off his cap the sun shines pleasantly on his bald head—sporting like an urchin of twelve or fourteen.

I suppose it is to golf that "Our Skipper" will fly for consolation when he gives up the Captaincy. Golf must surely have been provided as a refuge for ex-skippers, who may, I am told, die golfing and quite happy at an advanced age, sporting to the last like the remaining blue-bottle crawling up the pane in the rays of the bleak November sun. I have played golf, and still would play ; but I am surprised at the amount of excitement some people extract from it. I was playing one day with a friend when he pointed out to me a Crimean veteran who was in the habit of playing all day by himself. My friend addressed him, but he was in a state of the deepest dejection. He had in his round of the links slightly exceeded his average number of strokes, and was in consequence inconsolable. We met again at lunch, to which he was unable to do any justice, and when his sobs were with difficulty restrained. Later, having once more made the circuit of the links, we were starting for home when we came again upon the old soldier. He had dismissed his caddie, and was seated under the shelter of a bunker weeping bitterly. No doubt each new evidence of growing incapacity is sometimes useful as a *memento mori*, and marks, as it were, another milestone on the approach to the grave.

I confess I cannot see a man whose college days are left far behind still playing games more religiously than an Eton fourth form boy without wishing that he had something else to do. The world is very full, no doubt—though not so full as some folks fancy—and the professions are mostly overstocked. But the fuller the world the more work to be done in it by those who take the right way. It is not necessary to be a wine merchant, or a doctor, or a lawyer, or even a parson. Of these the supply seems fully equal to any possible demand. But there are ways of employing one's self and doing some good in one's generation that are still open to all. Byron, of course, is quite out of date, though there are a few survivors yet who think that he said some good things, and that of these the following is not the worst :—

> Many of the ills o'er which man grieves,
> And still more woman, spring from not employing
> Some hours to make the remnant worth enjoying.

"Our Skipper" is such a good fellow that one does not like to see him preparing for himself a future that will not be thoroughly enjoyable. Perhaps, like the Red Indian, he looks forward to a continuance after death, and under better conditions, of the sport he so loves—

> quæ cura nitentes
> Pascere equos eadem sequitur tellure repostos.

A heavenly ground, and—to use his own words after that "century" the other day—an angelic pitch ; and, if that is his desire, I heartily wish he may get it.

J. A. B.

MODERN PEDAGOGUES.

(By One of Them).

I WAS a good deal interested by an article on "The Modern Pedagogue" which appeared in the Pilot not long since with the signature J. L. B., chiefly, no doubt, because I am a modern pedagogue myself, and it is instructive and amusing to see ourselves through others' glasses. What J. L. B. has really done is this: He has drawn the portrait of a certain type of pedagogue, and supposes his portrait to be that of the average assistant-master. Hence I contend that his article is misleading. For the average staff of the average Public School is not, to use his own words, "largely composed"—even "speaking generally"—of such men as he describes. In no Public School is the bigger fraction of the assistant-masters appointed for athletic eminence. J. L. B. clearly opines that it is, and hence, after an amusing sketch of the athletic master, he winds up with the following doleful forecast: "What is to be dreaded is that under the new *régime* the intellectual side, to which the boy does not take so kindly, will be allowed to starve under a staff largely composed of masters who are naturally incapable of interesting boys in knowledge they do not themselves possess."

There are few, if any, Public Schools which must not plead guilty to the charge of having one or more 'Varsity Blues upon their staff. But J. L. B.'s sketch of this type of man, while in some ways remarkably like the real thing, is, I contend, unfinished. It goes neither far enough nor deep enough. The Blue's room is described, with its 'Varsity groups on the wall, its neat collection of school-books, with a prize or two, even down to "his daily literature, the *Sportsman*"—yes, just like the room of a Blue of my acquaintance. But a man may read the *Sportsman* and other things as well; and the particular Blue of whom J. L. B. set me thinking was accustomed to solace his leisure with the poetry of Victor Hugo, for which he cherished the most intense admiration. Let me instance other schoolmaster Blues of my acquaintance. One is the keenest politician in his common-room, and reads the *Times* through with daily and unflagging zeal. Another, who lived long abroad, has a first-rate colloquial knowledge of French and German: he took honours in that school at Cambridge. J. L. B. does not seem to realise that most Blues who become schoolmasters have "gone out" in an honour school. The talents of another are such that he has given up teaching for writing, and is doing uncommonly well. I mention these cases in order to disabuse your readers' minds of the impression conveyed by J. L. B. that "a Blue" is necessarily brainless and unlettered.

"Where, in a masters' common-room thirty years ago one met a fellow of his college, one now meets a 'Varsity Blue," J. L. B. tells us. Well, thirty years ago I was not of an age to be acquainted with the interiors of common-rooms, unless constrained by *force majeure*; but surely then, as now, the fellows of colleges who were tempted to take up schoolmastering were but few. No doubt some went straight from their colleges to be headmasters, as Canon Faber went from New College to Malvern, but only to the half-dozen "great" public schools did fellows care to go as assistant-masters. Outside that charmed circle there was not enough attraction to tempt them, nor is there now. Who are the men, then, who compose the average staff, and what sort of training have they had? They are, in the main, young or youngish 'Varsity men, who have taken at least respectable degrees at Oxford or Cambridge. Probably one or two of them have "firsts" to their credit—"good men," in short, though not up to fellowship form. There is certainly a large sprinkling of "seconds." In fact, they have as a body passed with credit through the courses of our older universities, which Englishmen have hitherto had the habit of respecting. I see no reason to suppose that in the hands of such men the intellect of young England is likely to deteriorate. That we are as a nation intellectual I am not prepared to maintain, nor, I I suppose, is J. L. B. If our staff devote their half-holidays to the pursuit of cricket, golf, or football, without being necessarily great proficients therein, I don't think J. L. B. need think any the worse of them on that account. I am by no means a great athlete myself, but I remember once in a French boarding house Madame inquired how I had spent the afternoon. I had been a walk—no great distance. "What," said Madame, "ten miles this dull day!" Whereupon an American lady remarked, "You may trust an Englishman to get his exercise somehow, Madame!" And a good thing too, say I.

There is another aspect of the question. "The public has been struck," J. L. B. tells us, "with the dearth of assistant-masters fitted to fill several important head-masterships recently vacant." Has it? I wasn't aware it had been; but permit me to tell J. L. B. that the public isn't qualified to form an opinion on this matter. Has the public been given to understand that the assistant-masters of Great Britain are as a body incompetent? That is what J. L. B.'s statement amounts to. It appears to be considered that some mysterious unction is requisite in one who aspires to be a headmaster. To schoolmasters this idea is folly. Tact, firmness, and absolute straightforwardness are in our opinion the qualities most needful; and I am proud to say that in the ranks of my calling I have known men who in respect of these qualities need fear comparison with members of no other profession. There are not more headmasterships falling vacant than there are assistant-masters qualified to fill them. Do the right men get them always? Well, one knows what poor Coleridge said:—

> It sounds like stories from the land of spirits
> If any man obtain that which he merits,
> Or any merit that which he obtains.

I wish to avoid the vexed question of clericalism, but I would like to point out one fault: too much emphasis is laid upon the degree a man has taken, too little upon his measure of success as a teacher and encourager of boys. And yet it is an old tale that some of our greatest men in other walks of life have "taken a second."

One more remark, and I have done. I do not think that people need be disturbed any more now than formerly about the intellect of their children. But I am not sure that the public is alive to the extremely poor prospects which confront most assistant-masters, however hard-working and zealous, who remain such. A man, after five years' successful teaching, was giving up school work. "But I thought," said a benevolent and Pecksniffian personage, "you were so fond of boys?" "So I am," replied the other, "and that's just why I'm giving the thing up; for as long as I remain an assistant-master I certainly can't look to have any of my own!"

ART.

TWO EXHIBITIONS.

THE PASTEL SOCIETY.

ON the whole, the Pastel Society may be congratulated on an exhibition not less successful than its previous two. From a technical point of view the visitor who is really a lover of art will find probably more to interest him in the various methods of using pastel adopted by the different exhibitors than in an exhibition of oil or water-colour paintings. For in one canvas he may be able to trace every step from the merest suggestion in line to an effect as solid and subtle as veritable oil painting. And the fascination of the medium both for those who work in it and for those who only see the result is that a wide inequality of finish in the various parts does not detract from the finish of the whole. In no other medium can the artist, having elaborated the

essentials of his composition, complete his work with a graceful flourish that says "and so on—the rest is immaterial," with the full consent of the spectators. Not that this is by any means the way with all. Mr. Lundgren, for example, whose remarkable pictures of London at the Society's last Exhibition will not be forgotten by any who visited it, produces work which is the purest painting; no artist avails himself less of the liberty to leave out or suggest or fall back on a convention rather than tax his material to the utmost, and no one could say that his results betray any inadequacy in the medium to attain his end. Parenthetically, one may remark that the committee adopt the excellent method of grouping each exhibitor's work together, so that the spectator has the advantage of being in each painter's studio in turn, and can really concentrate his mind on the work of the particular artist. This year Mr. Lundgren (213-218) has left the wilderness of London for the deserts of Egypt and Arizona, and very beautiful are the highly-finished records here shown of what he saw. The level of accomplishment is equal in all his six pictures, but the "Moonlight in the Desert, Arizona," is perhaps the most charming in colour.

Mr. Lundgren always takes his motives in a high key, and I think wisely. The lower tones are far more difficult to play upon with assurance of success, but Mr. Rolshoven produces some fine effects much further down the scale in his two moonlight pictures, "From Tuscan Wanderings" (294 and 297). Somewhere between these two keys come M. Billotte's very beautiful studies (141-146) of which his "Feux d'Octobre" will be considered by most people as the best. M. Léon Lhermitte only shows one example of his powerful and sombre work, "The Spinner" (147). In M. Lhermitte's work you never are intended to lose sight of the fact that this is a drawing that brings its colour with it. In his case the soft chalk is not used precisely as paint, but essentially as line work that sometimes merges into paint, like a walk that at times breaks into a run. Mr. Melton Fisher and Mr. Von Glehn, on the other hand, belong to the other school, and even where the work is slight and indicative, the suggestions are given as with a brush. Somewhere between these two methods stands the work of Mr. Bernard Partridge and Mrs. E. S. Sutro. Mr. Partridge varies his experiments; his "Gare Maritime, Boulogne" (70) is purely an essay in colour and tone, while his "Mrs. Herbert Waring" (71) and "Rêveuse" (72), daring and effective in colour as they are, are more reminiscent of the draughtsman. But in anything Mr. Partridge attempts he is always an artist to the finger-tips, and I have no doubt could produce something charming, with the daintiness that comes from strength, if he were confined to a lump of coal, a pot of mustard, and a tomato. Mrs. Sutro's "At the Mirror" (235) is admirable in drawing, composition, and colour, full of dash and spontaneity. All that some eminent people say of Mr. Brabazon's work (131-134) may be true, but I never passed through what initiation may be necessary for the full comprehension of its significance; therefore, if I say that it does not look very difficult, the remark may have no value. But if I am outside the pale of those to whom Mr. Brabazon's message is delivered, in what words shall I describe the depths of my ignorance with regard to M. Rodin's "working drawings"—"A Spanish Dancer" (208-212)? Of these figures, if so they can be called, in line, disfigured (so to speak) by a smudge of sepia in water colour, I understand no more than the catalogue tells one, not, indeed, so much, for I cannot see to what work they could be an aid. Mr. Joseph Pennell again (117-120)—extremely clever artist that he is—is here a disappointment. The mauve in which he has chosen to represent London as veiled is not an atmospheric hue that most of us have observed as characteristic of it; but as he twice over makes the same statement, it must be supposed that he is satisfied as to its truth. There is, of course, plenty of good portraiture, and one might call attention to the very attractive work of Lady Sassoon. She treats hair with much charm, and by importing more greys into her flesh tints would vastly increase the merit of her pictures. On no account should Mr. Clausen's "Making a Rick" (108) be missed. It is an exquisite study; the rick melting into the low sun, being burnt up by it, as it were, is a wonderful bit of poetical realism. Of M. Ménard's two idylls I think "Le Matin" (10) is the most pleasing. The stillness of the first hour of sunrise is really conveyed, and the figure of the nymph is nobly designed. Among a great deal that is well worthy of admiration one would like to call attention specially to the work of Mrs. Stanhope Forbes (121-123), an original painter with a strong decorative instinct. An exhibition that contains so much of high merit within such moderate dimensions deserves to be popular.

THE DOWDESWELL GALLERIES.

Miss Fortescue-Brickdale's Water Colours.

I confess it was with a certain misgiving that I approached the exhibition of Miss Fortescue-Brickdale's water colours, "Such Stuff as Dreams are Made of." Memory, to begin with, played me false; I failed to connect the name with anything seen. I anticipated that intention would far outstrip performance, that constant allowance would have to be made for obvious limitations, that the dreams would seldom be captured, and the glamour rarely pass outside the catalogue. But all such fears were very soon banished. It is not pretended that Miss Brickdale's work is faultless. Without a doubt it would be easy in any one example to fix upon some shortcomings; details of drawing are not always up to the lady's own highest level; the colour may not always be equally brilliant or happily chosen; but this can be stated absolutely—that Miss Brickdale shows no trace of any ingrained and ineradicable weakness. If here and there she slips, her very next picture will show ability to triumph easily over the difficulty, nor is she in danger of falling into the vice of monotony. She ranges from the more purely decorative method to a most agreeable and accomplished realism. The girl in lilac (16), with her face and dress all chequered light and shade, proves this, and the extremely skilful and daring background in No. 28 shows that it is not easy to set bounds to what she can do. There was a child once who asserted that an artist's business was first to think of a thing, and then draw a line round his think. Happy lady to be so well equipped for the task of translating "what dreams may come" into form and colour! For Miss Brickdale is admirable alike in drawing and in facial expression; as a colourist she is forcible and brilliant, and she owns a most exalted sense of beauty. The advance of women into the plastic arts has been one of the most remarkable phenomena of the last few years. For a time they attempted a line with which they were not in real sympathy, in which the personal note, always a woman's strength, could not enter sufficiently. But for this imaginative work the very conditions of their lives are far more favourable than men's are, and it should be theirs to bring back to art the magic that is so much desired and so often wanting.

E. H.

DRAMA.

LA COURSE DU FLAMBEAU.—LOUIS XI.

NOW, here is a problem play of undeniable interest, and yet never a dubious female in it. A grandmother, a mother, a daughter; early old age, middle age, youth. The mother is a widow, whose late husband ruined himself in wild speculation. She, with her daughter, accepts the hospitality of the grandmother, and the old woman does everything to make a happy

home for the three. This mother is over much devoted to her daughter, not a slavish self-sacrificing devotion so much as an engrossing love and idolatry which resent rivalry and ever threaten to become dangerously exacting. This weakness is all unknown to herself. She has a beautiful theory on the subject of parental and filial relations, and in good faith believes she lives up to it—*i.e.*, that she is as devoted to her mother (the grandmother) as to her daughter.

A mon point de vue, recevoir la vie engage autant que la donner. Il y a quelque chose d'analogue, de simultané, un lien unique qui fait se contre-balancer les obligations. Puisque la nature n'a pas permis aux enfants de se fabriquer tous seuls, je dis, moi, qu'elle a donc eu l'intention de leur imposer une dette envers ceux qui les mettent au monde.

To which her elderly male friend objects that though the maternal instinct is deeply rooted in humanity the filial is not, and he cites in support of his argument the Ten Commandments :—

Pas un mot sur les devoirs envers la progéniture ! Pourquoi donc ? Parce que c'était inutile. Parceque toutes les créatures s'étaient mises d'instinct à soigner leurs petits. Mais les devoirs envers les parents, voilà ce qui n'allait pas de soi-même ! "Honore tes père et mère, afin de vivre longuement sur la terre." Il n'y a pas que l'injonction, il y a, pour allécher, la promesse d'une prime à réaliser, dès ce bas monde. . . Croyez-moi, la reconnaissance filiale n'est pas spontanée ; elle est un effort de civilisation, un fragile essai de vertu.

And he ends with a warning : –

Vous êtes ici trois excellents cœurs roulés dans la bonne pâte des tendres illusions. Vous pensez respectivenent vous connaitre. Vous ne vous connaissez seulement pas vous-même. Vous ignorez tout ce que vous valez comme mère. Et vous ignorerez toujours, j'espère, le peu que vous valez comme fille.

The gentleman is ingenious, but he forgets that if filial devotion is an effort of civilisation maternal devotion may very easily be nullified by popular sentiment. Wholesale infanticide has been the practice of many nations and countries, and it does not appear that the mothers have raised any particular opposition. They may not have approved, but at least they have accepted with tolerable equanimity the doctrine of the father's right to destroy such children as do not meet with his approval, or the State's right to destroy on grounds of public policy. The maternal instinct has become atrophied. Indifference to the fate of children, the absence of motherly love, may be an effect of savagery or of over-civilisation—there are examples enough of both.

The mother at once proves the depth of her devotion to the daughter's interests by refusing to marry a man she loves, who has patiently waited for her, because doing so might create money complications which would prejudice the girl's chances of a husband. That is one reason ; another is :—

N'ai je pas dû me défendre contre la tentation d'installer, tout à coup, un rival en face d'elle ? Comment lui infliger l'évidence que mon cœur serait dorénavant partagé ?

This is an attitude with which all will sympathise, but the man very naturally objects to hanging about for an indefinite period and, failing to obtain any more satisfactory assurance, he departs into space without leaving any address. The next moment the daughter rushes in to announce her informal engagement to a youth and to claim the mother's consent. The poor woman is forced to yield, and so her sacrifice has been useless.

The young couple marry, and the youth proceeds to lose all his money by rashness in business operations. A sum to set matters right is urgently required. The mother cannot help ; the *dot* is safely tied up ; the grandmother, mindful of her own son-in-law's misdeeds and of the ruin that resulted, refuses point blank to advance a farthing. What is to be done ? The wretched mother is distracted by the sight of her daughter's grief and of the illness it brings about. She goes into the grandmother's bedroom and deliberately steals a number of bonds, but by an accident is unable to utilise them. Time presses. The daughter is ordered to the Engadine by the doctor, who at the same time warns the mother confidentially that the grandmother must on no account go there also, as the rarefied air would be fatal. The move is discussed ; the grandmother at once offers to pay all expenses, but will not hear of being left out of the party. If she is not to accompany them she will not find the funds. The mother hesitates, but a collapse of her daughter banishes every other feeling. She accepts the grandmother's offer of purse and company.

On the Engadine reappears the mother's old lover, now married. He solves the difficulties of the young couple by offering the youth a post at New Orleans. The mother at first receives the news with joy, but on learning that the daughter proposes to accompany him changes round. Then comes a most painful scene. The daughter repeats the old formula : "He is my husband ; I love him. Where he goes I go." The poor mother, who has sacrificed everything for her child, is stunned with despair. She had given up her lover and a happy marriage for her daughter. Should not the daughter do the same ? She descends to recapitulate her mother's pains and benefits, and at last, carried away by excitement, contrasts her claims with those of this husband who has brought misery on them all. Then she goes further still, and belittles him, abuses him. It is too much ; the daughter will not endure it.

C'en est trop. Qui touche à lui me blesse. Adieu;

and the wretched woman is left alone. No, not alone. There is still her own mother left, and on her she will in future pour out the measureless love hitherto wasted on her daughter. But even as she speaks it is too late. The mountain air does its work, and the old woman falls dead at her feet.

As the mother, Madame Réjane achieves unquestioned success. It is a powerful and pathetic part ; she plays it with much power and pathos. It is a performance with many fine touches—as, for example, the break down at the end of the first act.

Toi mariée, ma petite ! Marie-Jeanne mariée ! . . . Oh cela me semble si . . . si comique.

She is less happy when attempting to strike the high note of tragedy, and the shriek on realising the grandmother's death, though ear-piercing enough, wants the true ring. As the grandmother, Madame Daynes-Grassot is excellent, a type admirably embodied, the insignificant little old woman who holds the purse-strings, and, though full of affection for those dependent on her, has no intention of allowing either prudence or her own rights to be ignored. M. Paulet is also very good as the elderly friend, the man of experience gentle with the foibles of erring humanity.

Last week I hazarded the suggestion that Sir Henry Irving's reading of *Louis XI.* might be found to have undergone modification—basing it on certain indications in his late performances—but I was not prepared for the great change that has taken place. The King has become twenty years older, and we now have the most wonderful study in senility that the stage has known this two generations—probably the most wonderful ever known. The physical powers have wasted away almost to vanishing point, but the mental are scarcely impaired. Speech has become an effort, often a fruitless effort. Gasps and sighs and grunts supply the place of words. Whether this treatment is justified may be questioned ; whether it is better than the former reading may be questioned ; but there is no question that it is marvellous art. On the other hand, I think the play itself certainly suffers.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

THE death of Mrs. Matthew Arnold (which took place at her home in Surrey on St. Peter's Day) is an event which must not pass unnoticed in a journal devoted to culture and religion. So,

Ere the parting hour go by,
Quick, thy tablets, Memory!

Frances Lucy Arnold was the third daughter of Sir William Wightman (1784-1863), one of the judges of the Court of Queen's Bench. She was born in 1825, and was married on June 10th, 1851, to Mr. Matthew Arnold, then just appointed to an Inspectorship of Schools. "It was such a suitable alliance," Mr. Arnold used to say, with his happy air of humorous complacency—"a schoolmaster's son and a judge's daughter." A suitable alliance, indeed, it was, in all that makes the real blessedness of marriage, but its external circumstances could hardly be called ideal. "My wife and I," said Mr. Arnold on retiring from his inspectorship, "had a wandering life of it at first. There were but three lay inspectors for all England. My district went right across from Pembroke Dock to Great Yarmouth. We had no home. One of our children was born in a lodging at Derby, with a workhouse, if I recollect aright, behind and a penitentiary in front." But in 1858 this much-tried couple established themselves at No. 2, Chester Square, where they lived for ten years. In 1868 they moved to Harrow, in order that their sons might attend the School there; and in 1873 they settled at Cobham, near Weybridge, which became their permanent home.

It is difficult to state in words that would not seem exaggerated the perfect union of mind and heart which subsisted from first to last between Matthew Arnold and his wife. Theirs were indeed the "mutual society, help, and comfort" which the Prayer Book sets forth so prominently among the objects of marriage. There was, to borrow a phrase of Mr. Arnold's from another connexion, "a radical good intelligence" between him and his wife, "based on a natural affinity," which no difference of mere opinion could disturb. The husband's political and social traditions were Liberal, as Liberalism was understood at Rugby in the 'forties: the wife was the stiffest of Tories, with Jacobite sympathies peeping through her Toryism. The husband's bias in theology we know from his books: the wife was a zealous and consistent High Churchwoman of the Tractarian school. In early life she had been a worshipper at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, under Mr. Bennett, and the tone and temper of that great man's ministry clung to her till the end. Like all people of her school, she was an indefatigable churchgoer; and the friends, who, during her last illness, used to read the daily service in her room, found that the act of reading was little more than a formal exercise, for the patient always seemed to know the Psalms and Lessons of the day by heart. The Service for the Visitation of the Sick was her peculiar solace, and the suffrage—"O Saviour of the World"—was constantly on her lips.

In person Mrs. Arnold resembled the lady of Tennyson's *Talking Oak*:—

So slightly, musically made,
So light upon the grass.

She was so small, so delicate, so dainty, that she looked something like a Fairy Queen and something like a Dresden Shepherdess. It is greatly to be regretted, though eminently characteristic of herself, that she rigidly excised from her husband's published Letters every trace of his boylike admiration of her grace and charm. But other tributes could not be so easily suppressed; and they formed an unbroken chain from her wedding-day, when an old servant of her father's exclaimed that "Mrs. Harnold did'nt look hearthly," down to her last visit to the United States, when the President laughingly hailed her as the true "Belle of New York."

In character Mrs. Arnold combined a decisive firmness of judgment and strictness of principle with a keen faculty of enjoyment and the prettiest fun. She had a fastidious delicacy of taste and perception, alike in things material and mental; and very early in their married life her husband recognized her as an excellent critic. Like him, she was intolerant of bores and pedants and pompous platitudinarians, but with people whom she thoroughly liked she was the most delightful of companions. She had the secret of perpetual youth, and to the young, quite as much as to her own contemporaries, she seemed one of the most winning and lovable of human beings. Her loving pride in her husband, her devotion to the memory of the children she had lost, her wise and tender care for those who survived, are traits which can never be forgotten. She bore some of the heaviest trials of life—repeated bereavement and long-continued anxiety and protracted suffering—with a serene patience and a buoyant courage which had their source in something higher than mere temperament. Dying, as living, she found in the services and Sacraments of the Church her unfailing strength and peace.

Fare thee well, companion dear!
Fare for ever well, nor fear,
Tiny though thou art, to stray
Down the Uncompanion'd Way!
We without thee, little friend,
Many years have not to spend;
What are left, will hardly be
Better than we spent with thee.

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

M. BOURGET AND M. FRANCE.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

IT cannot be denied that M. Sinkiewicz has totally eclipsed our own novelists in the last twelvemonth. However, now that the three hundredth edition of "Quò Vadis?" has been sold, people revert to the patriotic idea so powerfully enforced in every London 'bus, and support home industries. They begin to buy M. Bourget's "Fantome" and M. France's "Bergeret."

Neither book is a revelation. Both writers have adopted a *manière* long ago; we always expect a celestial woman and a hypochondriac Brummel from one, very earthly men and women from the other. Their Polish rival has more of the imagination of a Dumas, more variety, and he will continue to sell well.

M. Bourget's is a tale of high life. The scene is, of course, alternately an expensive hotel near the Lake of Como, a villa on the Riviera nestling among the prettiest names in the Flora, an elegant mansion within the sacred radius of the Parc Monceau, or an old-fashioned one in the Faubourg, with tall windows, a garden, and a wonderful gallery. Etiquette is stricter still in this romance than even in "Idylle Tragique" or "Terre Promise." Nobody would dare to touch a thing reserved to the valet or the maid, and one gentleman having, in a moment of the most terrible excitement (he had just fallen in love for life), unpacked his dress-coat *himself*, M. Bourget apologises. The consequence is that everybody has time to be perfectly miserable, and avails himself of every opportunity to be so. Things do not, as a rule, turn out well in M. Bourget's books—it is only vulgar people who are well and happy—but he never wrote yet such a piteous story, and if your store of compassion is not larger than mine, you had better not read it.

The case is, of course, a psychological, or rather a pathological, one. Antoinette de Montéran, a delightful girl of twenty, accepts, to save her selfish parents from ruin, a coarse manufacturer, one Duvernay, who makes her rich and unhappy. A child, a little girl, is born. She will be every inch the picture of her mother, not only physically, but to the least shade of her deep though contained sensitiveness. After ten years the unhappy match is mercifully broken by Davernay's almost sudden death. His widow enjoys a short period of calm bliss between her daughter and an old friend, M. d'Audiguier, a not ludicrous though platonic lover. Then she, too, dies suddenly. Her daughter Eveline is brought up by an

aunt. When she is twenty she marries Etienne Malclerc, a man a good deal her senior, but very much in love with her, and whom she loves from her heart. The year after, a conversation of Eveline with d'Audiguier informs us, to our surprise, that the young lady is no more happy than her unfortunate mother. She has kept it so far to herself, but from the very first she has noticed that there is a something, a ghost, between her husband and herself. He shows her every kindness, but she is sure the something prevents him from loving her. He has as much as confessed it, once or twice, and this very night she has come into his room just when he was going to use a revolver against himself. She will soon be a mother, and her state can be imagined.

D'Audiguier interviews Malclerc, and comes home with a promise from him that he will not destroy himself, and a diary which is to explain everything. This diary, which we read with d'Audiguier, is, of course, the psychological study. Eveline is right. There is something between her husband and herself, there is a ghost, and the ghost is no other than her own mother. Malclerc has been her lover in her widowhood, and he loves her in death as he did in life. The apparition of her daughter, so marvellously like her, has produced a weird effect upon him. He has loved her voice, her look, her gestures, as an incarnate souvenir of his mistress. A fatal atavism has made her love him again. Public rumour has declared them man and wife before he had time to think. He has had to marry her. The diary is the minute story of a horrible sensation, the sensation of incest, growing upon him, till his life is a hell, and the life of his wife a martyrdom.

She all this time is fretting in a hopeless endeavour to find out the truth. Her misery is beyond description when she does find it by discovering her husband's diary in d'Audiguier's house. For some weeks she cannot see Malclerc. In the meantime her child is born, and the idea that it must have a father gradually reconciles her to the possibility of an interview. The book closes on this highly dramatic scene: Malclerc and his wife holding the baby together, and answering d'Audiguier, who exhorts them to begin their lives again, "I will try."

D'Audiguier is a most noble character. Eveline is rather conventional, but throughout a flower of moral purity. Malclerc is the sensitive man whom M. Bourget has painted so often that we are inclined to think he paints himself in him, the man who loves to love, the morbid analyst who never rests satisfied with the experiments he has tried. The plausibility and the skilful concatenation of the details in the diary makes it a remarkable achievement in the author's best manner, but there is too much of the retrospective process in the book. The Christianity diffused throughout it is sound, though its moral cannot be said to be quite Christian. One of the best pages is a philosophical and deeply felt answer to the question: where goeth prayer?

M. Bourget anglicizes still more than usual; he naturalises "realisation," "engaged to," etc., and risks "class," in the sense of social degree, which is unpleasant enough in English to a Frenchman, and positively hateful in our language. His usual *mièvrerie* is also more conspicuous than ever. His women are too continuously "tender beings," he knows too much about their little ailments, and his compassion for some of their troubles disagreeably suggests the "tender apothecary." Our women are soft enough already.

M. Anatole France has in the last five years given us four clever, amusing, witty, and of course admirably written books, which, however, will add but little to his fame. They will be read in fifty years by conscientious historians who are not afraid of devoting a third of their lives to the corruption of the finishing century on to the confusion of the Affair, but the lovers of literature will regret that he lost his time and wasted his talent on them, instead of recording the opinions of another Jérôme Coigniard or the weird story of another Paphnuce. No man is true to himself to the end, no sceptic will continue to smile and shake his head when the man in the street hums a tune he does not like. M. France is sometimes angry in his last book, and that inordinate feeling jars on the wonted unconcern of his style.

The bold statement of Buffon that "style is the man" appears occasionally to be wrong, but a little reflection or investigation always shows that it is right. A man's style is not all in his books. It is just as much in his speeches and still more in his letters or his confabulation with his cook. Do not look for a man's style in the subjects which only amuse him; wait till he treats one in which he takes real interest. Who could have suspected that the same Pressensé who had written on Cardinal Manning a book fraught with religious emotion could live for years in a perpetual state of frenzy, and pour out the furious abuse I have seen in some articles of the *Aurore?* Which reader of the *Lys Rouge* could think that its fastidious author might become a violent club-room orator? Yet he has, and the habit of snapping at his political enemies clings to him at present when he sits down to write.

Do not imagine that "Monsieur Bergeret à Paris" is a continuously polemical book, and that its tone is not nearly throughout the habitual irony. As usual, there is philosophy in it, and poetry, and half-pages of classical or Greek-sounding prose, and those wonderful imitations of sixteenth-century French which only a consummate scholar and artist can produce. The jarring sounds come in only seldom in little bits, mostly against M Méline, and decidedly unartistical. M. Bergeret has been, as the phrase goes in the University, "promoted to Paris." It is the dream of every professor. He and his sister scour Paris for apartments. M. Bergeret will have a poetical one looking out on a lime-tree and a fountain; Mdlle. Bergeret will have a convenient one built by an architect who understands lifts and back-staircases, but either is difficult to find, for "that was the time when Paris was keeping its great fair." So they visit and visit houses of all sorts, and occasionally those buildings grow animate like the old mansions in Balzac and Dickens, and speak to them, and they in return whisper distinctly Russian half-frightened sentences. (A want of taste this; M. France is an extraordinary copyist, but he is too much of one.)

Riquet the dog is still there, but he has evolved from a philosopher into a devout worshipper of the powers above him, and a transparent and not in the least reverent analysis of his fears, inclinations and passions, serves as a commentary upon the

Primus timor fecit deos.

This, again, is not in the best taste.

M. France never goes very far for plots; but this is the simplest he has placed into, or rather by the side of a book. M. Bergeret comes to Paris, looks for a lodging, finds one, or, rather, is ordered to one by his sister, moves into it with the assistance of a sculptural carpenter, who of course is a Socialist, and philosophises with M. Bergeret (now a decided Socialist also) on the gradual evolution of imminent justice and the immorality of alms-giving. All this time Paris is living in a state of terror from the misdeeds of the Nationalists, terrible barbarians who knock policemen's brains out of their heads, and chase the Dreyfusists like defenceless innocent lambs. Those Nationalists (most amusing beasts, to be fair) are not the same we generally see hooted in the company of Jules Lemaître and François Coppée; they are smartly-dressed young royalists who convene under the effigy of the "Roy" to arrange about the future prefects of the future monarchy, and the best method for knocking their predecessors down. One of the latter is our old friend, M. Worms-Clavelin, truer than ever to his Jewish notions, and consequently a sedulous protector of the monks, the Nationalists, and the *Croix*. His rather unscrupulous wife does not appear, but her place is filled with advantage by Madame Le Bonmont, now a Nationalist and a devotee to St. Anthony, and Madame de Gromance. Both ladies continue, to their historian's evident delight, to buy and sell love with perfect cynicism. The moral of the book is that to which M. France has long accustomed us. In spite of immanent, justice and beauty exemplified in Colonel Picquart, men are essentially cowards and fools, and women would be just as despicable if they did not happen to be sometimes slender, lithe, and devoid of prejudices.

All this is moderately amusing, but far from bracing literature, and it is a pity that it is not confined to its own proper (or improper) home, the *boulevard* newspapers.

BOOKS AND MEN.

COUNTRY NIGHTS.

IN the torrid London nights, when wide-open doors and windows do not make up for the absence of a punkah, one longs for the cool, and silence, and fragrance of the country. "I do not like London." Like the late Mr. Matthew Arnold, in my cradle I was "breathed on by the rural Pan," though not to much purpose, as far as writing poetry goes. It is far better to be "breathed on by the puffing publisher." But this is a digression, and is so far akin to what Saint Simon remarks about *l'esprit des Mortemar* that I had no intention of making it when I started. The point was the longing for the fragrance, and cool, and silence of the country, when one tosses in the stifling London nights, and inhales the smell of tepid bricks.

But of course there are worse nights than summer nights in town, and it is precisely in the country that the sojourner in cities may find them. To be sure, if he visits "his friends the aristocracy" (like Mr. Aubrey in "Ten Thousand a Year") a man may do very well. There is usually a ghost, I admit, but often as I have expected a visit from him or her, I have only once heard the sweep of her shadowy robes, and the feeble twiddling of her astral fingers on the door handle. She did not come in, and, taking a seat unexpectedly heavy on my chest, gaze at me with a countenance ravaged by all the passions. On the other hand, a chorus of setters occasionally bay all night from a too neighbouring kennel, and in the grey dawn the peacocks pour forth their squalls. Moreover, nightingales have a good name in poetry, but in prose it comes to passing the hours in throwing the coals from the fireplace at the Daulian bird. Rufinus, as every fourth form schoolboy knows, had the same sort of trouble with swallows, which kept him awake in Greece.

The most horrid thing is a dear little old manor house in the country. It looks like "a home of ancient peace," with its grey church and churchyard, where some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood, sleeps very comfortably, no doubt. But as soon as the London visitor beholds the venerable tower of the ancient church beside the manor, he knows what is going to happen. The bells are going to chime the quarters all through the night, and for the visitor it is going to be a case, not only of bell, but of book and candle, for there is not time to fall asleep before the next quarter chime arouses you. A set of church bells is not like a cuckoo clock or a loud ticking old grandfather's clock on the stairs. *He* says, "Never—For ever—For ever—Never," as in Longfellow, but you can soon settle *him*. You can remove his weights, or fasten up his pendulum with a white necktie, or gag him with your braces, or jam a toothbrush under his minute hand, or, if a small cuckoo clock is the enemy, you can set him upside down in a fireplace. But there is no getting at a neighbouring church clock; so a man (however devout) lies awake praying for Disestablishment and Disendowment. Mr. R. B. Marston has of late aroused to fury the spirit of the Borderers by denouncing the town clock of Kelso, which appears to be a clock that murders sleep. But the chimes of the village church tower are as murderous, if more musical.

Then there are the cocks, hens, and ducks, which keep up a hideous cackle under one's windows, and perhaps drive one to encamp, with blankets, in the bathroom on the other side of the house. I have heard of a philosopher who insisted that all the cocks should be fettered to their perches in the hen-house, which he knew, from his studies in natural history, would prevent them from crowing. But to make a demand of this kind on the charity of your host needs a good deal of *aplomb*, and, personally, I prefer to pelt the fowls from the window with books, hair-brushes, and whatever else comes handy—*furor arma ministrat.* I have even gone out in the ambrosial dawn and thrown gravel at the creatures. No doubt Mr. Carlyle did a good many eccentric things of this kind, and an essay by Mr. Carlyle on the varied charms of a quiet night in the country would have been a welcome addition to his works.

Worse than in town are rural dogs, especially the honest watch hound. In the deeps of Worcestershire, say, a watch dog is wakened and bays. He wakens a dog a mile away, and another dog takes it up from the second dog, and before dawn dogs are howling in the Cheviots, and at the Land's End. Cats, when noisy in the garden, are amenable to the Bible which lies in the bedroom, or to anything else that you can hurl among them. They are "routed," like the Boers, that is, they go somewhere else. But nothing short of arsenic will stop a dog, when once he begins to bark, and arouses seven other dogs worse than himself.

All these delights and reposeful elements of the country are, of course, found in far greater perfection in the farmhouse than the *château*; rats also contribute their sweet influences. But the little angling inn in the village or country town is perhaps the most wakeful place of any. The beds are strange indeed, with exquisite varieties. The ancient four-posted couch may have witnessed the fevers of Richard III., and his celebrated military treasure chest may be concealed under the bed, where a broom hath not come apparently since the Battle of Bosworth. The heavy red curtains might harbour all the spectres that haunted the wicked king, and also persecutors more normal but as disturbing. The feather bed lets you down into warm abysses; your temperature rises to an alarming degree. You wrestle with the shapeless heavy mass of feathers; it is formless, ponderous, hot as a phantom enemy in a nightmare. At last you manage to drag it off the bed, and throw it on the floor, piling above it six folds of thick blankets. Beneath it you find what seems to be a plank bed—quite as hard, whatever it is—and on this you toss for the remainder of the hours usually dedicated to slumber. The pillow, inadequately stuffed, is on the same level as the plank bed. Perhaps, again, the mattress is apparently stuffed with billiard-balls at irregular intervals, or it is supported on tremulous and noisy belts of jingling iron, which collapse beneath you, and leave you in a nest of points and blades. Meanwhile, cocks, dogs, clocks, and cats keep up their wonted turmoil. But worst of all is a bed in an Italian inn. The cabmen play bowls with stones under your window till four o'clock, when the market people come in and set up their stalls. The Italians never go to bed, and never cease from oratory and song.

However, these are foreign, not British distresses of the night; urban, not rural. I have tried to console the child of nature, captive in London, by reminding him that by running down into the country stillness he may rush on evils that he knows not of, or peradventure has forgotten. Methinks I see him, about 3 a.m., hot and weary, re-making his bed, in an amateur way, for the sixth time, while gay chanticleer salutes the morn, and the innumerable blue-bottle hums among the curtains.

A. LANG.

TO HOPE.

His is an angel's presence, glad and strong,
  Yet not like Love's, whose tender watchful eyes
Are soft with dews of pity—his are keen
  As with an eagle's clearness, gazing long,
Expectant of the vision yet unseen
  Across the burning splendours of the skies.

Spread are his wings—while Faith, his kinsman, stands
  With folded pinions, and doth calmly wait,
He with a holy daring seeks to lift
  The curtain wove by Death's mysterious hands;
And with a flight than wind of heaven more swift
  Sweeps through the narrow boundaries of Time's gate.

His is youth's might, that hath nor doubts nor fears,
Whose torch is lit at never-dying fires,
Greeting life's sad denials unafraid
Because far off, in dim resplendent years,
He sees the strange distorted image made
Into the loveliness his soul desires.

Last of the blessed three, for Love did dwell
In Eden's Garden, where at break of dawn
Faith saw the Lord ; but when the exiled pair
And all their race from primal glory fell,
God—lest men's hearts should sicken to despair—
Foretold His Christ, and Hope in Time was born.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

REVIEWS.

THE FIGHT WITH FRANCE FOR NORTH AMERICA. By A. G. Bradley, author of "Wolfe," etc. Westminster. Constable. 15s.

To the general reader the story of our great overseas struggle with France in the middle of the last century can be little more than a name. In the East, Dupleix, Labourdonnais, and the unhappy Lally are known in connection with the sieges of Madras and Trichinopoly and the battle of Wandewash ; in the West, Montcalm and the capture of Quebec by Wolfe are dimly associated with a war of horrors in which Indians were allowed by our foes to practise their revolting savageries. Those indeed who love their Thackeray will remember the picture of Virginian life when General Braddock arrived, and the visit paid by Harry Warrington to the scene of the massacre ; while the few who can call up recollections of Fennimore Cooper will have a vague idea of the subordinate actors, but the impression will still be but blurred. Mr. Bradley has, therefore, a fair field, and he occupies it with much credit. No one can accuse him of dulness. He brings the war before us in well-thought-out perspective. If he is at no pains to conceal his likes and dislikes, his deep-rooted feelings for and against, at least he does not attempt to mislead. He presents his side of the question fairly, with every wish to do justice to the other side also. It is the summing up of a "strong" judge.

Some crusted beliefs will be rudely shaken. For instance, a great blow to many readers will be his trenchant remarks on the Acadians. Longfellow has impressed the sorrowful fate of Evangeline and her kin so deeply on our thoughts and sympathies that it is with difficulty we accept the conclusion that the people were in truth impossible. Mr. Bradley puts the matter very clearly. They were our subjects and were treated with extraordinary forbearance. All that was asked of them was an oath of allegiance which they would have been quite ready to take if left to themselves, since so long as they were allowed to pursue their simple life in peace they cared not under which king they served. But the French authorities in Canada were, naturally, wishful that this oath of allegiance should not be taken, and to effect their object they invoked the forces of religion and superstition, and thus succeeded in raising a barrier which no reasoning could remove. After long years things came to such a pass that it was absolutely necessary for us to take action, and then—the last chance of submission having been refused—we deported them in self-defence. Had we not done so, the lives of Englishmen would have been no longer safe.

These things are on the fringe of the main story, which begins with Dinwiddie's mission in 1753 and ends with the fall of Montreal only seven years later. The man selected for the task was a young Virginian named George Washington, a Major in the colonial service and Adjutant-General of the provincial militia. He was twenty-one at the time, but a youth spent in roaming over and surveying large tracts of wild country had given him experience and knowledge far beyond his years. His business now was to march to a fort the French had lately built near Lake Erie, in pursuance of their new-born policy of extension over the hinterland, and demand its abandonment. It was a difficult and perilous journey, but he accomplished it. The French, however, refused to move, and the following year the English Government ordered or sanctioned more active measures. It was on this occasion that Washington fired into a party of French who were lying in ambush, thus starting the war. The Braddock tragedy came next, a shambles like that of Bronkerspruit, save that here we were marching against a declared enemy and therefore knew what we had to expect. In one respect it was worse than the Boer trap, for the wounded fell into the hands of the Indians. The abortive expedition of Shirley towards Niagara and the modified success of that wild chieftain, Johnson, on Lake George were in the same year.

The war was now fairly afoot, and so far fortune had smiled on the French. Oswego had been taken, and both banks of Lake Ontario were in their hands. The Six Nations showed signs of abandoning their neutral attitude and of throwing in their lot with the side that promised to be triumphant. Our forces were sadly hampered by ridiculous orders from home which placed the colonial officers in an inferior and humiliating position, thus alienating their sympathies and preventing harmonious co-operation. Then, at the critical moment, Pitt came into power. The wand of the enchanter waved. Troops poured into the country. Preparations were made for ensuring success. Yet there were to be other disasters first. On August 10th came the massacre, and worse, at Fort William Henry, a stain on the career of Montcalm which can never be wiped out. In July, 1858, Abercromby made his dogged but hopeless attack on Ticonderoga, thereby causing a useless butchery of nearly 2,000 men. He had not waited for his guns—a familiar mistake. Parkman, the American historian, puts it :—

> The scene was frightful, masses of infuriated men who could not go forward and would not go back, straining for an enemy they could not reach, and firing at an enemy they could not see.

The tide turned at last. In that same month of July Louisbourg fell to Amherst, nearly 6,000 prisoners were taken, and the French fleet was destroyed. On Lake Ontario the fine colonial, Bradstreet, surprised Fort Frontenac, capturing much booty, burning many ships, and severely injuring French prestige. Then in September, 1859, Wolfe, his strength of mind overcoming his weakness of body, won that marvellous victory at Quebec, which somehow escaped being included in the fifteen decisive battles of the world. It then became merely a question of time, and Montreal fell the following year ; none too soon, however, for the sufferings of the English garrison in Quebec were meanwhile terrible. The French Governor of Canada, the Marquis de Vaudreuil, did all in his power to keep his subjects up to the mark with highly-seasoned fictions which almost equal some of those lately promulgated by the Boer leaders. But the die had been cast. North America was to be English, not French.

This book may be confidently recommended as of much value and interest. Some better maps would have been an improvement.

MODERN ABYSSINIA. By Augustus B. Wylde, late Vice-Consul for Red Sea, author of "'83 to '87 in the Soudan." Methuen. 15s. net.

ABYSSINIA. By Herbert Vivian, M.A., author of "Servia, the Poor Man's Paradise," etc. Pearson. 15s.

IF the writers of these two latest works on Abyssinia do not agree on all points with one another, they certainly combine to impress upon us how dangerous a place to meddle with Abyssinia has become, and how anxious everyone accordingly is to meddle with it. Mr. Wylde appears to think that a good way of discouraging this tendency, in others, would be for England to seize the country—a task which would not, in his opinion, occupy more than the modest period of two years ; while Mr. Vivian does not seem prepared to recommend any course more spirited than to stop France, by force if necessary, from proceeding with the railroad inland from Jibuti. Whether these vigorous proposals, should they reach the ear of King Menelik, will go far to confirm the high opinion which he

always expresses—to Englishmen—of the English character and policy, may be questioned. But there can be little doubt that they will reach his ear, if it seem advisable to French or Russian candidates for his favour.

Of the two authors, Mr. Wylde, who gives by far the more favourable account of the Abyssinians, has also seen much more. Mr. Vivian's experience was gained on a journey from the coast at Zaila to Addis Ababa, the modern capital, and back to Jibuti, in the winter of 1899-1900, while Mr. Wylde, whose acquaintance with Abyssinia is of many years' standing, describes more particularly a long and adventurous expedition, made from Massowah to Addis Ababa, by way of Aksum, Adowa, and Sokala, immediately after the great defeat of the Italians at Adowa in 1896, from which "modern Abyssinia" may perhaps be considered to date. There can be little doubt that during the three years' interval between the two journeys Menelik, whose victory over the Italians by no means implied his immediate supremacy over all the Abyssinians, has very greatly strengthened his position; and he is likely to keep his turbulent subjects a united people as long as he lives, unless, as seems unlikely at present, some European Power stronger than Italy attempts their subjugation. It cannot be said that Mr. Vivian's interview with this remarkable potentate, of whom such diverse reports have been made, throws much light upon his character; but both our travellers seem to agree in regarding him as, at any rate, a shrewd and powerful ruler, who, though he may not possess a personality so attractive as his predecessor King Johannes, is quite capable of understanding his position in the world—not an easy one, for it seems to us extremely unlikely that he regards the power which has overthrown his old enemies the Dervishes quite as the peaceful and desirable neighbours that Mr. Wylde, even while discussing the advantages of annexing his country, proclaims us to be.

As the inhabitants of northern Abyssinia are, in Mr. Wylde's opinion, far superior to those of the southern regions to which Mr. Vivian's travels were confined, it may be that neither of the widely different estimates formed of them by the two authors is wholly wrong. While Mr. Vivian declares that "the Abyssinians are essentially snobs," who "measure the respect due to anybody by the number of his retinue," Mr. Wylde, whose retinue was of no very imposing dimensions, gives many convincing proofs that both peasant and prince can perform acts of kindness and hospitality which it would be rash to expect in a civilised land. It is rather curious that his principal and most generous friend should have been the formidable old warrior, Ras Aloula, whom Sir Gerald Portal, on his mission ten years before, described as his "arch-enemy." Perhaps Mr. Vivian, who certainly seems to pride himself on having made himself unpleasant to Abyssinians whom he suspected of an intention to be unpleasant to him, might have got on better with the people had he adopted the methods recommended by Mr. Wylde. But we cannot help thinking that when he assures us that "an Abyssinian prefers to make nothing out of his property rather than alienate it to a foreigner," he may have read the people more correctly than the less contemptuous traveller. For it requires great faith in Mr. Wylde's powers of observation to believe with him that the Abyssinian peasantry are so differently constituted from the Abyssinian soldiery as to be quite ready to welcome the rule of any benevolent foreigner who would bestow upon them peace and quiet—blessings for which, in their case, familiarity certainly cannot have bred contempt. Mr. Wylde seems to think that the Italians may yet obtain by peaceful means the ascendancy they failed so signally to acquire by force in the campaign of Adowa, concerning which he has some ghastly stories to tell. It is perhaps something in favour of this view that the Abyssinian women, according to him, possess great attractions for the Italians, and that marriages between the two races are frequent and successful. But, as we have said, Mr. Wylde is apparently quite prepared to recommend that we should ourselves attempt by force to accomplish what the Italians could not. As the Abyssinians, if he is right, can put into the field a much larger army than the Boers ever had, as they will be united against us, as they have an almost impregnable country and a dangerous climate, and as they can import the most modern weapons in any number through French Somaliland, it is unlikely that British statesmen will adopt such a policy for many years to come. One unpleasant result of the improvement in Abyssinian weapons is the increased destruction of the big game for which the country has so long been famous. Yet Mr. Wylde has seen, though apparently beyond the borders of Abyssinia, the ancient method of hunting in which the elephant is hamstrung by a sharp sword; and he even mentions a "gipsy" tribe who can kill the elephant by poisoned arrows shot from a large bow, as was related of the same part of the world by the Greek Agatharchides more than 2,000 years ago.

"The priests of Abyssinia," says Mr. Wylde, in a passage which is no unfairly chosen example of his literary style, "are a very curious set, and everyone that has written about them have, what I consider, taken a wrong line." Mr. Wylde himself is but poorly qualified for an inquiry into their history and theology; but he is able to say, as the result of much personal intercourse, that they are still a considerable power in Abyssinia, and that it is greatly to the advantage of the traveller to obtain their goodwill, as he easily may if he approaches them with respect and civility. Mr. Wylde has seen so much of all classes in Abyssinian society—which is probably very much more like that of our own Middle Ages than that of "forty centuries ago," to which Mr. Vivian rather vaguely compares it—that everything he tells us of his personal experience is of great interest. In the field of the higher politics he is perhaps seen to less advantage.

THE EARLY AGE OF GREECE. By William Ridgeway, Disney Professor of Archæology in the University of Cambridge. Vol. I. Cambridge.

PROFESSOR RIDGEWAY has given us another volume on Archæology of great learning combined with vigorous originality. These qualities were unanimously ascribed to his book on the origin of metallic currency and weight standards, and we find here the same large induction, deep erudition, and strong grasp of details. He at once girds himself up to find the answer to the question, "What people made the objects called Mycenæan?" Was it that Achæan race whose glories are enshrined in the Iliad and Odyssey? This may be said to be the answer of modern scholarship. But on the other hand important differences have been pointed out between the civilisation of Mycenæ and that of the Homeric Greeks. To go no further, the latter burned their dead, while the graves of Mycenæ show that Mycenæan bodies were buried, sometimes embalmed.

Now the early occupants of Pelopounesus were mainly three races, corresponding to the three distinct layers of population in Laconia:—(1) the Spartiates, descended from the Dorian conquerors; (2) the Periœci, descendants of the conquered Achæans; (3) the Helots, who were the remains of the race which the Achæans found in possession of the land, and whom they reduced to serfdom. In a word, it is in this third layer, the old race which preceded the Achæans, that Professor Ridgeway finds the creators of the Mycenæan culture. This race he identifies with the Pelasgians, and naturally shows some disquietude in embarking on an attempt (as he remarks with a humour that reminds us he is an Irishman) at "showing that a man may believe in the historical reality of the Pelasgi, and may with safety still be allowed to mix with his neighbours." This attempt he faces with the methodical resolution which we expect from the author of the masterly induction to which we have already referred. To mention even the most important of his arguments in support of his thesis would lead us far beyond our limits. To us, we own, they seem unanswerable; while the author, reminding us in this of the great Bishop Butler, never fails to produce and grapple with arguments which make against his conclusions—arguments, indeed, which in some cases might easily have escaped the perspicacity of the impugners of his theory.

Having established his main thesis, that the creators of the Mycenæan culture were not Achæans but Pelasgians, Professor Ridgeway proceeds to fortify it by pointing out in a

very interesting chapter many striking discrepancies between the equipment, dress, and funeral practices of the Mycenæan men and the Homeric Achæans. He rejects the theory of Dr. Wolfgang Reichel, which Dr. Leaf and other modern scholars have accepted, that θώρηξ in the genuine parts of the Homeric poems always means armour or gear generally. Indeed, the method whereby this school seeks to bring the poems into conformity with Achæan usage is very unsatisfactory, depending as it does on an unsupported charge of interpolation against every passage which shows discrepancy. As no bronze breastplate has been found in the tombs, θώρηξ must always mean armour in general, and when such a meaning is plainly inapplicable the verse must be pronounced an interpolation. "If," acutely remarks Professor Ridgeway, "the Homeric warrior had neither a bronze helmet nor bronze greaves, nor a bronze corslet, nor yet a metal shield, how could it possibly be said that when *he fell with a thud his armour rang upon him* (δούπησεν δὲ πεσὼν ἀράβησε δὲ τεύχε' ἐπ αὐτῷ)? Leather certainly does not rattle nor ring." From these and other discrepancies Professor Ridgeway infers that the Homeric poems belong to a later age than the graves of Mycenæ, to the fully developed Iron Age, while the Mycenæan Age was that of Bronze. Next comes the question of the original habitat of the Achæans, which he find in Epirus, pronouncing the Achæans of Homer to be "one of those bodies of Celts who had made their way down into Greece and had become the masters of the indigenous race." This conclusion is further tested by an examination of the use of the round shield, the brooch, and the buckle, and the diffusion of iron in Europe, North Africa, and Western Asia. Finally, the dialect of the Homeric poems leads to a most able and interesting discussion, in which much light is thrown on the Homeric question, and many acute suggestions concerning comparative philology are put forward.

Holbein's "Ambassadors": The Picture and the Men. An historical study by Mary F. S. Hervey. Bell.

Miss Hervey deserves the utmost credit for the exhaustive history and interpretation of the great Holbein in the National Gallery which five years of patient research have enabled her to complete. A whole book on a single picture may be thought to sin against proportion; but the picture is one which demands and repays close study; very little has been written about it hitherto, and it was well worth while to collect and record the fullest information about it once for all. When the Holbein was bought in 1890 from the Earl of Radnor, nothing was known of its history before 1792, and, after numerous unfounded guesses at the identity of the two persons had been disposed of, no more definite description of them could be given than "Two Ambassadors," the traditional title of the picture. It is true that the dealer, Le Brun, had described them in 1792 as "MM. de Selve et d'Avaux," but the second name had been proved false, and was supposed to involve the first in its discredit. Mr. Sidney Colvin, following up the clue afforded by the date, the costume, and the recorded ages of the sitters, proposed in a letter to the *Times* in September, 1890, the name of Jean de Dinteville, Bailly of Troyes, and ambassador at the Court of Henry VIII. in 1533, for the person standing on the left side of the picture. This hypothesis, now abundantly proved to be correct, lacked confirmation at the time, and Mr. Colvin's suggestion for the other name was less fortunate. There the matter rested till 1895, when Miss Hervey, by a remarkable piece of good fortune, discovered in a French provincial review of 1888 a reference to a parchment document, offered in a second-hand bookseller's catalogue, relating to a picture of Jean de Dinteville and George de Selve by "un excellent peintre Holandois," (this recalls Vasari's description of Dürer as a "Fiammingo"), which had been preserved at Dinteville's château of Polisy in Burgundy till 1653. The bookseller still held the document after seven years, and Miss Hervey lost no time in securing it: she has now presented it to the National Gallery. A long and explicit description of the picture, with accurate dates and accounts of the two persons represented, left no doubt that the document referred to the National Gallery Holbein, and that the two ambassadors were indeed Jean de Dinteville, Seigneur de Polisy, and his friend, George de Selve, Bishop of Lavaur, in the South of France (in the Department of Tarn, north-east of Toulouse), who visited Dinteville in London in 1533, and was himself afterwards Ambassador at Venice and Rome and at the Court of Charles V. Miss Hervey has since then found other documents relating to the picture in the Bibliothèque de l'Institut at Paris, one of which identifies the "peintre Holandois" as "Holben," and describes the picture as "la plus belle pièce de peinture qui soit en France." Fac-similes of this and of the first document are given. The picture was taken from Polisy to Paris in 1654; its history is a blank from that time till 1787, when Le Brun bought it from the collection of Beaujou. Le Brun sold it to Lord Radnor about 1808.

Miss Hervey followed up her fortunate discovery by inquiring, with indefatigable zeal, into every circumstance connected with the families of Dinteville and Selve. She has visited every church and château connected with them, ransacked family archives and Paris records, and read widely in the printed literature of the period. The result of her researches is this valuable and interesting book; no dry record of names and dates, but a vivid picture of culture, politics, and diplomacy in the reign of Francis I., as illustrated by two typical Frenchmen of the Renaissance, typical also of the two kinds of Ambassadors, "de robe longue" and "de robe courte," described by Brantôme in the amusing passage which Miss Hervey quotes (p. 199). The book is in four parts; the first deals with the history of the picture, the second and third with the lives of Dinteville and the Bishop of Lavaur, while the fourth describes and explains the details of the picture. The first and fourth alone are concerned directly with the latter, and they may be read consecutively by those who have not leisure for the two biographies; but the interpretation of the many symbolical accessories could not have been made so full and interesting without that thorough examination of the lives of the ambassadors which supplies a key to several enigmas. Miss Hervey's explanation of the Death's-head "Devise" of Dinteville, the terrestrial globe with the additions made by Holbein in the picture to the still extant original, the seven liberal arts, the lute with a broken string, and the Lutheran hymn-book, must be read in detail and compared with the good fac-similes in the text, which supplement a not altogether satisfactory photogravure of the whole picture which serves as frontispiece. The discovery that the floor is copied from the mosaic pavement of Abbot Ware in the sanctuary of Westminster Abbey is of great interest. References are given with exemplary fulness throughout the book, and there is a good index, but the list of *errata* is not exhaustive. On page 36, for instance, "the deepest of many indentures in the contour of the northern province," needs the obvious correction, "indentations"; "1616" (page 147) should be "1516"; there are wrong accents in the Greek quotation on page 130; and in the excellent Latin story quoted on page 183, "resipiscerat" should be "resipisceret." These are almost the only lapses from scholarly precision in a book which deserves the close attention of every student of Holbein.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Italian Cities. By Edwin Holland Blashfield and Evangeline Wilbour Blashfield. Two volumes. A. H. Bullen.

(2) Manchuria: Its People, Resources, and Recent History. By Alexander Hosie. Methuen.

(3) William Morris. An address. By J. W. Mackail. The Doves Press.

(4) The Little Flowers of Saint Benet Gathered from the Djalogues of Saint Gregory the Great. With eight drawings by Paul Woodroffe. Kegan Paul. 5s.

(5) ROBERT BUCHANAN, A CRITICAL APPRECIATION, AND OTHER ESSAYS. By Henry Murray. Wellby. 5s.

(6) TWELVE ALLEGORIES. By Kathleen Haydn Green. Lane. 3s. 6d.

(7) VICTORIA: AN APPRECIATION. Griffith and Farran. 2s. 6d.

(8) GEORGE ELIOT. By Clara Thomson. Kegan Paul. 1s. 6d.

(1) Mr. and Mrs. Blashfield have written their chapters on *Italian Cities* in a very ambitious style. The interest in Italy is so perennial that any glorified guide-book to her chief towns, arranged with facts and dates, a little art criticism and a little history, would be sure of success. Our authors have eschewed these easy methods, and have endeavoured to conjure up the atmosphere and life of these old cities, to present the distinctive peculiarities of each of them, the art and architecture by which they still fascinate, with now and again some tragic episode or picturesque notes of travel by way of literary relief. On the whole, they have been pleasantly successful. The matter-of-fact reader may at times weary of what he will call fine writing, and cry out for a page of solid information, but there is no effort obvious in the style, and even such avowed episodes as the description of the terrible siege of Siena or (in an opposite vein) of the horse-races there between the different wards, or the delightful account of a visit to a nunnery at Cortona, are quite free from the charge of being "purple patches," and fall naturally enough into their place in the book. Almost any chapter would furnish a quotation from which readers may judge whether the authors' leisurely charm appeals to them. We may take a page from that entitled "The Florentine Artist":—

Art did not mean the production of pictures and statues only; it meant a practical application of the knowledge of the beautiful to the needs of daily life. So the *bottega* hummed and buzzed with the manifold business of the artist. If orders came in his absence, the apprentices were to accept them all, even those for insignificant trifles; the master would furnish the design, and the pupils would execute, not from greed of gain, as with Perugino, but from the pure joy in creative work which made Ghirlandajo willing to decorate "hoops for women's baskets," and at the same time long for a commission "to paint the whole circuit of all the walls of Florence with stories," and which enabled him, although he died at the age of forty-nine, to leave behind him a second population of Florentines in the choirs and chapels of her churches.

There were constant opportunities for the exercise of this creative faculty. Orders did not cease. Now it was a group of brown Carmelites who called master and men to their church, to be at once scene-setters, costumiers, carpenters, and machinists during the Ascension-day ceremonies, and for the angel-filled scaffolding from which various sacred personages should mount to heaven. Sometimes there would come an embassy in gowns of state from some neighbouring city with armed guards and sealed parchments, bringing a commission for the painting of church or town hall, or a foreign trader from Milan or Genoa would step in to haggle over a portrait. Most welcome was a bridal party, for its manifold needs gave work to the whole studio, even to the ten-year-old apprentices in the back shop. *Chi prende moglie vuol quattrini*—he who takes a wife needs cash—runs the Florentine proverb, and we do not wonder at it when we realise what a quantity of fine things a bridegroom was expected to supply. There were the dower-chests, carved, gilded, and painted with "Triumphs" of love or chastity; then the shrine, with its picture of Madonna flanked by patron saints, for the bride's chamber, and if the *sposo* was inclined to do things handsomely, the painter could add the portraits of the future husband and wife in the inner side of the gilded shutters; a chased and enamelled holy-water basin, and sprinkler to hang beneath it, of course; and for the tiring-mirror just arrived from Venice, the master must design a silver frame. Then, while our hand was in, why not add a painted frieze of *puttini* on a blue ground to run between the wainscoting and the beamed ceiling?

Yet other imaginary wants of this lavish bridal party are suggested, but we have already exceeded our page quotation, and given a fair indication of the kind of writing which the book contains. That this would have been none the worse for a little pruning is clear enough, and yet with few strokes, or many, the authors usually attain their end, and succeed in bringing out the essential differences of the various cities—Ravenna, Siena, Florence, Parma, Perugia, Cortona, Spoleto, Assisi, Mantua—of which they treat. Of Rome as a city, it will be observed, our authors say nothing, though there are some interesting chapters on Raphael's work there. The art-criticism, indeed, throughout the book is excellent, possessing the great virtues of independence and a catholicity which can appreciate both Giotto and Correggio. There is a similar width of view in the references to modern "improvements" at Florence and elsewhere, a fair attempt being made to allow for the needs of the permanent inhabitants, as well as for the love of tourists for the picturesque, even when insanitary. Altogether, we feel confident that both in America (for which they are primarily written) and in England these sketches of *Italian Cities* will enjoy a long career of popularity; and in addition to the careful workmanship of their style they are written with a knowledge and discrimination which deserve such a success. If they attain it, we hope that an index will be added to the next edition.

(2) Between 1894 and 1897, and subsequently for another year in 1899-1900, Mr. Alexander Hosie was in charge of the British Consulate at Newchang, and his *Manchuria: Its People, Resources, and Recent History*, is a valuable document, based on laborious personal investigations, and full of information for anyone desiring to do business in Manchuria. The lot of the trader in those parts is not without its drawbacks, for in winter his moustache wil frequently be firmly frozen to his collar. he will hear the beggars lamenting that they have not the outfit needed to start on the more lucrative profession of brigand, and if he be a dog-lover he will be made miserable by the dog-farms on which the poor beasts are bred and slaughtered for the sake of their skins. Should he be desirous of dealing in cotton goods he will do well to remember that in a country where the moustache freezes as aforesaid, the heavier varieties are likely to be preferred, neglect of this fact having recently reduced the English trade in them to infinitesimally small proportions compared to the American. On the other hand, if he argue that in a cold country woollen should be more acceptable than cotton he will be wrong, for the inhabitants prefer wadded cotton to woollen, and their native sheep-skins and other furs to either. The importation of Indian opium is another declining trade, the decline in this case being no matter for regret. Except in years of drought, the Manchurians now grow more than they need for their own use, and agents from Northern China carry back the drug overland in small fast carts, which have a curious habit of avoiding the main roads and the tax stations established along them. The chief native product is beans, and Mr. Hosie gives minute descriptions of the process of manufacture of bean-curd and a kind of vermicelli from it, and of bean-cake and bean-oil. While the later chapters of his book are crowded with information of this kind, in the earlier he describes the hardships of a winter journey to Kirin, the capital of Central Manchuria, to settle a long-standing missionary land case, and also, with rather tedious prolixity, how he and his family started to travel to Europe on the Amur, and Shilka and the Trans-Baikal railway. He gives also some notes on recent events in Manchuria, with quotations and translations of important treaties. Of the relations of Russia and China in Manchuria, and of general questions of policy, his official position has prevented him from saying much.

(3) Mr. Mackail's lecture on *William Morris*, delivered last autumn before the Hammersmith Socialist Society, has been published, we believe, for a few weeks as a penny pamphlet, and is now reprinted in a very beautiful edition by Messrs. Sanderson and Walker at the price of fifteen shillings. Pamphlets at a penny seldom find their way to bookshelves; pamphlets at fifteen shillings can only reach the bookshelves of a few lovers of fine printing. Mr. Mackail's lecture is so good that we hope that yet a third edition may introduce it to the ordinary book-buyer, who dislikes paper-covers and does not especially love whole vellum bindings,

which need as much care as the book they protect. The greater part of the lecture is occupied with a sketch of Morris's life, deftly summarised from Mr. Mackail's own biography of him. The last half-dozen pages are noteworthy for the most felicitous treatment we have yet seen of the Socialism which filled so large a part in Morris's latter years. In his biography Mr. Mackail was so occupied with the details of this that he seemed unable to sum it up as it deserved. This he has now done with admirable sympathy and insight, taking as his text Morris's own words, justly characterised as both profound and fruitful:—"Men fight to lose the battle,and the thing they fought for comes about in spite of their defeat, and when it comes turns out to be not what they meant, and other men have to fight for what they meant under another name." The actual movement in which Morris engaged contained no possible element of success. It rested, as Mr. Mackail explains to his Socialist audience, on no better foundation than the hope that a mere handful of enthusiasts could precipitate, by force or argument, an immense social change which was not even understood by the people for whose benefit it was designed. But that Morris was moved to engage in it, with the most uncongenial and certainly in some cases the most unworthy associates, remains an object lesson which has done more for the spread of Socialism, in its larger sense, than he could possibly have effected in any other way, nor will it lightly be forgotten. Mr. Mackail's whole lecture is admirable, and deserves, as we have said, to be presented in an edition likely to penetrate along the ordinary book-channels. Messrs. Sanderson and Walker are doing excellent service in raising the standard of English printing, but we could wish that instead of practically making a present of their work to a little handful of perhaps rather speculative collectors, they would appeal, when they get so good a book to print, to a much larger circle of readers.

(4) *The Little Flowers of Saint Benet, Gathered from the Dialogues of Saint Gregory the Great,* is a very pretty volume, adorned with eight photogravures from drawings by Mr. Paul Woodroffe, and some quaint tail-pieces. The text is taken from an edition of the "Dialogues of S. Gregory," translated "into our English tongue" by a certain P. W., and published at Paris in 1608. No attempt has been made to identify P.W. (who has no connection with his illustrator, Mr. Paul Woodroffe), and both the Elizabethan owners of the initials of whom we can think—Peter White and Percival Wiburn—were on the Protestant side. From its title, "The Miscellanie or Registrie and Methodicall Directorie of Orizons : Exhibiting a presentment of the soules requestes in the high court of heavenly parliament," written in 1615 by Paul Wentworth, suggests a more probable claimant to the initials, and might be worth examining by future editors. In any case, P. W., the translator, possessed some touches of seventeenth century felicity, and the miracles of S. Benedict lose nothing from his telling of them. Mr. Woodroffe's pictures are pretty and graceful, and well suited to the not very virile charm of the book.

(5) In his *Robert Buchanan, a Critical Appreciation, and Other Essays,* Mr. Henry Murray obtrudes his own personality till even a good-natured reader may well be weary of it. He has yet to learn that no one will pay any more attention to an essayist's opinions for his careful explanations that it is really surprising that he should hold them, while incidental remarks such as "Personally, I fly very light in the matter of artistic dogma," are merely impertinent. His title essay, which extends to over a hundred pages, is a rambling piece of work, much of it having very little to do with Buchanan, while the whole leaves no clear impression of either the man or his books. "French and English," a comparison of Thackeray's "Paris Sketch-book" with some recent pictures of French life, is a readable and fairly interesting paper, but as a rule Mr. Murray offers nothing better than superficial criticisms irritatingly expressed.

(6) It is no easy task to write a good allegory, and of late years the taste for allegories (even to give to other people) and the fashion of writing them have alike died out. Miss Kathleen Green, who is surely the first Lady Mayoress to seek literary honours during her year of office, may certainly be congratulated on her success in writing not only one, but *Twelve Allegories,* each of which is good. They are wisely brief —thoughts clad in an imaginative dress rather than the complicated stories which caused a little girl of our acquaintance to declare that she was sure allegories were only written to spite her. Unlike the stereotyped narratives which chilled this small soul, Miss Green's parables (a name we like better than allegories) have mostly some unexpected touch in them, and one or two, notably a rather remorseless one entitled, "The Woman who wasted her tears," if once read will not be lightly forgotten.

(7) An anonymous little book entitled, *Victoria, an Appreciation,* is conceived in a very different spirit from that of the "Court Circular" life of "His Majesty, Edward VII.," which we noticed last week, its main object being to show how much hard work, not of a ceremonial kind, falls to the lot of our constitutional sovereigns, and how immensely important this work may be. During the last few months this aspect of royalty has been abundantly insisted on, so that the impressiveness with which the anonymous author enforces it, as if it were some new discovery, seems rather excessive. For all that, the *Appreciation* is a good little book, and may be recommended to the youthful readers, for whom, doubtless, it is specially intended.

(8) In their excellent series of Westminster Biographies Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. send us a pleasant little biographical sketch and criticism of *George Eliot* by Miss Clara Thomson. Prefaced by a useful chronology, the life is written sympathetically and with welcome reticence, and the short criticisms are intelligent and helpful. On her last page Miss Thomson writes, "George Eliot's books have been somewhat out of fashion lately. Her claim to immortality has been seriously questioned ; but of that better immortality—the life in minds made better by her presence—she is in permanent and indubitable possession." Middle-aged folk who remember the influence of her novels in their younger days will gratefully accept this sober verdict, nor is it too much to hope that now that these fine books are purchasable in a variety of pretty editions for a few pence apiece, a renewed popularity may await them.

FICTION.

The Serious Wooing : A Heart's History. By John Oliver Hobbes. Methuen. 6s.—We had hoped that *fin-de-siècle* fiction would come to a natural end when the old century died and the new one was born ; or that, if the vein of decadent artificiality was not quite run out, its remaining drops would trickle away through obscure channels not worth a reviewer's looking into. But, alas ! here is a new novel by John Oliver Hobbes—clever and arresting, like everything she writes—and it is all about a set of frivolous and artificial people, and one poor girl with a heart, whom they force into a revolting marriage, of which the sequel is a course of admirers, two real lovers, and an elopement with most original complications. The *milieu* Mrs. Craigie chooses to illuminate by her very trenchant remarks recalls the satire of Byron :—

> The great world, which being interpreted
> Meaneth the west or worst end of a city,
> And about twice two thousand people bred
> By no means to be very wise or witty,
> But to sit up while others lie in bed
> And look down on the universe with pity.

And though she shows up the folly and the wickedness of this world very uncompromisingly, yet she cannot be absolved from the responsibility of having described its most unworthy ways in a manner calculated to enlist—on the wrong side—the sympathy that takes the form of snobbish imitation of vile examples. All the people in the Ragot set are "smart," and use the society jargon. The men wear stays. The women have diamond tiaras, sable cloaks, and heads "done" by hair-

dressers who are artists. They are also quick-witted and nimble in conversation, and they all talk as if their world—in spite of its scandals and divorces, as to which they are brutally candid—were the only world anybody can care to belong to, or to hear about. And, indeed, the only other world the author recognises is that of Socialists and such like cranky people, who hold subversive opinions, have no manners, and dress excruciatingly. Certainly Lord Wroxall is a good fellow, with every intention of playing a loyal friend's part by Rosabel. But he is tricked by her sister, and drawn blindly by his vanity into the ghastly conspiracy that wrecks the poor girl's last chance of a happy and respectable settlement. Jocelyn Luttrell, the serious lover and real Socialist, belongs to the outer world of frumps. But he is a gentleman by birth, and has in the beginning an ample fortune. Even the superfine gentlemen of the Ragot circle recognise his breeding, while condemning his opinions. Rosabel herself is a beautiful and pathetic figure, not without a touch of the heroic in her simple devotion to the best she knows. Granted her surroundings, it is impossible not to condone her final step. But then, why choose such surroundings? Are there not many more than "twice two thousand" people in England who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of fashionable corruption? And are not some of these worth writing of, and writing for? For after all Mrs. Craigie is not one of the novel writers who are reduced by poverty of thought or language to make her chapters sparkle by sprinkling them with titles and diamonds. Her wit and humour, her two-edged phrases and bright epigrams flash and sparkle quite brilliantly enough on every page, and her true insight gives a value to her character-drawing which is absolutely independent of any adventitious distinction in her personages.

Her Ladyship's Secret. William Westall. Chatto and Windus.—Mr. Westall's story is somewhat disjointed. The best scenes are undoubtedly those of election riots, which are good and spirited, but have little to do with the main plot. The interest is divided between Mrs. King, afterwards "her ladyship," and the Earles, north country factory owners, etc. Mrs. King's first marriage was unlucky; not only had her husband spent her fortune and ruined her brother, Philip Farnham, but he had been convicted for forgery, and had only partially redeemed his sins by being drowned on his way out to Tasmania. No positive proof of his death has been received, but it is held indubitable. Mrs. King has one child—a girl of two years old—and half with, half without his sister's consent, Philip answers an advertisement from people who wish to adopt a child of that age. The Earles, who are the advertisers, insist as a condition of adoption that the child shall be given up absolutely, that their own name is to be left unknown, and no subsequent efforts be made to trace the child. In his sister's absence the vicar agrees to the conditions; the little Olivia becomes Miriam Earle, and for seventeen years has no suspicion that she is an adopted child. During these years Mrs. King marries again, and it is when she is settled on an estate in the north near that of the Earles that the convict, whom all experienced readers will be awaiting, reappears in unexpected guise. How he was routed and how peace was maintained Mr. Westall may be left to tell. The intrigues of Italian patriots and of a vindictive Frenchwoman add considerably to the interest of the story.

MAGAZINES.

THE *Fortnightly Review* follows up Sir Robert Hart's articles on Chinese problems by the first of a series of "open letters to the Powers" from Kang Yu Wei, the Cantonese reformer who had to flee in haste from Peking when the Empress Dowager made her *coup d'état* in 1898, and has since been in hiding, under British protection, from assassins—on one occasion in a remote lighthouse. The document is rather obscure, loyalty in the amanuensis being more important than capacity, and Mr. Percival Landon, who edits it for English readers, cannot clear up all the difficulties of the text. As it stands, however, it compels the attention of all students of Far Eastern problems. It insists that the Dowager Empress must be got rid of, and it presents the demerits of various Nationalist leaders of China in a new light. Yung Lu and Tung fuh Siang are regarded as worse than Tuan and Kang Yi, or than Yu Hsien, and Chang-Chih-tung is denounced as a dangerous hypocrite. All this information (if it be correct) comes rather late for practical purposes, but the succeeding letters will be awaited with interest. In "Russia and her Problem," the Seer of the *Fortnightly* continues his argument for an Anglo-Russian understanding, motived on the Russian side by the coming competition of Germany with Russia for predominance in Persia, a development of which he gives most interesting particulars. Russia does not want to partition China; only Manchuria is indispensable for her; nor does she want India save as a leverage for securing Persia and Constantinople. As we should not resist her efforts seriously in either region, we may well let her satisfy her desire to get to the Persian Gulf. He has premised that, seeing the economic weakness of Russia at present, we need not fear her much. That is a common-sense presentation of a view that has been growing up in England since 1878; but, as "Calchas" points out, our Foreign Office and our public must soon make up their minds. Mr. Benjamin Taylor writes sensibly on the coming maritime expansion of the United States—a speculative movement, not likely (he intimates) to be of great profit to the American people, but threatening us very seriously nevertheless—and Mr. H. W. Wilson argues (unconvincingly) that we had better fight the American Trusts with Protection. We may notice also Mr. Laird Clowes's plea for an extension of the system of publication and distribution of books by the great newspapers; Mr. Wells's further instalment of "anticipations" of twentieth century society—which suggests to the old-fashioned moralist the probability of huge strata of degenerates; and a pessimist, but important, article by Mr. Geoffrey Langtoft on the situation in Ireland.

Is there to be a "Rosebery boom"? The *Contemporary Review* is endeavouring to start one by the articles on Lord Rosebery as Foreign Minister, of which the first appears this month, and which will contrast his successes with the alleged senility of the present Government. Here, however, only Lord Rosebery's short term of office in 1885-1886 is dealt with: the writer makes out an excellent record, but his work can only be judged by the next instalment, when he will have to deal with the Central African difficulty of 1894 and our escape from war with France over Siam in 1893. Mr. R. E. Hughes has a most instructive comparison of the English school with its German rival, pointing out the greater advantages of Germany in her logical system, facilitated by the existence of sharper class distinctions, and in the public spirit which facilitates attendance. His conclusion, indeed, is that it is in this public spirit that the German advantage mainly consists. But his article is full of important details deserving the attention of every educationalist. Mr. Matthias Dunn, a well-known Cornish authority on sea fisheries, pleads for Government attention to them, by starting fish hatcheries as in America, by stopping the destruction of the fry by seine nets, which goes on by millions in the Cornish estuaries, and by destroying the dog sharks, porpoises, and other enemies of the fish which infest the mouth of the Channel. His defence of trawling is notable in this connection. Several shorter articles deserve notice, especially the declaration of "A Regimental Officer" that our flying columns in South Africa are far too unwieldly to cope with the Boers, and that even when Colonials ("the finest troops in the world") volunteer to capture a small commando, they are not allowed to do so without the support of a force that frustrates their efforts; and a sketch by the Rector of Johannesburg, the Rev. J. T. Darragh, of the policy of establishing a liquor monopoly in the Transvaal, with a concession to the native miner of regular rations of "Kaffir beer."

The *National Review* is more diversified, and less characteristic, than usual. Mr. Arnold White, indeed, draws a horrifying picture of the possibilities of a French *coup* in the

Mediterranean, resulting in the seizure of Malta, and arising from a desire of the new Governor-General of Algeria to distinguish himself in Morocco, and from our lack of adequate ships, trained men, fleet auxiliaries, and proper rations for the sailors—on which Mr. White speaks from experience, for he has tried them for a day. As a pendant to this, Mr. Walter Harris's interesting article on the Sultan and Government of Morocco may be taken. It is chiefly descriptive, however, refraining from prophecy, but giving a lamentable account of the decay and danger produced by the introduction of European influences of the baser kind at Court. We can but barely mention Professor Beeching's illuminative study of Andrew Marvell, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's well-reasoned apology for Marshal Ney's return to the Imperial standard, and Miss Jane H. Findlater's sketch of "great war novels," which does not mention Erckmann-Chatrian. The "literary experiences" of a "Free Lance"—chiefly in work which is not exactly "literature"—are amusing, and on the whole encouraging.

The leader in the *Monthly Review* is interesting, partly from its unconscious exhibition of that British aloofness which is so conspicuous nearer home than South Africa. The writer, an Englishman long resident there, gives the most luminous account that we have yet seen of the relations of the English and Dutch population; he indicates that the British sense of superiority has estranged the Dutch, and yet he hopes that they will be "leavened" by intermarriage, and by Outlander immigration. Such "leavening" has usually ended in the total absorption of the leaven, as in the relations of the German minority with the Czechs in Austria until the two nationalities became mutually aggressive. A most curious set of instructions given by the Amir of Afghanistan to his second son when the latter visited England in 1894 is significant of the desire of that potentate to obtain permission to send a permanent representative to the English Court, and to have the mining resources of his country developed; but there are also minute directions on deportment and behaviour, from shaking hands to tipping servants. In "A Century of Sea Commerce" Mr. Benjamin Taylor sketches the marvellous development of steam navigation, which has its centenary this year, and foreshadows yet greater developments, provided the draught of steamships can be increased. In "The Rational Horizon of Falmouth" Mr. G. Stuart Bowles propounds an eminently comforting thesis. Its heads are: (1) That there is always a Paramount Power; (2) that its supremacy depends on its trade; (3) that at present most of the trade routes of the world pass near Falmouth; (4) that they will continue to do so, and multiply; (5) that, therefore, England will be paramount for ever. There seems to be some weakness in No. 4, but the article possesses the rare merit of audacious originality. Mr. J. B. Kershaw's instructive comparison of the work of the German system of technical education in training leaders of new industries with that of our own in diffusing smatterings of "everything except the dead languages," must pass with less notice than it deserves. Literature is strongly represented by Mr. Arthur Symons's examination of Robert Bridges' poems, and a translation—the first—of a Breton romance; art, as usual, by Mr. Roger E. Fry, who writes on an early Venetian picture, with some parallels and illustrations. Altogether, the *Monthly Review* has more than fulfilled its excellent promise.

The Foreign Office is so well abused and so little understood that the article by Sir W. Miéville in the *Empire Review* is a valuable contribution to our knowledge. He defends the staff from the charge of idleness, sketches the division into departments, and defends the limitation of competition on the ground that it keeps out "undesirables" and possibly spies. And he advocates the development of a special Intelligence Department—a view in which critics of the Office will cordially agree. The editor summarises Sir David Barbour's report; Sir Sandford Fleming advocates the reduction of telegraphic rates throughout the Empire; the Hon. W. P. Reeves gives a valuable account of shop-hour legislation in New Zealand; and there are interesting reminiscences of bush travel in Australia, and of Canadian *voyageurs*. Even the position of the Church in the Empire is not forgotten. Altogether, the *Review* is performing its function in a manner which should ensure it success.

NOTICES.

We have to acknowledge the following:—

Selections from the Works of William Blake, with introduction and notes by Mark Perugini. The Little Library. Methuen. 1s. 6d. —A good selection, with an interesting photogravure portrait from a life-cast. The introduction is somewhat slovenly, but the edition is otherwise a desirable one.

Christ's Folk in the Appennine. By Francesca Alexander. Edited by John Ruskin. New edition. George Allen. 5s.—A reprint in the standard cheap edition of a delightful book which needs no commendation. There is a charming frontispiece after one of Miss Alexander's pictures.

Effie Hetheringlon. By Robert Buchanan. Fisher Unwin. 6d.—A cheap reprint.

Works of Chartes Stuart Catverley. Geo. Bell. 6s.—A very welcome edition in one volume of the works of the cleverest writer of *vers de société* of the last generation, whose writings have never before been available in less than four volumes. The introduction by Sir Walter J. Sendall is reprinted from the four-volume edition, and there is a portrait by way of frontispiece.

King Henry V. and *Cymbeline*, in the Chiswick Shakespeare. Bell. 1s. 6d.—An exceedingly pretty pocket edition, with introductions by John Dennis, and illustrations by Bryan Shaw.

Art and its Producers, and *The Arts and Crafts of To-day: Two Addresses delivered before the National Association for the Advancement of Art*. By William Morris. Longmans. 28s. 6d.—A beautifully finished reprint from the special gold type designed by Mr. Morris.

The Selected Poems of William Wordsworth, edited with an introduction by Nowell C. Smith. Little Library series. Methuen. 1s. 6d.—A neat little pocket volume, with an appreciative introduction and an etched portrait of the poet after Hancock's picture.

Clews to Holy Writ. By Mrs. Carus Wilson, B.A. Hodder and Stoughton.—A popular edition at 2s.

The Christian Doctrine of Immortality. By Dr. S. D. F. Salmon. Fourth edition. Messrs. T. and T. Clark. 9s.—A work of solid value, now revised and reset, and generally brought into line with recent thought on the subject.

The Life and Poetical Works of George Crabbe. By his son. Murray. 6s.—A convenient edition of an original poet, whose works one is glad to see made more readily available.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE ANGLO-ROMAN PASTORAL.

Sir,—Those of us who may have been following the recent correspondence in the *Weekly Register* about Lord Halifax's article on the Anglo-Roman Joint Pastoral, will perhaps hesitate in accepting Mr. Wilfrid Ward's explanation of the fact that so little notice has been taken of the challenge by those to whom it was addressed. A Pastoral is not directed to "educated theologians," but to the faithful at large; if, then, it puts before these a doctrine which is saved from absolutism only by limitations which have to be sought for in books of theology, it must be allowed that such half-truth is as dangerous and mischievous as any heresy. It is just in a Pastoral directed against pseudo-liberalism that we have a right to expect a minimum statement, not a maximum statement, of the claims of lawful authority, so as to leave the liberalisers no reasonable ground of complaint. I think, then, we may fairly infer that the reason why these limitations have not been expressed is because they do not really exist in the minds of those who wrote the Pastoral. If, however, we examine the theological works referred to, *e.g.*, Franzelin, to whom Father Smith sends Lord Halifax with confidence, we shall find that the Fathers, the episcopate, the theological schools, the *sensus fidelium* are indeed credited with doctrinal authority, but it is merely as passively reflecting apostolic and papal teaching. The Holy Ghost does not guide them directly to any fuller insight into what they have received from authority, but only into a greater obedience and passive submission to that apostolic see which alone receives direct guidance into all truth. If, as Mr. Ward says, "the investigation of the opinion of the Church dispersed throughout the world" is one (it is only one, and not indispensable) of the *auxilia* which the Pope uses in defining, Father Smith is careful to tell us that it is as a "storehouse" of past apostolical teaching, not as a subject of direct supernatural enlightenment that the mind of the Church at large is consulted. The faith is "preserved" there, infallibly if you will, as wax preserves the impression of the seal; but it is not elaborated or developed into a fuller faith. Nothing that Mr. Ward or Dr. Ryder have said can change the fact that whatever subtle evasions theologians may be aware of, the Joint Pastoral teaches that in regard to the doctrinal vitality of the Church there are two distinct bodies, one wholly active, the other wholly passive, and that the faithful receive no direct doctrinal guidance from the Holy Ghost but only through the Apostolic See.

It is rather a poor answer to Lord Halifax's *Ad quem ibimus?*—to his appeal for a clear statement of the limits, if there be any, of ecclesiastical infallibility, to be told that theological specialists are familiar with a doctrine different from that

which the Pastoral puts before the faithful; that this Pastoral is but one instrument in an orchestra, and cannot be safely listened to in its isolation; or to be referred to the pages of Cardinal Newman for a truer conception of the limits of authority. After all, it is well known that Mr. Ward and a few friends stand midway between the opposite camps of Liberals and Ultramontanes, and can hardly claim to be representatives of either body. The Anglo-Roman episcopate may be, and is, only part of the Roman orchestra, but unison rather than unity in variety is what characterises the music of Rome; and, at all events, it matters little to Roman Catholics in England what is said or thought otherwise by other bishops than those under whom they have to live. Even if, as is rumoured, these bishops did not all quite like the Pastoral, yet it is certain that they all signed it. There are many ways of arranging apples in a basket; and perhaps "the Cardinal Archbishop, or any other bishop," would have been more natural than "the Bishop of Newport or the Bishop of Clifton—or any other bishop." If the whole Anglo-Roman episcopate, approved by the Pope, cannot be regarded as an adequate and accredited exponent of the Roman position, surely it is not worth our while to listen to what irresponsible individuals may have to say by way of amendment. E. F. G.

CAN LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

SIR,—It is dangerous, we know, to come between the "fell incensèd points of mighty opposites," and it is with diffidence that I interpose between my esteemed friends, Mr. Andrew Lang and Professor Beeching, on the above subject. But in my time I have done a good deal of lecturing on English literature, and as the result of my experience I should say that the truth lies somewhere between the two opposites just mentioned.

On the one hand, I think Mr. Lang underrates the value, even the necessity, of notes, or instruction otherwise given, to a beginner in the subject. I am entirely with him in holding that the one sole object of studying good literature is to be able rightly and fully to admire and to enjoy it. But he seems to me to overlook the fact that unless a boy or girl understands the words they read, enjoyment is hindered and confused. And I think he over-estimates not so much the average intelligence but the average knowledge of the beginner. When a boy, reading "Macbeth," comes to the line:—

To alter favour ever is to fear;

if it conveys no meaning to him, owing to the unfamiliarity of Shakespearian words or idioms, then he is so much the poorer for his ignorance—and it cannot be time wasted to remove his difficulty.

On the other hand, I think Mr. Beeching has too much confidence in the ability of the teacher to create a taste for what is excellent where Nature has not so willed it. "To the mediocre," says Joubert, "the mediocre is excellent," and the hundreds of thousands who read and admire the novelist called X could by no amount of lecturing be persuaded that their idol was of clay. You may conduct a reader to the classics of our literature, but you cannot compel their enjoyment. Mr. Lang has pointed out that the popularity of X is certainly not due to the precept and encouragement of the critics. The critics—the official directors of the public taste—have given their judgment with no uncertain voice. But there is found to be no discouragement in this to the public taste. Indeed, it is obvious that the admirers of the novelist have just enough of what they call "education" to pride themselves on the belief that they possess more real discernment of what is admirable than the poor newspaper critics. Things have come to this pass in the development of the taste for reading, that the disapproval of those qualified to judge is actually a stimulus to the reader and to the sale of the work.

Mr. Lang is surely justified in his condemnation of the now current confusion of Literature and Philology. To teach Anglo-Saxon or "Gothic" and call it teaching literature is, of course, the height of absurdity. To teach Chaucer's Grammar and have time left for Chaucer's poetry, humour, pathos, and matchless knowledge of men and life, is, indeed, a mockery. And one cannot be surprised that when "Historical Grammar" is labelled "Literature," there are few bidders for it—and that an invitation to compete in the study of it results in—"Class I. None. Class II. None."

The germ of a literary sense and a literary bias is born with some persons and not with others. There seems little use in ignoring this fact. The literary sense will early stimulate literary *curiosity*—and the young student will read, right and left, for his own pleasure. He will taste this and that wine, this and that vintage, and will come to find out which is the best—and why certain poets and prose writers have come to be called "classics." There is no other way than this. ALFRED AINGER.

July 2nd, 1901.

SIR,—As Mr. Lang recognises that Mr. Beeching disclaims that "teaching of literature" means "teaching the art of making literature" (surely he cannot seriously maintain that anybody worth a moment's notice ever put forward such a ridiculous claim!), and as he "agrees in thinking that the history of literature, and of its evolution, can be taught," there appears to be no further room for dispute. But his agreement would seem to be limited to the possibility of such teaching, and, implicitly, he would seem to doubt its desirability. For he goes on to find fault with the annotation of Shakespeare, and he urges that the "only reason for reading Shakespeare" is to be able to "appreciate his poetry." The only reason? Shakespeare is no absolutely isolated phenomenon; he stands in a given relation to the culture, the feelings, the manners of his time; he is influenced by his predecessors; he is influenced by and influences his contemporaries. It is surely as legitimate to study Shakespeare with a view to understanding the England and the Europe of the sixteenth century as it is, let us say, to study a rose with a view to understanding plant morphology, or the Jungfrau with a view to understanding the geology of the Alps. We do not assume that the botanist by virtue of his study becomes incapable of appreciating a garden of roses, or that the geologist becomes blind to the charm and majesty of mountains. Why should it be assumed, as Mr. Lang evidently does assume, that knowledge of the "history and evolution of literature" necessarily tends to deaden the appreciation of literature itself? I can imagine a boy or girl so afflicted by nature as to be unable to delight in the "Midsummer Night's Dream"; one is grieved, full of pity, as in the case of a blind or deaf child. I cannot imagine any human being so constituted as to be capable of appreciating the play and, at the same time, capable of having his appreciative capacity destroyed by reading Mr. Gollancz's delightful introduction to it. If he were very dull, very limited in mental range, his appreciation might possibly be *not* heightened, but that it should be impaired—'tis unthinkable.

Thus even if Mr. Lang be right, if "appreciation" of literature cannot be taught (hardly a teacher worth his salt, I fancy, but knows it can be trained), the study of literature is yet justified. Mr. Lang urges his examining experiences. They appear to come to this: the victims did not like being examined, and possibly conceived a distaste for the subject. This is, of course, hypothesis; I don't suppose the victims poured their confidences into the examiner's ears. But even if it were so, the objection may be damaging to the system of examining, it cannot be urged against the study of literature more than against any other form of study.

If Mr. Lang will go to the country on the question of abolishing examinations, I shall be the most devoted of his followers. But I cannot condemn what I believe to be a most valuable and interesting study because, like every other study, it suffers at the hands of examiners.

Few studies may, I believe, be made not only more intellectually stimulating and strengthening, but also more interesting to the average child than that of literature, always provided it be properly taught. Make the child understand that the literary work is no freak, but the outcome of a mass of social, political, religious, economic conditions; that it reflects inevitably, because for the most part unconsciously, the temper and emotion of the day; that rightly interrogated it yields up the secret of what men in past ages thought and fancied, how they bore themselves throughout life, and in presence of death, what they hoped for, feared and loved; make all this as evident as it can be made, and you will not only, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, quicken the pure æsthetic appreciation, but you will also open up such a treasure house of interest as can, for many minds at least, be unlocked by no other branch of study. *Homo sum*, the citation is hackneyed; not so hackneyed is the recognition of the fact that in literature alone do we find naught that is alien to the intelligence and appreciation of man. In other studies we may be considering what is above, or below, or outside man; in literature man, and man alone, has throughout the age phonographed and photographed himself. The record is, alas, sadly imperfect; such as it is it remains the chief source for the true history of man; no study we can devote to it can be too reverent, too thorough; none should be, nor is, if properly conducted, more fascinating. It can, too, I firmly believe, be fitted to the successive stages of intelligence through which the child must pass, and in each successive stage it *can* be made the vehicle

for strengthening the power of observation, for quickening the love of beauty, for arousing and stimulating that most beneficent of all capacities, the capacity of intelligent sympathy.

ALFRED NUTT.

THE KING'S DECLARATION.

SIR,—To secure our nation from an unorthodox Sovereign, I respectfully suggest the following additions to the amended "Declaration":—

"And I further declare that Mahomet was not a prophet of God, and I make this declaration in the presence of God without any mental reservation whatsoever.

"And I further declare that Shiva was not a goddess, and I make this declaration in the presence of God without any mental reservation whatsoever.

"And I further declare that Buddha ought to have no adoration paid to him, and I make this declaration in the presence of God without any mental reservation whatsoever.

"And I further declare that whatsoever religion, except the Protestant religion, is professed by any of my subjects in any part of my dominions is false, and I make this declaration in the presence of God without any mental reservation whatsoever."

It is only thus, I would humbly submit, that the British Empire can be saved from ruin. HENRY M. FLETCHER.

Alvescot Rectory, S.O., Oxon.
July 2nd, 1901.

LONDON STATUES.

SIR,—Your correspondent's indictment of the imprudent and unsystematic fashion wherein statuesque monuments are raised to the memory of "the mighty dead" in the capital of the British Empire recalls to one's mind a remark made by Sir Bartle Frere, as I was gazing at the effigy of one of his predecessors (possibly, Sir George Grey) in Capetown. "That," said his Excellency, "is the only statue in Africa." Whence it would seem that the sculptural mode of commemorating departed worth has been peculiar to the nations of the western world from the remote ages of classical antiquity. Obviously, too, none but a "prophetic soul" can throw into proper perspective "the idea of the life" which its contemporaries deem deserving of special honour; and conjecture the form that the character may assume when "calmly revised by history."

All that can be done for posterity at the present moment is to provide that the effigy be "graven by a cunning hand." Moreover, monumental records are not limited to one solitary mode. Sir Christopher Wren is still "in high account" among us, and will be so while St. Paul's Cathedral stands, though the sculptor's art has bequeathed to us no presentment of his outward form. Similarly, Marlborough's memory will not fade into oblivion so long as Blenheim's stately stones still keep it fresh and green. If, then, your correspondent's prediction be verified, and the "colossal statue" on the Thames Embankment shall endure until the end of this twentieth century, our posterity will have (to the third and fourth generation) always subject to their faithful eyes the portrait of a *preux chevalier* whose example they will do well to follow—of one of whom it was once said by a speaker in some great assembly, "I suppose he has some faults; but—I give you my word—I don't know what they are." E. T. FRERE.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss.
July 1st, 1901.

A CORRECTION.

SIR,—May I ask you to print in your next number a correction of an unfortunate mistake in the notice of *The Pasha*. It was the "*mother* and sister," not "the *wife* and sister" of the Pasha who were kind to Magdalen Wert. The Pasha had had one wife before he met Magdalen, but she was dead. He was entitled to have four, but he never contemplated availing himself of the privilege. It is fair to the author of the novel that this correction should be made public, as the situation would be revolting had Miss Wert consented to be one of many wives in the Pasha's *harem*.

THE REVIEWER.

June 29th, 1901.

PARSONS'S "CHRISTIAN DIRECTORY."

SIR,—As your correspondent S. J. probably divined, I know enough about Parsons to be able to put a question, and not much more. I do not think he has completely answered the question. Assuming that Parsons was in a real sense the author of the book of "Resolution," has the book a "puritan" tone, and was that tone native to the writer or assumed? What is puritanism? There are few questions harder to answer satisfactorily. It is rather a subtle savour than a definite doctrinal attitude, though it attaches naturally to a certain scope of doctrine. I must say that to me the savour is very apparent in much of Parsons's writing; but I would not depend on my own judgment. I am struck by the fact that Edmund Bunney, a "severe Calvinist," as Anthony Wood calls him, and as he is shown to have been by his record, found the book of "Resolution" so congenial. His adaptation is unscrupulous. In one place he boldly introduces the Calvinian conception of assurance; but as a rule his alterations touch rather the outer scheme of religious practice than its dominating temper. He seems to have thought that in "R.P.," some elements of papistry apart, he had found a truly kindred soul. It is curious that Mr. Carless Davis says that Parsons in his Balliol days, when he was already being accused of Romanism, was "a Calvinist of the deepest dye."

Madingley, Cambridge, T. A. LACEY.
June 26th.

SOME SCHOOL BOOKS.

Macmillan's Latin Course. Part III. Easy Exercises in Continuous Prose. By W. E. P. Pantin, M.A., Assistant Master at St. Paul's School. 3s. 6d.—Latin Prose cannot be taught without "sentences," neither can it be taught by sentences alone; and the only question for a teacher to decide is whether he wants sentences and continous prose in separate books. For a selection of simple continuous prose we never saw anything better than Champney's and Rundalls'; but if that is not enough, the present book appears to be well designed to give in addition sentences on difficult points, and brief hints on syntax. It is well arranged and on the whole well carried out. The hints show the practical teacher; the sentences are written in the English language; the pieces of prose are graduated, and some suggestive hints are given as to dealing with them. There is perhaps a trifle too much help given, and some paragraphs are inadequate, *e.g.*, §25, no reason being given why in *Cupit manere solus* the last word should be nominative. Only use can prove such a book as this, but we think it is good.

Mr. Pantin writes for the fortunate boy who has a teacher; to meet the wants of those who have none, but love learning, Mr. W. A. Edward has compiled a handbook of Latin in the "Self-Educator Series" (edited by John Adams, M.A., B.Sc.; Hodder and Stoughton, 2s. 6d.). With great pains Mr. Edward puts down on paper the process of teaching; and adds at the end of the book a key to the exercises. It needs strength of character and determination to use a book like this, but those who would use it would probably have both. The book begins with the grammar, and guides the student on till he can write with some correctness, and read with the aid of a dictionary. We hope it will prove as useful as it is meant to be. The hints and helps are simple and practical.

NOTES.

THE first number of the *Tatler* appeared on Wednesday. It is a handsome, well illustrated journal, dealing with fashionable society and with the stage. Mr. Shorter is wise in his generation, and he has satisfied himself that the public "mistrusts originality." It likes a new paper to be the same as the old ones, only "one better." The function of the new journal will be to describe everything as it finds it—never to reprove, never to be scandalous. If it fulfils this last promise, it will, considering the strange interest that newspaper readers seem, or, at all events, are supposed, to take in smart people—what they do, where they dine, what they wear, and with whom they talk—fill a very useful place in London journalism.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

EDUCATIONAL.—The second part of *Commercial French* in Murray's "Text Books of Secondary Education."

POLITICAL.—*Mr. Gladstone as Chancellor of the Exchequer.* By Sydney Buxton, M.P. Murray.

The Snares of the World. By Hamilton Aïdé.—*The Voyage of the Ilhobal.* By Sir Edwin Arnold.—*An Episode on a Desert Island.* By the author of *Miss Molly*. Murray.

FICTION.—Messrs. Macmillan & Co.'s list of forthcoming works of fiction includes Mr. Kipling's *Kim*, which is to be illustrated by the author's father, Mr. J. L. Kipling; a new novel by Mrs. Marion Crawford, at present without a title, but described as *A Love Tale of Venice*; *The Secret Orchard*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle; a novel by the author of *Elizabeth and Her German Garden*, entitled, *The Benefactress*; *The Firebrand*, by S. R. Crockett;

The Old Knowledge, by Mr. Stephen Gwynn; *Herb of Grace*, by Miss Carey; Miss Una L. Silberrad's *Princess Puck*; *The Youngest Girl in the School*, by Miss Evelyn Sharp, with illustrations by C. E. Brock. The list also contains some books by popular American authors, among which may be named *Circumstance*, by Dr. Weir Mitchell; *A Friend with the Countersign*, by B. K. Benson, author of *Who Goes There?*; and *Jock O'Dreams*, by Robert Herrick, whose former novels, *The Web of Life* and *The Gospel of Freedom*, were well received in this country.

The Parson's Handbook (Grant Richards) is out of print, but Mr. Dearmer has been at work for some time upon the fourth edition, which will be ready in the autumn. As most of the chapters will be completely rewritten and all largely revised, the forthcoming edition will be practically a new book. It will be printed in larger type, with illustrations.

TOPOGRAPHY.—*Imperial London*. By Arthur H. Beavan.—Dealing with London Ancient and Modern in its official, commercial, legal, literary, fashionable, theatrical, and other aspects. From the chapter-headings the author seems to have covered his ground thoroughly, and there will be about sixty illustrations by H. Fletcher. Dent.

Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels. By F. W. Bockett.—A chronicle of cycling excursions into the countries of Tennyson, George Eliot, Kingsley, Jane Austen, and others; with illustrations by J. Ayton Symington. Dent.

Sketches of Magdalen College, Oxford. By Edwin Glascow, with a short history of the College. Dent.

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SISTER TERESA will be Published on July 8th, in Unwin's Green Cloth Library; and an entirely re-written Sixpenny Edition of EVELYN INNES, by the same Author, will be ready on the same day.

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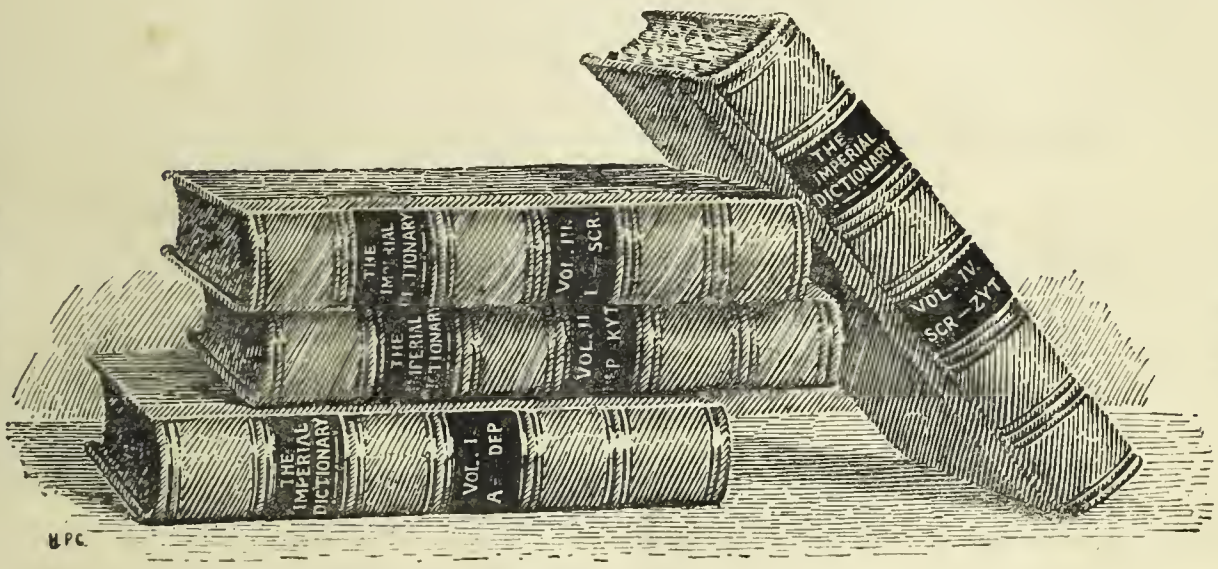

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THE WEEK.

Home. The statements with regard to the navy made in both Houses yesterday week disposed of the "scare" which threatened to arise about the condition of the Mediterranean fleet. They show also that there is no serious foundation for the more reasonable fear that under the stress of their army proposals the Government have neglected our needs at sea. Lord Selbourne wisely said that on the point of our naval strength there cannot be too much confidence between the public and the Admiralty, and he incidentally supplied a reason why this confidence can have none of the evils which have sometimes been feared from it. "The Admiralty, and the Admiralty alone," he said, "know at a given moment not only what are the numbers but the exact state and condition of the ships of foreign powers." We may be sure that foreign Admiralties know equally well not only what are the numbers but what is the exact state and condition of the ships of Great Britain. Consequently the reason sometimes assigned for withholding information of this kind from Parliament—that it is telling foreign Powers that of which they had better be left ignorant—does not really exist. They know all that they want to know already and they will know no more when our own Parliament is fully informed. The ship-building programme seems to have been better carried out than in former years, and the Admiralty are fully alive to the shortcomings which still disfigure it. But satisfactory as it is to know what they intend to do in this respect it is neither possible nor prudent to forget that the element of time is of far more importance in the navy than in the army. An army may to some extent be improvised; a fleet cannot. An army may recover itself and do good service after a great defeat; the consequences of a similar reverse at sea will probably be irretrievable. Risks, therefore, which it may be permissible to run where military preparation is concerned are inexcusable in the case of the navy. Not only must our ships, as a rule, be strong enough and numerous enough to do all that can reasonably be required of them, but the rule must have absolutely no exceptions. No reason is good enough to justify any falling short of the Admiralty ideal, because, however unavoidable that falling short may be in the circumstances of the moment, those circumstances should have been foreseen and guarded against.

In moving the second reading of the new Education Bill Sir John Gorst dealt a blow at the actual practice of school boards in reference to secondary instruction, the force of which was scarcely softened by the playful wit and satirical semi-fooling in which Sir John clothes all his utterances. He attacked the School Boards, the Government, the Duke of Devonshire, and himself indiscriminately; but it was all done to show into what an extraordinary muddle educational affairs in this country have been brought. He pointed out that the 200,000 students said to be disbanded by the Cockerton Judgment were really not one-fifth of that number, owing to the absurd system that obtains of counting every student once for each subject he studies. The way in which the School Boards overlap and injure the work of the polytechnic and all technical instruction committees is only one example of the present waste of educational material and energy. If to make your opponents furious is a test of success, Sir John Gorst's speech was a veritable triumph. They are especially angry at his want of seriousness, but it is difficult to keep a grave face when the statements and exaggerations that have to be exposed are as wild as those which have gathered round the Cockerton Judgment. Sir John Gorst's figures about the continuation schools do but confirm us in the belief that if you want adults to value education, whether for themselves or for their children, you must make them pay something for it. This canon does not apply to elementary schools, because the law makes the children attend them, whether they value education or not. But it is absolutely true of all schools at which attendance is voluntary, and far more true in the case of secondary than in that of elementary schools because the scholars are less under control.

A number of well-known Nonconformists have charged the Government and indirectly all the sup-

porters of the Education Bill with holding in special hatred three things—the direct control of education by the people ; unsectarian education as ordered by Parliament in 1870 ; and the higher grade instruction of the great industrial classes. As to the first charge, we fail to see why popular control exercised by a County Council is less direct than popular control exercised by a School Board. Of all Sir John Gorst's jokes none probably went nearer home than his comparison between the County Council elections, where from 50 to 60 per cent. of the electors vote, and the School Board elections, where there are only some 20 to 25 per cent. "who can be got to go to the poll." As an instrument of popular control half the electorate seems better than a quarter of it. As regards the second charge, though we think unsectarian education the worst and most illogical of all educations, and had rather a child were brought up a Primitive Methodist or a Seventh Day Baptist than an Undenominationalist, we are perfectly willing to leave those who think differently to organise religious instruction on this footing, provided that they are willing to pay for it. We can put up with the payment of all religions, or with the payment of none, but we do not see why another man's religion should be taught at the cost of the ratepayers when our own is not. The third charge we have dealt with elsewhere. We wish to see the widest possible extension given to Secondary Education provided that those receive it who are likely to profit by it, but we are sure that indiscriminate free instruction is not the way to discover who these are.

The debate in the Lords on the Royal Declaration was so far satisfactory that it left no doubt as to the fate that would await a Bill embodying the absurd suggestion of the Lords' Committee. It is a pretty generally accepted truth that theologians are best advised when they leave politics alone. We wish the converse truth were equally well understood, and that politicians were more distrustful of their wisdom in meddling with theology. The political end of any such Declaration is to exclude a Roman Catholic from the throne. To our minds, this is sufficiently attained by the Act of Succession and the Coronation Oath. But if these safeguards be thought insufficient, why should not the King be made to declare that "the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm of England." This is a declaration which no honourable or honest Roman Catholic could possibly make, while at the same time it asks the King to say nothing to which — in the mouth of a Protestant sovereign — the most sensitive Roman Catholic can take objection.

The Outdoor Relief (Friendly Societies) Bill passed the House of Commons after very inadequate consideration. It belongs to a class of measures which very commonly meets with this kind of treatment. There is a plausible case to be made out for a Bill ; it falls in with some feeling of the moment ; it can be defended by some short and easily understood formula ; it is promoted by powerful organisations in the Electorate. The Bill which was rejected by the Lords on Thursday had all these recommendations—and, so far as has yet been shown, no more. It was alleged to be a Bill to encourage thrift, and it was in favour with the Friendly Societies. Undoubtedly, these are reasons why it should have received careful examination. But they are not reasons why it should have been passed with scarcely so much as a reference to the facts that if this is a proper way of encouraging thrift we ought to go very much further in the same direction instead of stopping short on the threshold, and that it sweeps away the solitary principle which underlies our system of poor relief. It is conceivable that neither of these objections have more than apparent force. The direction in which the Bill would have started us may be the right direction, and then any advance on these lines is better than none ; the principle of the English Poor Law may be a wrong principle. But these are points to be argued, not assumed, and until they have been argued—and proved—the proper thing to do with such a Bill is to throw it out.

The comments called forth by the Liberal meeting are mostly to the effect that the agreement arrived at comes to very little. That is quite true, but it is more to the purpose to remark that all has been done that was possible. No doubt a party does not become stronger by agreeing to differ, but it may become even weaker than it is by going on differing without the preliminary agreement. It must be remembered, too, that the most complete agreement about the war could have had no effect in any visible future. It might have provided that "alternative Cabinet" which is now wanting, but it would not have brought the appearance of that Cabinet in office any nearer than it is now. On the whole, therefore, the Opposition have reason to be content with the result of the meeting, though it be only to save the materials out of which a homogeneous party may some day be re-created.

The meeting at the Guildhall was very enthusiastic in its support of the war, but it showed real wisdom—more, indeed, than was shown by the Secretary of State for War in his speech to the National Union of Conservative Associations—in abstaining from all reference to the settlement which is to follow the war. The time for considering this has not yet come, and to embark upon it prematurely can only introduce fresh controversies in advance of that calm discussion which is at once so essential and so hard to secure. The immense majority of Englishmen are agreed that the war must go on until the Boers make their submission and accept our sovereignty. What is to follow this submission is a question that may easily excite fresh conflicts of opinion, but there is no need to anticipate the direction or extent of the divergence which may then be disclosed. Whatever we ought to do in South Africa by and by there can be no two opinions, except among a very small section of Englishmen, as to what it is that we have to do there now.

The most interesting feature in this week's war news is a long despatch from Lord Kitchener covering the operations since March 8th. The tale is not an exciting one. It is simply a long catalogue of expeditions that nearly succeeded, of engagements that were nearly victories, of columns that were nearly cut off, of garrisons alternating between conditions of siege and relief, of commandants who escaped by the skin of their teeth. Exhaustive as the despatch is, however, we have to read between the lines to discover one of its most serious messages. All this weary marching and countermarching is only kept up at terrible cost to the troops engaged in it. Some of them have been out for nearly

two years, and they are now engaged upon the most disheartening kind of work—work that produces no apparent result. Few people at home know what the moral and physical condition of the army actually is; those who do know keep silence. England has never before made such demands on her soldiers, and the way in which those demands have been and are being met is the one bright spot in a dark picture. But the army is composed of men, not of machines, and it is well that we at home should keep this in mind. We can help them only in one way, and that a negative way: we can avoid doing or saying anything that can embitter or prolong a struggle which, whatever it may have been in the beginning, has long since left us no choice but to carry it out to the finish.

Forty Boers killed, 27 wounded, 182 prisoners, 21 surrendered—so the tale for last week runs. The figures are under rather than over the average, but it is only by piling them up in this way that the war can be brought to an end. The time has gone by when we could hope for big victories and the valuable moral effect produced by them; we must simply estimate our progress by the numbers we put out of action. Our own casualties go on steadily at the rate of about a thousand a month; there have been already over sixteen thousand deaths among our troops from wounds and disease in South Africa alone, not to speak of men invalided home, taken prisoner, invalided in South Africa, or who have died at home after being invalided. It is well to keep these figures before us—not for the sake for bemoaning them, for that is useless, but as a reminder that the war is far from over yet, and that it can only be won by our keeping in the field a force strong enough and mobile enough to cope with a resolute and scattered enemy.

There is not much that is new to be learned from the official account of the negotiations with General Botha which was published on Monday. It will, we imagine, only tend to confirm the opinion which most unbiassed people have held for a long time; namely, that the Boers are, unhappily for us, so firmly convinced that their cause is a righteous one that they really have still some hope of the war terminating in their favour. The text of these negotiations pretty well disposes of the theory that the Boers were bolstered up by their leaders in false expectations, and that as soon as they knew the truth they would throw up the sponge. There is a grim steadiness in Botha's attitude which promises long and bitter resistance. "In His time and in His way He will certainly give us deliverance" is not (as so many suppose) simply a pious catchword; it is a genuine expression of the Boers' unalterable faith in the glorious predestination of his race and land. The Boer religion is very simple, but it has much of the blind, fanatical faith that has in past ages illuminated many a martyrdom. It ought not to be difficult for Englishmen to realise what patriotism means to people whose country is threatened with what we ourselves should deem a last disgrace—the loss of independence. To surrender contentedly is not in the blood or history of the Dutch race.

Foreign. THERE is singularly little news from China. Preparations are being made for the resumption of the work of government in Peking, and for the return of the Court; and arrangements have been concluded between the Chinese authorities and the commander of the French forces at Pao-ting-fu which ought to secure adequate protection both for Europeans and for Chinese converts to Christianity. On the other hand, the Chinese Government has made concessions to nationalism by promoting various officials concerned in the Boxer outrages, and by conferring posthumous honours on others who are dead. In short, it is doing its best to stand well with all parties, and in view of the situation this is only natural. But it is another indication of the extreme instability of the present equilibrium, which is further threatened by the increasing activity of the "Allied Villagers"—neo-Boxers they might be called—who have defeated three thousand Imperial troops, possibly not altogether against the will of the latter, and (it is alleged) by the advance of an army under Prince Tuan on Shan-si, with the secret complicity of the Dowager Empress.

Another item in the news from China shows a certain progress in civilisation. The Chinese Minister at Washington has been instructed to claim damages for outrages committed on Chinese labourers in Montana as far back as 1886. Unfortunately for China, this is one of the cases, like the lynching of Italians four years later in New Orleans, and the famous case in which Governor Seward, of New York, protected a refugee after the Canadian Rebellion, in which the responsibility lies with the local authorities, whose administration cannot well be dealt with by the Federal Government. It is true, Montana was then a territory, but that seems to make no difference.

The French Ministry is now safe from disaster until November, when it will have existed some three months longer than any of its predecessors under the Parliamentary Republic. The Chambers were prorogued last Saturday, and M. Millerand has already given effect to the resolution of the Lower House by inviting the employers' associations and the trade unions to express their views on the Labour Pensions Bill. The prorogation took place rather hurriedly, and precluded —perhaps was intended to preclude—debate on an interpellation brought forward by a Socialist member as to the treatment of certain Professors holding that creed by the Government—a result which has given offence to the Ministerial Socialists, who are anxious as to the attitude of the Cabinet for other reasons. Possibly, as we indicated last week, their allegiance may be further shaken during the debates on the Bills authorising the registration of such congregations as decide to submit to the Associations Act. At present, appearances indicate that the submission will be very general. The Pope has written a letter to the French Bishops denouncing the Act as the manœuvre of an anti-Christian Government, and expressing his sympathy with the congregations in their danger, but exhorting them to "overcome evil with good." The letter is variously interpreted, but the most probable explanation of it is that the Vatican wishes to gain time. It had been predicted that the Nuncio would be recalled from Paris, and that the protectorate exercised by France in the East over Roman Catholics would be disavowed by the Vatican. But the high terms in which the French nation is spoken of in the letter, coupled with the emphatic condemnation of the present Government, indicate that no definite steps will be taken until after the General Election next year. By that time it is

possible that the Ministry will have fallen, and, if so, its successor will probably be more in accord with the aspirations of the Vatican.

The scarcity of news in France this week is partly made up for by the publication of the alleged table-talk of President Félix Faure and the revelations it has brought in its train. The publication has been attributed (absurdly enough) to his daughter, but the family condemn it and deny the accuracy of the report. The revelations elucidate the history of the Fashoda crisis in a very interesting way. M. Faure himself is reported by his Boswell to have declared that the Marchand mission was purely scientific. France did not intend to occupy Fashoda, and therefore was not in honour bound to go to war to maintain herself there. But the attitude of England alarmed the then Ministry, and the British Ambassador delivered a "verbal note" to the effect that the occupation would be regarded by England as an "unfriendly act." Accordingly, the Ministry made up their minds that England was going to attack France, and spent eighty million francs in preparation for defence. They did not go to the Chambers for the money, but secured the assent of the Presidents and Reporters of the Budget Committees of both Houses, and would have asked for, and no doubt obtained, an indemnity if it had been necessary to spend more.

This revelation, which is substantiated by M. Lockroy, then Minister of Marine, has called out another in the *Gaulois* signed by an ex-Minister, who may possibly be M. Hanotaux. This article claims for that statesman the credit of sending the expedition, intimates that it was really intended to effect a lodgment on the Nile, and repeats a story as to the dealings of M. Delcassé with Captain Baratier, Major Marchand's emissary and second in command, the point of which is that M. Delcassé gave way to England, and was only prevented from further concessions by Major Marchand's persistence. Yet another story comes from Paris, through the *Indépendance Belge*, to the effect that the mission was sent out by M. Hanotaux with a directly political end. England was expected to ask by what right France occupied an Egyptian possession, and the reply was to be, By what title do you defend Egyptian rights? But M. Hanotaux, who in raising this question had not made so sure as he thought of the support of other European Powers and of Russia in particular, hastened to draw back. So the plan failed. Further, Colonel Monteil declares that the expedition was originally scientific, that it was revived in a more aggressive form after Sir Edward Grey's warning in the House of Commons in 1894, but that subsequent Ministries made no preparation to back it up. Finally, M. Faure's friend states that had war been declared, the President intended to institute a kind of dictatorship. All this is interesting material for the historian to sift, but its present use is to furnish missiles against M. Delcassé and the Ministry to the Nationalists, and to exalt President Faure, who was unquestionably a victim of Nationalism, into its hero. He deserved a better fate; and dead issues, especially in foreign politics, are no more effective in France than anywhere else.

The sudden death of Prince Hohenlohe, Chancellor of the German Empire from Count Caprivi's fall in October, 1894, until his own voluntary retirement last October, has called forth expressions of genuine respect and regret from the whole German Press. The Prince, indeed, was unfortunate in his last and greatest office. He had done admirable service to Bavaria, and to the cause of German unity, while he was her Prime Minister. He had succeeded to the German Embassy at Paris at a most critical time, and had held it for eleven years with excellent results both to Germany and France. He had gone some way towards reconciling Alsace and Lorraine to German rule. But when he became Chancellor the reactionaries had gained the ear of the Emperor, and he was not strong enough to neutralise their influence. Accordingly he was regarded rather as a titular Chancellor, put up to take the nominal responsibility for measures and policies that were really devised by younger and more reckless men. Happily, the worst of these measures were defeated by the good sense of the representatives of the German people; and nobody can doubt that under a really reactionary Chancellor, like Count von Eulenburg or Herr von Miquel, the position in Germany to-day would have been indefinitely worse than it is.

The most striking piece of news from the Balkan States this week is that Russia has intervened to save Bulgaria from default on her debt by arranging for an advance of from six to eight million francs to meet the interest due this month and other urgent claims, and thus she has secured the goodwill of the politicians as well as of the Prince. The Ministry, it must be explained, are negotiating a new loan in Paris, out of which they presumably hoped to pay the sums now due, but the negotiations have been delayed because it has been difficult to find adequate security without imposing burdens such as a State monopoly of tobacco, which would offend Bulgarian patriotism. In Servia the Ministry has made out its list of candidates for the General Election in August, the first under the new constitution. The various sections of the Opposition are so much divided that, even if official traditions as to the management of the elections should be for once put aside, the Government is tolerably sure of a very large majority.

On Monday, Herr von Kallay, as Governor of Bosnia and Herzegovina, will open the first section of the new line which will eventually connect the Bosnian railway system with the Adriatic. The line will run from the port of Ragusa to Gabela near Metcovics, on the line to Mostar, and will have branches to Trebinjé and the Bocche de Cattaro. The section from Ragusa to Trebinjé, an important strategic point, is now ready, and the line will be of considerable service to Bosnia and the Herzegovina in opening up an outlet for their produce on the Adriatic coast.

It is not a little curious that no satisfactory explanation should have reached England of the opposition in Argentina to the Unification Bill. The opponents seem to have considerably alarmed the Government, to have raised something like a revolution—in the South American sense of the term—and then to have been calmed down by the withdrawal of the Bill and the proclamation of a state of siege. The details of the scheme seem not to have reached England, so we cannot tell exactly where the grievance lay. The fact that a number of students took part in the agitation suggests that it may have been Nationalist in its character, the fact that there was an agitation at all suggests that some people may have been afraid (not without reason) of an abrupt reduction of the paper currency—a measure which would disturb wages and prices, and make some industries unprofitable, because the customary retail prices of goods in paper remain tolerably constant, and the employer pays in paper and sells for gold. Currency which is liable to depreciation has always had attractions for a debtor class in new countries, from the ante-Revolutionary days in America to the crusade of Mr. Bryan. However, the most interesting result of the agitation, for English bondholders, appears to be that the Funding Bonds, which would have been dealt with very soon under the scheme, will not be paid off or converted yet. As they pay six per cent., and are a little below par, the postponement need not distress their holders much.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, July 13, 1901.

THE REFORM CLUB MEETING.

It may be hoped that the leader of Opposition in the House of Commons has been a happier man since the meeting at the Reform Club on Tuesday. He has at any rate earned the expectation of a quieter mind; for he has now done his duty by himself, and may leave his fellow-countrymen of all parties to do him what justice they may think he deserves. For an honest, proud, and capable man that is a sufficiently contenting position; and if only some good friend had said at the meeting a something which he could not say for himself, or had got up a Dinner next day, perhaps, to make occasion for saying it, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might be quite at peace. We are not of his party, but are constrained to admit that no public man has ever been more ungenerously treated by foes and friends alike than the Opposition leader in the House of Commons. His position in that House has long been too glaringly obvious to be mistaken by anybody. Its difficulties were and are of such a character that his worst enemy need not be very knowing to understand nor very magnanimous to respect the patience and self-sacrifice of undertaking them. Yet men of his own party, the party whose dissensions brought about those difficulties, could raise upon the only way of dealing with them slighting accusations of his leadership; and they could continue to do so when these accusations were exaggerated and enlarged upon by the Ministerialists. War is war in politics as in other fields of contention, and no doubt the Ministerialists thought themselves justified; and yet, with an enormous majority in Parliament, with an overwhelming feeling of the country in their favour, they might have afforded the Opposition leader more generous treatment. But war with all weapons is the order of the day; and so Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was pelted on all sides with cries of "Wobbler!"—ridiculed from left and right, in phrases which custom cannot stale, apparently, for his performances "on the fence," and so forth. "On the fence?"—what other position can be taken by the family friend drawn in by good-nature to compose a domestic quarrel? "Wobbler?"—no doubt; as the drover must needs wobble who undertakes to keep on the same road two several herds of animals from Ireland with a mind to go by different ways. This was Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's case obviously and notoriously; yet he could not express his sense of it at Tuesday's meeting without offence, nor could any friend of his do so without accusation and disorder. On the other hand, his Ministerial opponents, or rather the fighting-men of the party, see nothing in the facts of the case that should restrain them from continuing the cry of "Wobbler," and so keep it up to the unhappy man's disadvantage but not entirely to their own credit.

But though Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman could not dilate on this grievance, he was steadfast to the accusation upon which his demand for the meeting was founded. "I think it my duty to speak plainly," he said. "We are divided, not on real and essential divergences of opinion, but because of the operation of certain personal antagonisms which for the last half-dozen years have disturbed and paralysed the Liberal party in Parliament. In the interests of those antagonisms grounds of difference are eagerly sought out, the importance of smaller differences is exaggerated, and energies which ought to have been political are personal." It was not a question, he repeated (and it is obviously a very grave thing to say), of that independent thought, free speech, comprehensiveness, tolerance, which have always distinguished the Liberal party. "These cabals" have nothing to do with the vindication of such principles. "What I am speaking of does not represent genuine opinion. It manufactures differences for its own purpose." A more serious charge could hardly be advanced, or be stated with greater precision. And again he spoke of the "paltry jealousies and schemings," "the little machinations" which had never been directed against himself personally so far as he knew, and which he could therefore condemn the more freely.

Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey both replied to Sir Henry's charges, but not in exactly the same spirit. Mr. Asquith said that of the cabals, cliques, and intrigues of which Sir Henry had spoken he could honestly say he knew nothing. "If they exist, they exist not only without my consent but without my knowledge." And nothing had ever pained him more, he went on to say, than that he should have been supposed capable of lending himself to an intrigue for ousting from the leadership a man so admirable, above all so self-sacrificing, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. It was time, he thought, that "the miasma of suspicion with which the air is charged" should be dissipated. "That front bench upon which you and I, sir, have sat for a good many years side by side, is supposed by these imaginative gentlemen [of the Press] to be a hotbed of personal rivalry and rancour. A more ridiculous fiction has never entered into the mind of man." Mr. Asquith said much more, and very emphatically, to the same purpose; with this effect, however, upon the reader's mind, that it sometimes applies but obliquely, and sometimes hardly at all, to Sir Henry's complaint, and

that the two men must have a somewhat different meaning for the same words. When Mr. Asquith says that if cabals and intrigues exist in the Liberal party they exist without his knowledge, he cannot mean that he has never heard of such things, though he may mean that he knows nothing of cabals and intrigues in his understanding of those words, which is not Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman's understanding of them. When Mr. Asquith speaks of the miasma of suspicion with which the air is charged his meaning is not that Sir Henry's accusation is a product of this miasma, or he would have said so in an interchange of perfect frankness. The malaria of which he speaks exhales from the newspaper-press, which, when it describes the Opposition front bench as "a hot-bed of personal rivalry and rancour," publishes a supremely ridiculous fiction. But the ridiculous fiction of the newspapers cannot be identical with Sir Henry's formal statement, which yet speaks of cabals, of machinations, of a personal antagonism so bitter as to exaggerate and even manufacture political differences for its own purpose! Here, too, such words as "cabal" and "machination" may be differently understood. Or it may be that Mr. Asquith speaks only of the Opposition front bench—Sir Henry of honourable members on the back benches alone; though in that case the machination and caballing would be allowed a degree of importance so extraordinary as to be well-nigh incredible. When, again, Mr. Asquith dwells upon certain honest differences of opinion as to the origin and justice of the war he is of course perfectly right as to the differences and their honesty; and therefore they cannot be the differences which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman tells Mr. Asquith "do not represent genuine opinion" but are manufactured for a purpose. Their innocent existence does not answer Sir Henry's complaint, and has nothing to do with it.

Sir Edward Grey's speech differs from Mr. Asquith's in acknowledging the existence of the "personal cross currents" of which Mr. Asquith was unaware; declaring—Sir Edward Grey, we mean—that while equally blameless with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, he, too, had suffered from "the discouragement and the blight" of knowing how much these personal cross currents were affecting the party. "Blight" is a very strong word, and puts the speaker's feeling beyond doubt. But if Mr. Asquith declared himself possessed of opinions and convictions so strong that they cannot be, as they ought not to be, suppressed, Sir Edward Grey delivered his colder mind to the same effect with yet more intensity of meaning. Sir Edward Grey, like Mr. Asquith, will cordially support Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in the leadership of the party. "But," said he, "I am anxious that before we part this afternoon we should make sure that we shall not part under any misunderstanding. I am anxious that this meeting should consider that it has not merely passed the resolution before it" (vote of confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman) "but given us a charter to express our opinions freely upon questions upon which we are known to differ." Their differences are, he feels convinced, so deep that he can only look forward to united action on home questions. Meanwhile, however, the vigorous assertion of their differences will, he believes, prove highly beneficial to the party in the long run. They will serve the purpose of a course of gymnastics. "I am sure that it is only by being true to our own opinions where we hold them strongly that we can, each section of us, develop that strength, that self-respect, and that reputation in the country that, when we *are* agreed, will enable us to be of use to each other."

"Enable us to be of use to each other." With these strange words, which, coming from Sir Edward Grey on such an occasion, cannot be thought the careless expression of a rambling mind, the conference practically came to an end. And when these two speeches, Mr. Asquith's and Sir Edward Grey's, are steadily considered, some wonder may be felt at the opening sentence of this article by whosoever may happen to remember it. Why may it be hoped that the leader of the Liberal party has been a happier man since Tuesday afternoon? We have given one reason. For another, the Centre section of the party showed itself in greater force at the Reform Club meeting than was expected. For a third reason, the whole trend of events promises a state of things which will strengthen that section continuously at the expense of the two extremes. For a fourth reason, if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is right in suspecting the operation of intrigue, machination, cabal (and perhaps he is not), it is now under watch, and is unlikely to make any *coup* that is unforeseen and generally disapproved.

A CRITIC OF THE EDUCATION BILL.

THE Education Bill (No. 2) was read a second time on Tuesday by 333 votes to 118. Of Sir John Gorst's speech we have spoken in another column. Here we prefer to deal with the larger issues associated with the controversy. What these are may be gathered from an article in the *Commonwealth* for July, in which the case of the School Boards against the Education Bill—for the objections, though actually urged against the withdrawn measure, equally apply in principle to its successor—is stated with extraordinary heat by Mr. A. W. Jephson. Its passing, he thinks, "will sound the death knell of primary education," since it will destroy the School Boards which are "the only friends of primary education." Nobody else believes in education for itself; they only value it "as a means to aid denominationalism." To hand over the work to the County Councils is to give it to men who for the most part dislike education, "unless it be for their own children," and who hope by "reducing primary education to the three R's to kill for ever the competition of the clever sons and daughters of the workers." These incompetent County Councils are, it is true, to be strengthened by the addition of educational experts. But Mr. Jephson is not to be taken in by fine phrases. "The educational expert is an unorganised humbug. He sits on the body, but he won't do the work." The only educational authority that can be trusted is an elective body, and this elective body must have to do with nothing but education.

Mr. Jephson's faculty of confidence is curiously limited. He can "trust the people" to any extent, provided that the people are compelled to act through a particular machinery. When the ratepayers are assembled for the specific purpose of electing a School Board, there is no virtue with which he is not prepared to credit them. "Education," he admits, "is unpopular, and in advance of present public opinion." But when the ratepayers have to elect a School Board they rise above themselves. They are willing to do what is unpopular and to go ahead of public opinion. Let the motive which brings them together be different and this exceptional virtue vanishes.

From being progressives they become reactionaries, from a condition of educational enthusiasm they pass into one of indifference tempered by positive dislike. Yet the only reason for the change is that in the first case they are voting for a School Board, while in the second they are voting for a County Council. We could understand the objection that to give the County Councils the control of education might flood them with members qualified perhaps to have to do with education, but quite unfit to deal with anything else. But why the voters interested in education are to leave no mark on the composition of the Council while those interested in drainage or tramways can make the Council a simple mouthpiece of their views is not obvious. In a particular election, indeed, the electors may have their minds exclusively fastened on one subject, as happened in the last Parliamentary election. But, speaking generally, we can see no more reason for setting up a special local legislature to deal with education than there is for setting up a special Imperial legislature to deal with the army and navy. The educational value of a School Board must be derived from the electors who return it; why should not the same electors impart a similar educational value to a County Council? It is not we who are unwilling to "trust the people," but Mr. Jephson.

Mr. Jephson is not only mistaken in thinking that no popularly elected body other than a School Board can possibly care for education. He is equally wrong in thinking that a School Board must necessarily care for it. He judges School Boards in general from those of the great towns and especially of London. The Board of Education could tell him a very different story of rural School Boards. Probably, indeed, in an unguarded moment Mr. Jephson himself would admit that education has no worse enemy than the School Board of a country parish which has had to set one up against its will. The chief interest of the members lies in allowing the children to go to work as early as possible, and they feel a well-founded confidence that in furthering this object they are carrying out the wishes of their constituents, whether farmers or labourers. If the result of making the County Councils the local educational authority should be to restrain the activity of a few School Boards, it would in a far larger number of cases be to stimulate their lagging energy. Whatever faults a County Council may have, it will be more enlightened and more anxious to see children taught than a body elected almost entirely by men to whom keeping a child at school means not only so much additional outlay in the way of rates, but so much work left undone and so much wages unearned.

To one count in Mr. Jephson's indictment we gladly plead guilty. We do think that the confusion between primary and secondary education which we owe to the action of some of the School Boards has been disastrous to both. We are not in the least anxious to "reduce primary education to the three R's," but we do wish that the three R's should be thoroughly learned. We are not in the least anxious to "kill the competition of the clever sons and daughters of the workers," but we do wish that the infinitely more numerous sons and daughters of the workers who are not clever, and will never compete with anybody, should be as well taught as possible. The mixing up of primary and secondary education necessarily tends to push the less attractive sister into the shade. Teachers are human, and a great deal of elementary work is uninteresting. If secondary education is going on side by side with this uninteresting work, is it wonderful that it should gain an undue share of the teacher's attention and enthusiasm, and that the duller children should leave school with no educational prospect before them save that of rapidly forgetting the little they have learnt? And the effect on the clever scholars is also bad. They naturally prefer a year or two spent in familiar surroundings and under teachers they know, to a longer period in a strange school in which, instead of being the most conspicuous scholars, they are in no way marked out from the rest. Consequently they persuade their parents to let them stay at the Elementary School in order to profit by the higher subjects taught in it, when it would have been far better for them to have been transferred to a Secondary school earlier and to have continued in it longer.

Whether there is any inconsistency between throwing the work of education on the County Councils and refusing to entrust the London County Council with the water supply, or to allow them to run omnibuses and steamboats, we need not stop to inquire. It may be that both requests ought to be granted, and if the only reason for refusing either were that the County Council has work enough already, we should certainly offer no opposition. The burden of too much work ought to be lessened by the multiplication of subordinate bodies. In London, for example, each of the municipal boroughs might have its own school board, with a common rate levied by the County Council. But the expenditure of a county like the expenditure of the kingdom should be treated as a unit. The municipal purse is no more inexhaustible than the national, and where to spend and where to save are matters which ought to be decided by the representatives of those who find the money.

We wish that Mr. Jephson would consent to argue these questions without his present predisposition to believe that everyone who differs from him as to the machinery of education—and, after all, School Boards are no more than machinery—wishes to see children left untaught or taught as little as possible. We are quite willing to admit that the opposition to Board schools has often been wrong in principle and mischievous in result. But can he be sure that School Boards always value education for its own sake, and not as a means of annoying some religious denomination which they happen to dislike?

THE CENSORSHIP IN SOUTH AFRICA.

THE question of the revision at the front of war correspondents' despatches, which has cropped up more than once during the present war, has during the last week been brought into unusual prominence. A journal notorious for the sensational character of its war correspondence has published a letter making some very painful and grave charges against the Boers in a recent fight; and Lord Stanley has undertaken on Mr. Brodrick's behalf that a full inquiry shall be made, and the correspondent in question be severely dealt with if his statements turn out to have been unfounded. We are not for the moment concerned with the merits of this particular case; it is of importance chiefly because through it the long-standing grievances of a section of the Press against the military censorship seem likely to

be brought to a head. It is of the first importance to the general public that news from this or any other war in which the country may be engaged should be accurate and abundant. Of its accuracy, the character and *prestige* of the newspapers represented at the front is, after all, our best guarantee; those that have a reputation to lose do not employ correspondents who are likely to be readily deceived, nor do they print news unless they have good reason to believe in its accuracy. On the amount of news sent from the front the military censorship necessarily places a restriction; it is established for the double purpose of protecting the wires and mail services from an undue strain of press correspondence, and of securing that no information likely to be of assistance to the enemy is made public.

This is the only proper province of the military censorship; but there have been evidences in the present war of a tendency to extend its functions to a degree altogether unwarranted by the necessities of the case. It very soon became a custom with some censors to strike out of correspondents' telegrams not only what they thought might be of use to the enemy, but also what they thought to be incorrect news, and from that it was an easy step (goodnaturedly meant) to insert what they deemed to be the correct version. This war has been made a party war, and was so regarded, we regret to say, even in the ranks of the army, which is or should be of no party; and it is, therefore, not wonderful that more than one Press Censor should have used his power for the purpose of "influencing" either the public at home or the enemy in the field in a direction which might advance the interests which he thought most advantageous for his country. That this power has been sometimes abused there is no room to doubt; not every officer appointed as a Press Censor has the necessary knowledge or experience, or is in the best position to judge impartially what is or is not wholesome for his country to know. He is a military, not a political officer; his duties simply consist of a protection of the military operations; and if he carries these out efficiently his hands will be very full indeed. He is not to judge between the correspondent and the newspaper that employs him, or between the army and the country; he is there to scrutinise, not to instruct the correspondent; and he is no more responsible for the accuracy of unofficial despatches than he is for the success of the operations they describe.

This evolution of the censorship from a military to a political measure has already produced bad results, and it will be well if in future the whole matter is more adequately organised. An unhappy and surely retrograde tendency has discovered itself lately in England—a tendency to curtail those privileges of free speech and of a fair hearing for those with whom we may not agree which have hitherto been among our proudest boasts. The liberty of the Press—which is sometimes abused, but which is nevertheless a vital element in our national life—is, if not actually curtailed, at least threatened. In Cape Town and in Dublin newspapers have been suspended and an editor imprisoned for publishing what was in the one case merely untrue, and in the other case untrue and scurrilous—offences, both of them, but not the kind of offences that are best punished by arbitrary and possibly unjust sentences. We hope that the movement will go no further, and that, in the case of war correspondents, the military authorities will, on the one hand, limit the number of correspondents in the field, and, on the other, make it clear to the Press Censors that they are in no way responsible for the accuracy of the news sent home, and that, while they may cut out of despatches anything likely to be useful to the enemy, they must not make additions or alterations in the body of telegrams. By this means the military authorities will rid themselves of what constitutes to them a burdensome, though self-imposed, responsibility, and to the public an improper and dangerous bewilderment.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES V.—I.

VIEWED from a distance, or with listless eyes, Charles V. may seem a mere lay figure, or at most a perfunctory king in an historical play. Even as the plot of this play develops and is more closely followed, the king's personality is still elusive, or is set down as a cold abstraction devoid of dramatic vitality. But this is mainly due to the huge size of the stage, the over-elaborate setting, the crowd of characters and supernumeraries who pass and re-pass the hero, cramping his exits and his entrances, diverting due service of eye and ear. Charles, perhaps, was not dramatic in the sense of being a fit theme for tragedy or melodrama, yet his was a very human character, and that, too, of a not very uncommon type. His essential characteristics were honesty of purpose, warped by self-interest to the extent that he could persuade himself at times that his own way was the right way; industry, interrupted by fits of indolence, or rather, perhaps, natural indolence thrust backwards by a sense of duty occasionally intermittent; self-control ruffled, though rarely, by sudden squalls of passion; irresolution relieved by quick resolves, which chose sometimes the right moment, sometimes the wrong, both a little at haphazard; obstinacy, which is so strange and yet so frequent a yoke-fellow to irresolution.

Among these qualities it was the combination of obstinacy and irresolution which most closely and constantly affected the political and religious issues of the reign. The one revealed itself rather in the ends, the other in the choice of means. Charles V.'s eye was fixed steadily on his aim, but there was no exact correspondence of eye and limb. Like other irresolute men, he had a clinging to ideas which he had professedly abandoned. Hence, when he has adopted a line, even a right line, he is found harking back to an older and falser policy, searching a decent pretext for evading later obligations. This is especially noticeable during the failing health of his last years of rule. He seems then to have had neither the physical nor moral force to loose his hold on the fatal project for his son's succession to the Empire, nor yet to attach himself to the saving scheme of mutual toleration which Catholic and Protestant princes alike were fashioning.

Margaret of Burgundy, who knew Charles from infancy, once said that no one could hope to move him when once he had made up his mind. This was very early in his reign, before he was popularly supposed to have a will at all. This obstinacy, however, was not absolute, for Charles could slowly absorb the views of others, adopting them long after he had appeared decisively to reject them. He was no less open to the force of circumstances than to the weight of argument: his strong common sense, except at periods of extreme ill-health, usually saved him from attempting the impossible. The whole history of his relations to the Lutherans from the Diet of Worms in 1521 to that of Speyer in 1544, or even perhaps to the Interim of Augsburg, will furnish illustrations of this adaptability. The fits of irresolution were exasperating to his advisers, and must have been torture to himself. Striking instances of these preceded the war of Smalcalde, and the Emperor's flight on the advance of Maurice. When once he was forced to action, indolence and irresolution knew him

no more; he put forth all his long-gathered reserve of energy. With success, however, the tension was immediately relaxed, and thus he seldom reaped the full harvest of his opportunities.

Subject to the deduction which has been mentioned the Emperor's standard of honour was higher than that of most contemporary rulers:—"In no event and for nothing in the world will I act against duty and conscience," he cried in the last troubled days, when a twist to his conscience would have brought him peace. Critical contemporaries sometimes said that Charles was singularly just save when political interests were concerned, but that in such cases he acted under the advice of his confessor, who taught that, as the greatness of the Emperor was serviceable to Christianity, everything that was of service to him was honourable and just, and everything which might injure him dishonourable and unjust. Charles keenly felt reflections on his honour. His severity towards Philip of Hesse was mainly caused by his righteous wrath at the insinuation that he had trapped the landgrave, whereas his utterances on the conditions of capitulation had been absolutely unequivocal. He was acutely conscious of his lapse from rectitude in accepting the services of the wild Lutheran firebrand, Albert of Hohenzollern, during the disastrous siege of Metz. "God knows," he wrote to his sister Mary, "what I feel at seeing myself at such a pass as to treat with the Marquis, as I am doing; but necessity knows no law." So throughout Charles's life necessity, the omnipresent anarchist, was ever struggling against the code of honour, but more often than not the victory lay with justice.

Charles had not the quickness of sympathy or the geniality of his brother, Ferdinand, and his nephew, Maximilian, or, if he had them, these qualities were reserved for his family and more intimate circle. Alvise Mocenigo states, indeed, that he was formerly talkative and familiar with all, like Ferdinand, but that Cobos warned him to be dignified and severe with Spaniards, because in their excessive pride they would abuse his familiarity, and pretend to be his fellows; hence it was that from custom he became reserved with all, and scarcely spoke even to his household. Another Venetian, however, credits him with versatility in this respect, writing that he was able to win Flemings and Burgundians by familiarity, Italians by the good sense of his conversation, and Spaniards by dignified gravity. All admit his courtesy and patience in giving audience. Though he disliked long speeches, he would hear everyone, except an occasional Papal nuncio, to the end. His replies were short, but well weighed and complete. He would answer the address head by head, and seemed always eager to convince. His personal sympathies were probably not wide nor easily excited, but he was a faithful, if not a lavish, friend to those in whom he had once placed trust. Unlike his son Philip, he never let an old servant fall into disgrace; his smile was not as Philip's, the prelude to the dagger. Even when he had ceased to trust, he could not find it in his heart to punish; if removal were necessary, it was delicately veiled with honourable pretexts, and occasionally graced by apology and regret. Cruelty, in the sense of bloodthirstiness, was unknown to Charles, but he could be unforgiving towards those for whom he had conceived strong personal or political dislike. On this subject it is difficult to establish any guiding principle. His vindictiveness towards Philip of Hesse, Pierluigi Farnese, or even the leaders of the Castilian communes contrasts strangely with his generosity towards Francesco Sforza who betrayed him, the Duke of Cleves who defied him, and the Elector of Saxony who did his utmost to depose him. Mocenigo writes that he was always kind and merciful in peace, but cruel in time of war. As an example of cruelty, he cites the punishment of Ghent, but even here the spilling of blood was trifling in comparison with the provocation. He has been frequently execrated even by contemporaries for the terrible sack of Rome, but it would be equally unjust to ascribe the actual horrors of Badajoz to George III. He confessed himself that he was "hard to weep," but that wept he had at the tale of the atrocities inflicted by the German troops on those whom they were professedly defending against the Turks. This finds its parallel in his distress at the fate of Duren in the Clevish war, and in his indignation against the plundering Papal troops in his campaign upon the Danube.

It would appear that Charles was naturally timid. A mouse or a spider could produce effects denied to the Grand Turk or the French King. He sometimes had trembling fits; for instance, in his bed at Ingolstadt, when the approach of the Lutheran army was announced. Yet here it was that, pinned against the town wall, and plied by more than a hundred guns, he proved, as in the terrible retreat from Algiers, the fine temper of his courage. He rode round the trenches, exhorting his soldiers to stand firm, for artillery made more noise than mischief. In vain Granvelle sent the Confessor to assure him that Christianity needed an emperor more sensible and less gallant. He answered that no king or emperor had ever been killed by a cannon ball, and that if he were so unfortunate as to make a start, it would be better so to die than live. When Ferdinand afterwards expostulated with his brother, Charles assured him that his self-exposure had been exaggerated, but that they were short of hands, and it was not a time to set a bad example. In the Clevish War of 1543 Mary entreated him not to endanger his person. He twitted her in reply with her somewhat masculine courage, promising to do no more than she would, were she in his place. It was often noticed that when once the drums beat the Emperor's health and spirits revived. But he was a soldier rather than a conqueror. The pleasure of war was purely physical, a reaction against the natural indolence which prompted him to go all lengths to avoid it. "Not greedy of territory," wrote Marcantonio Contarini in 1536, "but most greedy of peace and quiet." The wars of Charles were, in fact, all defensive. Had there been no Francis I. or Solyman, no Philip of Hesse or Barbarossa, his would have been a reign of peace, perhaps of sloth. Universal Empire was indeed the dream of certain of his ministers, the nightmare of his enemies, the repetition lesson of many of his historians. But he himself laughed at the idea, truly asserting late in life that it had never entered his conception, however possible it might have been. Charles was no Don Quixote, though Alberoni, of all men, has so christened him.

E. Armstrong.

THE POETRY OF FRAGMENTS.

"THE part is greater than the whole" is almost as much of an axiom in the world of imagination as is its counterpart in more material regions. Who can have listened to Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, or looked at Michael Angelo's rough-hewn Virgin in the Medici Chapel, or at some sketch by Rembrandt or Turner, without feeling the force of this? Have not the words, "The Demon of the World, a Fragment," a magic of their own which gives an added power to Shelley's bewildering sweetness? And has not "Hyperion" a fascination beyond that of "Endymion"? What panorama from a height can possess the endearing charm of a sandy track winding over a hilltop, of a green lane curling round a corner, of the silver ribbon of a river seen suddenly for a moment? Cuyp and Hobbema long ago discovered the secret spell of long white roads between rows of shivering poplars, stretching on and on beyond the canvas, till we would give much to know where they lead to, and where the little red man is going who canters along them on his black horse and never lets us see his face? Or if we want to get beyond roads and rivers, we can go to the sea—the never-ending sea—which carries our fancy far on the way to the Infinite

The idea of the Infinite has much to do with the hold

which the incomplete has upon our imagination, especially where works of art are concerned. There are the fragments of what has been, and the fragments of what will be. The Elgin Marbles will always "tease us out of thought"; and what dreams of eternity do we not dream when we stand before the Michael Angelo Madonna? The royalty of her countenance, the mighty grace of her form, seem to struggle to the light through the rugged, half-chiselled marble; we feel as if we were present at the birth of a soul. "What's come to perfection (says Browning) perishes"; not so the imperfect; there is the whole of poetry in a Greek torso, or in a half-open door. But there is no need to turn to the sublime. It is enough to say that the enchantment of the unfinished lies in its suggestiveness—in mystery—and mystery is the handmaiden of poetry. The same truth applies to architecture. Fountains Abbey, with its union of perfect tracery, shaven turf, and broken curves, is more touching in its beauty than any of our nobly-preserved cathedrals; and the traveller in Touraine will be haunted by the exquisite memory of the ruined Château at Amboise or at Chinon in a way that is unattainable by the great feudal castles of Langeais and of Loches.

Or take the subjects of pictures and not the pictures themselves. Can anything be more delicious than a profile half turned away, than receding figures, or an expressive back? Watteau is the poet of backs. Who can refrain from falling in love with that of the fair-haired huntsman in the golden-brown coat, who lies for ever on the grass in the great picture at Hertford House? And he, in his turn, must be enamoured of the lady sitting near him: of the pale blue sacque, shimmering with silver light; of the ravishing little neck and the knot of hair from which curls escape like tendrils. Watteau discovered that the back of a woman's neck was a playground for the sunshine. There is another sweet slender back in a sacque of pink, shot with green, like a pigeon's breast, on the opposite wall; and we might find many such in those magic pictures of his, which carry us far into the irresponsible world of fantasy, where mirth and melancholy, laughter and tears, go hand in hand; while love and sumptuous pleasure walk away into the deep blue distance and make our hearts sad with the feeling of the end of things. All this Watteau can express in the backs of his Fantasios and their ladies. Perhaps he had found out the fact that a face is often on its guard; is a mask determined not to betray its owner; whereas a back (as we can see at any street corner) is an unconscious thing, and can reveal any emotion, from rage and hope to indifference and despair.

The poet who wrote "Ionica" used to say that conversations should never be rounded off, but should consist of uncompleted sentences which merely suggested their meaning. He thought that the ship of good talk might thus steer clear of the shallows of banality. Unfinished conversations are always the most attractive; they whet curiosity, they leave us hungry for more, whether we take part in them, or only listen to them from others. When (through the partition of a second-class carriage in the underground) I overheard one man deny that he knew "Miss Totty Hodgson," and the other exclaim, "What! not know Totty Hodgson?" I would rather have seen Totty Hodgson than Helen of Troy herself. Hours of description would not have impressed her on my consciousness so forcibly as that one moment of unfinished description. And it is not even necessary for such moments to be dramatic. The average old gentleman in the omnibus who begins with "What I say is——"; or the young man who sees off a relation and calls out, "I'll write Tuesday," as the train steams off, are quite sufficient to stimulate our appetites.

As for our own words, the conversations we have never finished always remain the most interesting to our memory. The thoughts we could not express were our deepest; the answers that we could not give were those that we most strongly felt. What we might have said, what someone else might have said, opens up endless vistas, suggests alternatives that might have changed our lives. It is half sad, half pleasant, to wander away from the high-road down the grassy alleys of the might-have-been; alleys where we meet only ghosts—some sweet, some plaintive, with faces misty, yet familiar, and incomplete forms that elude us as we come near them.

Then there is the world of unfinished incidents. The novelist is the real epicure of these, but most human beings and all lovers of memoirs have the embryo novelist in them. Two people who meet in a street, the invalid who is carried out of a house, the visitor who goes into it, are all pieces of a family history and make one gamble with one's fancy. I have a friend who says she has to exercise severe self-control to restrain herself from standing for hours at her window to watch every creature, even to the butcher's boy, who enters or issues from the door opposite. And this is a person of mind with a great deal to do.

After all, there are such things as natural affinities, and the incomplete is attracted to the incomplete. It is more than a century ago since Goethe taught us that if we wanted to become whole ourselves, we must first learn to be parts. We should be wise people if we could realise this; for to behave well as a part is a pretty accurate summary of the whole duty of man, and still more of the whole duty of woman.

EPSILON.

MRS. LYNN LINTON.*

"I HATE women as a race, Lucy; I think we are demons. Individually we are all right, but as a race we are monkeyish, cruel, irresponsible, superficial." The observation is typical; any student of English fiction or English journalism of the last fifty years if asked to name its author would reply with confidence, "aut Mrs. Lynn Linton aut Diabolus."

It is not easy to estimate justly the life and works of the lady who at seventy-five could be moved to this extraordinary outburst of the spleen against her own sex which her biographer terms an obsession, but which we should call a bee in her bonnet. The modern woman, or that chimera which stood for her in Mrs. Linton's mind, was to her what Charles I.'s head was to Mr. Dick, and the critic is forced to follow her lead, if only by quoting the above temperate expression of her sentiments. She could scarcely write ten lines without dragging in the dire creatures of her fancy it pleased her to call "the girl of the period" or "the wild women" or "the shrieking sisterhood." She had as little sense of gradation as of humour; the "advanced woman" was her Aunt Sally, and every woman who had the misfortune to differ from her represented that scarecrow. The mildest and most decorous attempts to secure for women a freer life and wider interests were equally dreadful to her with the most revolutionary.

And all the time she took her own way, insisted for herself on the rights she denied to others, and gave in the moral fearlessness and stainlessness of her whole career the lie to her own theories. "Expect not perfection, but look for consistency," was the advice of Cœleb's mother to her son on the eve of his quest of a wife, and we sigh to think how often he must have been disappointed, even in the estimable Lucilla. We are all inconsistent, let it be granted, but it has been given to few to carry the art to such accomplishment as that to which Mrs. Lynn Linton carried it. Perhaps the crowning inconsistency of her life is also the most amusing. Holding men and women as distinct "races," opposed in thought, in feeling, in action, in every impulse of life, she yet in

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* "Mrs. Lynn Linton. Her Life, Letters, and Opinions." By George Somes Layard. Methuen and Co.

her "Dichtung and Wahrheit," "Christopher Kirkland,' chose to masquerade as a man, and thus destroyed both the artistic value of the book as a novel and its interest as a biography.

On the one hand, we have a long life, bravely spent in honourable toil and conscientious, even when ill-advised, service of her kind; a life largely devoted to others, and prompted and sustained by a most womanly need of love and power of loyal friendship. No appeal to her for help seems to have been in vain, if only the power were hers; money, time, influence, trouble were freely given alike to the known and the unknown. She was not born to feed on the roses and lie on the lilies of life; such women rarely are; and it is the sense of this which so often turns their strength to bitterness. What prosperity she had was hard won; in friendship she was accustomed to give at least as much as she received; her marriage was a failure and the motherhood for which she yearned, which might perhaps have set the crooked straight, was denied her. Yet to the end she kept her joy in life, and her ardent, impulsive interest in the world around her.

But there is another side to the picture, and a less amiable one. Dogmatic and over-bearing, prone to rapid judgment and obstinate reliance thereon, her dominant egotism made her wise in her own conceit. She could not brook argument; contradiction she might stand, but reasoned and temperate objection was abhorrent to her. Her misogyny took an acute and unpleasant form in her attacks on women above her in gifts or renown. Mrs. Gaskell is the only distinguished woman of whom she speaks or writes with admiration. Even Mrs. Browning is mentioned with half-veiled bitterness, and her attack on George Eliot came with an ill grace from one who for years had posed as the great novelist's friend; while her tirade against a woman imperious as herself, but imaginative, ardent, passionately true, and genuinely noble, with a personal magnetism which was itself genius—Fanny Kemble—is hard to forgive by those who knew and loved, if through her writings alone, that creature of a fiery heart. A bitter jealousy seemed cankering at Eliza Linton's heart against effort and individuality in other women, which found vent in spleen against those who succeeded, in scorn of those who failed. Was this inborn, or was it the result of a cause not hinted at by her biographer? We have often heard that Miss Lynn's third novel, "Realities," was condemned as "improper" by a generation slow to allow passion or realism their place in fiction, and that she herself endured for some years a very general social ostracism on this account. We have never read "Realities," but we can well believe the charges against it to have been unfounded or exaggerated. "George Sandism and all that kind of thing," as Carlyle contemptuously termed it, was an easy indictment; but we believe the young author suffered acutely and cruelly; and this may well have been the fennel in the cup which turned the wine bitter to the very end.

On the literary side of her life there faces us the problem of a writer whose position was never such as might have been expected from her original ability, her undoubted force and originality, and the excitement her work more than once aroused. A literary woman Mrs. Linton was, but we should hesitate to call her a woman of letters. The mere defect of scholarly or philosophic culture may count for little with the born novelist, the character-monger, or the exquisite artist. But Mrs. Linton was not content to be a novelist only; she must be teacher, philosopher, prophetess, and for these are needed

> The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill

of the trained and disciplined intellect. She herself largely ascribed her defects as an author to the deficiencies of her education, and she was right. She had laboured strenuously to supply those defects, but the self-taught genius is rarely the well-taught genius, and nothing can make up for the loss of that early contemplation of "the bright countenance of truth in the mild and dewy air of delightful studies" which remains the ideal of education. Eliza Lynn's studies could hardly have been delightful, solitary and undirected as they were. "She taught herself Greek"—that little sentence which occurs so often in biographies of English women during this last century, meets us again, and moves us, as ever, to commiseration. Can any man of the educated classes appreciate all it meant—its pathetic tragic comedy, the solitary toil, the difficulties made ten times greater by want of assistance, the lack of help, or sympathy, or emulation, the dread of detection, and the fear of the easy ridicule of the trained scholar, or, worse, of the unlettered Philistine, the hard essay, the sharp conquering—if, indeed, the task ever were rightly conquered under such circumstances?

She appears to have been an omnivorous reader on subjects that interested her, but to have wanted something of sensitiveness of taste, and of the still and leisured delight of the true book lover. Both as essayist and novelist, she suffers from her want of power of reflection, of sustained and connected thought. Her want of humour has been already noted, and another very vital defect in her books is her lack of ability in construction of character. Mr. Swinburne's eulogium of her as possessing that rarest power of "imagination applied to actual life and individual character" has always struck me as quaintly inappropriate, unless, indeed, exaggeration and grotesque misrepresentation are among the tricks of strong imagination. Her gift as a novelist may be taken to consist in a very distinct power of telling a story forcibly, interestingly, and lucidly. Her novels are readable, now and then even exciting, but the men and women are for the most part so conventional in type that they leave little impression on us after we have closed the book. The creatures of her fancy, such as the clerical scoundrel in "Under which Lord," and the equally impossible Girton girls in "The One too Many," introduced to adorn her tale and point her moral, are the least convincing of all, and are indeed the offspring of an ignorance too invincible for hope of conversion. Mrs. Lynn Linton met indignation or remonstrance on behalf of the classes she libelled with a complacent assurance that they were a proof the cap fitted, that "her chance date-stone had hit some Efreet's eye."

Mr. Layard, her biographer, would prefer to rest her literary reputation on her newspaper work rather than her novels, and claims for her the rank of "a great journalist." I cannot agree with him. In vigour and incisiveness, indeed, her work was often admirable and generally spirited; but she lacked the power of being part of all that she has seen, which the great journalist must share with Odysseus, the arresting hand which stays the flying day, the lightness of touch, the humour and sympathy. Mrs. Lynn Linton had none of these; she is heavy where she should be light, monotonous where she should be varied. She drags out a machine gun to shoot folly as it flies, and misses her quarry, or brings it down a mangled, unrecognisable heap, which rouses pity for the victim rather than admiration for the marksman. A bee in your bonnet may create a sensation for a minute by its angry buzzing, but a swarm of such bees, all intent rather on stinging than on making honey, is scarcely worth hiving; and I confess to finding a collection of Mrs. Lynn Linton's essays both dull and irritating. Landor's exquisite tribute will keep her memory green, but we doubt if her work will live in the ages following this. She could attack, but she could not construct. Semiramis, granted supreme power for one day, struck off Ninus's head ere its close; but on that blow she founded an empire. If Mrs. Lynn Linton had been given the civilized world to reorganise at her pleasure, what could she have done? Nothing. She lacked the re-creative power of the idealist, the fruitful faith in possibilities which must inspire all who would move the world—in a word, she lacked the great poetic heart. Her husband's socialism, to him an uplifting force, with

her dropped plumb upon the sordid earth; the faith of her childhood became, on the first whisper of doubt, a mere adumbration of pagan mythology. But in her own time she had her place and her work, even if the latter was often to play with Mrs. Malaprop the part of the truly moderate and polite arguer whose every third word was on the other side of the question.

ETHEL EARL.

FOREIGNERS AT HENLEY.

THE excitement at Henley over the doings of the Americans was quite unprecedented, at least among rowing men. An American success would have been regarded by them as a direct menace to the long-established dogma of the profession. An acknowledged authority watching them winning with quite ridiculous ease a heat against a London rowing club, said with obstinate conviction: "One thing is quite certain, and that is, that they row all wrong." The time of the particular race, although the crew slowed down long before the finish, was the quickest recorded during the regatta. But these facts had no effect on the conversation of the University coach. "They row all wrong," he said. Undoubtedly, in spite of the paradox, a crew which makes the boat travel unusually fast may still "row all wrong." One might maintain, for example, that Dr. W. G. Grace, though he certainly makes the ball travel, plays cricket all wrong": there is no manner of excuse, except success, for his lifting-stroke over the head of mid-on. To the normal man it might be as dangerous to copy such a master as for the ordinary pedestrian stylist to try to flow at large in the manner of Ruskin. It would certainly be dangerous for any English crew to copy the American style: It is true that they made their boat travel at a great pace. Though they were beaten it was by one of the best crews seen for some time at Henley. Leander also is a club so constituted that they can select from the best oarsmen turned out by the two Universities through a succession of years, while the Pennsylvanian University is not so much bigger than a single college. They were perhaps as nearly as possible equal to the best college boat at Henley, and the desire that they should row against the New College eight was very generally expressed. Such a race would have given the nearest possible test of relative merit in the two countries. It is clear on these grounds that the mere fact of the defeat of the Americans by Leander does not necessarily involve a condemnation of their style, though the Pennsylvanians themselves accepted the verdict as such.

Rowing men in England are apt to think that the ultimate theory of rowing style has been discovered; but when we see a crew who differ diametrically and in every particular from the established style reaching such a measure of success, it is time that the old formula should be again tested by scientific methods. The American boat as well as the manner of its propulsion differed. It was narrower in build and lighter in material. The slides were longer and more nearly in a straight line. The oars, both inside and outside the boat, were shorter, and the blades broader, and were fixed on swivel rowlocks. The most remarkable divergences in the style of the men were an apparent lack of body-swing and of "catch" at the beginning of the stroke. The men slid forward down their long slides at a great pace, and the stroke seemed to be made as little as possible by body swing and as much as possible by the force of leg-work, a method of power made possible by the swivel rowlocks. The rythmical semblance of the crew was wonderful; the bodies all at exactly the same angle, and all shooting back on the long slides with astonishing accuracy of time. Even the most conservative of coaches allowed that as a machine they were quite beautiful to watch. This style represented the last development of the sliding seat, an invention which some still maintain has been the ruin of rowing. But it is strange that the Americans in this last stage of development have been the first to attain with the new instrument that machine-like regularity which we are told marked the university crew that rowed on fixed seats. Extremes have met.

And yet the conservative coach who spoke the paradox was probably right. The narrow boat and shorter oars are a mistake, mathematically. The want of body swing is wrong, practically, and the pace was achieved in spite of wrong methods. On the other hand, the Americans probably "got their work on" at the right moments, and it is at least worth while to test whether or no it is not wasteful of energy to lay stress on the work done behind the rowlock. Also, it is tolerably certain that the best build of boat has yet to be discovered. Change is in the air; the experiments of Dr. Warre have been interesting, though his latest boat was rejected after trial by the Eton crew. The American boat and the Belgian boat were both worth the study of builders, although the American was undoubtedly too narrow and the Belgian more ingenious than sound. Its chief distinction was that it took to pieces, and there was something of symbolic melancholy in the sight of the defeated Belgian crew taking their craft to pieces and packing it up. They, too, were a good crew.

Some day the Americans will come over and beat us, for in all departments of athletics they are apt to reach as great excellence as is possible to the manner and the men. The Pennsylvanian crew, given the narrow boat, short oars, and adopted style, were as good as possible. They had trained and practised with a thoroughness to which English amateurs are complete strangers, and to this entirely, as it seems to us, their measure of success was due. Their victories in the amateur athletic championships were due to an exactly similar cause—a whole-hearted absorption in the race in prospect. One may call this thoroughness by good or bad names, whole-hearted or professional. It may seem to us that they are wrong to make athletic success an end in itself, instead of "means to manly health." But beyond all question while they train with their seriousness and we with our sense of enjoyment they will be very "bad to beat." At the same time, we have no desire that American methods should be imitated in England. Perhaps, as Dr. Warre has suggested in a letter to the *Times*, it would be as well if the two methods were not brought into contact, that Henley should be reserved for British amateur oarsmen. But this is a wider question.

W. B. T.

DRAMA.

THE JAPANESE PLAYS.

MR. KAWAKAMI and his Company have on the whole done well to produce *The Shogun*, one of that large class of plays so popular in Japan which bring before the spectator the old feudal system, the Daimios and the Samurai, absolute power of life and death, and the niceties of social etiquette. To the younger generation of Tokio and Kioto these things are history, but every elderly man can remember them as actually existing, a fact which makes their presentation on the stage curiously interesting. To the stay-at-home Englishman here is an unique opportunity for studying the life and manners of a most remarkable people, and it should not be lightly missed. The general truthfulness of the tone, the incidents, and the characterisation, may be accepted without question, and this in spite of the comparatively imperfect performance. Londoners must not suppose that the play is either acted or

mounted as it would be in a leading theatre in Tokio. Without questioning the merit of the principal performers, the size of the hall leaves something to be desired, and the *mise-en-scène* is very poor. There is something more to be said on this point. Not only are the resources of the company too scanty for doing full justice to this sort of play, but the methods of the Japanese stage have been deliberately departed from and many effects peculiar to that stage thereby sacrificed. This is a great mistake. It probably does not detract from the truth of the historical picture, but it misrepresents Japanese dramatic art. Why this should have been done is not clear. Take, for example, the Flowery Way, a narrow wooden platform running from each side of the stage to what we should call the back of the pit, where it leads through a door and round to the dressing rooms. This is an indispensable feature in a Japanese theatre. It is used principally for entrance and exit from and to distant places, and the hero saying "farewell" to his wife and children when departing for the wars can elaborate the process down its whole length. Why abolish it? Again, combats on the Japanese stage are a speciality—as the grocery advertisements say. They are not only long and furious, but fraught with unexpected incident, and, above all, they are gory. Gules, Gules, is the cry of the stage manager. A life and death struggle in which the hero does not save himself at the supreme moment by turning a somersault, and in which the villain's wounds do not exude copious crimson streams, is not in accord with the traditions of the Japanese drama. The same remark applies to the *Seppuku* (*Harakiri*). I call to mind a very fine piece, splendidly acted, in which a priest had to go through this process for having committed some trifling peccadillo within the Palace precincts. It was done in the centre of the stage with every element of realism. Why in this London theatre should a screen be put up for a like occasion? If you do not wish to see Japanese plays do not have them; but if they are performed it should be done in accordance with the canons of Japanese art. As to the allotting of female characters to women, most of us will consider it a wise move. Of course it is at direct variance with the methods of Japan, but the day must come sooner or later, and why not now? It must be remembered that female actresses are not a novelty in Japan. I have attended a theatre where all the parts were played by women. The novelty consists in the mixed cast.

Without knowing Japanese, one must judge of the acting by gesture and (to some extent) by intonation, but this is not an impossible task. To take an extreme case, it used to be quite easy to follow Danjuro if once the thread of the story were known. By this test Madame Sado Yacco shows herself to be a clever actress with plenty of resource, and her mad scenes (which approach dangerously near to Tilburina at times) are played with authority. Messrs. Kawakami and Fujisawa are thoroughly competent performers, making the most of their situations, and a special word must be given to Miss Tsuru, in the part of a damsel who makes no scruple about showing the bent of her young affections.

The little piece that precedes the drama is remarkable for the extraordinary manner in which half a dozen of of the company (including a mite) represent statues. Their absolute stillness for at least ten minutes, two of them being in very difficult attitudes, beats even the *tableaux vivants* at Ober-Ammergau. How do they manage it?

It was worth a visit to the Lyceum on Saturday afternoon to see the children enjoy *The Merchant of Venice*. The play is a text-book for examination this year, and the young critics showed that they knew the points. How they squirmed over the discomfiture of Shylock and roared with Gratiano. It was a grand audience to play to.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

A FEW years ago, when the question was asked, "Has the prophetical gift ceased out of the Church?" the answer was, "Not so long as Mr. Jukes is alive." And now Mr. Jukes is dead, and the Church of England has lost one of the most interesting characters that have adorned it in these latter days.

Andrew John Jukes was born in 1816, the son of an Indian Civil Servant. When he was eleven he entered Harrow School, under the mastership of Dr. George Butler, afterwards Dean of Peterborough. Among his schoolfellows were Edward Munro, of Harrow Weald, Frederick Faber, of the Oratory, Hugh Pearson, of Sonning, Sir Henry Acland, and George Butler, Canon of Winchester. From Harrow Andrew Jukes went into the army, and thence to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he took his degree in 1842, having in the previous year won the Hulsean Prize for an essay on the Principles of Prophetical Interpretation. Immediately after taking his degree he was ordained deacon, and a deacon he remained till the end of his long life. His only curacy was at St. John's, Hull, where he worked from 1842 to 1844.

An intense and ardent spirituality was from first to last the keynote of his nature, and he revolted from the legal bondage of an Established Church. For a moment he hovered between Plymouthism and Rome, and then cast in his lot with the Plymouth Brethren. One of the characteristic principles of that strange but spiritually-minded sect is its repudiation of a stated ministry. Accordingly, Mr. Jukes discarded clerical dress, dropped the title of "Reverend," and removed his name from the Clergy List. For many years he lived withdrawn from the world, and wholly immersed in sacred study. "These things," he wrote in the preface to one of his books, "were not first shown me by the Fathers, but opened in solitary communings with the Word of God; yet I am thankful to see that I am in the same great circle and in the same spirit with the Church of other days." All his writing was full of this same thought—the spiritual significance of the literal and the actual, as disclosed to the enlightened understanding of the Church in all ages. His first book was "The Law of the Offerings, considered as the appointed figure of the various aspects of the Offering of the Body of Jesus Christ." Then came "The Characteristic Differences of the Four Gospels, considered as revealing various relations of the Lord Jesus Christ"; "The Mystery of the Kingdom, traced through the Books of Kings"; and "The Types of Genesis as revealing the development of human nature within and without." All these books ran through many editions, and by their cumulative force they led a large number of earnest Protestants, while retaining all their devotion to the letter of Scripture, to look below the surface of it into the deeps of spiritual significance.

Meanwhile, a momentous change was proceeding in Mr. Jukes's mind, and he made it known in a book called "The Second Death and the Restitution of All Things," published in 1867. "A thought," he wrote, "conceived but not expressed, is at best only an unborn child, not only without any influence on the world, but of whose very existence the world may be unconscious; but once brought forth, it becomes part of the living, working universe, to work there its appointed season, and possibly to leave its mark for good or evil on all successive time."

The thought of the eventual victory of Divine goodness over evil had "long been growing in the writer's heart, hidden at first and unconfessed." Now he was constrained by an overmastering sense of his duty to truth to make his convictions known. There was no levity about the mode of the disclosure—nothing hurried, or casual, or premature. "The writer feels the solemn responsibility of dissenting on such a question from the current creed of Christendom"; and he is only impelled to open the subject by "his most assured conviction

that the popular notion of never-ending punishment is as thorough a misunderstanding of God's Word as the doctrine of Transubstantiation, and that the one as much as the other conduces directly to infidelity, though both equally claim to stand on the express words of Scripture."

When writing of the current creed of Christendom, Jukes laid all possible stress on *current*. He found himself at variance with the accepted doctrine of the time, but he was earnest in contending for what one of his most attached disciples, Alfred Gurney, of St. Barnabas, Pimlico, called "our Catholic Inheritance in the Larger Hope." He stoutly maintained that the Universal Church had never asserted the doctrine of endless torment. The creeds received by East and West knew nothing of such a doctrine; and not a few of the greatest of the Fathers repudiated it. As regards the Greek Fathers, even so conservative a divine as Dr. Bright held that Mr. Jukes had made out his case.

The publication of "The Restitution of All Things" was a turning-point in the writer's life. The Plymouth Brethren, or at least the vast majority of them, cling desperately to the doctrine of endless torment; and Mr. Jukes found himself gravely and increasingly out of sympathy with them. Gradually he returned to communion with the Church of England. He resumed his clerical garb, and his name reappeared in the Clergy List. His later books were more avowedly written from the standpoint of Churchmanship. Their spirit is sufficiently indicated by their titles. "The Sabbath and the Lord's Day," "Catholic Eschatology," "Pharisaism and Self-Sacrifice, being some Thoughts on Schism and its Remedy," and "Try the Spirits; being a Reply to Socinian, Arian, and Sabellian Objections to the Doctrine of the Trinity."

I am not aware that Mr. Jukes ever resumed public ministry in the Church of England; but at private gatherings for sacred study and devotion he was a most welcome guest. His intimate familiarity with the heights and depths of Scripture; his wide acquaintance with patristic writings, and his poetic faculty of spiritualising whatever he touched made him the most interesting expositor I have ever heard. He was, indeed, a scribe instructed unto the Kingdom of heaven, who brought forth out of his treasure things new and old; and these productions not seldom caused amusing perplexity to miscellaneous gatherings of Low Churchmen and Nonconformists, who had expected quite a different type of teaching. His appeal to the *semper, ubique, ab omnibus* was loyal and constant; and I can remember after more than twenty years two sayings which at an Evangelical Conference fell on astonished ears.

"They found the Lord in *Bethlehem*, the House of Bread. We who were at the early Celebration in Romsey Abbey this morning realise what that means."

"Remember that Rome preserves, amid accretions and distortions, the whole body of revealed truth."

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE KAISER AND THE COMMERCIAL TREATIES.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE ominous Commercial Treaties controversy which is exciting so much bitter feeling both in Germany and Russia has assumed a new phase of late. When Count Bülow made his famous "surrender" speech it was taken for granted that he made it with the Kaiser's sanction and full approval. Friends and enemies alike agreed that he would never have promised, as he undoubtedly did, that the duty on corn should be raised, unless he knew that His Majesty was prepared to allow it to be raised, even though the raising of it entailed the sacrifice of the Commercial Treaties. The Agrarians to a man regarded the Count's speech as a clear proof that he had succeeded in convincing the Kaiser that their support must be secured at any cost, even the cost of a tariff war with Russia. In this, it seems, they were mistaken, as they are now learning to their sorrow.

That the Kaiser did give his consent to the proposed increase in the corn duty is no doubt true; but that was six months ago, and since then circumstances have changed: Dr. von Miquel is no longer his confidential adviser. Besides, at that time he had every reason to believe that, by granting an increase of one shilling the double centner (220½ lbs.) in the duty, he could content the Agrarians and secure their support for the Canal Bills; now, however, he is well aware—the last debate in the Landtag could hardly fail to convince him—that an increase of five shillings the double centner is the lowest price they are prepared to accept for their vote. And to grant an increase of five shillings would be to handicap German industry hopelessly and bring into the field against the Government the whole of the industrial population. Then, although he knew, of course, when he allowed Count Bülow to give the Agrarians the promise for which they were clamouring, that Russia would resent any additional burden being placed on corn, it does not seem to have occurred to him that she would show her resentment by denouncing the Commercial Treaty and proclaiming a tariff war. Now, however, he can be under no misapprehension on this point, for M. de Witte is already preparing a hostile tariff and has announced the fact with a frankness that is almost brutal. Thus the Kaiser realises to the full what the result will be if the corn duty is raised; and as nothing is further from his thoughts than to allow either industry to be crippled for the sake of the Agrarians, or the Commercial Treaties to be sacrified, it may be taken for granted that the duty will remain unchanged, let Count Bülow have promised what he may. This, at least, is the opinion of some of those who know His Majesty well; and they point to his recent speeches as a proof of what they say. And, if the duty remain unchanged, the Commercial Treaties are safe.

The Commercial Treaties, it must be remembered, are in a measure, at least, the Kaiser's own handiwork, a fact which explains, the Agrarians maintain, why he believes in them so devoutly. When they were before the Reichstag he spoke of himself openly as their author; said, in effect, that Count Caprivi, in formulating them, had acted but as his draughtsman; and when the Junkers ventured to oppose their ratification his anger was unbounded. "What must the Russian Emperor think," he asked, indignantly, "when he sees you, men who wear my uniform, who frequent my court, acting in opposition to my wishes, trying to thwart my policy?" But not only are the Treaties the Kaiser's handiwork; they were his first essay in statescraft. Within a month of Prince Bismarck's fall he had already condemned the Prince's tariff system and was hard at work consulting with experts as to how it could be improved. Even at that time, thanks to the influence of Baron Stumm, on the one hand, and of Dr. Hinzpeter, on the other, he had made up his mind that the duties on foodstuffs should be lowered, for the Baron had convinced him that the high corn duty then in force crippled industry; and the Doctor, that it entailed on the working classes great distress. And William II. had set his heart on Germany's becoming the first industrial power in the world, and had set his heart, too, on killing social democracy by kindness. Thus it was that the very first step he took, when once he had a free hand as ruler, was to initiate the negotiations which led to the Commercial Treaties with Austria-Hungary, Russia, Italy, and several smaller states.

By these treaties Germany agreed that the duty on the wheat and rye imported into the empire should be reduced from 5s. to 3s. 6d. the double centner; also that a corresponding reduction should be made in the duties on all other kinds of agricultural produce, as well as on textiles, paper, wine, glass, and various raw materials. In return, Austria-Hungary Russia, and the other treaty-bound states agreed to lower—in the case of some articles to abolish entirely—the duties on most of the manufactured goods, the chemicals, and metals exported by them to Germany.

The special clause of these treaties around which the battle has raged and still rages most fiercely is that by which the

duty on corn was lowered. This clause, the Agrarians declare, is fraught with ruin not only for them but for the whole nation. To hear the way they talk, indeed, one might think that the very existence of Germany depended on her having a high tariff, and that Prince Bismarck had spent his whole life fighting against free trade. As a point of fact, both Bismarck himself and the mass of the German landowners were free traders up to the time of the great commercial crisis which resulted from the over-speculation that followed the Franco-Prussian War. Up to 1880 there was no corn duty in Germany, and the one that was then levied was so small as to be financially of no great importance. In 1885 it was raised considerably, tripled, in fact, and in 1887 it was raised again, this time in the ratio of three to five. While the 1887 tariff was in force the corn duty entailed on an average working-class family an outlay of £2 2s. 10d. a year, and even under the Commercial Treaties it entails one of £1 10s. a year. Thus the reduction made by the Treaties was by no means great; still, the mere fact of a reduction at all being made engendered so much ill-feeling among the Junkers that, when the Treaty with Russia came up for ratification, only two Conservatives and three Free Conservatives could be induced to vote for it. And this in spite of the fact that the Treaty put an end to a tariff war which was not only inflicting great financial loss on Germany, but was endangering the peace of Europe, in spite of the fact, too, that the Kaiser had made its ratification a personal question between himself and his nobles.

Even after the treaties were ratified the Agrarians continued to agitate against them in the most unscrupulous fashion; again and again, in defiance of international obligations, they have tried to force the Government to denounce them; so far did they go, indeed, that Prince Hohenlohe declared they were more revolutionary in their proceedings than even the Social Democrats. At first the Kaiser stood by the Treaties staunchly, and gave proof after proof of his sympathy with the industrialists in the attacks made upon them by the Agrarians. Evidently he was proud of his handiwork, and with good reason, for, since the Commercial Treaties have been in force Germany has enjoyed unparalleled prosperity. Her commerce has increased by leaps and bounds. In 1893 the value of her exports to Austria-Hungary was 339,035,000 marks; in 1896 it was 399,684,000 marks; in 1898 it was 453,683,000 marks. The value of her exports to Russia was, in 1893, 135,517,000 marks; in 1896 it was 231,594,000 marks; and in 1898 it was 440,506,000 marks. Notwithstanding this proof of the value of the treaties, however, there were signs, as time passed, of a change of attitude towards them on the part of His Majesty. Already in 1897 he allowed the task of examining into the working of them to fall into the hands of strong Protectionists; he had began to realise, it was whispered, that there were worse evils in life than dear bread. The end of it was this promise to the Agrarians. The truth of the matter is that Dr. von Miquel, an Agrarian of Agrarians, was the "Kaiser's own man" in those days; and if now the treaties are saved, it is because he has fallen.

THE WEEK IN FRANCE.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Paris, *July 9th*, 1901.

The Chamber has broken up without being able to lick into shape either the Bill on the Income Tax or that on Pensions for Old Age. It is only fair to add that both present uncommon difficulties, especially the second. The intricacy of the debates, the contradictions between amendments, have more than once disgusted those who followed the proceedings, and the deputies themselves did not seem to see much more clearly their way to anything definite. They were visibly afraid of closing the general debate and coming to the discussion of articles. Besides, it is plain that the data on which the Chamber was arguing are far from reliable. The share of the State in the yearly expense was to be ten to fifteen millions according to one authority, a hundred and fifty millions according to another. Again, the Minister of Finances reckons on 800,000 pensions, whilst the Minister of Commerce speaks only of 500,000. Under the circumstances, it was not easy for honest country doctors and diminutive jurists to make up their minds.

The Bill will be fortunate if it is mentioned again before the General Elections in May next. The Income Tax Bill stands very much the same chance. Both, being useful electoral topics, will appear on the placards of most deputies; but, being dangerous to discuss in the Chamber, they will be left in store till after the final vote on the Budget, and we may be sure that the Budget will not be hurried through as it was this year.

The Associations Law is about all our legislators have achieved, and it is poor work. The decree promulgated at the same time as the law entrusts its execution to a committee, most members of which are not known for broadmindedness. I notice the presence among them of M. Dumay, the *directeur des Cultes*, a jolly old cat who has been for years playing with the Church mice, and occasionally eats them. For all his apparent good humour, he is a dangerous sectarian, who judges all the clergy after the samples brought in his way by the *volo episcopari*. He will pride himself in making the legal net as close as it can be made, and his knowledge of the minute details of clerical organisation will unfortunately help him. The petty molestations with which isolated bishops or priests, or poor convents, are daily vexed come mostly from him. He is certainly the author of the article in the decree obliging the religious orders to obtain episcopal authorisation before applying to Government, and I am sure he laughed in his sleeve when he thought of it. Throwing canon law out of gear under pretence of dutifulness to the bishops must be sweet to him.

A mischievous practical joke at the expense of the twice venerable M. Brisson gave amusement to the readers of the *Débats* and some other papers, at the very moment at which the mournful gentleman was presiding over the Radical Congress. The diary of a tour in Egypt and the East has been unearthed, and a few well-chosen passages give abundant proof that *le diable ne se fait ermite que lorsqu'il est bien vieux*. The youthful Brisson's style is an admixture of clumsy grandiloquence and *polissonnerie*, and it is highly comical to see him in his own prose standing dark and erect under a palm and watching through a field-glass an unapproachable *houri*. Virtue, thou art a name! . . . Another narrative is also given up to the vain disputations of men. Mr. Andrew Lang must have heard with pleasure that the higher criticism is falling foul of Chateaubriand's "Travels in America," and after establishing that he never heard "the savannah's breath" as he professed to have, is now encircling him so close within an entrenchment of dates, facts, and kilometres that he cannot have been to America at all. So René never chose for himself a spouse from the Natchez maidens; he never sat by the Meschacébé, father of rivers; he never met Father Souel and Chactas under a sassafras in sight of Fort Rosalie. Atala was only the offspring of a dream. The passionate young man never heard her story from the sachem's lips; he put it together in a dark lodging opposite the old houses in Holborn from an odd volume of the accurate Charlevoix.

This is bad enough, but when I remember the "Journey to America," with which I whiled away so many quiet holiday afternoons, it seems hard to realise that Chateaubriand did not ship at St. Malo, and barely escape being swallowed by a shark, that he admired the Governor of Newfoundland's vegetables only in imagination, and that when he called at Washington's modest dwelling the servant did not say, actually, Step in! Indeed, I am for the Abbé Bertrin against Professor Bédier, the higher critic. Five months was not a very long time to visit America in when there were no Pullman cars, but it does not pertain to a stay-at-home classifier of grammatical niceties to decide what a poet or novelist in quest of epithets can or cannot do. Nobody ever questioned the accuracy of the enormous mass of detail in the "Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem." Internal criticism of the book is enough to show that Chateaubriand's movements were as quick as his reading: few initerant archæologists were better qualified than he was. Renan is nothing to him.

M. Bertrin was less successful in trying to establish that

Chateaubriand was a genuine good Catholic, and the passage from the "Mémoires d'Outre Tombe" adduced by Ste. Beuve to the contrary, spurious. It is certain that the Revolution cured him sooner than many other aristocrats of his philosophism, but his Christianity contained too much of the bells and processions element. Indisputed pages in the "Itinéraire" and the "Mémoires" exhibit him at the Holy Sepulchre and by the death-bed of Madame de Beaumont in a decidedly sceptical attitude. They are no more decisive than many others. The religious doctrine of Chateaubriand, like that of Lamartine, consisted mostly of moods. Both died in a Catholic mood. But arguing from a man's last two hours is open to many difficulties.

Do not forget in your next visit to Paris to see the Musée Victor Hugo in the Place Royale. The place was the poet's home for some years. It has been partly restored to its former state, and is decorated with a great many works of art which belonged to him. You will see there an amazing number of his portraits, and all sorts of rare and curious editions of his works; but the chief interest is a collection of over five hundred sketches, cartoons, and water-colours by himself.

You will every now and then see in our papers a melancholy rubric, *chute des feuilles.* The *Moniteur Universel* was gazetted there this week. It had been more than a century in existence, as an official organ till 1869, as a monarchist paper since that date. Paul de Saint Victor, Théophile Gautier, Ste. Beuve, and—less regularly—many other writers of fame had belonged to it and added to its weight when it was the official gazette. From that time sensational novelists like Ponson du Terrail and Boisgobey had appealed in its columns to a wider and less refined circle, but the political tone of the paper had remained high, much higher than that of the *Soleil,* which is taking its place. Had it not been for the Institut the twice centenary *Journal des Savants* would have had the same fate, the support allowed to it by the State being suddenly stopped. Its files are in their way as invaluable as those of the *Moniteur.* Let us hope that we shall not see some day the end of the Académie itself.

BOOKS AND MEN.

THE AMERICAN ATHLETE.

IT was with relief that we heard the news of Leander's victory at Henley. The crew of Pennsylvania University were dangerous competitors, and perhaps Leander won mainly by virtue of the old-fashioned long swing, as against the shorter and more impetuous American stroke. Mr. Theodore Cook, in the monumental but expensive *Anglo-Saxon Review,* has been telling us what manner of man the American athlete is. Not easy-going and unreflective, like ourselves (except Dr. Warre), the American athlete "organises victory." He thinks out its conditions, and he plays to win, not for the sport as a form of enjoyment. Now the application of serious intellect to football, by Americans, does not, in its results, commend itself to us. At Rugby football, in our islands, whosoever is in advance of the ball is "off side." He may not in any way interfere with the game. "But off-side play has been the essence of the American game from its beginning." Thus our game is wholly unlike the American game. In a scrimmage, the "snap-back" holds the ball tight between his legs, and bellows cypher instructions to his party. He utters secret hints, conveyed in numerals, as 3, 79, 45, 26, 18, and the men know what evolution is to be attempted. It appears to me that, if one side could get at its opponent's cypher code, it would gain a great advantage. But I hope they "would never be so mean." The secret signal being given, most of the eleven (not fifteen) are what we call "off-side," out of the play. But they charge their adversaries, and break their line, *à la* Nelson, the runner with the ball coming through the gap thus made in the enemy's position. This may be magnificent, but this, with many other innovations, is not *Rugby* football. To protect life, knee and elbow guards are used, nose and mouth guards, and so on, till a team must look like so many German students equipped for the duello. Manifestly the American game is very different from, and to our minds less purely sporting than, our Rugby game. At baseball, yells and shouts are uttered to disconcert the opponents. It is as if you might yell "Boo!" at golf, when your adversary was addressing himself to his ball. If both sides agree that this is sportsmanlike, why there is no more to be said. But we are not likely to introduce these practices at cricket. By giving his mind to the science of running the American has learned to beat us. "But at long distance races we can still beat them." I know not why, as "that confounded intellect" must be capable of inventing novelties as to long as well as short races. As to jumping, science has not improved much on the record of Brookes of Brasenose. Had he been scientific I daresay he could have jumped over seven feet. The American runner, it seems, trains during many months. To our side this appears rather a waste of existence. The game is not worth the candle. We want to win, but not at that expense. Mr. Cook has seen a beaten football team "hurl themselves on the ground in a passion of rage and misery." *Non est tanti.* Even a beaten general has not often lost his self-control to that extent. On the evening of Pathay, d'Alençon asked the captive Talbot, the English leader, how he liked it. "Fortune of war!" answered Talbot to a question which so good a sportsman as himself would not have asked. There is a legend that a very small cox who had lost a University boatrace cried. But this was long ago, and perhaps the story is not true. The Pennsylvanian oarsmen did not throw themselves on the ground and cast dust upon their heads, but, like Mr. Lothian Dodd, expressed their intention to "do better next time." This time they did extremely well, for, after all, "the play's the thing," not the winning of the match.

But in county cricket and provincial football one sees the almost bloodthirsty desire to win. Visiting football teams have been assaulted and insulted, at a place well known to me, because they were victorious. The violent desire of victory is not peculiar to the American athlete. As to rowing, Mr. Cook says that the Pennsylvanian crew were in hard training at the beginning of May. One wonders that they were not stale. "They have thought of nothing else for some six months." But this is an unverifiable hypothesis of Mr. Cook's. I daresay that the crew thought of as many things as other people. The college crews in America begin by months of practice "in the tank of the gymnasium floor." That may be when their rivers are frozen, while our trial eights and torpids have an open river. But they also work at weights and levers, and use rowing machines. More of the work seems to be done with the arms, less with the body and legs than in this country. If so, for once science is on our side.

According to Mr. Cook and to Mr. Caspar Whitney whom he cites, rowing in America is not only a craft but a mystery. Mr. Whitney was surprised to see Oxford and Cambridge rowing, at practice, within earshot of each other. A Yale man would not go and coach Harvard, as Oxford and Cambridge men have coached each other for the sole purpose of improving the skill of their friendly rivals. What we want is a good level race, and if either University has a long lead in successes, it teaches all it knows to its fair enemy. The Maoris are not more chivalrous. But as long as people only row to win, they are not likely to try to improve the style of their opponents. We do not snatch at casual advantages. One cannot suppose that Yale and Harvard men do not meet at sports on perfectly friendly terms, but Mr. Cook does not seem quite certain that they do. "Secrecy in

practice, special strokes, and special plays are among the worst features of American athletics." They mark the youth of all arts and crafts, all were originally "mysteries." But the fencer has learned that there is no secret *botte:* success depends on the perfect skill with which familiar thrusts are delivered. There cannot be a good secret stroke; the perfect stroke has been evolved. One might as well think that success at golf depended on patent cleeks and putters, as that a secret stroke is a secret worth keeping. This being so, I doubt whether Mr. Cook need exult over Dr. Warre's invention of a new hull for a racing boat. Either it is a better hull, and then we are encouraged to invent a new kind of stroke, or it is indifferent.

In fact, I feel entangled in fallacies. I have argued as if the perfect stroke had been evolved, and as if American secret strokes were futile. But, as they have discovered novelties in starting at foot-races, and in the management of the runners' breath, they *may* invent a new stroke. Even so, there is no reason for making it matter of mystery. If Oxford found such a thing out, they would tell Cambridge all about it. The object is to row well, not to beat this or that adversary. After all, Mr. Cook was decidedly nervous about the Pennsylvanians, not without cause. Had they won, would we have imitated their prolonged training, and their rowing machines,and their stroke? Probably not; their stroke we certainly would not have adopted. Some have argued, even the *Field*, it seems, that we should not admit foreign competitors at Henley. Why not? This would be very unworthy of England. We want athletics to flourish; whether foreigners beat us or not is not the question. If they do, we must improve ourselves, which is our natural duty. If a French eleven could beat All England at cricket, what a stimulus to cricket that would be. A series of defeats drove Oxford to practise fielding this year, and, though the match was a dull affair, the fielding of Oxford was very nearly faultless. Not even defeat, I think, should tempt our oarsmen to pass months in training on the American method. There are other things in life than the winning of a boat-race. The American athlete, as he becomes more familiar with many competitions, will drop his secrecy and the gloomy resentment of defeat. The Pennsylvanians won and lost like true sportsmen. Had they won the final heat, they would have deserved to be cheered like victorious Australians at Lord's. The play is the thing, not the victory, and the more good players of all nations the better.

A. Lang.

EPITAPH.

In Imitation of Ben Jonson.

This ffunerall monument doth show
A Christian's bones lye grav'd below,
Whose soule disdeigned her strait abode
And hath dislodged to fynde out God.
Marble! thy share is but his dust,
Which holde thou ffaithfully in trust,
Till the Laste Trumpe rive thee in twayn,
And joyn his sundred parts agayn.

J. Ewing.

REVIEWS.

Selections from Nietzsche: Nietzsche as Critic, Philosopher, Poet, and Prophet. Choice selections from his works. Compiled by Thomas Common. Grant Richards.

This handy compendium of the opinions of Nietzsche exactly realises one's idea of the sort of book Job must have had in mind when he wished that his enemy would write one. With the naïve frankness of a whole-hearted admirer, Mr. Common —who chooses the extracts and writes the Introductory notice—puts forward as titles of honour the great Denial and the great Antagonism which have made the name of Nietzsche a terror and a portent to all but the entirely emancipated section of the thinking world. Comparatively few people, not of this section, have read Nietzsche. But everybody has heard of him as the daring prophet of anti-Christ. Those who have read him know how much there is in his writings that is flatly inconsistent with denial of God or hostility to Christ; what vigorous and luminous criticism of contemporary ideals and fallacies, what wealth of stimulating satire, and memorable apothegm and aphorism. They regret the defiant Atheism and the implacable hostility to Christianity; but—connecting these with the defective balance of mind which ended by overthrowing Nietzsche's sanity—they are less concerned to proclaim his aberrations than to unravel the coil of misconceptions and prejudices from which they take their show of plausibility. Apparently, however, Mr. Common sees nothing to regret in Nietzsche's Atheism, and everything to praise in his attitude towards Christ and Christianity. He tells us how, until Nietzsche came to the rescue, all the evolutionists were baffled by the "extraordinary anomaly of Christianity" and its "dominating influence on the moral life of modern civilisation." Darwin, indeed, "had a tolerable conception of the antagonism between rigorous natural selection among human beings and Christian morality." But even Darwin was too much under the spell of the prevalent morality to place it accurately in the scheme of evolution. He "talked round about the subject," but never suspected that

> This very system of prevalent Christian morality, which had foisted itself so surreptitiously upon the human race as to deceive the very elect of the sceptical evolutionists themselves, was nothing but a cunning device evolved for the purpose of enabling an inferior and ignoble class of human beings to maintain themselves in the struggle for existence—a device of the same nature, and serving a similar purpose, as the mimicry and parasitism, by means of which certain ignoble creatures among the lower animals maintain themselves.

These words are Mr. Common's, but they express Nietzsche's sense quite fairly—Nietzsche's own words being only more vivid and more offensive. One of the extracts given in Mr. Common's volume describes, in allegory, the conspiracy of the inferior creatures who manufacture Christian morality. A muttering is heard underground in the "gloomy workshop" where "ideals are fabricated"; listeners above ground report what passes:—

> There is a cautious, insidious, suppressed whispering of people in every nook and corner. They seem to communicate lies to one another; a sugary benignity cleaves to every tone. Weakness is to be falsified into merit. . . . And the impotence which does not retaliate is to be falsified into "goodness," timorous attitudes into "humility," subjection to their own fates into "obedience" (to one who, they say, commands this subjection—they call him God). The inoffensiveness of the weak, their cowardice itself, of which they have ample store, their standing at the door, the unavoidable necessity of their waiting—all these get good names here, such as "patience," it is even called *the* virtue; inability to revenge is called unwillingness to revenge, perhaps even forgiveness. . . . They are undoubtedly wretched, all these mutterers and underground plotters, though squatting warmly beside one another; but they say the wretchedness is God's choosing and the distinction he confers.

And so on. It is a terrible picture, painted as only an enemy can paint. And who shall say that it is not a true picture of a very prevalent, very insidious, and very despicable so-called "morality" of decadent civilisation. Only it is not a picture, not even a caricature of Christianity. Christians know the type well. Churchmen know it very well. Newman denounced it fifty years ago:—

> I know you well,
> Ye are of those who plan that we should dwell
> Each in his tranquil home and holy place:
> Seeing the Word refines all natures rude,
> And tames the stirrings of the multitude.
> And ye have caught some echoes of its lore,
> As, heralded amid the joyous choirs,
> Ye heard it speak of peace, chastised desires,

Goodwill, and mercy—and ye heard no more ;
But as for zeal and quick-eyed sanctity,
And the dread depths of grace, ye pass them by.
And so ye halve the truth ; for ye in heart
At best are doubters whether it be true.

That is precisely the conception of Christianity that Nietzsche has got hold of. An emasculated morality of pale virtues and paler vices, an inconsequent patchwork of half-truths commending themselves only to stultified intellects and unconscious adherents of the Manichean heresy by which all the vital forces of human nature—especially the passion that transforms thought into action and belief into life—is condemned as unmitigated evil. And this base imitation of Christianity, which he mistakes—as many others have mistaken it—for the real thing, he hates as it deserves to be hated. He calls it, indifferently, slave-morality, the morality of decadence, present-day morality, Christian morality. Christians, he says, are as bad as anarchists : they destroy human law and frustrate natural law. They hate everything that has power, everything that is great, creative, vital. They are enemies to life, they glorify death. Their ideals of selfishness, self-denial, and self-sacrifice lead to extinction. Their "sympathy" enervates society by making merit of all forms of weakness and suffering, sin of all healthy and joyous impulses of vigorous virility. But, after all, Nietzsche's misconception of Christianity comes even less near to the truth than that which Newman rebuked. He has heard not an echo, but an echo of an echo of its lore. It is by reading Schopenhauer, not the gospels and epistles—though he has read these also and said ugly things of them—that he has been lashed into his frenzy of hatred against so-called Christian morality. He has described how this came about. More interested to ascertain the "worth" of morality than curious about its origin, he was thrown into an "increasingly deep-sapping scepticism" by the manner in which Schopenhauer "gilded, deified, and ultramundized" the unselfish instincts to such an extent that he came to regard them as "worth in itself." Nietzsche, whose great merit is his wholesome faith in life, and appreciation of all that nourishes a full-blooded vitality, saw in this one-sided exaltation of the unselfish instincts a menace to life itself. And he protested against the type of man that has "got rid of self."

Selflessness has no value either in heaven or on the earth ; the great problems all demand "great love," and it is only the strong all-round, secure spirits, relying firmly on themselves, that are qualified for them. It makes the most material difference whether a thinker stands personally related to his problems, having his fate, his need, and his highest happiness therein ; or impersonally, being only able to grasp them with the tentacles of cold prying thinking.

In other words, the man who has not a strong individuality and a proper value for himself, will love his neighbour in very poor fashion when he "loves him *as* himself." But the most dangerous element of "prevalent morality" is its "sympathy":—

It was precisely here that I perceived the great danger to humanity, its sublimest allurement and seduction—where to, do you think ?—to nothingness. It was precisely here that I perceived the beginning of the end, the will turning itself against life, the last sickness announcing itself tenderly and melancholically.

He distinguishes between "proper" and "improper" sympathy. Having declared that "all those modes of thinking which measure the worth of things according to pleasure or pain" are mere plausible modes of thought, which everyone conscious of creative powers and an artist's conscience will look down upon with scorn though not without sympathy—he pauses upon the word "sympathy" and repeats it as the keynote of an eloquent outburst which is not only magnificent in itself but an admirable expression of the Christian valuation of pain and the Christian application of sympathy or charity.

To be sure, that is not sympathy as you understand it ; it is not sympathy for social "distress," for "society" with its sick and misfortuned, for the hereditarily vicious who lie on the ground around ; still less is it sympathy for the grumbling, vexed, revolutionary slave-classes who strive after power—they call it "freedom." *Our* sympathy is a loftier and further-sighted sympathy : we see how man dwarfs himself, and how *you* dwarf him ! And there are moments in which we view *your* sympathy with an indescribable anguish, when we resist it, when we regard your seriousness as more dangerous than any kind of levity. You want, if possible—and there is not a more foolish "if possible"—to do away with suffering ; and we ? It really seems that we would rather have it increased and made more than it has ever been before.

These are stern sentences and paradoxical, to be spoken in the name of sympathy. But not more stern or paradoxical than the word, in which the Author of the true Christian morality announced that He came to bring not peace but a sword upon the earth, to set fathers against sons, and children against parents, and to lay on men's hearts an ideal not to be satisfied save at the price of hating, if need be, wife and child, yea, and their own flesh also. Not less akin in substance to the substance of Christianity are the passages that follow upon the words just quoted : the praise of suffering as discipline, culminating in a definition of the dual nature in man that has completely the Pauline ring, though Nietzsche hated St. Paul even more than he despised Christ.

In man creature and creator are united ; in man there is not only matter, shard, excess, clay, mire, folly, chaos ; but there is also the creator, the sculptor, the hardness of the hammer, the divinity of the spectator, and the seventh day—do ye understand this contrast ? And (do ye understand) that *your* sympathy for the "creature in man" applies to that which has to be fashioned, bruised, forged, roasted, annealed, refined—to that which must necessarily suffer and is meant to suffer ? And *our* sympathy, do ye not understand what our converse sympathy applies to, when it resists your sympathy as the worst of all pampering and enervation ?

We understand and agree entirely. But Nietzsche evidently did not understand either the mercy of Christ or the teaching of Paul. Himself the most reckless wielder of paradox, he failed to apprehend the perfect use of the same instrument of expression in the Gospels. He is in turn offended with Christ for taking away the infirmities of the people, and with the disciples of Christ for imagining that suffering permitted is quite as often a blessing as suffering relieved. St. Paul said that if Christ had not risen, Christians would be of all men most miserable. Nietzsche denying that Christ rose and affirming that "God is dead" shows convincingly how, given these premises, Christians are not only miserable but despicable. But when he expounds his new hope for the world, rooted in faith in the "Volition" that is power, and the development of the "Overman" who is not any kind of actual man nor yet a vain ideal, we are at a loss to follow him unless we may interpret this "volition" as the will of God dwelling in man, and the "overman" as the new Adam of the incarnation. All that is positive in Nietzsche's teaching ; all that is vital in his faith in life, and the things that tend to life ; all that makes for construction, progress, life and encouragement in his protest against the morality of decadence—depends, for reality, upon belief in some superhuman force not explicitly recognised in his philosophy.

THE SHADOWY WATERS. By W. B. Yeats. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

AT least in the estimation of artists Mr. Yeats has long established his claim to rank among the two or three writers of poetry who count seriously—perhaps among the half dozen, but, at all events, in the first flight. This new book will add very materially to his reputation, perhaps even to his popularity. But until some industrious scholar gives the world a reasonable dictionary or conspectus of the unfamiliar mythologies—the Celtic, the Scandinavian, the Teutonic—every poet who draws on those mythologies must write at a disadvantage. Mr. Yeats has all the courage of his convictions : if the reader does not know who Ængus and Edaine were, so much the worse for the reader : Mr. Yeats will no more stop to explain than would Tennyson have introduced into the "Lotus-Eaters" or "Œnone" a dissertation on the tale of Troy, unless

indeed they can infer the knowledge from a passage like this :—

> Edaine came out of Midher's hill and lay
> Beside young Ængus in a tower of glass,
> Where time is drowned in odour-laden winds,
> And druid moons, and murmuring of boughs,
> And sleepy boughs, and boughs where apples, made
> Of opal and ruby and pale chrysolite,
> Awake unsleeping fires; and wove seven strings,
> Sweet with all music, out of his long hair,
> Because her hands had been made wild with love ;
> When Midher's wife had changed her to a fly,
> He made a harp with druid apple-wood
> That she among her winds might know he wept ;
> And from that hour he has watched over none
> But faithful lovers.

There is no question about the beauty of that passage, nor about the newness of the beauty ; it is not derivative, but a new thing in verse of the English tongue. But the beauty of the poem—which is in form a drama—does not depend on accidental passages ; the idea itself is beautiful, symbolising that age-long desire of the dreamer to transcend "brief longing and deceiving hope and bodily tenderness," and seek imperishable love. On this quest Forgael draws after him the Prince Aibric and his twenty galleys ; and of the galleys one only is left, and on it only Forgael is not weary of the quest. But he holds the harp of Ængus, and with the "low-laughing harp" constrains men and women to his will. Then, out of the mist, in the unknown waters of the north, "beyond the wandering islands of the gods," another sail looms, and Forgael gives orders. His men hide in the shadow of the great square sail, wrought with mystic designs, and hide under the bulwark ; it is wonderful how few touches in the poem and the stage directions give the picture and the strange atmosphere of enchantment.

> Bend lower, lest your battle-axes glimmer.
> The tide narrows between, and one old man
> Nods by the helm, and nearer to the sail
> A woman lies among embroideries.
> Near by, but in the shadow of the sail,
> A boy and girl hold one another's hands ;
> Their hair mingles on some stringed instrument,
> And a string murmurs as though Time were dead,
> Or a god hid them under the shadow of wings.
> Beyond the sail a man with a red crown
> Leans on his elbows, gazing at the sea.

The vessels touch, the men leap aboard and slay; but Forgael stays, waiting only for the pilots of his quest—the souls of the dead, visible to him, that as grey birds speed over the waters to the land of rushing stream where is undying love. The souls of the slain rise, hover, and fly off, and Forgael has no thought but to follow. But the sailors, always hoping to end his quest, bring the captive queen to him, and Forgael, looking on her, knows this is the woman for whom he waits. She is a queen, fierce and proud, sailing in the hope of some great conquest ; she has seen the slaying of her lord ; and she answers Forgael with scorn. But he takes the harp and plays, and a spell falls on the place.

> Woven of the sleep that is in pools
> Among great trees, and in the wings of owls,
> And under lovers' eyelids.

At her waking, all her past life is a dream.

> I have slept long.
> I fought twelve battles dressed in golden armour.
> I have forgot it all.

Yet as she wakens to love, the love that she longs for is the love of earth, bound up with "this poor body that reddens and grows pale," a love that shrinks from

> Darkness and the winds
> That blow where heaven and earth are withering.

But Forgael holds to his quest ; and sooner than leave her lover, Dectora cuts the rope that binds the two galleys, and with him she drifts away to follow the grey birds.

It is all dim and far off, like a picture in tapestry ; remote from human possibility, and yet, like all symbolic mysticism, charged with a human meaning. The way of renunciation is the way of achievement ; and the soul that, grasping at infinity, closes on no finite good, is the man-soul, which, it may be, imposes itself on the woman-soul, or it may be, surrenders, but in any case is the fighter in a fore-ordained conflict of the two natures. Only, in the end, none but the one woman follows the dreamer on his quest.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) A Diary of the Siege of the Legations in Peking. By Nigel Oliphant. With a preface by Andrew Lang. Longmans. 5s.

(2) The Wife of Bath's Tale : its Sources and Analogues. By G. H. Maynadier. Nutt. 6s.

(3) Individuality and the Moral Aim in American Education. By H. Thiselton Mark Longmans. 6s.

(4) Makers of the Nineteenth Century. By Richard A. Armstrong. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

(5) Spring Time in the Basque Mountains. By Arthur Lasenby Liberty. Grant Richards. 12s.

(6) The Story of Books. By Gertrude Burford Rawlings. Newnes. 1s.

(1) Mr. Nigel Oliphant's *Diary of the Siege of the Legations in Peking* does not add very much to the two excellent accounts of the siege we have already noticed, one by the Rev. Roland Allen, the Legation Chaplain, the other in Mr. Landor's "China and the Allies." It differs, however, from both, inasmuch as Mr. Landor's chapters on the subject were only a clever compilation at second hand, and Mr. Allen's account was written from the standpoint of a non-combatant, albeit a very hard-working one. As Mr. Lang reminds us in his characteristic preface, Mr. Oliphant comes of a fighting family ; his name must be already familiar to many readers, as that of one who had done splendid work in the defence, and his modest account of his own doings has thus all the freshness of a personal narrative. The interest of his diary naturally is at its height in the long entry for July 3rd, when he took part in storming the Chinese barricade on the city wall south of the American Legation, and after the leader of the assault, Captain Myers, received his wound, had to take his place. The importance of the sortie was very great, its success converting the defenders' precarious foothold on the wall into a sound and fairly tenable position. The whole attack is well described, from the slightly lugubrious speech with which Capt. Myers prefaced it to its complete success. After fighting from the small hours of the morning and delivering his report to Sir Claude Macdonald, Mr. Oliphant naturally hoped for an afternoon's rest, but first a redoubt in which he was interested needed finishing, and when that was done he noticed that the flag on the gate-tower had been shot down by a stray bullet, and he could not be content till, at the cost of great labour, the pole was unshipped, the flag securely nailed to it, and flag and pole hoisted to their original position. Up to this time the strange joy of fighting had made Mr. Oliphant take the siege light-heartedly enough; two days later the death of his brother, which cast a gloom over the whole garrison, made light-heartedness impossible. As befitted his race, he found his relief in working harder than before, but in less than a week he was himself wounded above the knee, and reduced to the miseries of inaction. His diary, however, was still kept up from the news brought to him day by day, and forms an excellent account of the whole siege and of the events which immediately succeeded the relief.

(2) Mr. Maynadier's monograph on *The Wife of Bath's Tale: its Sources and Analogues*, is a less important contribution to the "Grimm Library" than Miss Weston's study of the Lancelot Legend which we reviewed a fortnight ago. The subject is smaller, and of what little is discoverable previous investigators had already brought the greater part to light. In Chaucer's story the knight who, for his sin, is set to discover what women most desire, sees a fairy dance, which vanishes, leaving behind an old woman, who gives him the right answer

on his promise to grant her the first boon she asks. When he announces to the queen, his judge, that the great desire of women is to have sovereignty as well over husband as lover, he is set free, but the hag claims him in marriage. At night she bids him choose whether to have her, till she die, foul and old, but a humble wife, or young, fair, and wanton. When he leaves the choice to her and thus yields the sovereignty, she unites all the virtues and graces and returns the sovereignty to her lord. Where did this story come from? is Mr. Maynadier's problem. It is found in slightly different form in Gower's "Confessio Amantis," and some of its incidents occur in two other English poems, the "Marriage of Sir Gawaine" and "Dame Ragnell," while resemblances are also found in two later ballads. Following Mr. Nutt and other experts in folk-tales, Mr. Maynadier has no difficulty in showing that the main elements of the story must have come from Ireland, where varying tales of a fairy's assumed ugliness and the sovereignty she bestowed on those who were not affrighted by it, were in existence at the beginning of the eleventh century. In Norse parallels there is no mention of sovereignty, and the ugliness which tries the hero is the result of an enchantment which only he can dispel. In French romances we read occasionally of a loathly lady who was "quant ele vouloit, une de plus beles damoiseles de monde," but the resemblance to Chaucer's tale is never close. On the whole, therefore, it seems certain that the Irish stories, while they themselves passed into Icelandic, French, and German romance, must have come to England direct, and Mr. Maynadier discusses learnedly by which of two possible ways they were more probably transmitted. It is evident, however, that the Irish original was partly misunderstood, partly deliberately modified ere it reached Chaucer, and we cannot quite resist the feeling that Mr. Maynadier's dissertation, despite a certain parade of elaboration, resembles many a modern pedigree, with a fine ancestor at the beginning and a prosperous descendant at the end, but with gaps between them which sadly need filling in. His monograph has the merit of clearing the ground of the Norse, French, and German parallels, but how the legend developed on English soil has yet to be discovered.

(3) Mr. H. Thiselton Mark, of the Day Training College, Manchester, having been granted a furlough by the Council of Owens College and a scholarship by the Gilchrist Trustees, spent some weeks in America visiting the State schools there and studying their system of education. He has embodied the results of his investigations in a little volume called *Individuality and the Moral Aim in American Education*, which shows that he made excellent use of his opportunities, though, as he himself owns, his methods of study must have placed rather a strain upon the teachers whom he laid under contribution for information. "My report," he says, "is mainly the result of written notes of conversations taken down as the talk was proceeding, and embodies a fairly representative series of answers to the questions: What is it that you personally are aiming at with regard to the children or students in this school or college? and How are you seeking to accomplish it?" The impression made on Mr. Mark is the very favourable one that to the American educationalist the end in view is the progress of the nation, the method used to produce this being the training of the man rather than of the mechanic—the cultivation of the humanity in the child rather than the development of his commercial capacities. Incidentally, Mr. Mark gives many practical details of the organisation of American schools. He is especially struck with the position of the "superintendent," an official of whom we have no English counterpart. The superintendent may be a man or a woman (some of the most successful superintendents are women), and he seems to combine the duties of manager, inspector, and teacher. He has to appoint the teachers, instruct them in their duties, hold teachers' meetings, inspect their work, provide them with social amusements, and generally supervise their lives, and all this in addition to the ordinary administrative work of the school. Thus the whole life of the American State school depends on the individuality of its superintendent, which stimulates the teachers, and helps them to stimulate their pupils. Another interesting point brought out in the report is the tendency of the American educator to go back to a method of teaching from which on our side of the water we rather pride ourselves on having escaped. Fifty years ago each child learnt a certain portion of a book by heart, and repeated it to the teacher, who very likely knew but little more about the subject than his pupil. A violent reaction followed, and then the teacher "got up" the subject and repeated it to the child. Thus class teaching took more and more the form of lecturing, and very little time was given to questioning or to ascertaining what benefit resulted to each child from the lesson. The general effect of this lecturing system was to produce monotony and the suppression of individuality in the pupil. The "new educators" in America have discovered that neither one method nor the other is satisfactory when applied by itself, and they now divide large classes into "sections," thus enabling the teacher to occupy himself in giving an oral lesson to one section, whilst another is learning self-help and concentration by finding out things for themselves or doing written work in the same room. The system as detailed in Mr. Mark's book deserves to be studied by all those interested in educational methods.

(4) The standpoint from which Mr. Armstrong's lectures on *Makers of the Nineteenth Century* are written is sufficiently indicated by the fact that they were delivered from the pulpit of the Hope Street Church, Liverpool, of which James Martineau was once the minister. We pay Mr. Armstrong the compliment which he will most appreciate in saying that these addresses show that he is a worthy follower in the footsteps of so notable a predecessor. Whether he is writing of Bradlaugh or Cardinal Newman, of Ibsen or Mazzini, of Gladstone or Matthew Arnold, he endeavours, and with general success, to bring out the secret which gave them influence, and if he has to apply his own Unitarian plummet to measure their work, he uses it with no lack of appreciation. We often do not agree with his criticisms, but studies so sympathetic and clear-headed command our respect.

(5) Mr. Liberty's *Spring Time in the Basque Mountains*, is crowded with pretty illustrations, some of them from photographs, others from sketches made by himself or by members of his party. It appears from a prefatory letter that the pictures are the originating cause of the portly volume in which they now appear, the author having bargained with the chief photographer that if she would be content with a kodak instead of a full-sized camera, he would write some text to accompany her photographs. The promise has been fulfilled by the revision of the letters which Mr. Liberty wrote to his parents at home, increased by a little padding made up of extracts from guide-books and other easily accessible sources of information. They are pleasant enough letters of their kind, perhaps as good as a not very imaginative tourist, on a holiday with his wife, his sister, and a lady friend, could be expected to write. It is inevitable that the conscientious reviewer who has read page after page in the vain hope that some small adventure, some original touch would reward his assiduity, should regret rather bitterly that the book has been published instead of being confined, as was at first intended, to a merely private circulation. But the pictures are pretty enough to offer some consolation to anyone into whose hands it may fall, and Mr. Liberty's small talk is harmless though far from amusing.

(6) *The Story of Books*, by Miss Gertrude Rawlings, may be warmly recommended as a skilful compilation from Mr. Madan's "Books in Manuscript," Mr. Duff's "Early Printed Books," some British Museum publications, and other trustworthy sources. Save for a mistranslation of a Latin rhyme and a mistake in a Latin case we have noticed no errors, and the little book is written with a precision and an absence of gush in pleasant contrast to the style of many much more pretentious works. The delight of finding a long manuscript note in the British Museum copy has led Miss Rawlings to write rather more fully than was necessary on O'Kearney's

Irish Catechism of 1571, but as a rule she shows an excellent sense of proportion. We have no hesitation in saying that her shilling primer offers the best elementary account of the history of manuscripts and early printing which has yet been written, and anyone who wishes to know a little about these subjects, without making them a hobby, will find in it all the information he needs.

FICTION.

The Making of Christopher Ferringham. By Beulah Marie Dix. Macmillan. 6s.—In this story Miss Dix has essayed a double task. She has undertaken to trace the stages in the upbuilding of a man's character, and incidentally to depict the severe and straightened New England life in which the time of probation is passed. On the whole she has been more successful in her portrayal of the conditions than in her main study. Christopher Ferringham, the reckless young Royalist bred up in the lawlessness of the Civil War, is a vital figure, with fine qualities of courage and generosity underlying his swaggering vices, and he proves real enough both in his earlier dare-devilry and his final heroism. Unfortunately, the author has missed an intervening link, and does not convince us that "the Kestrel" did indeed make so sharp a break with his old self. This shortcoming is connected with Miss Dix's failure to individualise Nan Calderwood, who is merely the conventional, scornful heroine, destined from the first page to love the man she flouts. Despite these reservations the book is a fine piece of work. The thrifty, godly little village of Meadowcreek becomes very real to us, and the scenes of Christopher's penance in the stocks and his long misery while working out his debts as a bond-servant bite with an edge of actuality. Indeed, the realism of the style is throughout admirable, though always lacking in beauty. Christopher's final test in the Barbadoes and his capture of the pirate ship —in which he turns to good use the seamanship learned among reprobate Royalist comrades—form an exciting close to a story which up to that point moves slowly. Miss Dix is strongly in sympathy with the Puritan influences which reform her hero; nevertheless, she shows Puritanism entirely in its negative aspect, missing its compensating fervours. Hence it comes that while displaying a proper and perhaps over-emphasised horror of Cavalier vices (the author of "Hugh Gwyeth" must have suffered conversion) she quite fails to convince us that life in the Royalist camp and in Prince Rupert's fleet mustneeds teach only vice. And, ironically enough, a very dissolute Cavalier, introduced as a warning to the hero, who dies raving of old fights in the tropic stillness, and is buried with his tattered Royalist flag on his breast, is the one heart-stirring thing in a book which, despite many excellences, leaves the reader cold.

My Lady of Orange. By H. C. Bailey. Longmans. 6s.—Spain against the Netherlands; Man against Time; Iron against God; whose are the odds?" The words spoken by William of Orange strike the keynote of Mr. H. C. Bailey's stirring romance. John Newstead, an English soldier of fortune, quarrels with Alva, under whom he has served, and chiefly in resentment transfers his services to the Prince of Orange at a time when the hopes of the Netherlands are at their lowest ebb. Thenceforward we trace the transforming influence of the good cause espoused from motives so little noble, and though John Newstead does not spend time in self-analysis, he makes clear, if only half-conscious, confession of the change wrought in him, though to the end he is soldier and no saint. His love for Gabrielle, daughter of the idealist, Van Trond, herself a lofty and lovable character, helps in the work. "The love I put highest is the love that makes a man do," he says, and he is spurred in part at least by love in his endeavours to save the town of Brenthe, besieged by Alva. In this he succeeds, though by questionable means which he is astonished to find considered questionable, and there follows the Spanish siege of Alkmaar, almost the turning point of the long struggle. The part which Newstead plays in the relief is an all-important and yet no unlikely one, and with this exploit the story ends, crowned with Gabrielle's love and the Prince's grateful word. The romance is a slight one compared with Mr. Haggard's novel of the same period, but it has the charm of singular directness and swiftness of movement and a true pulse of life.

Her Mountain Lover. By Hamlin Garland. Heinemann. The Dollar Library. 4s.—Mr. Garland, who is known as an almost cruel realist in his studies of the Middle West, has here allowed himself the freedom of the garish scene-painter. Jim Matteson is more suggestive of the Wild West Show than of the West itself, and the over emphasis upon the slang and manners of the mining camp which he exhibits in London and at English country houses makes of him a comic, not a romantic figure. Jim's experiences in locating his mine and heart make up the interest of the book. The respective values of the Anglicised Irish and the American girl are meant to correspond to the mimic camping out on the English moor and the reality of the Grizzly Bear Trail. But the Irish Mary, in her emotional complexities, has a suggestion of individuality, while Bessie is bnt the typical woman awaiting the return of the eternally errant heart of man. With a true fissure vein struck, the mine sold and Bessie won, we leave Jim in the high mountains uttering the characteristic boast, "I guess the Almighty wrote some of his finest poetry right here."

Parlous Times. By David Dwight Wells. Heinemann. The Dollar Library. 4s.—Mr. Heinemann must have been indulging in a joke at the expense of his English readers when he included *Parlous Times* in his gravely heralded library of representative American fiction. This astounding medley of marriages, mock-marriages, and incredible diplomacy located in a wildly improbable English country house is cheerfully guileless of characterisation and style, and does not even succeed in being as entertaining as its absurdity would warrant. Let us trust that in Mr. Heinemann's series it represents the exception.

NOTICES.

We have to acknowledge the following :—

Sketches of Magdalen College, Oxford. By Edwin Glasgow. J. M. Dent and Co. 6s.—This volume contains about thirty full page reproductions from pen-and-ink drawings of various views in and about Magdalen College. There is a short chapter on the architectural history of the College, which is merely a summary of the dates and descriptions of the additions to the buildings, and does not pretend to originality. The drawings themselves are pleasing, and the book will be welcomed by Magdalen men as a pleasant memento of their 'varsity days.

A Prose Poet of Childhood.—An extremely tasteful reprint of some passages from the "Levana" of Jean Paul Richter. Passages and remarks bearing on childhood and the care and cultivation of child life have been selected by K. B. Sherman with much tact and discrimination. The book is printed by Sydney C. Mayle, and is published at 1s.

The Book of Asparagus (by Charles Hott, F.R.H.S. John Lane. 2s. 6d.) is a concise but apparently comprehensive monograph on the asparagus plants, with additional chapters on the cultivation of celery and seakale. Every point, from the selection of soil to the treatment of parasites, is carefully dealt with, and the book should prove extremely useful to scientific gardeners. It forms Vol. I. of Mr. Lane's "Handbooks of Practical Gardening."

We have also received *George Whitehead.* By William Beck. Headley Bros. 2s. 6d.—*Twelve Lessons.* By Six Members of Adult Schools. Headley Bros. 1s.—*Life of Edward VII.* By Eleanor Bully. Wells, Gardner and Co. 1s.—*Light from the Cross.* By Rev. Jesse Brett, L.Th. Church Printing Company. 1s.—*The Society of Friends.* By J. E. Rowntree. Headley Bros. 1s. 6d. Second Edition. *Playing at Botany.* By Phœbe Allen. Wells, Gardner and Co. 3s. 6d. Second edition.—*Beyond These Voices.* By Mr. Egerton Eastwick. Burns and Oates, Limited. 5s.—*Desmonde, M.D.* By Henry W. French. Fisher Unwin. 5s.—*The Conquest of London.* By Dorothea Gerard. Methuen and Co. 6d.—*Ira Lorraine.* By Coralie Fevez. Greening and Co. 6s.—*The Manse Gale.* By Tubal Cain. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co. 6s.

MAGAZINES.

THE most important article in the *Nineteenth Century and After* is Mr. Greenwood's "The Missionaries and the Empire." The problem stated in it is likely to meet us at every turn when order once more "reigns" in China, and its solution is laden with difficulty. It may seem that this is an exaggeration—that as missionaries who choose to take their lives in their hands cannot be prevented from doing so, it has only to be made plain to them that they are acting on their own responsibility and at their own risk, and that if they are killed England will not exact compensation from the Chinese Government. This is an easy rule to lay down, but it would be very difficult to follow it. We have treaties with China which assure protection and privilege to British subjects. Are we to consent to the introduction of an express stipulation that these advantages shall not extend to missionaries? It is easy to imagine the handle which such a clause would give to the opponents of any Government. To protect the importer of opium, while leaving to his fate the man who brings the Gospel, is a course which a Government would be very loth to take, however convinced it might be that it was in principle the right one. Yet if we go on assuring missionaries of proper treatment, and exacting compensation when it is denied them, how does this differ from introducing Christianity at the point of the bayonet? We know that in certain districts some missionaries will sooner or later be murdered, and yet we allow them to go there and undertake to avenge their deaths. Mr. Greenwood has no solution to offer. He only appeals to the good sense of the missionary organisations not to send missionaries where the Boxer movement is threatening, and, above all, not to send women or to allow children to be taken there. Professor Mahaffy has an article on the "Romanisation of Ireland," which should be read by every intelligent Irish Roman Catholic. The process is a natural one, and we do not share the Professor's dislike of it. But, like other natural processes, it has its characteristic dangers, and if these are to be guarded against it can only be by the help of Roman Catholics. Dr. Anderson restates his views on the "Punishment of Crime," and answers—very conclusively—some of the criticisms passed on the article on the same subject which he contributed to the February number.

In the *New Liberal Review* Dr. Tyrrell writes very temperately on "A Roman Catholic University for Ireland." He wishes the University of Dublin to be the national university, and he is willing to "take any step which, without lowering the standard of education or substituting nomination for competition, may bring about this end." That this is a general feeling in the university is shown by the request addressed to the Board of Trinity College, by twenty-two out of the twenty-five Junior Fellows, to intimate publicly and officially to the heads of the Roman Catholic Church their readiness to provide facilities for the religious instruction of Roman Catholic students and the supervision of their religious observances by clergymen of their own Church. We heartily wish that this could be done. We should like to see a Roman Catholic Theological Faculty existing side by side with the existing faculty, a Roman Catholic College Chapel built within the walls of Trinity for the worship of Roman Catholic students, and in certain subjects where freedom from religious preconceptions is, as yet at all events, unattainable, a system of double chairs. But the reply of the Board seems to show that this ideal is at present unattainable, and for that reason we desire the establishment of a Roman Catholic University in Ireland as a less evil than the continuance of the present system. All education is good, and we would rather see Irishmen educated in a Roman Catholic University, even if the educational standard was inferior to that of Dublin, than not sent to a university at all. What we have to consider is not what we think best for Irish Roman Catholics, but what Irish Roman Catholics think best for themselves.

The *Anglo-Saxon Review* for the June quarter is well up to its usual standard. In an article on "the next Government," Mr. H. W. Massingham takes a prospective view of what he thinks a likely development in our national affairs. He accuses the present Government of a most unbusiness-like neglect of the profitable portions of the empire, and with a busy cultivation of and heavy expenditure upon the unprofitable. Our recent activities on the East and West coasts of Africa, where we have been breaking up native society and (so far) leaving little room for anything better in its place, and our heavy expenditure on the Soudan, which will probably never "pay" in the commercial sense of the word, make the foreground of Mr. Massingham's rather gloomy picture. He sees little prospect of the Liberal party being ready to take the reins of Government when the present Ministry shall fail; and, with the Aberdeen Ministry of 1853 in his mind, Mr. Massingham looks forward to a "Coalition" Cabinet with Lord Rosebery in command of the "weak Liberal wing." His article is hardly bracing, but it is a thoughtful study of a somewhat ominous situation. Among the many other articles in the *Review* may be mentioned one on "Electricity and Empire," by Sir Edward Sassoon, in which a strong plea is put forward for a complete system of all-British cables throughout the Empire, a chapter on Smollett by Mr. Andrew Lang, and an entertaining study of the developments and vagaries of the chief English newspapers by Mr. Edwin Sharpe Grew. The binding of this number is unusually sumptuous, being a reproduction in soft white leather of one in the library of Trinity College, Oxford. This binding, which covers a copy of a work by Theophylactus, was made for Henry VIII., and is heavily tooled in gold and blind and decorated with coats of arms.

Mr. Ambrose Pratt, for some years solicitor to a "Push" in Sydney, publishes in *Blackwood* the information concerning Push laws, habits, objects, organisations, crimes, methods, and ambitions which he acquired while he held that position. Some ten years ago the daring of the larrikins who are leagued together in "Pushes" grew so excessive as to provoke society to take drastic measures for their suppression. Repression rather than suppression has, however, been the result, and their comparatively recent discovery of the full extent of their numerical civil power exercised unitedly has made them formidable in a new direction. Able as they now are to influence the elections, it is probable that before very long they, the most lawless of the people will find themselves in a position to return their own representatives. In Mr. Pratt's opinion, the "masterly simplicity" of Push organisation leaves only one point open to attack, but it is one an attack on which might free Australia from her terrible bugbear. The Rev. Archibald Douglas, the "Gentleman from Scotland," whose adventures, so far as they are known, are chronicled by Mr. Lang, unites more different kinds of scoundrelism in his one person than are often included in mere man. "A study on the ways and dispositions of the London Irish" is an interesting paper which closes with the remark that dearly as the voluntary exiles "love playing at revolutionaries," they are careful not to overdo the jest and are distinctly not a white peril, as they are sometimes held to be. The writer of the Musings protests in no very gentle terms against the new cult—the cult of the millionaire. The new heroism, he says, is the heroism of money bags, and the Bayard of the future appears to be the millionaire who tears across the Atlantic to attend a dinner. Of the parlous state of the millionaire himself he draws a dismal picture, and one which, he says, would almost arouse pity, did not the conscious arrogance of the millionaire himself "make pity absurd."

The thoughts of the Editor in his easy-chair in *Harper's* have also been attracted towards the millionaire, whom he is inclined to regard with more leniency than is the writer in *Blackwood*. His paper is chiefly a semi-ironical plea in extenuation of the charge that the doors of the multi-millionaire are barred through stupid vanity or pure insolence against what Jane Austen terms "the best society." He himself would rather attribute the absence of that society in part to the millionaire's ignorance, and in part to the boredom

experienced by genius when it occasionally finds itself within the exclusive doors. Several causes for this boredom are suggested and discussed in Mr. Howell's happiest vein, and his reflections close with some delightful words of comfort for the representatives of achievement who have been made sore by the thought that the very rich do not want them. The fiction for the month is good, and includes several excellent short stories. An interesting article describes the Buddhist discovery of America. Some clever reproductions in colour illustrate "Newport in Summer." Mr. Belin's "A Southern View of the Negro Problem" is more than a little interesting. The writer believes the institution of negro slavery to have been not only the safeguard of the white race but the salvation of the negro race as well—the only humane and practical way ever discovered of bearing the white man's burden. He contends that "the negro is not a white man with a black skin, and no degree of culture, no amount of education can make him one . . . The distinctive difference is a difference of moral constitution." The people of the Old South appreciated the negro's virtues and overlooked his failings. The rising generation declines to look on him so indulgently, while the negro of the present day compares unfavourably with his enslaved kinsman of former days: he is a standing menace to society and a perpetual peril to the peace of the community in which he lives. For these and other reasons Mr. Belin holds that "the twentieth century will not be very far advanced before the choice is presented to the negro of expulsion or servitude." Mr. Hugh Clifford's "The King of the Sedangs," is Marie David de Mayréna, Comte de Ray, a fascinating figure who ought to have lived in pure romance instead of real life. Mr. Ready's "The Parting of the Ways" discusses the question whether "a lad can be trained to become an able man as well by mathematics and science as he can by Latin and Greek," and answers it in the negative.

Miss Fallow's article in the *Century* on "Working one's way through Women's Colleges" is no less interesting than that on "Working one's way through Men's Colleges," which appeared last month. In some respects, chiefly social, the self-supporting girl's lot at college is better than the self-supporting man's, but her labour would seem to be less in request and less remunerated than his, and it is admitted that she who survives the overstrain of her college years without feeling its effect for the rest of her life must be of more than usually strong physique. "Impostors among Animals," illustrated by photographs taken by the writer, is a fascinating and curious chapter of natural history. Miss Merritt has a pretty description of a garden, which concludes with a quaint code of excuses for working in the garden at any and every time. The escape of four Royalist prisoners in 1894 from the Chateau de Joux is told from the manuscript of one of them under the editorship of a descendant. The magazine for the month forms the Summer Fiction Number, and several excellent short stories are added to the usual contents.

If a long life always contained reminiscences as varied, vivid, and interesting as the "Notes of an Octogenarian" (*Cornhill*), the question of its desirability could perhaps be solved. Miss Louisa Courtenay's memory carries her back to the days when King's Road, Chelsea, was made up of orchards on either hand, and stately villas of Queen Anne's time, when Kensington and Chelsea were places for summer holiday enjoyment, when it was not etiquette to make use of the twopenny post for private letters. Among the people recalled in the "Notes" are Sir Charles and Lady Morgan, the Miss Berrys—the epitaph Miss Mary Berry composed on herself Miss Courtenay does not appear to consider more veracious than epitaphs are apt to be—those of Southey, Wordsworth, the Kembles, and many others.

In *Longman's Magazine* Mr. Walter Herries Pollock tells a tantalising ghost story of which the climax and clue are still unknown, even to the narrator. Miss M. E. Francis brings her novel, "Fyander's Widow," to a delightful and unexpectedly humorous close, and a new serial, "The Gold Stealers," is begun.

"A By-way of the Boer War" (*Temple Bar*) describes a regular's impressions while temporarily attached to Captain von Steinaecker's corps—popularly known as "Stannicker's 'Orse"—while on its way up the Selati river in pursuit of a Boer convoy. The expedition filled a week's time, and this, the first of the papers concerning it, covers the first two days, and includes an account of a lively skirmish. The supernatural in India, both in reference to sport and to everyday life, is treated in an interesting paper, which tells, among other incidents, of a tiger hunt in the company of a charm seller, who not only led the hunters to the vicinity of game, but apparently hypnotised the animals into standing still to be shot.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

EDUCATION: ELEMENTARY AND SECONDARY.

SIR,—The Government have exhibited a curious tenacity to their general education scheme at the moment of again postponing legislation on the subject. Their excuse this time is that a sudden exposure of their own carelessness in guarding the existing law from abuse has necessitated the interruption of their work for a temporary stop-gap to mischief so caused.

They might have had ample time to secure the whole amended measure if they had used the vacant hours of the House of Lords, where it would have been best discussed on its own merits, and under the conduct of the Minister of Education. They now discover that as a financial measure its introduction was due to the House of Commons; its financial bearing being simply in the way of rescue from financial waste, and of throwing the further cost of secondary education properly on self-support.

The legislative work really on hand is realising primary education in its true and complete intention, and carrying on provision for skilled instruction to follow it consecutively. When the work of national edueation was first taken up by the legislature in way of subsidy to what voluntary societies found growing rapidly beyond their means, the express intention was to give the children of industry elementary training in formation of character and intelligent use of faculties. Theorists and employers of labour both rushed to the opening opportunity, the one for grand educational schemes, and the other for ready commercial profit. Theorists were eager for a step towards a State educational system, employers grasped at immediate means of competition with the markets of the world. Neither could wait for the slow work of sound foundation. The higher aim was sought as part of the preparatory process. Elementary education was to include applied apprenticeship. Consequently crams of knowledge were substituted for training of faculties.

We see the result in "continuation schools" confessing the Sisyphean task of beginning again evanescent teaching. "Evening classes" rely on the special strength in workmen's children to give to learning what labour may leave unexhausted and food and sleep not require.

Such are the gaunt skeletons of futile attempts to get secondary instruction anticipated in elementary education.

The surcharge of the Auditor and sentence of the Judge have exposed the true limits of elementary education which the Government have carelessly allowed to be overlooked, which the law from the first distinctly recognised, and which common sense cannot ignore.

No rigid line can be drawn between primary and secondary education, but the one must be thorough to be the safe basis for the other.

Elementary and Secondary schools cannot, in fact, be the same thing. The age of the pupils in each must be different. The localities, and the nature, of the schools must differ. Children enough cannot be found in smaller aggregations of population than towns to constitute a secondary school; and for the greater part they must provide board and lodging.

The cost of secondary instruction cannot be charged on public rates without degradation of the independent spirit of the nation. That well-to-do tradesmen and manufacturers should have their sons apprenticed to lucrative employments at public cost would be an abandonment of this self-administrative spirit which I recollect Mr. Cobden saying his tour on the Continent showed him to be the secret of our natural superiority.

To make the State the Educator of the nation in *loco parentum* is the object of the opponents of the Government Bill. Continental systems are held out as our model, and competition with foreign markets falsely assumed as the prize to be only so gained.

What is called gratuitous education (*i.e.*, paid for by all) has proved to have been carried too far already for elementary schools, and is resented by the higher-spirited poor; but, assuredly, in matter of scientific instruction no public aid beyond that of general organisation, and inspection, can safely be given except in way of free scholarships for exceptionally clever children of parents too poor to give scope to such natural qualification.

The great mass of every nation must pass from school to manual labour. The theorists cannot imagine that this common line of life, honestly and intelligently followed, is as honourable as any other; and, perhaps, even more conducive to the highest destiny of all.

The Government, fortunately, though in a way unfortunate, have, at least, in their temporary measure shown their wish that elementary education shall be real and thorough for all, and that secondary instruction shall be accessible to all who follow on to it, aided only by the State so far as requisite for what is already largely set on foot by private and municipal enterprise.

35, Eaton Place, July 10th. NORTON.

CAN LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

SIR,—There is occasionally an element of the serious even in the airiest and most *evaporés* discussions. I shall not dispute with Mr. Nutt as to whether my appreciation of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" would be enhanced by reading Mr. Gollancz's delightful introduction to that drama. I originally took the play "neat," at the age of five or six, and I doubt whether the magic pen of Mr. Gollancz could have added to my enjoyment of Shakespeare. But why play the hypocrite? I myself, urged like Dr. Johnson by necessity, have actually published an essay on the "Midsummer Night's Dream." Possibly it was read by some persons of culture who never read the play, for it appeared in a magazine, with pictures. At all events, as a child I was fond of the play. But suppose that my parents, or other seniors, had taken Mr. Nutt's advice: "Make the child understand that the literary work is no freak, but the outcome of a mass of social, political, religious, and economic conditions," and eleven more lines to the same effect. Conceive a child who has a fairy play in his hands, and is told that the play is "the outcome of a mass!" That day, and perhaps for ever, the child will read no more. Mr. Nutt overstrains the abundant humour of education. Let us be serious, The practical question is whether a school at Oxford which only young women seem to frequent is a school worth keeping. That a school of philology of the mediæval Teutonic and other post-classical languages is worth keeping, that a school of the Celtic languages is worth instituting, I suppose we are all agreed. But should any such school be mixed up with modern literature? At present it is clear that the men do not care to go into such a mixed school. Oxford is not a glorified Miss Pinkerton's seminary.

1, Marloes Road, W. A. LANG.
July 6th.

SIR,—The subject of the teaching of English literature in schools is so important that I hope I need make no apology for saying one more word about it, in reply to my friends and masters, Mr. Lang and Canon Ainger. If I seem to have entered into controversy with unjustifiable vehemence, my excuse must be that I have had the question at heart ever since I left college, and have done my best to get the subject better taught. By "teaching literature" I mean conveying to one's pupils as much as the teacher can of his own appreciation of the piece of literature before him, especially by stimulating their attention to what would else escape their notice. For the teacher to be able to do this it is obvious that there must be some æsthetic sense for him to appeal to, and it is as to the distribution of this æsthetic sense that I find myself at variance both with Mr. Lang and with Canon Ainger. I think they argue too much from their own personal experiences. Men of letters of their degree of excellence are, no doubt, born, and not made, and I would submit that the taste for literature which distinguished their early years, and came to them without tutors, was of the intensity they describe because it was "a prologue to the omen coming on." But because genius can teach itself, it does not follow that a more ordinary sense may not lie undeveloped for lack of nurture. I do not, as Canon Ainger says, confide "in the ability of the teacher to create a taste for what is excellent where Nature has not so willed." I only say with the great Duke of Wellington that "habit is ten natures"; and that a teacher who will appeal to the æsthetic sense in his pupils will generally find that it reacts upon his stimulus. Of course, it is implied that the pupils are young. I am quite of Mr. Lang's opinion that the popular liking for the baser sorts of literature cannot be cured by reviewing; and of Canon Ainger's, that lectures are wasted upon those who have not training enough to profit by them. But I firmly believe that it is not incurable vice in popular taste that sends bad books into editions of a hundred thousand, but defect in early training; where, of course, home training necessarily counts for more than school training. I am sure, however, that school training might do more than it has done hitherto if the subject were encouraged and the right sort of teachers undertook it and the Oxford and Cambridge local and London matriculation examinations were a little more judicious. The stumbling blocks are many, but they are all forms of cram. Sometimes what is crammed is philology, sometimes it is æsthetic criticism. If I had my way, neither Mr. Aldis Wright's annotations to Shakespeare nor Professor Dowden's shilling primer should be sold to anyone of a more impressionable age than twenty. Professor Dowden, being one day in an imaginative mood, divided Shakespeare's career into four periods, and gave them fanciful names—"In the workshop," "in the world," "out of the depths," and "on the heights," and now little children who do not know a single play of Shakespeare as it ought to be known will tell you that the "Merchant of Venice" belongs to Shakespeare's "third period," or that he wrote "A Winter's Tale" "in the workshop," and the "Merry Wives of Windsor" "on the heights." Everything, then, depends on the banishment of cram and the competence of teachers. I have again and again heard boys acknowledge the debt they owed to the teaching of this and that master. I have heard a boy say, "I did not know what a play of Shakespeare meant till I read it with So-and-So." Does not such a confession prove that literature *can* be taught? H. C. BEECHING.

July 8th, 1901.

THE ANGLO-ROMAN PASTORAL.

SIR,—The English mind dislikes what seems to it quibbling, and gravitates by a natural affinity to the view of the man in the street. Estimable, however, as he may be in private life, and competent in practical matters—business, politics, etc.—in dealing with ideas the man in the street is out of his element, and invariably in the wrong. It is easy to see in the critics of the Joint Pastoral no more than "irresponsible individuals." The bishops, no doubt, take their own words in their obvious meaning; and the average English Catholic will not thank Mr. Ward for his comments on that production, comments which he neither requires nor understands. So, to take an instance from modern Church history, in the case of Tract 90. The bishops, to a man, charged against it; the common sense, as it would have described itself, of the nation rejected it; if the Anglican Episcopate, approved by the people at large, could not be regarded as an adequate and accredited exponent of the Anglican position, "surely," E. F. G. might have argued, "it is not worth one's while to listen to what irresponsible individuals may have to say by way of amendment."

But there is an inner logic of things which takes its way, making very small account of the man in the street: this was on the side of the Tract rather than on that of the bishops; and it is to this that we must look—not to numbers, to authority, to the obvious—if we would gauge the value and forecast the course of ideas. The Liberals are in a minority, the Illiberals in a majority—granted. But this need neither trouble the former nor rejoice the latter. For, on the one hand, this minority is not so small as, in the present confusion of opinion on the questions at issue, it appears to be; and, on the other, there is no more hopeful position than that of a minority which has an imperious mental necessity and the interior movement of the time spirit on its side. A. F.

THE KING'S ACCESSION DECLARATION.

SIR,—Might it not be urged that no Declaration is really necessary? By the terms of the Bill of Rights (1 William and Mary, 1688, chap. ii.) no Papist can possibly sit upon the Throne of England. There is, therefore, ample statutory provision to secure what the bulk of the nation desired in 1688, and what presumably the bulk of the nation would desire now. The age of tests of this sort has passed away, and it is not reasonable to assume that any possible King of England would not, like an honest gentleman, regard solemn statutory obligations.

The Declaration, as amended, deals with a metaphysical definition of a great Christian mystery, and the position and use of the Saints in the economy of the Church, matters full of difficulty when you come to the stage of definition with a view to assent or dissent. It is hurtful to religion and to all reverent minds to have these solemn matters brought into violent controversy.

But if a Declaration is necessary, would it not be sufficient that the King should subscribe to the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles, and declare that he will protect this Church of England against any foreign domination or jurisdiction? or, that he is a member of the Church of England as by law established, and will protect her rights and liberties? If I mistake not, it is a Declaration of this sort which the King takes in regard to the Established Kirk of Scotland, and he is not asked to assent to the Westminster Confession, nor to express his abhorrence of what the Westminster Confession may be held to repudiate. Moreover, who can define "the Protestant religion"? In 1688 it would have been a comparatively easy matter. To-day it may mean anything. I have been seeking to find a definition for thirty years, and I have not yet succeeded. X.

ARMY AND NAVY.

SIR,—I have read with appreciation and almost complete agreement your article of Saturday week. The apathy of the Government and ignorance of the nation have let slip a splendid opportunity of military reform. If a virtue can be

carried to excess, that virtue is exemplified by the admirable patience with which the country is preparing to pay a tremendous bill for a project in which it has, at best, a very halting faith. But there are many signs that that patience is reaching its limits, as a clear perception grows of the futility of the present scheme.

The average Briton is sick and tired of military makeshifts and experiments, and sighs for the bed rock of ascertained security. He knows the immense resources of the Empire, and recognises, with a mingled sense of shame and bewilderment, the ludicrous disproportion of its actual to its potential strength. In the maze of uncertainties and sanguine suppositions he sees one clear if difficult path, one answer to our perplexities, one obvious solution of the problem of recruiting, in the manful acceptance of universal service.

There is a general belief that compulsory service must come sooner or later, and the thoughtful citizen prays that it may come sooner, for later may be too late to save the Empire. If we contrast a national militia raised by a mild form of universal compulsory service, with the complicated, expensive, and most unsatisfactory jumble of "auxiliary forces," for the most part barely semi-trained, which is all that lies at present behind our regular army, we shall see that, without bearing hardly on the country or seriously hampering trades and industries, it would provide us with a home-grown force, available for home service during peace, and service wherever wanted during war, of such numbers that we could well afford to reduce them to a practical limit by keeping a very high standard of physical selection.

One year's continuous service, between the ages of nineteen and twenty-five, with, say, five subsequent periods of a fortnight each, would provide a military training much more ample in the aggregate of weeks, and much more valuable because continuous for one year, than the average total training of the present composite reserve forces, even under the new scheme. I am unable, sir, to accept your statement that "conscription would not do away with the necessity of paying higher wages." The compulsory armies of the Continent are practically unpaid, and there seems to be no adequate reason why a similar army here should receive other than very small pay, save, perhaps, for some provision during the year's service in the case of dependent relatives. The regular army must, of course, in any case be maintained, and higher pay than the present would doubtless be found necessary to attract recruits by voluntary enlistment from the national militia. The Navy, as far as its recruits are concerned, would probably require no compulsion, because, taken at an earlier age than the soldier, they would naturally escape military service.

It is significant, as the result of modified military instruction, that compulsory service has no more fervent advocates than are to be found, and in large numbers, amongst the volunteers.

E. P. W.

QUOTATIONS FROM SCRIPTURE.

SIR,—There must be many people who would be mortified to learn that they were either Puritans or Pedants, and that they cannot be such seems to them probable from the fact that they are the sort of people who take great delight in THE PILOT.

Many of them, I feel sure, try to act on the rule of never quoting Holy Scripture except for a religious end—a rule in which they think they see a combination of religious principle and refined literary taste. They are pained, but not in the least puzzled, when they find writers in the daily press spicing their productions with Scriptural reference and quotation. They know well how insidious the disease is—schoolboys, undergraduates, and journalists suffer from various forms of it—some grosser, others more refined—and they have learnt how hard it is to resist the temptation to be smart at heavy cost. But when they find eminent historians, leading novelists, and religious minded writers—people above reproach—falling into the same groove, they are not pained, but only puzzled, and they ask themselves whether their own canon is not after all too strict.

I have been looking over a back volume of THE PILOT, and I find sporadic cases of the disease therein, but the most virulent case I remember of late is to be found in your remarks on Mr. Asquith in your issue of June 29th.

T. L. MACKESY.

[The sentence Mr. Mackesy objects to is, we suppose, one in which Mr. Asquith is described as protesting that "the husks he was supposed to have left behind him were the best possible eating." Many phrases in the English Bible have passed into the treasury of common speech, and ceased to have any properly Scriptural character. We thought—and think—that the prodigal's husks is one of these].

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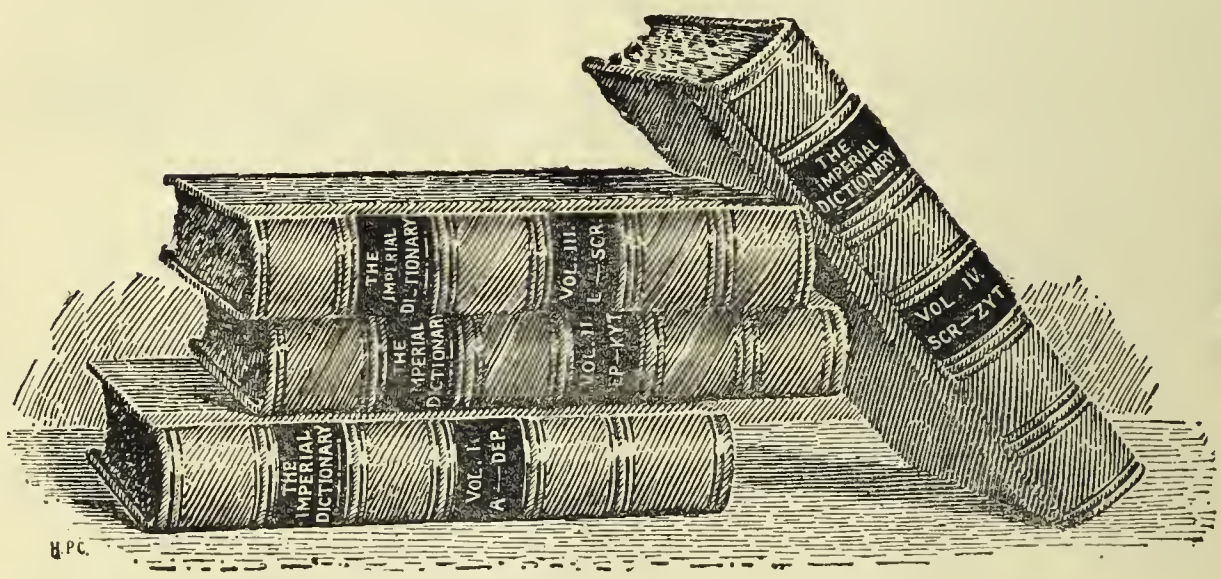

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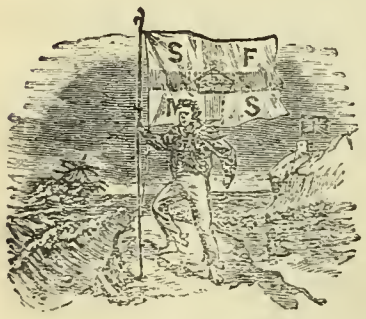

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THE WEEK.

Home. Lord Rosebery's letter has the interest that naturally attaches to the comment of a detached and accomplished statesman upon the party he once led and may lead again. It comes, moreover, as something of a surprise. There was a pretty general expectation that the recent discussions about the position and chances of the Opposition would draw something from him in the way of criticism or suggestion, but few people looked for a forecast so desponding just when the Liberal ship seemed for the moment to have got off the rocks. Lord Rosebery's encyclical lays down three positions, two of which are undoubtedly true, while the third seems to us to go a long way beyond the truth. Liberals, he says, are deeply and hopelessly divided about the war. That is his first position. So long as they are thus divided they are necessarily impotent. That is his second position. These as it seems to us are facts which no one outside the Liberal party would dream of contesting. Indeed the Liberal who contests them must be greatly given to peroration making—an occupation which is known to require very little reference to actual facts.

But Lord Rosebery will not allow that Liberal disunion stops with the war. The party is divided just as much on the question of Imperial policy. It is here that Lord Rosebery seems to us to be in advance of the facts. No doubt such a division exists. The Extreme Left of the Liberal party is anti-Imperialist all round. The exaggeration, as it seems to us, of Lord Rosebery's statement lies in the assumption that on this question as on the war Liberals are pretty equally divided. There can be no question that he does assume this, because he says expressly that so long as the Liberal party contains these two "schools of thought" it cannot be an efficient instrument. That is true, of course, supposing that the two schools are both strong. But if, as we believe to be the case, the "school" of Mr. Labouchere and Sir Wilfrid Lawson constitutes a mere fraction of the party, and, apart from their views on the present war, the great body of Liberals are rational Imperialists, the existence of an Extreme Left which has a different conception of national policy need not stand in the way of Liberal reunion.

This, we imagine, is Sir Edward Grey's view. "There has grown up," he said at Peterborough on Wednesday, "a myth that in the Liberal party there is a sort of armless antipathy to the British Empire." Lord Rosebery would challenge this word "myth." It is a myth, he would say, as regards Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith. It is not a myth but the simple truth as regards a great number of Liberals. Here, therefore we have a plain issue of fact. The conclusion as to the future of the Liberal party which Lord Rosebery draws is perfectly legitimate if we hold that some half of them are unwilling that England should continue to bear the burden of Empire. But if this unwillingness is limited to a very few—if the bulk of the party are as good because as moderate and reasonable Imperialists as Sir Edward Grey or Mr. Asquith—what is there to prevent them, when once the war has been disposed of, from once more acting in common? We know of nothing. If we were Liberals we hardly know from which of our friends we should be most anxious to be saved—the friend who goes on repeating that union is hopeless, or the friend who insists that union already exists.

The Ten Minutes Rule is a very inappropriate method for the introduction of a Bill which is at once highly contentious and wholly unnecessary. The proper way to renew the Agricultural Rates Act for such time as the Government are considering the Report of the Local Taxation Committee was to include it in the Expiring Laws Continuance Bill which is introduced as a matter of course at the end of every session. That in the present unsatisfactory condition of local taxation some temporary measure is wanted, we do not

deny, but its duration should have been expressly limited to this period of legislative incubation, and no hopes have been suggested that the remedy at present provided will continue to be applied when that period is at an end.

The ceremonial at Lord Russell's trial by the House of Lords was so picturesque, and revived so many almost forgotten traditions, that we should be sorry to see any similar proceeding made impossible. But we do not think that any part of the outlay on these rare revivals ought to fall on private suitors. So much of the cost as consists of the expenses of witnesses detained longer in London by the enforced absence of the judges ought certainly to be paid by the State. As regards the criminal, he has got off very easily. He has made a deliberate attempt to evade what he knew to be the law of his own country, and has proved to be less ingenious than he believed himself. That he thought he had obeyed the law of Nevada is no excuse for knowingly disregarding the law of England.

The new Minute on Evening Schools may have all the faults that its critics attribute to it. But if so the blame does not lie with the Government which has issued it. The real sinners have been the Governments and the Parliaments which have never faced the initial question how far secondary education is to be paid for by the community. The effect of the action of certain School Boards has been to force the hands of the Government and to obtain a *quasi* sanction for proceedings which may be excellent in every way, but have never been considered or assented to by Parliament. It may conceivably be right that secondary education should be as free as elementary. But we object to this being taken for granted, either by opening free secondary schools or giving secondary instruction in elementary schools, in advance of any legislative decision on the principle. Speaking for ourselves, we think that education should cease to be free when it ceases to be compulsory, and that after this age the contributions of the community should be directed chiefly to providing capital expenditure, and after that to aiding those scholars who give some promise of profiting by the money spent on them. But whether this or making every secondary school free be the proper course is not now to the purpose. What is to the purpose is that Parliament has not yet determined what shall be the system adopted, and that until it has done so it is the duty of those who have to frame a code for evening schools to obey the law themselves, and to see that School Boards are made to obey it also.

Sir William Hart Dyke is rightly exercised as to the past policy of the Education Department in regard to evening schools. But he does not seem to have selected the true cause of blame. The Education Department—it is sometimes convenient to keep the old name—ought, he thinks, to have got the School Boards out of the Cockerton mess. He should rather have said that the Education Department ought never to have allowed the School Boards to get into the Cockerton mess. However excellent the intentions of the School Boards may have been, they have for years been breaking the law and spending the money of the ratepayers in objects on which they cannot be spent legally. The Education Department might have known, and therefore ought to have known, what the Boards were doing, and having this knowledge, it was its proper business to prevent it. The effect of its neglect to do this is seen plainly enough in the present temper of the School Boards. When it is proved to them that they have been breaking the law their only answer is a demand that the law shall be altered. That it is their own practice that needs to be brought into conformity with the law, or that every ratepayer who disapproves of this particular expenditure has a moral right to have a proportion of his rate returned to him, has not seemingly occurred to them.

In speaking at Pontypridd yesterday week, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman gave a singularly misleading definition of what independence "means in South Africa.' There, he said, "it means independence in their own domestic affairs, the right to have their own institutions, to live their own life, maintain their own habits, and preserve their own identity." If this is all that it means to the Boers, it is only what a great number—we hope and believe a majority—of Englishmen are ready and anxious to give them. But we cannot persuade ourselves that it does mean only this to them. The whole history of the war seems to point the other way. Men do not fight as the Boers have fought and are fighting for mere local self-government. They are aiming at what seems to them a worthier independence than this—the independence of a Sovereign State. That there have been times—after the fall of Pretoria, for example—when it might well have been explained to them that the lesser independence of which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman speaks might be had upon submission is quite true. But in the pass to which things have now come it unfortunately happens that any fresh overtures on our part would only suggest to the Boers that England was getting weary of the war, and that a little more persistence on their part would bring them peace on their own terms. Upon another point raised by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman we are quite of his mind. The publication of the Settlement Commission Report—we might go further and say the appointment of the Commission—was a grave error. Nothing could do more to check any returning feeling in favour of peace on the part of the Boers than the belief that the object of the English Government is to crowd them out of their own lands. Make them think that we want to "Anglicise" the Transvaal and you give them the strongest reason for fighting to the last.

The *Bury and Norwich Post* has been interviewing Mr. Russell Wakefield, the rector of St. Mary's, Bryanston Square, in order to obtain his opinions "on the situation." One of these opinions has value as well as novelty. It is that there should be a Round Table Conference of Churchmen and Nonconformists, of the friends of voluntary schools and the friends of Board schools, with the object of ascertaining what the points that divide them really are. The idea is a good one, because it would tend as nothing else would to dispel the notion that Churchmen are the foes of education. That they have often seemed to be so cannot be denied, but it has been because secular instruction has often been encouraged at the cost of religious instruction. They have resisted the demands of the Education Department, they have tried to keep down the school rate,

they have opposed the building of Board schools where they might have been really useful—because all these things meant so much additional difficulty in the way of maintaining voluntary schools, and under the present system it is only in voluntary schools that the religious education they value can be given. A free conference might go some way to clear up this confusion, and by removing an unnecessary antagonism between educationalists, do much to promote education. We commend Mr. Russell Wakefield's suggestion to the Bishop of London's attention.

Presumably owing to the "leakage" at the War Office a report got about on Tuesday that about 70,000 infantry were to be withdrawn from South Africa, and that 50,000 mounted troops were to be sent in place of them. When Mr. Winston Churchill asked Mr. Brodrick on Wednesday if this was true, the reply, although technically a denial, was really very like an admission that some measure of the kind was contemplated. The report, said Mr. Brodrick, was "wholly unauthorised"; it was also "inaccurate"; but it was evidently not altogether unfounded, for Mr. Brodrick merely added that "he was not in a position to make a statement." The rumours are persistent, and under the circumstances we may take it that some big change is likely soon to take place in Lord Kitchener's plans. It has been repeatedly asserted by people who ought to know that the infantry at the front are thoroughly "stale" and weary of the war, and this fact, together with the great saving on the war bill which would be effected by the withdrawal of the infantry, has no doubt a good deal to do with the contemplated change.

But however tempting such a measure might be for the sake of its effect on the country, we cannot feel that the military situation is yet such as to warrant what would be involved—the abandonment of at least one line of railway. The scheme on the face of it has not the appearance of having been devised by Lord Kitchener, and one cannot help wondering if it is not intended to affect the public at home more than the war in South Africa. We have no wish to under-estimate the great difficulties which the Government has had to contend with in the present war, but the fact remains that they have made so many grave errors with regard to it, and have erred so continuously on the side of optimism, that we are inclined at first sight to distrust a measure like this which contains the popular element of a considerable relief to the country's purse. Until the Government has admitted its intentions with regard to this scheme it would be idle to criticise it in detail, but we may say that it would bear a more practical aspect if it provided for the equipment of powerful mobile columns in addition to and not instead of the infantry guards for the railway line. We simply cannot afford to sacrifice one of two lines of communication.

Lord Kitchener's figures are fairly high this week, especially in the list of prisoners and captured horses. Thirty-two Boers killed, 34 wounded, 307 taken prisoners, 140 surrendered, and nearly 5,000 horses captured—we have at any rate not been going back. To judge by our own casualty lists there has been heavy fighting near Aliwal North in Cape Colony, where General Hart has been operating. In a fight on July 14th we had 27 killed and wounded, but owing, we may suppose, to the vagaries of the censorship, no further news of what must have been an important engagement (as we reckon engagements at this stage of the war) has come to hand at the time of writing. On July 12th General French began a combined movement against Commandant Scheepers in Cape Colony. Thirty miles from Graaf Reinet Scheepers was holding a strong mountain position, and four columns directed by General French, from a point in the centre, moved against this position and drove out Scheepers, taking thirty-one prisoners. Lord Methuen surprised and captured a laager at Buselberg, taking forty-three prisoners and a large number of rifles and cattle; and General Broadwood's column, on the march towards Heilbron, surprised Commandant Reitz, capturing Steyn's brother with several others, and "nearly" capturing the ex-President himself.

Foreign. The announcement of a deadlock in the peace negotiations at Peking comes as an unpleasant surprise. A month ago we were told that the question of the indemnity was settled in principle, but that Russia proposed an eventual increase of the Customs duties to ten per cent. *ad valorem* on all imports in order to meet possible deficiencies in the other revenues assigned for the service of the indemnity loan, and that England refused assent to this proposal unless China promised in return to give further facilities to European trade. Since then we have occasionally heard of the Japanese demand that the nominal amount of the indemnity due to them should be increased twenty-five per cent. in order to compensate for their inability to borrow money at the same rate of interest as the European Powers; but it has seemed as though the Powers were so anxious to get Chinese affairs off their hands that all inconvenient details would be the subject of hasty compromises. On Wednesday, however, it was announced, and the announcement has since been confirmed, that the negotiations have been at a standstill since June 11th, owing to the persistent opposition offered to the Russian proposal by the British Government, and that the indemnity scheme has not yet been even submitted to the Chinese plenipotentiaries, who are now pressing the Powers to state their demands. On the face of it our Government is clearly in the right, but the delay is unfortunate and dangerous nevertheless.

Other items of news, however, indicate that the deadlock is not expected to last. The *Kölnische Zeitung* of Monday published a reassuring and apparently inspired article stating that the Powers had composed their difficulties, that the Chinese Court was not renewing its opposition to them, that Tung-fuh-siang's hordes of invaders are purely mythical, and that the districts which have been occupied by European troops are not likely to be the scene of anti-foreign outrages again. The Chinese preparations for the return of the Court continue; the European troops are to be withdrawn from all temples and palaces by August 15th; and, though the garrison of Indian troops at Tientsin has been slightly strengthened, General Gaselee has left China. The danger of complications in Korea, moreover, seems to be passing away; the Japanese have considerably strengthened their hold on its industry and commerce;

and there Russia has neither the traders to replace them, nor the capital. So, for the present, she accepts the situation.

The annual *fête* of the French Republic passed off last Sunday without disturbance. Partly, this was due to the reaction after the Exhibition, partly it is a sign that the Republic is at present out of danger, in spite of the subversive efforts of the Nationalists. Their demonstrations were quite unimportant, and very little demonstrating was done by anyone else. Even Russian colours were rare. The review in the Bois de Boulogne was thoroughly successful as a military spectacle, and the crowd cheered the army just as if such cheers had never had political significance. Abroad, some natural attempts were made to give a patriotic significance to the celebration. At St. Petersburg the new French hospital was inaugurated, the first stone of which was laid by President Faure when he visited St. Petersburg. In Constantinople the French Ambassador took occasion to extol the educational work of the French schools in the East conducted by the religious orders, and to remind the world once more that French anti-clericalism is never an article of export. In Rome much was said of the improvement in the relations of France and Italy, and the Papal dignitaries were conspicuously polite to the French Ambassador to the Vatican, presumably in conformity with the Papal direction to "return evil with good." Their action has been followed up by a letter from the College of Cardinals directing the Orders to submit to the Law on Associations, but imposing restrictions which are apparently intended in the first instance to preserve their existing rights as against the bishops rather than the Government. It remains to be seen whether the latter will be satisfied with the submission only of an abstract of so much of their statutes as is affected by the law, or with the promise of an obedience strictly limited to their present subordination to Episcopal authority.

The general dearth of political news on the Continent leaves room for attention to the signs of coming storm in Belgium. The Liberals and Socialists have made up their differences, and propose to agitate for a democratic reform of the franchise, including manhood suffrage and the abolition of the plural vote, and to work together in view of the Parliamentary election in the spring. The supporters of the Ministry, on the other hand, are more or less divided on the Anti-Gambling Bill, and have helped to reject the Senate's amendment continuing for two years the privileges of the casinos of Ostend and Spa. This will not have much effect on real high play, which is carried on in private clubs, but the Clericals very properly dislike the public toleration of gambling, and on this occasion the Socialists are with them, though it is hinted that the chief desire of the latter is to annoy the idle rich and the King, who cares a good deal for the prosperity of Ostend and Spa. Probably, too, the Ministerialists will be found to be more or less divided, both on the Military Reform scheme—which does not include obligatory personal service, as the King would like—and on the Congo Annexation Bill. To this latter, the Socialist opposition has been emphatic, and it does not spare the person of the King. However, the Bill passed on Wednesday by 71 votes to 31. It wipes out the loans hitherto made by Belgium to the Congo State, and allows the King to offer that possession to Belgium at his own time. It may be refused; but that is hardly probable, and at his death it is secured to Belgium by his will.

In the United States the organisation of capital on the most colossal scale ever seen has been speedily followed by an equally colossal contest with the labour employed. The negotiations between the companies comprised in the great billion dollar steel Trust, the formation of which startled the world a few weeks ago, and their *employés* have broken down, not on any question of hours or wages, but on the old, old demand for recognition made by the men's trade union, which, however, in this case comprises only a minority of the total number employed. Actually only three of the companies composing the United States' Steel Corporation are yet affected, though nineteen thousand skilled workmen and forty thousand unskilled are now idle; but the total number who may be called out is stated to be one hundred and forty thousand, and the stoppage of work necessarily affects a vast number of other industries, from mining and railway service to canning fruit. As a rule, public opinion in America regards these labour wars without the sentiment which enters into it in England. It is felt that the skilled men can take care of themselves—they are, as a rule, remarkably well off, as was shown in the Homestead strike some years ago—while the unskilled are largely Czechs and Poles, with whom native Americans are not sympathetic. So public opinion generally, the *Times* correspondent declares, is with the capitalist. The force of his declaration is a little weakened by the fact that he habitually represents the great Wall Street financiers, who do not yet dominate political America, while the views even of Chicago, much more those of the multitudinous cities of the centre and west, seldom reach England at all.

Still it may be suspected that public feeling, in so far as it is with the men, is so because it is against the capitalists. The Trusts are a huge danger, favoured by a Protective system which cannot at present be modified without vast industrial disturbance, and welcomed by some people as a step towards a Socialism which has no attractions for the normal American mind. It is just as well that the public should learn that they are less strong than they seem. Whether satisfaction at this result would survive the commercial crisis threatened by a prolonged suspension of all sorts of industries is another question which cannot be answered so satisfactorily. But for the present the Trust has the best outlook. The directors are trying to sort their men into union and non-union factories—a most ingenious evasion of the usual objection to working with "blacklegs," possible only to a huge "combine" of this kind—and steel stock, offered from London, is stated to find a ready sale in New York.

The outlook in South America seems to give some anxiety at Washington. Mr. Secretary Hay has thought it advisable to obtain assurances from all the South American States that they will send representatives to the second Pan-American Congress, to be held at the city of Mexico in October next. This is not, as some critics seem to think, because the United States wants to establish her hegemony of the American Republics, as she failed to do when the first Pan-American Congress was held. There is sufficient reason for it in the fact that the dispute between Chili and Peru, as to the plebiscite to be taken in the districts acquired by the former during the last war with the latter, and since under Chilian administration, is still unsettled, and that Peru is buying war material, and preparing to fortify Callao. Moreover, although the boundary question between Chili and Argentina has been referred to the arbitration of our own Sovereign (or rather his predecessor), there are reports that the two States are about to recommence the rivalry in naval expenditure which early last year alarmed their bondholders. Argentina, no doubt, has kept her present burdens, and lessened her chances of getting more money, by rejecting the unification scheme—apparently on the ground that it gave an excessive commission to the foreign bankers concerned, and pledged the Customs receipts so heavily "as to make Argentina another Egypt." But the Nationalism that uses such arguments would not mind risking the national credit altogether.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, July 20, 1901.

LORD ROSEBERY'S LETTER.

After the Reform Club Meeting we had some hope —not as partisans of any political flag, but regardful of the only system of rule that England is likely to prosper under—that the Liberal party would assemble upon the ground of facts as they are, and proceed in sufficient concord to play its part in the government of the country. And yet there was little in that meeting to encourage the hope. It was called a successful conciliation meeting—the speeches of Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey being generally applauded as contributing materially to the desired result. Without knowing all the elements of a quarrel, and in what proportion they mix, it is difficult to say what should conciliate or what is likely to have the opposite effect; but mere comparison of Mr. Asquith's speech with that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman yielded nothing but suggestions of irritation. The lightest examination showed that the meanings could not be what they seemed—that they had no reasonable application unless as extremely bold, extremely clever irony.

Yet considering how much is involved in a formal break-up of the Liberal party; considering how serious a matter it is for reasons of State, which good politicians put above all partisan contentions; considering, too, that with a will to agree there is ample ground of reconciliation on this side of the question, "Who is most responsible for the South African war?"—it was but natural to think that the feuds of a few would be allowed to go no farther. There was the more reason to think so because Mr. Asquith had already narrowed the differences between himself and friends and the other Liberal faction to a single point; a point of great importance in itself, but one which at this time of day has no bearing on the conduct of the war or its immediate objects, and little if any on the settlement to be attempted thereafter. As to the conduct of the war, it is not unimportant to remember that there have been two parties to it from the beginning. No doubt it was supposed in England at the outset that, "practically," there was only one; the overwhelming superiority of the British forces determining the point. And had that really been the case, demonstrably and demonstrated, there might have been some choice, some freedom, in the carriage of our generals in South Africa. But whereas all politic minds understood from the hour the war began that it must not stop short of annexing the Boer Republics to the British Empire, we had to learn that the Boers did not mean it to stop as long as we held to that intention and they were not all killed or prisoners.

Now it is obvious that when this sentiment had been well ascertained the conduct of the war was more definitely appointed, and that all question as to its origin and causes was more clearly put out of the immediate business of England's managers. Yet it was just when this business became most narrow and exigent that heresy as to the origin of the war was advanced as a justifying cause of disunion in the Liberal party. At the dinner given to Mr. Asquith a little while since he expressed agreement with the friends whom he dissented from upon almost every important point of living consequence in South African affairs. Indeed, we do not remember one of that description that was excluded from embrace. *But*—there was the question, two years old, of who is most to blame for bringing the war about; and then came a proclamation of opinion which, though enunciated in a very emphatic and ceremonial manner, was not understood at the time to have all the signification that has since been given to it. At the Reform Club meeting doubt arose from the somewhat lurid mist of Mr. Asquith's speech on that occasion; yet what did he then but offer his cordial support to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as leader of the party, and speak hopefully of a time when there should be no more contention in its councils?

This was all of good omen; and, to confess a mistake uncommitted to print, we looked to Lord Rosebery for a few words which should help to bring the official leaders of the Liberal party to a better understanding of what is expected of them—not as political philosophers, not as moralists, not as psychological inquirers studious of the effect of unconscious bias, but as men pretending to be adept in the actual management of State affairs as they arise. Had he done that, with sole reference to what he has most at heart—the prosecution of the war by honest, vigorous means to a sound conclusion, and the substitution of a generous though well-guarded peace—we believe he would have done much to bring the Liberal leaders into closer union as useful critics of the Government rather than (in this matter) its enemies. And that, we take it, is his desire, though he does nothing for it in his letter. He neither persuades nor dissuades: warns not, counsels not: but, announcing that the party is irremediably destroyed through want of sympathy with the national enthusiasm for the war, sees nothing for it but the constitution of a new Liberal party without that fault.

If Lord Rosebery had taken this course last year, when he saw that the Government meant to call a new Parliament, it would not have been less surprising, but he might have hoped more from it as a stroke of practical politics. The romantic charm of the war was more operative then than now. If the Liberal leaders offend the national enthusiasm for the war, there was more enthusiasm to offend at that time. Supposing Lord Rosebery right as to the feeling of Liberals in "the country," the New Party would not only have added largely to its numbers but would have achieved a parliamentary *status* which, as he admits, must be denied to it now and for years to come. In short, for whatever purpose they are meant to serve, Lord Rosebery's suggestions come so late that they may be called too late. When "Fight to a finish" described a policy, it was possible for Liberals of a certain turn of mind, already disturbed by conviction that the war had been shabbily promoted, to take exception to it; but when the Boers insist upon nothing less, and tell *us* that it shall be fight to a finish, the question of policy drops, and most of these same Liberals must needs tail into line with those who,

whether Liberal Imperialists or Government men, maintain that nothing but complete conquest will serve the turn. In this and in other ways it becomes easier for the Liberal party, as time goes on and the war develops its fatalities, to unite upon common ground prepared by uncontrollable facts—liked or disliked, good or bad. And since their union in these conditions does not increase their antagonism to the war, does not put Liberalism at farther contraries with the national feeling; and since, moreover, the union of the Liberal party is most desirable *as* union, unless the break-up of Parliamentary Government must be thought more desirable still, why should Lord Rosebery despair of the state of things in the Liberal camp? Why should he despair so much as to wish them subject to a course of Nihilistic discipline? And why should chastisement and purgation be carried to such extremes that Liberalism must expressly abjure even the belief that Mr. Chamberlain might have avoided the war with safety and advantage?

Considering that Mr. Asquith seemed to give great importance to orthodox views on this point, the passages in Lord Rosebery's letter which did the same thing were especially noticeable. Sir Edward Grey was to speak on the distractions of his party immediately after the Rosebery letter appeared, and London was filled with an almost visible curiosity to learn whether he, too, thought that the only cure for those distractions was the sundering of the sheep from the goats. Lord Rosebery had named Sir Edward Grey as the herd of the one flock, Sir Wilfred Lawson as the herd of the other; and Sir Edward refused consent to their separation. While expressing the strongest feelings of admiration for Lord Rosebery and of personal attachment to him, Sir Edward Grey rejected his despairing views *in toto;* declaring that, for his part, he felt that the Liberal party was "at the beginning of new things, of new life, of new effort." At the same time he renewed his expressions of confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and even went out of his way to applaud his leader's wisdom and courage in "bringing openly forward the injury that has been done or may be done to the Liberal party by personal motives and personal antipathies."

Now it is understood that Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith are in close agreement on all that relates to the policy and governance of the party to which they belong: Sir Edward said as much at the Reform Club meeting. And if so, the speech that Mr. Asquith will deliver while this sheet is on the press will add little of substantial importance to our knowledge of the condition and prospects of the Liberal party. We should say "nothing of substantial importance" were we quite sure that the question of origins and causes would be kept out of debate, or allowed no more than its real importance in a company of practical politicians. If this is done, we believe that less will be heard of Liberal dissensions from this time forward: to the gratification of all who are sincerely anxious for the restoration of party efficiency in the House of Commons.

THE SOUTHERN BISHOPS ON CHURCH SCHOOLS.

We turn for a moment from the educational controversy so liberally provided for us in the House of Commons to a remarkable discussion on the future position of voluntary schools in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury. The southern bishops were engaged for a whole day in considering certain resolutions which had been submitted to them by the Salisbury Diocesan Synod. As might have been expected, the speeches showed an intimate acquaintance with the financial needs of Church schools. There was no disposition on the part of the bishops to underrate the seriousness of the "strain" of which so much has been heard of late years. They were clear that something must be done, and done speedily. What surprises us is that they seem to have come to the debate without any previous consultation. Whatever else has been considered in the Episcopal meetings at Lambeth, the education question has apparently been left alone. In a matter of this kind it would be idle to look for entire agreement. But what might have been looked for was some evidence of earlier discussions which had shown them where they thought alike and where they differed. In the Church House the other day there was no such evidence. The bishops apparently approached the question for the first time, and by consequence had still to ascertain each other's opinions on it.

This is not the only thing that strikes us as strange in the debate. It showed what we can only characterise as an extraordinary confidence as to the terms which the Church may hope to make for her schools. That she will have to make terms was not contested. The first resolution passed was "that a national system of elementary education . . . should take the place of the present system." Though the bishops were not of one mind as to the fitness of the term "dual" to describe the present system, they agreed that the rivalry between schools maintained in part by the rates and schools maintained in part by voluntary contributions can only end in the extinction of the latter. The Episcopal idea of the system which is to displace this rivalry is reasonable and comprehensive. They contemplate the creation of local authorities "representing and acting over large areas," with power to levy an educational rate and to apply it to the support of all elementary schools within these areas. Where these schools belong to a religious denomination the bishops recognise that some contribution must be made on the part of the denomination to the cost of the school, and in reference to this two alternative proposals were submitted to the House. The Bishops of St. David's, Exeter, and London proposed to throw upon the denomination the whole cost of the denominational instruction given in the school. This, however, was rejected on a division, and a resolution carried that the contribution of the denomination should be the capital expenditure on the school buildings, including the cost of necessary extensions and structural alterations. The meaning of this is that when the local authority asks the managers of a Church school what proportion of the total cost over and above the Government grant they propose to pay, the answer will be that they provide the school building. "But how," the local authority will go on, "do you propose to pay for so much of the expenditure on teaching as represents the denominational instruction given in your school?" "That," the managers will reply, "we mean to come out of the school rate." The denominations are to be endowed out of the rates just as undenominationalism is. We have nothing to say against the fairness of this arrangement. There is just as much reason in making undenominationalists pay for denominational teaching as there is for making denominationalists pay for undenominational teaching. Let us have all religions taught at the expense of the ratepayers or none. But when we are dealing with questions of this kind, the abstract

justice of a plan plays but a small part in the transaction. We have to ask ourselves what chance there is of the Government proposing it or of the House of Commons adopting it. We should like to see the faces of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst on being asked by an Episcopal Deputation to introduce into next year's Education Bill a clause providing that the children of Churchmen shall be taught their religion at the cost of the ratepayers. The project of endowing denominational teaching in elementary schools might alarm a bolder Government than the present, and even if by a double miracle ministers could be brought to propose and the House of Commons to pass such a measure it would certainly be repealed by the first Parliament which contained a Liberal majority.

There is a third cause for wonder in the distinction which a majority of the bishops drew between religious instruction and denominational instruction. The Bishop of St. David's indeed was anxious to throw the cost of religious instruction on the denomination to which a school belongs. But he seems to have felt so little sure of any support from his brethren that he acquiesced in the substitution of "denominational" for "religious." In other words, the bishops seem ready to concede the principle of the Cowper Temple Clause. Why have so many Churchmen repudiated that clause as illogical and unworkable? Because no religious instruction is possible that is not denominational. Because the chief mysteries of the Christian religion lie on the threshold. Because you cannot give the most rudimentary religious instruction—names, dates, boundaries, the kings of Israel and Judah, the major and minor prophets, the geography of St. Paul's journeys, are not religious instruction—without coming upon these mysteries. Because the first chapter of each of the four Gospels forces upon every intelligent teacher and every intelligent learner the question who and what is He of whom the Evangelist is writing? Religious teaching must be denominational because the points about which denominations differ belong to the foundation not to the superstructure of religion. This, we say, is the root of the objection which Churchmen feel to the Cowper Temple Clause as it has in fact worked. It aims at compassing the impossible. But the bishops appear to think that this impossibility does not exist. They object indeed to throwing any part of the cost of religious instruction on the denomination. But they have no doubt that if it were expedient to distinguish between religious and denominational teaching it would be quite practicable to do so. There is, they seem to say, an instruction which is religious without being denominational. Then where is the harm of the Cowper Temple Clause, and why are not Churchmen content with the religious teaching given in Board Schools?

We have not exhausted the causes for surprise which the recent debate in Convocation has yielded us. But we have said enough for one week.

VLAKFONTEIN.

No incident in the war since its early days has aroused such a storm of indignation and controversy as the alleged shooting of our wounded by the Boers at Vlakfontein. There has been a great deal of conflicting and not very valuable evidence. Seven troopers swore that with their own eyes they saw acts of murder, others who were present at the same time deny that any of our wounded were murdered; while Lieutenant Hern, whose arrival in England last week was eagerly anticipated by those who had stirred up these muddy waters as the means of confirming their assertions, has been curiously reticent, and has merely contradicted as "entirely false" a statement in which he was reported to have described a scene of murder as seen by himself. However, since an official inquiry is to be held, we may very well leave the difficult task of collecting and sifting evidence to the proper authorities, but there are some considerations which are not affected by the truth or untruth of the reports. In all probability, we fear, there is a good deal of truth in them. Let us, for the moment, admit that some Boers were in the Vlakfontein engagement guilty of this particularly revolting crime: should the circumstance affect our own method of conducting the campaign?

There is no doubt that a section of the Press which has always acted on the supposition that a war cannot be carried on without unlimited abuse of the enemy saw in this incident an opportunity to revive the fires of hatred which, in spite of assiduous fanning, have lately been dying out. We hope that the thoroughly un-English spirit of vilifying an honourable opponent will never revive. In the matter under consideration it is well to differentiate between hot and cold blood; between the use of the rifle upon wounded men in the heat of action, and the hideous barbarity of going round a field on the evening of a day of fighting and calmly killing off those who still live. No one has ever accused the Boers of that crime. It is also well to remember that war is so brutal a thing that the restrictions imposed upon its conduct are well-nigh impossible at close quarters. One of our own soldiers proudly wrote home that at Vlakfontein, while he lay slightly wounded, a Boer demanded his surrender, and that, retaining his pistol, he put forward his carbine, and, when the Boer stooped to take it, shot him in the stomach. Technically, that was both treacherous and murderous, but he would be a bold man who would say that the soldier who did it should be held guilty of crime. If we place men in circumstances so terrible, dare we judge them as we would judge them if the conditions were normal? The ugly essence of war is that men should kill each other; if a man is wounded in the leg, he can and will still shoot at his opponents, and there may be excuses for them if they take the one possible way of removing that danger.

The Geneva Convention, however, by which we and the Boers are bound, makes no excuses, and certainly we do not wish to make any, for what is said to have happened at Vlakfontein. But it is purely a military crime, and its treatment may safely be left to Lord Kitchener. Granted that the Vlakfontein charges are true, they should not affect our treatment of the Boers as brave and honourable opponents. Lord Methuen, General Buller, Lord Roberts—all have borne their testimony to both honour and bravery; everyone who has been fighting in this war has seen some instance or other of merciful and self-denying treatment of our wounded by the enemy; and as we should not allow the reputation of our own army to be soiled by anything done by a handful of soldiers, so we must be careful not to confound this ugly occurrence with the general customs of the Boers. General Botha, we feel sure, would repudiate it as we do. It is possible, however, that, even if an inquiry is held, little may come of it, for, quite apart from the difficulty of identifying the culprits in a matter of this kind, the discipline of the Boers is so loose that their leaders have little or no control over the men's conduct when once a fight has begun. We must be content to regard this incident as one of the well-nigh unavoidable horrors of war. We have still before us, possibly, a long and hard struggle, and it can only be saved from degradation so long as we at home retain that restraint of temper in conflict which is among the most boasted of high English qualities.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES V.—II.

IT is seldom that a king's personal morality is without effect upon his public career. The case of Charles V. was in his own age certainly exceptional. His private life was not so absolutely stainless as his brother's, but at least he did not drag his royal dignity through the mire; he did not outrage public opinion as did Francis I., or Henry VIII., or Philip of Hesse. If ever he sported

with Amaryllis, it was in the shade. No nation and no creed was at the mercy of the mistress of the moment. A Venetian envoy wrote in 1548 that Charles was by nature sensuous, but was then a mirror of propriety, nor had he ever been guilty of a violent or dishonourable act. Eighteen years before Melanchthon had told a Protestant friend that Cæsar's private life was a model of continence and temperance, that domestic discipline, of yore so rigorous among German princes, was now only preserved in the Emperor's household. On leaving Philip as Regent in Spain, Charles gravely impressed upon him the ruinous consequences of matrimonial infidelity.

The Emperor's domestic affections were strong, if limited. To his wife he was tenderly attached. He refused all suggestions for a second marriage, although she left only a weakly heir to continue the succession. He pathetically told Philip that he had but one son, and wished to have no more. Each morning began with a mass for the soul of the dead Empress. On his death-bed he called for her picture; in his last half-hour of life he pressed her crucifix to his breast until he could no longer hold it. This was his tribute to the wife whom he had married for money and convenience. His brother Ferdinand's rapidity of thought and action frequently annoyed him, and in later years there were causes for rancour and suspicion; nevertheless, the brotherly affection was retained. From his nephew and son-in-law, Maximilian, Charles parted on affectionate terms, though he must have attributed to him the great disappointment of his life, his failure to secure for Philip the succession to the empire. The pleasure of his daughter's and son-in-law's last visit was, he wrote to Ferdinand, only far too short. The correspondence with his sister Mary proves how thoroughly they loved each other. Mary, perhaps the most capable and autocratic member of her family, never shrank from speaking her mind strongly and decisively. Charles rarely answered with a sharp word, and, if he did, the letter which followed contained the salve.

The correspondence of Philip II., published by Gachard, threw a new light upon one who had passed for an ogre, turning our eyes from the monastic barrack of the Escurial to the daffodils and singing birds of Aranjuez. These tastes were hereditary, for Philip's father loved pet birds and beasts, including a parrot and two Indian cats. To him, too, our gardens owe the Indian pink, which he sent home to Spain from the shores of Tunis. Charles also had his soft side for children. His letter on the death of his little Danish nephew, "the prettiest little fellow for his age that it was possible to see," was drawn straight from the wellspring of the heart. There is, too, a touch of humour in his grief,—"without offence to God, I could wish that his father (the disreputable Christian II.) was in his stead welcomed to the kingdom of heaven." The condolences conclude, "I am writing to my little nieces to console them . . . there is no other cure but to find them two husbands." In the case of Christina the cure was worse than the disease, for Charles insisted on her marriage with a very poor creature, the sickly Duke of Milan. Mary indignantly implored him not to sacrifice the young girl, but with unusual brutality he replied that it was worth the chance. The treatment of Queen Juana has been considered heartless, but Charles as a child had never known his mother; from earliest youth he had been taught to believe her a danger to his country's welfare and his own. Insanity was in Spain regarded as a Divine punishment for sin, and the anti-religious form which Juana's mania took may well have given colour to this belief. Charles visited her regularly, and in a nature so reserved it is difficult to sound the depths of feeling. Juana lived to the very eve of her son's abdication. His letter describing her death to Ferdinand showed heartfelt joy that at the end the cloud had lifted from the darkened mind, and that with her last breath she had called upon her Saviour.

A powerful ruler has seldom been so modest, so willing to confess his faults and foibles. Charles accepted in all humility the frank criticisms of the Chapter of the Golden Fleece upon his character, and methods of government, upon his slowness, his lack of sufficient counsellors, and the consequent waste of personal energy on unnecessary detail. His late Confessor, Loaysa, could be outspoken in his references to the perpetual struggle between glory and indolence. Writing in 1530, he prayed that by God's mercy the love of honour might in future overcome with less difficulty the Emperor's natural enemy, the inclination to enjoy himself and waste the greater part of his time without purpose. Charles himself had no shame in confessing to his son the weaknesses for which he had been blamed. He was as conscious of his obstinacy as of his irresolution. "I am by nature," he said to Contarini, "obstinate in sticking to my opinions." "To hold fast to good opinions," replied the Cardinal, "is not obstinacy, sire, but firmness." "Ah! but I sometimes stick to bad ones," honestly rejoined the Emperor. Nevertheless, though substantially modest, he had no mean idea of his own abilities. He was peculiarly sensitive as to the opinion which had outlived his earliest days of rule, that he was governed by his ministers. In his interview with Coligni after his abdication he frankly classed himself with Alba and Montmorenci as being the three best generals living, politely adding that Coligni and the Duke of Guise would rise to eminence if they took sufficient pains.

The champion of Catholicism was no theologian. It is doubtful if he ever really understood the doctrinal points at issue, and not without reason the Papal nuncios might regard this as a danger in the formal religious conferences. Of his chief ministers Gattinara was a professed Erasmian, the elder Granvelle an Erasmian or indifferentist. Alonso Valdes was an official pamphleteer against the Papacy. Carranza, Archbishop of Toledo, who ministered to Charles upon his death-bed, was very shortly the victim of the Inquisition. The Holy Office never authorised and finally condemned the book on Christian doctrine by Constantino Fuentes which was dedicated to Charles and was one of his favourites at Yuste. Yet no one doubted Charles's personal piety, unless it were a Pope drunk with passion, or heated with full-bodied Neapolitan wine. His religion was of the heart rather than of the head, and he had the sense to realise that without adequate exercise the heart ceases to perform its function. He heard two masses every day, and confessed and communicated six times a year. Long hours of prayer preceded each dangerous enterprise. Bucer might scoff at the grovelling superstition fit only for old women, at the knees bent before the Virgin, at the hands busy with the beads. But when the Emperor arose from prayer it was the would-be Lutheran Duke of Cleves who was brought to his knees to mumble penitence. As Charles was about to cross the Elbe at Mühlberg he saw a crucifix with the arms of Christ sacrilegiously broken. "God grant," he cried, "that I may avenge Thy wrongs!"; and with a vengance did he indeed avenge them. In his view of Christianity there was doubtless less of reason than of manhood. He may at least claim to have set a high standard in religion as in morals, and to have made strenuous if not always successful efforts to attain to it.

Dalla messa alla mensa—from mass to mess! This was the summary of the Emperor's life current in Italy. The transit was short, but the downward gradient very steep. Charles was, indeed, wholly free from the drunkenness which, as he complained, made German noblemen unfit for business. Yet this was, perhaps, due to strength of head rather than of character. Ascham describes him as emptying five times during dinner a flagon containing nearly a quart of Rhine wine. Other authorities quote a lower score, but, however this may be, his self-indulgence at table marks a curious contradiction in his character. His general power of self-control was from the first notorious, yet over his appetite he had no more command than has

a greedy child. To this he deliberately sacrificed his life. When tortured by gout he would obey his doctors, and do everything to get well. When once recovered, he lived as though he could never be ill again ; returning to the highly-spiced dishes, the disgusting sausages, the forbidden fish, the early morning draughts of ale which had been placed outside the window for the frosty night to cool. The gastronomic order of the day must surely be the origin of that mythically ascribed to the head of an Oxford College. The five o'clock beer was followed by a bowl of chicken broth, improved by milk, sugar, and spices. At midday he ate a heavy dinner, roast mutton, for instance, succeeding large slices of beef, followed in turn by braised hare, and that by chicken—all, as writes a Venetian envoy, being bolted, for he could not chew. After Vespers he would take a hasty snack, while midnight closed upon a substantial supper. When an Italian doctor warned him that he must give up beer, he flatly answered that he would not. Against this gluttony his affectionate Confessor Loaysa remonstrated when Charles was little more than thirty. His faithful attendant, Guillaume van Male, made regretful references to it in his private letters during the last years in Germany ; it is the theme of those who recounted the closing scene at Yuste. "Surely," sighed Luis de Quijada, on seeing his disobedient master devour oysters, "kings must think that their stomachs are not made like other men's."

E. ARMSTRONG.

"SEASONABLE LITERATURE."

THE phrase is common enough in the publishers' advertisements, yet few people seem aware of the truth which it implies : namely, that we should vary our reading according to the time of year as readily as we change our clothing. I know persons who insist upon reading a December book in July, though they would not dream of wearing a heavy overcoat on a broiling summer day. Books, in short, have their seasons, and if you choose to ignore this truth you are not likely to form a very fair judgment about them. If you select a dainty little volume of lyrics and love-songs to read on your way to town in foggy November, do you think that you are trying it with justice ? Or would you suggest Dickens's "Christmas Carol" as a book to be read in a punt under the willows at midsummer ? Of course not. The "Carol" should be taken up about December 20th, when the reader is seated comfortably before a huge fire. If snow is falling at the time, so much the better. Autumn is the time for studying stiff works of history or philosophy. Peas and pastoral poetry come in together. How much the appreciation of a book depends upon its coming into the reader's hands at the right moment. The old Roman poets felt this ; Horace wishes his Epistles to be unrolled when the weather is neither too hot nor chilly, and Martial goes so far as to specify the hour. After dinner, he says, is the appropriate time to read him : "Hora libellorum decima est, Eupheme, meorum," which is almost as precise as the directions on a bottle of medicine. Some day, perhaps, a novel will come to us inscribed : "To be read on a fine day in April or May, with the thermometer about 58 in the shade," or a volume of ghost stories will bear the direction : "Not to be taken before 11 p.m."

Without being quite so particular as that, there can be no doubt that the general principle is true. Well-intentioned gentlemen may draw up for our benefit lists of "the hundred best books," but they ignore the fact that the best books at 10 a.m. on January 1st are by no means the best books for us to read, say, at 10 p.m. on July 31st. And when the publishers awake to this truth, their catalogues will have to be remodelled. Perhaps then they will resemble somewhat the delightful lists which come to us from the nursery-gardens. This will be the style of thing :—

Chirps and Twitters. The publishers have much pleasure in recommending this new very early variety of spring lyric, producing a great crop of very sweet and juicy rhymes. In favourable seasons it is ready in March, and should be followed up with the same author's *May Melodies* as a second crop. This is a hybrid derived from the well-known "Musa Tennysoniana," and is very popular. It stands well transplantation into birthday books.

Jungle Jaunts. This is a very tall variety of sporting story, and its wonderfully coloured blossoms may be used with advantage for dinner-table purposes.

Round the North Pole. This new book of Arctic travel is admirably adapted for cultivation in July, and does well in any temperature over seventy degrees.

The Spectre's Revenge. Despite modern innovations this hardy perennial type of ghost story remains unequalled for winter reading. *The Spectre's Revenge* is a very handsome specimen of the class, and is in season from November to February. Some cultivate it even later, but it is apt to become somewhat tough and indigestible if served after the end of January.

Much in the same way one foresees the sort of advice to young authors in the numerous manuals published for his benefit :—

"*Cultural Notes for June.*—Trim spring sonnets, pruning freely. Water copiously romances approaching completion, otherwise they will be undersized and unfit for serial use. During this month sow freely articles on cricket, nightingales, and midsummer's day, choosing nice light journals with a sunny aspect. To produce a good crop of topical verse choose strong cuttings from the daily papers. Tales intended to bloom in Christmas numbers should now be ready for planting out."

When publishers and writers act upon these suggestions by giving us "seasonable literature," not only for Christmas and the summer holidays, but for each month in the year, readers and writers alike will be benefited. The present system, with its overcrowded autumn and spring publishing seasons, is good for neither. The reader finds it a hard task to make up his lists for the circulating library in the "off-months" of the year, and the budding author receives less than his due share of praise simply because, out of deference to a foolish tradition, his publishers insist upon issuing his book at the time when hundreds of other new works are placed on the market. As my fellow-reviewers know well, if by any rare chance a book of more than common excellence by an unknown writer comes our way in August or September, we are able to call attention to its merits by giving it a review of some length. Should the same volume arrive in October, perforce it must be dismissed much more briefly, simply because there are dozens of other works, including many from the foremost authors of the day, for notices of which space must be found. Again, despite the cherished theory of the unsuccessful, reviewers do read the works sent for their criticism—or as much of them as will suffice for the making of a just estimate of their value. But undoubtedly the book which arrives in the "off-season" stands a better chance of thorough and leisurely perusal than if it came later in the year, with perhaps a dozen companions in the same parcel.

In fact, the plan in vogue with the publishers is that of the horticultural enthusiast who devotes the whole of his garden to the cultivation of one kind of flower. For a few weeks in the year his beds and borders are a vision of beauty ; at all other times they are ugly and bare. Most of us prefer to have a few flowers all the year round. And so, when the publishers act upon my suggestion, we shall have books, so to speak, always in bloom. Instead of the divisions into "fiction," "poetry," "travel," and the like, they will be classified under the head of "January Books," "February Books," and so on. Each month will bring us works in every class of literature, which will taste best if read at that particular season. To each month a binding of one fixed colour will be devoted ; when you walk into a library in June you will make at once for the shelves on which stand the books in light green covers—

supposing that colour to have been chosen by the Publishers' Association for June books—with the certainty of finding "seasonable literature" in the true sense of that term. And how attractive our shelves will be when all the books on them are bound in twelve artistic shades, the colour for each month being chosen, of course, with an eye to the tint of the month before and after it, so that books for the twelve months, duly ranged in order, will form a perfect colour scheme!

At this point the reader not improbably will object that tastes differ, and will ask who is authoritatively to decide to what month belongs each new work, not to speak of the old ones. With an airy wave of the hand, I ignore the question. I am not going to give up my dream of seasonable literature for such a prosaic reason as its utter impossibility. ANTHONY DEANE.

RENAISSANCE TYPES.*

IT is always satisfactory to be brought face to face with a thinker who abhors vagueness, and a writer who may safely defy any charge of ambiguity; and this satisfaction is enhanced when his theme is one on which authors of a different kind, such as those cited in Mr. Lilly's opening page, deem themselves privileged to float away into "sun-shadowing clouds of many-coloured hues." Yet this interesting and in its substance well-compacted volume would, I venture to think, not have suffered from a rather closer preliminary statement of the limits of its subject. Mr. Lilly dates "the ceremonial initiation of the Middle Ages" from the coronation of Charles the Great, their close from the capture of Constantinople, and the "Renaissance epoch" from that event to the French Revolution of 1789. (I have no intention of quarrelling with him for following very high authority in retaining the use of a form to which exception can only be taken because it suggests that the movement indicated by it was mainly if not exclusively French, though his own "types," as it happens, do not include a single Frenchman.) This distribution of dates implies that to Mr. Lilly the Renaissance signifies the transformation of the old order of life and thought in the West—whether religious, political, literary, or artistic—into that under which we ourselves have our being. This use of the term, judiciously tempered as it is by his observations on the "life in death" which connects period with period, may claim to be admissible if convenient; for in such things there is no royal rule. In favour, however, of a less ambitious definition (though one which, by the way, would equally cover the examples reviewed in the present volume) it may be urged that the Revival of Learning, a practical protest against the "Dark" rather than against the "Middle" Ages, may fairly be said to have began with Charles the Great himself; and that the Renaissance used to be aptly held to signify merely the culmination of that Revival, due to a more direct, continuous, and free resort than had previously been either attempted or possible to the fount of classical antiquity. Of course, this last phase of the Revival was in one sense not the last, nor was it even (as nobody knows better than Mr. Lilly) ended either by the explosions of the French Revolution or by their consequences; but there can be no difficulty in assigning to it a sufficiently precise limit of time, or in allowing that at its close the Renaissance had been largely swallowed up by the partly but not wholly cognate movement of the Reformation. If we are contented with this modest interpretation of the term Renaissance, we shall be all the more ready to assent to Mr. Lilly's contention that it is a more or less arbitrary process to seek to distinguish, as it were, fundamentally between a Pagan and a Christian Renaissance—and this not only because in this respect some instances are to be found of a "mean," though not always a quite "honest," or at least a quite consistent one. At the same time it may be regretted that Mr. Lilly should not have directed attention, except in the way of an incidental reference or two, to the current which, starting from the Netherlands and the Brotherhoods of the Common Life, irrigated so wide a sphere of educational effort in Western Germany and its borderlands—a current long in equal sympathy with learning and with religion, till the fellow-workers of Florentius had degenerated into the Collationary Fathers of Hertogenbosch. No account of the genesis of the Renaissance is complete without some notice of a movement which drew its first inspiration from a source familiar, as most of us believe, to the author of the "Imitatio Christi."

The candour—and why should I not add the courage?—with which Mr. Lilly discusses the types of the Renaissance treated by him in this volume in a series of detached but not disconnected essays deserve the cordial recognition of historical students. And I daresay this is the kind of recognition which for his present book the author primarily desires—not as a compliment paid to him for having concealed or watered down his convictions, but as a fit acknowledgment of a sustained endeavour to judge a series of illustrious men and their achievements in a period of arduous conflict without applying to them standards of his own setting-up or adoption. Among such standards the dogmatic is necessarily least easily kept out of court; but Mr. Lilly's foot, though moving along a ground full of fissures, has on the whole pursued the path before it with notable steadiness.

The most successful chapters in the volume, through which it would be a pleasure to follow the author step by step, are, it seems to me, those on Erasmus and Reuchlin. They are here respectively designated "the man of letters" and "the savant"—a distinction essentially correct, although I do not know why "scholar" should not have been substituted for a French term imperfectly naturalised in English use. For although the name of Erasmus will always remain famous and venerable like no other in the world of scholarship, Mr. Lilly is beyond a doubt right in recognising that for him "language was a means not an end," and that the value which he set, and taught the Western world to set, upon literature, and upon classical literature in particular, lay in "the whole cycle of ideas" revealed by it. To this conception of literature the life which Erasmus led as its acknowledged representative corresponded in its unique and many-sided activity; and in justice to Mr. Froude, with whose aid few of us are in the habit of verifying particular facts, he must be allowed to have brought this general impression very effectively home in his Oxford lectures. This opinion, which Mr. Lilly will not regard as implying any acquiescence in Froude's method of writing history, was also expressed to me by Mr. R. C. Christie in almost the last conversation I ever had with him on literary subjects. Space fails me for commenting on the remarks made in this chapter on the "Enchiridion Militis Christiani," which Froude calls the finest of Erasmus's minor compositions, but whose "small intrinsic merit," in the judgment of Mr. Lilly, renders its enormous success all the more significant. Certain it is that what speaks from this little book is not Lutheranism in embryo, but a voice which across the centuries reminds all Christian Churches and sects of that which should be common to them all.

Reuchlin, of whom Mr. Lilly, following the guidance of Geiger's model biography, writes with excellent judgment, became, as is here truly said, "a hero in spite of himself." Neither was he in any sense a precursor of the Reformation; nor was the attitude which he took up towards the question of the Jewish books—the crucial question of his career—a wholly consistent one; nor, in fine, was his own conception of the value of the books one which can be said to have stood the test of criticism. But, in the face of persecution and danger,

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* *Renaissance Types.* By William Samuel Lilly. Fisher Unwin.

and in spite of his own short-comings and those of the age of scholarship to which he belonged, he possessed, besides an infinite capacity for taking pains, the simple love of truth for truth's sake, which is the note of those whose life is given up to research and learning. Thus, the higher Biblical criticism, as Mr. Lilly justly says, began with one who, as to the very studies of which he was the pioneer, knew that he knew nothing. "Ah, Lord God, behold I cannot speak, for I am a child." This confession, truly pathetic, is not the less so because of the contrast which suggests itself with the temperament of "the Revolutionist" dealt with in Mr. Lilly's next and most trenchant chapter. I have already hinted a doubt whether, if Luther is to be treated as a "Renaissance type," a wider gate is not opened than can, under the conditions of a work like the present, be very easily kept under the warder's control. But the general precision of judgment, as well as the pervading firmness of purpose, with which the author deals with this portion of the theme as he has chosen to work it out for himself may be finally illustrated by the following sentence :—

> Luther, although a sharp disputant, was not a conservative and logical thinker, and was for long years unconscious that he was dissenting from the old theological paths, which, it must be remembered, had not then been fenced in by the Tridentine decrees.

Should this volume, as is sincerely to be hoped, reach another edition, Mr. Lilly might do well to subject the suffixes and similar details in some of his German quotations to a careful revision, and to correct a few misprints in the proper names occurring in his text. Trutwetter, for instance, should be Trutvetter, and Peurback, Peurbach. But these are trivialities. Where Mr. Lilly has to deal with facts, he will, as a rule, be found remarkably correct. In his account of the authorship of the "Epistolæ Obscurorum Virorum" he has perhaps not given his full due to Crotus Rubianus ; Hutten's participation seems to have been mainly confined to the second part. And it suggests a quite erroneous view of Luther's position at Wittenberg in 1509 to say that in this year he "received the appointment of Court preacher" there. As Köstlin states, his monastic duties at Wittenberg, whither he migrated in the winter 1508-9, included that of preaching in the refectory, and in the little church, of the Augustinian convent. It would take me too far to inquire in what sense he can be said to have been appointed to "the place of Professor of Philosophy in the University." The statement, made elsewhere, that "in a century the Rhenish Palatinate passed through ten phases of belief," is not a very easy one either to contradict or to corroborate ; but I am compelled to say that the number which I can make out is only six, and I have not omitted to count in the Augsburg Interim. Perhaps, however, Mr. Lilly will consider (and I should quite agree with him) that this is enough for his purpose.

A. W. Ward.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

TIME levels all experience if only we wait long enough, reducing our mountains to mole-hills, filling graves that once yawned achingly, making deep waters shallow. Even in a year's retrospect the obliterating process has begun ; harsh experience has been softened, and memory wiped clean of unimportant trifles. But amid the silting and levelling some things which in their own time were counted as trifles emerge and refuse to be wiped out, appearing, in the new proportions of retrospect, as essential features in the pictures we make of things gone by. A war correspondent on the field, concerned with the business of battles and military manœuvres, must ignore everything but news; still, if he be fortunate enough to plunge as a novice into the red whirl, his mind will almost certainly be busy on its own account, saving up and laying by and recording, until out of the mere overflow and wastage of material in a vast human exchange it will have amassed a small fortune of experience, a treasure of bright pictures to be taken out and looked at when duller and less strenuous days need beguiling. Some of these pictures I hope to reproduce here; they are not all pleasant, but they are all from life.

I.

Home six thousand miles away, a ribbon of veldt road losing itself on a bare heaving plain, an indifferent horseman on an unbroken pony; Modder River, with its blinding sand storms, sickening heat, disease and stagnation five miles behind, Jacobsdal, as yet unknown, somewhere in front—it was thus that I found myself in a new world, a world burnt up in the fire of an African summer sun. The baked veldt was strewn with ant-heaps, but otherwise it met the sky in an unbroken wave. The road was marked out by tracks of many wheels and hoofmarks ; Lord Roberts had passed that way with his new army. It was also marked at short intervals by brown heaps where the great foul Aasvögels hopped and fluttered, and at each of those heaps there was a tussle to be faced with my pony, who shied at the stench and sight of his dead brothers. To eyes straining forward for a glimpse of the goal there was for long no prospect but the bare plain, the near horizon of a ridge waving and shimmering in the heat, and the brown, wing-infested lumps of horror; but at last a white thing caught the sunshine and blazed like a beacon. It became defined as a cluster of houses ; a few small trees appeared, then more houses, then the shape of a village.

Could we get food ? The thronging soldiers in the market square laughed rather bitterly. They were living on two biscuits and a lump of meat a day, and the money in their pockets jingled uselessly. There was no soil here, then, for that quick-sprouting seed. Could we get a drink ? There was water in the river, and a well in the inn-yard, but——. "Well, and why not ?" said the novice, who had yet to learn, perhaps by experience, that water from a well in a village crowded by twenty times its usual population was not to be drunk by a foreigner with impunity. A glance round showed the little streets, the little houses, the stables and yards even, to be teeming with brown-clad men, while thousands of oxen, yoked to waggons in the square, bellowed and shuffled and made the air malodorous. Enteric—that hideous name, to be associated with the misery of a thousand lifetimes—the word was written as though by an invisible finger on the walls of the town ; and when I hear the word now, I see the crowded square of Jacobsdal as I saw it on that stifling afternoon in February, with its confusion of troops and its poisonous dust floating breast-high, and I hear the cries of Kaffirs and of oxen, the sound of thousands of feet dragged wearily through the dust ; and memory, like a qualm, restores for a second the sense of helplessness, of horror at the sight of thousands of men with needs and appetites and affections and hopes being absorbed in a huge insensate machine—for it was with a sense of horror that the thing first came to me.

Dusk began to fall, and brought with it a heavenly coolness in the air ; lights shone, fires were kindled in the surrounding bivouacs, the hour of feeding was at hand. But for the brotherly act of a stranger I had gone supperless to sleep ; and, although he could not find me a bed or a shelter, he shared generously with me the gross fare that was so welcome. With my companion I lay down in a field and spent my first night of campaigning with the stars for a coverlet and a stone for pillow.

I have often done it since, often chosen to do it, but it was all new on that night, and in the memory of those strange, disturbed starlight hours are enshrined all the novelty, the sense of being anchorless, drifting, the knowledge that no help would come from without, the sense of responsibility, of problems to be faced that,

I suppose, come to every mind at the first contact with new and difficult surroundings. The army was reaching forward; I had heard names—Klip Drift, Klip Kraal, Paardeberg—mere names to me then, as, perhaps, they are to you now, but destined afterwards to belong each to one of the pictures in my memory. To follow the army along a desert road that stretched indefinitely, where no food could be bought, no rations served out, no telegrams sent—that was the problem that, made monster by the beginnings of a fever, hovered and danced over me throughout the night.

I lay down like one acting in a play; it was hard to believe that one lay on the earth of necessity, and that all my money would not purchase a bed; and I laughed aloud, I remember, when I shut my eyes and tried to go to sleep. Near me my pony, tired out by his waywardness, slept and sighed; wheels rumbled on the road, sentries now and then challenged and were answered. The night was an odd nightmare of the mental conflict I have described, of the multitude of sounds heard with one's ear to the ground, of cocks cheering, of oxen complaining, of men's voices heard far away. Sleep, when it came, was twice interrupted by an alarm that the enemy was threatening the town, once by a warm blast in my face from my pony's nostrils; and always when I awoke it was to the smell of a new land and the thought of to-morrow's difficulties. But all night the air was being sweetened and renewed; while we slept it was done, so that, waking with the first of dawn, I breathed a wonderful new air, cold as the sea, better than wine; and found that something else had been renewed also in the night, and that a new day was not the ugly thing I had believed it. FILSON YOUNG.

SHAMROCK II. AND THE AMERICA CUP.

ON Monday Sir Thomas Lipton's new cutter *Shamrock II.* sailed and won the last of a long series of trial matches on the Solent and the Firth of Clyde. On the same evening her great racing mainsail was unbent from its gigantic spars, and in a few days she will set out across the Atlantic in quest of the America Cup—the Golden Fleece of modern Argonauts. For fifty years this Cup has stood as the symbol of supremacy in the yachting world. Fifty years ago on the 22nd of next month the Yankee schooner *America* won it from us as the prize of a race round the Isle of Wight, and never once have we succeeded in wresting it back again. The *America's* victory was due partly to the misfortunes of her most formidable competitors, and partly to the superiority of her design. The typical British yacht of those days was a bluff, able boat, her hull a cod's head on a mackerel's tail, and her sails bellying picturesquely; whereas the *America* had a long, sharp bow, a beam carried well aft, and a mainsail stretched flat and laced to the boom. It was the same struggle as was fought out on blue water between the famous clipper ships of the United States and the lumbering merchantmen of Britain, and it had the same result. England did not regain the supremacy of the high seas until Aberdeen and Blackwall had taken to heart the lessons taught by Baltimore and New York, and if *Shamrock II.* should bring back the America Cup it will be because once again we have "learned from our enemies." What chance is there that this jubilee challenger will succeed in the quest upon which so many proud predecessors—*Cambria*, *Livonia*, *Genesta*, *Galatea*, *Thistle*, *Valkyrie I.*, *Valkyrie III.*, and *Shamrock I.*—freighted with our best skill and our highest hopes, have set sail only to return empty and humbled?

Shamrock II.'s chance, be it small or great, seems at this moment to be distinctly better than that of any other yacht which we have ever sent across the Atlantic. In 1886, when Lieutenant Henn's *Galatea* raced with the *Mayflower*, the English and American types of racing yacht were on their trial—the deep, narrow boat evolved upon our stormy coasts, and the broad shallow boat evolved upon the comparatively calm and sheltered seaboard of the Eastern States. The American boat won easily, and since then the two types have been approximating more and more closely. The Americans have abandoned the centre-board in favour of the fixed keel, and we have adopted the "scow" type of hull—broad, shallow, lightly built, and sharply cut away under the water-line both at the stem and at the stern. By this means we have succeeded at last in obtaining a sail spread—that is, driving power—equal to that of the latest American yachts without a greater displacement—that is, resistance to be overcome. *Shamrock II.* is more like an American yacht than any former challenger, and that is one point in her favour. Another is that she is the second yacht built for the same owner within two years. The Americans have in the past enjoyed the great advantage over us of a long continuity in ownership, design, and construction, for the New York Yacht Club is the virtual owner of every Cup defender, and the great New York builder, Natt Herreshoff, has come to the designing of each new yacht with the experience derived from former success. We never came nearer to winning the Cup than when the last *Valkyrie* was matched against the *Defender*; she was the third challenger built for Lord Dunraven, although only the second that raced under his flag, for *Valkyrie II.* never crossed the Atlantic. It is true that *Shamrock II.* was produced neither by the designer nor by the builders of *Shamrock I.*, but Mr. G. L. Watson has publicly made the fullest and frankest acknowledgment of the generous assistance rendered to him by Mr. Fife. "It was an easy thing," he said, "when you had a tower 100 feet high to put two or three feet on the top." That is what Herreshoff has been doing for years, and unfortunately for us he had the higher tower to begin with.

The crucial question, then, in estimating the chances of *Shamrock II.* is, by how much has Mr. Watson improved upon *Shamrock I.*, and by how much has Herreshoff improved upon *Columbia*, the last Cup defender? For the first time in the history of the Cup a yacht specially built in this country to sail for it has had a thorough preliminary trial against a yacht of similar calibre, and has been enabled to find her best racing trim. This has been a long business in the case of *Shamrock II.*, and has been seriously interrupted by more than one accident, but it has been accomplished in time to enable one to measure roughly her superiority over the first *Shamrock*. From their last week's racing on the Clyde it would appear that there is about as much difference between the two *Shamrocks* as there was between *Columbia* and *Shamrock I.* in 1899. It is admitted on all hands that *Shamrock I.* is now appreciably faster than she was when *Columbia* beat her; for Mr. Fife, her designer, fell ill at the critical moment, and deprived of his invaluable supervision, his yacht did herself less than justice in the Cup races. There is no reason to think that *Columbia* has improved also, so we may conclude that *Shamrock II.*, in her best trim, is about as much faster than *Columbia* as the *Shamrock I.* of to-day is faster than the *Shamrock I.* of two years ago.

But what of the new American yachts? By how much are they faster than *Columbia*? The Americans have two new boats, specially built to defend the Cup. One, the *Constitution*, is the work of the redoubtable Herreshoff; the other, the *Independence*, has been turned out by Crowninshield, of Boston, whose small racing scows are the fastest craft of their size in American waters. The *Independence*, although undoubtedly a very fast yacht, was so badly strained on her voyage round Cape Cod to New York that she leaked like a basket during the earlier trial races, and was beaten in the hollowest fashion by both *Columbia* and *Constitution*, and although she would probably have won the last race if she had not carried away her topmast, her hopes of defending the Cup have perforce been disappointed. Of the races sailed between

the other two yachts, *Constitution* (the new boat) has won two, and *Columbia* (the old boat), three. There is, therefore, no evidence as yet that Herreshoff has succeeded in adding anything to his tower, and herein lies *Shamrock II.'s* best chance of all. It is, of course, possible that *Constitution* has not yet "found herself," as sailors say, for it was believed that under the New York Yacht Club's rating rule a yacht fifteen minutes faster than *Columbia* over a thirty-mile course could be built, and Herreshoff has never yet failed to improve on his past work. It is also possible that after crossing the Atlantic and undergoing once more the delicate process of being tuned up to racing pitch *Shamrock II.* may fall short of her latest achievements on the Clyde. But the New York Club has agreed to give her three clear weeks for preparation after her arrival, and so we may hope quietly for the best.

T. M. Y.

DRAMA.

THE ELIZABETHAN STAGE SOCIETY.

THE artistic merits of the performance given last Saturday at Charterhouse (and to be repeated to-day) were not for a moment in doubt. Seldom has one the pleasure of chronicling a success so complete and rounded. The choice of *Everyman* was happy, both because the motive is not too obtrusively theological for our later tastes and because, on the other hand, the piece is free from the coarseness which restricts most moralities to the top shelves of the library. As Professor Ward puts it: "Though it contains passages which point to an ecclesiastical authorship, though it glorifies the power and authority of the priesthood at the expense of emperors and kings and the angels in heaven themselves, and though the view of salvation on which it turns is one directly opposed to the Lutheran doctrine of justification by faith, its primary object is ethical rather than theological." The story is told with admirable directness and simplicity, and appeals to the experience and consciousness of all who have ears to hear and eyes to see. *Dethe* is sent by God to warn *Everyman* (typical of humankind at large) that he must prepare to leave the world forthwith. The message is received with the usual disappointment and complaint. The victim is not ready—

> O Dethe! thou comest whan
> I had the leest in mynde.

Is there so great a hurry? Will not a liberal gift procure a postponement? Dethe scouts the suggestion with the obvious retort:—

> Everyman, it may be by no waye;
> For, and I wolde receyve gyftes grete,
> All the worlde I might gete;
> But my custome is clene contrary:
> I gyve the no respyte, come hens, and not tary.

But at least the wretched man may have a companion—if he can find one—so on *Dethe* leaving him to make preparation for the journey he proceeds to test his friends. *Felawship* is passing down the street—will he come? *Felawship* answers the greeting in jovial terms, a gay dog ready for any merriment, even for any villainy, but on learning the exact nature of the invitation he promptly declines. Then poor *Everyman* tries his "frendes and kynnesmen." They also refuse, the one suddenly discovering himself to be incapacitated for exertion by "the cramp in my to," the other, less ready in excuse, contenting himself with an absolute "Sir, I will not." Things are getting desperate, but he bethinks him of *Goodes*, and addresses that personification of the wealth he has amassed. This appeal also fails. *Goodes* turns a deaf ear.

> Nay, Everyman, I synge another songe;
> I folowe no man in suche vyages.

He becomes more and more despondent. Clearly the journey will have to be made alone. (Was it Pascal who wrote "Je mourrai seul"?) Is he deserted by all? Nay, not by all, for *Good-dedes*—though so long neglected that she can scarce find strength to speak—she is ready to go. First she calls her sister *Knowledge* and the two bring him to *Confessyon*, who orders penance. Then he receives the Sacrament, and, so prepared, is ready for the grave. He approaches it with *Strength*, *Beaute*, *Dyscrecyon*, and *Fyve-Wyttes*, but the sight of the yawning pit is too much for them, and they also retreat. He is thus left with only the faithful *Good-Dedes* and *Knowledge*, and tended to the last by them goes down to his last home, and is pronounced to be one happy in his end. The piece is wound up by the Doctour:—

> This morall men may have in mynde;
> Ye herers, take it of worth olde and yonge,
> And forsake pryde, for he deceyveth you in the ende,
> And remember Beaute, Fyve-wyttes, Strength and Dyscrecyon
> They all at the last do Everyman forsake,
> Save his Good-dedes, these doth he take.

The stage management struck me as particularly good, the only weak point lying in a possible over-tendency to drag the concluding scenes. The intention, of course, was to accentuate the solemnity of the action, but it is possible to carry realism too far for spectacular purposes, and perhaps a little less deliberation in movement and speech would be an improvement. This is a small matter, and even if my view be right it counts for nothing against the general excellence. The stage manager has carried out with great clearness all that he has attempted, but, rarer gift, he has also known where to hold his hand. Capacity mated to discretion—what would one more? The result is that even the average theatre-goer of to-day, steeped in modernity, and with an atrophied imagination, could scarcely fail to understand. The acting is sound throughout, every character being embodied with just so much dramatic power and individuality as befits the general scheme, and where all are so good one is in a way reluctant to draw distinctions. Yet it would be improper not to make special mention of *Everyman* himself; a part making heavy demands on the performer, for it is of considerable length, is on the stage practically from beginning to end of the piece, and demands much variety of treatment. Just at first it struck me there was a want of *abandon*, too little suggestion of a life of mere worldly pleasure, and again too slight an emotion on receiving Death's message. But this defect was soon forgotten in the excellence of what followed. The ever deepening despondency as one false friend after another deserted him, the gradual growth of the conviction that not on earth must help be looked for in the dire extremity—in a word, the change of mental and spiritual attitude—were admirably rendered, until in the prayer that precedes the penance a height was reached such as the modern stage can seldom rival. The intense earnestness of that prayer, the outpouring of the soul in a burst of passionate devotion and surrender, the clear, resonant voice vibrating with almost its full force, this was something of which the modern school knows little. Here, indeed, one might hope to find a Constance. There were one or two small tricks which might be better avoided—for example, the now common "nev-ver," "ev-ver"—but they can pass. It was a very remarkable piece of acting.

The Morality was followed by *The Sacrifice of Isaac*, a portion of one of the Chester Mysteries. Here the author indulged himself and his hearers to deliberately wrought-out pathos, pathos of a rough, primitive kind, but none the less—perhaps all the more—effective. The note is struck in the first words. Abraham is ordered to offer up his son as a sacrifice. There is no thought of disobedience, not even of remonstrance. The two leave the stage proper, and betake themselves to an alcove in the corner of the courtyard which represents the mount.

When the boy learns the truth he makes no complaint, has no thought of himself :—

> But yet you must do Godes byddinge,
> Father, tell my mother for no thinge,

and his farewell a little later touches a chord to which the dullest heart must respond :—

> Father, we muste no more meete,
> Be ought that I maie see.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> Father greete well my brethren yinge,
> And praye my mother of her blessinge,
> I come noe more under her wynge,
> Farewell for ever and aye ;
> But father ! crye you mercye,
> For all that ever I have trespassed to thee,
> Forgeven, father, that it maye be
> Untell domesdaie.

This little piece also was very pleasantly and efficiently acted on what may be called conventional lines, which is the only permissible way.

One important point impressed itself on me throughout the afternoon. Here were some twenty actors speaking in an open courtyard, and all of them audible —some were better than others of course, but yet all could be heard without any painful strain on the attention. Of how many performances within the walls of a London theatre can that be said ?

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

MR. MACKESY'S letter about Quotations from Scripture has set me, as Burke says, on thinking. The topic is interesting. Mr. Mackesy seems to object to all Scriptural quotations or references in ordinary discourse. Is he right or wrong ? or partly both ? And, if he is wrong, either wholly or partly, in what does his error consist ? Let us first try to find some common ground. Probably we should all feel disgusted if we heard the words of Holy Scripture quoted in a profane or blasphemous connexion, or so used as to make mockery of Christian belief or practice. We should feel that the "Wandering Blasphemer" (to use the Duke of Wellington's famous phrase to "Miss J.") had better keep to his own vocabulary, and not double his offence by profaning words which his hearers hold dear.

But where there is no thought of profanity or misbelief, and the speaker uses a Scriptural phrase or makes a Scriptural allusion merely because no other comes so naturally or expresses his meaning so well, is there any reason to be offended ? For my own part, I am inclined to agree with the man who said that no one really believes in his religion unless he is prepared to joke about it. Or, if that be too unguarded a paradox, I would submit that the profoundest belief is at least consistent with a free use of the phraseology in which one's religion has spoken. In the present day we are often referred to the meritorious precedents of the Reformation ; and the language of the Reformers is steeped in Scripture. The translation of the Bible, as Mr. J. R. Green has pointed out, made England a people of one book ; and the common speech of the time was as copiously enriched with fragments of Holy Writ as ours is with fragments of Shakespeare and Milton and Bunyan. Thus, when Matthew Arnold's sister remonstrated against his biblical quotations, he defended them with characteristic urbanity. "At a time when religion penetrated society much more than it does now, they were very common, and, if they are used seriously, I see no objection to them. Burke used them even in his time. The Bible is the only book well enough known to quote as the Greeks quoted Homer, sure that the quotation would go home to every reader, and it is quite astonishing how a Bible sentence clinches and sums up an argument. *Where the States' treasure is bestowed*, etc., for example, saved me at least half a column of disquisition. The Methodists do not mind it the least ; they like it, and this is much in its favour."

I recollect an occasion when a perfectly grave person, wishing to convey that something was very old, said, "In fact, the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." Whereupon the lady of the house, who shared Mr. Mackesy's "*offendiculum* of scrupulousness," exclaimed, "There you go again ! You know how much I dislike hearing the Bible quoted lightly, and you will persist in doing it." I have no doubt that this excellent woman believed that "Not lost but gone before," "In the midst of life we are in death," and "He tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," were also fragments of Holy Writ ; and indeed nothing is more common than thus to combine devotion to, with ignorance of, the Sacred Text.

And just as people imagine phrases to be Scriptural which are not, so, conversely, even those who feel with Mr. Mackesy habitually quote Scripture without knowing it ; and indeed our common speech is so deeply dyed in Scriptural language that it is difficult to do otherwise. If betting were permissible in such a connexion, I would bet a shilling that Mr. Mackesy talks about a clever schoolboy's talents ; but when he does so, he is, as Macaulay pointed out to Lady Holland, quoting from St. Matthew's Gospel. And people, a shade less scrupulous than Mr. Mackesy but perfectly reverent and right-minded, perpetually summarise their meaning, and, as Mr. Arnold said, "save themselves disquisition" by the free yet respectful use of biblical phrases which have become famous. Instances come crowding on the memory—My brother's keeper ; Naked and not ashamed ; Sport for the Philistines ; The Prophet's Chamber ; The skin of one's teeth ; The haven where one would be ; The olive-branches round one's table ; The fly in the ointment—who is there that does not sometimes find one of these the inevitable word ? and who is there that feels guilty for having used it ?

Then again the whole Book of Proverbs seem to have been composed expressly for the purpose of quotation : "Surely in vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird." "Go to the ant, thou sluggard." "Stolen waters are sweet." "A tale-bearer revealeth secrets." "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." "A virtuous woman is a crown to her husband." "Faithful are the wounds of a friend." "The horseleach hath two daughters, crying, Give, give." "The conies are but a feeble folk, yet make they their homes in the rocks." "The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." "The slothful man roasteth not that which he took in hunting." "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." "A soft answer turneth away wrath." "The lot is cast into the lap, but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord." "The beginning of strife is as when one letteth out water." "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." "Train up a child in the way he should go." "Thou shalt beat him with the rod, and shalt deliver his soul from hell." "The contentions of a wife are like a perpetual dropping." "Put a knife to thy throat, if thou be a man given to appetite." "Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbour's house, lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee."

Now, does Mr. Mackesy really hold that these excellent maxims, full of practical wisdom excellently put, should be banished from our common speech merely because the book in which they occur is included in the sacred canon ?

Some authorities, I believe, hold that quotation from the Old Testament is right, but draw the line at the New Testament. But here again it is difficult to apply the principle rigidly. The sheep and the goats ; the mammon of unrighteousness ; the burden and heat of the day ; the wedding-garment ; the eleventh hour ; the broken reed ; the lost sheep ; the prodigal son—surely all these images, though hallowed by the most august of all sanctions, belong to the common speech of Christian people. And so again with all such proverbial phrases

as, "Friend, go up higher"; "Swept and garnished"; "Clothed and in his right mind"; "Riotous living"; "Often infirmities"; "Thorn in the flesh"; "Anathema Maranatha"—the words have so embedded themselves in our thinking and speaking that it is difficult to believe that moral wrong attaches to the free use of them, so long as no insult to Divine truth is intended.

It is perhaps worthy of remark that some of our most eminent teachers of religion have themselves been experts in the secular use of Scriptural phraseology. Archbishop Tait, at the banquet of the Royal Academy, compared Hankey's Flats at Queen Anne's Gate to the Tower of Babel, as being all bricks and confusion. Lord Shaftesbury agreeably likened Lord Beaconsfield to "a leper," and Mr. Gladstone's followers to "the pigs in Scripture." Dr. Liddon's jokes about the Egyptian whom Moses killed, the ass in the pit, and the alabaster box of ointment, will not soon be forgotten by those who heard them. Dr. Vaughan, who of all preachers that I have known most strongly condemned profane speech, said, when one of his two schoolmistresses at Doncaster was promoted to a better office, "It is only what we are taught to expect—two women grinding together; one taken, the other left."

My own conclusion has long been that the rightness or wrongness of a Scriptural quotation depends entirely on the circumstances under which the quoted phrase was originally used. Thus I can hardly conceive that any Christian who remembers the occasion on which the words were first spoken would ever say, "The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak." Contrariwise, I believe that the greatest saint in Christendom might, without risk of compunctious visitings, re-echo Job's half-querulous, half-humorous question, "Is there any taste in the white of an egg?" or might ask with Amos, "Can two walk together except they be agreed?"

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RELIGIOUS PROGRESS.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

THE best-informed and intellectually the most candid and most active French bishop at the present day is probably the Archbishop of Alby. I know very little of his life previous to his appointment to the see of Fréjus, some ten years ago. I barely remembered his name when, in March, 1897, I visited his cathedral, a quaint old church between the seminary and the bishop's house, tall eighteenth century buildings sheltered by grand plane-trees, and happened the same day to read above his signature, in the *Correspondant*, an article of biblical criticism which struck me. It was evidently the work of a scholar and of a man sufficiently sure of his orthodoxy to express his views without any disguise. This admixture of reverence and freedom, and a style totally different from the usual stilted tone of pastorals, had not been seen for many years in a work from an episcopal pen, excepting perhaps those of Archbishop Meignan, and even there not in the same degree. At the beginning of 1900 Monseigneur Mignot was transferred from Fréjus to Alby, and shortly after his installation began a series of letters to his clergy which are something more than the promise of a revival of clerical studies. The last one—on Scripture—is a decisive onward step of Catholic apologetics, and the boldest attempt we have witnessed from an authorised theologian towards an effective conciliation of the scientific *data* with the Catholic notions on divine agency. The assistance which this high dignitary's accession gives to the liberal school cannot be overrated. M. Loisy would not have been censured by Cardinal Richard if the Archbishop of Alby's letters had come out a few months earlier. Many theologians who would so far hang back, half in doubt, half in dread, will soon increase the numbers of a school the followers of which could have been counted on the fingers only ten years ago.

Traditional apologetics represented by men like the Abbé Gayraud, who know no philosophy except that of the schoolmen, and for whom the plagues of Egypt and Daniel's prophecy are a better proof of the divinity of religion than the continuity of progress in Israel, have fewer adepts than might be imagined. No account is to be taken of the thousands who know no more; they are a dead weight. But even in the Society of St. Sulpice, where the narrow conservatism of M. Vigouroux ought to be paramount, pupils of M. Loisy are not wanting, and are trusted with the most important chairs. The Jesuits, as a whole, may still be more backward, the tone of their exegetists in the *Etudes Religieuses* may seem disheartening, yet their Belgian brethren, the Bollandists, carry on their historical studies in the truest scientific spirit, and even in France the influence of the Abbé Duchesne is visible in some of their best writers, like Père Lapôtre. That spirit of candour is sure to spread to exegesis. The Rector of the Catholic University at Toulouse, M. Batiffol, affords a remarkable instance, and his faculty of theology follows suit to him. One of the professors, Père Portalié, has just given us the very rare instance of a Jesuit publicly refuting another Jesuit on a delicate point of doctrine. To complete the encouraging description let me add that the *Revue du Clergé Français*, and the *Revue de Histoire et de Litterature Religieuses*, both Liberal organs, and the latter absolutely independent, have the most intelligent public for readers, and are daily growing more influential. Archbishop Mignot's letters appear in the *Revue du Clergé Français*, and greatly add to its authority.

The Archbishop's apologetics have long been familiar in England, and I need not enlarge upon them. A good many French priests are now acquainted with the Germans, but generally prefer to discuss them when sifted by the less speculative English mind. They owe much also to the English Catholics, some of whom keep in Cardinal Newman's path with reassuring fearlessness and loyalty. Monseigneur Mignot's disposition is the same. He is enough of a critic himself not to smile or shrug his shoulders at much that is boldly asserted in Germany, but he has not M. Vigouroux's irritating way of applying the word "Protestant" to a High or Broad Churchman as well to an iron-made Huguenot of the sixteenth century. He quotes Bruce's "Apologetics" as the work of as sincere a Christian as he may himself wish to be.

For the first time we see a theologian accept with serenity the hypothesis that the wildest conjectures on the composition of the Bible may prove right. The Pentateuch may not be the work of Moses. A great deal of what used to be thought historical in those books may turn out legendary; the narratives of the creation of the universe and of man may be mere parables, *naïve* or intentional; others may be found at variance with unquestionable documents or monuments—it matters little. The only miracle and the only prophecy on which apologetics ought to rest is the miracle of prophecy itself. You cannot explain the foresight, conscious or not, of the spiritual kingdom, and the higher and higher moral idea which prevailed in Israel, whereas it fluctuated everywhere else, without a divine interference. The *modus* of this interference Monseigneur Mignot does not attempt to define. Some passages of his letter might restrict it to the general agency involved in the doctrine of progressive evolution. How far these opinions can be reconciled with the Tridentine canons and those in the Vatican constitutions on inspiration, with the doctrine of Aquinas on the extent of inspiration to even the *obiter dicta*, with the constitution *Dei Filius* on the proving value of miracles, and especially with Leo XIII.'s letter on the Bible, I will not venture to say. M. Loisy was solemnly blamed for holding the same views. Yet I do not think that Monseigneur Mignot will meet with the same accident, though his letter is sure to be reported to the Sacred Congregation. M. Loisy incurred only the dissatisfaction of Cardinal Richard, and the Archbishop of Alby has no other

superior than the Pope. Why should Rome take against the high dignitary the strong measures she would not take against the solitary priest? Monseigneur Mignot's letter will therefore continue to be widely circulated as it is already, and may serve as a text-book to the most progressive apologists. No such landmark has appeared for the benefit of the Catholic exegetist since the days of Richard Simon.

The attempt to lay the Christian demonstration on a wider basis than the marvellous of particular prophecies and miracles is not confined to the students of Scripture. I cannot help reminding the reader of the similar efforts to which I pointed out last year in the philosophic apologetics. The Kantian mistrust of rational inferences from particular facts has given rise to another method starting from a *fait de conscience* open to no difficulty: the presence in the soul of an uncontrollable yearning after the supernatural and faith. The French philosophers who advocate this method—MM. Blondel, Fousse-grive, Bazeillas, Laberthonnière, etc., all disciples of M. Ollé-Laprune—owe it partly to Kant, partly to Newman. Both names are greatly objectionable to a certain school which holds out the new exegetical and philosophic method now as pure Protestantism (*cf.* "Les Infiltrations Protestantes et le Clergé Français," by P. Fontaine, S.J.), now as Americanism. The latter appellation, however, sounds at present very strange: very few people could put clearly the idea to which it was supposed to answer: the word is only a vain echo of a noise which never was distinct. The Americans scouted the charge of Americanism, and the Europeans who were supposed to be Americanising argued triumphantly from the denial of the Americans. The bubble heresy is a thing of the long-forgotten past.

But the tendency which the ill-chosen name did not adequately cover is growing stronger and stronger. The greater freedom of thought inherent on the new theological methods is calculated to give more and more play to the individual, and develop those active virtues which, people said, were to supersede the passive ones. The *Ecclesia discens* is striving after truth instead of waiting till she receives it from the *Ecclesia docens.* It is a remarkable fact that not only the thinkers I have mentioned above but most of those who had any considerable influence over the Catholic mind were laymen—Chateaubriand, de Maistre, de Bonald. Others—for instance, Lamennais, Lacordaire, Gratry, Beautain—took orders comparatively late. Of course, in political action, the Catholic leaders were nearly all laymen, like Montalembert and Veuillot. In the last few years we have seen a good many priests among the originators of the democratic movement, but they would have done little without M. Harmel, a manufacturer, and they would do little now without the active young men who write in the *Sillon.*

Numberless associations and works have no other aim than developing in the ordinary Catholic a sense of his responsibility and his individual power. They would not have been thought of had not the extension of the franchise helped each man to realise his own little influence. This combination of politics with religion was one of the characteristics of Americanists, but it was nowhere reproved by the Pope, far from it, and remains the greatest chance of Catholics. Bishop Spalding, another American, dwells upon it in a book lately translated by the Abbé Klein, the same who had translated Father Hecker's life. Another sign of the individualising tendency can be found in the liturgy itself. The Benedictines are trying very hard to give back to the faithful the active part they used to have in it; there was an exceedingly interesting article in the last issue of the *Revue du Clergé Français* on the same subject, and an instructive analysis of the traces of an interference from the congregation in the mass; at last it is gratifying to find pretty often among the trash with which the Roman congregations are bothered by too simple querists, very wise questions about the admission of the vernacular into the services. Are not all these very encouraging signs that the individual element in the Catholic religion is being more and more taken into consideration? Now, if there was something really useful in the Americanist movement, it lay in that direction: names are nothing.

A FRENCH EDUCATIONAL REFORMER—MÈRE MARIE DU SACRÉ-CŒUR.

(From a Correspondent.)

The cause of the higher education of women is the poorer by the death of Mère Marie du Sacré-Cœur, which took place last week suddenly, but not unexpectedly, at Mauriac. The controversies with which her name is associated are better known in France than in this country: but they are of more than local importance, and a short notice of her life and work may not be without interest for English readers. The education of women in France, and in general in Catholic countries, is practically in the hands of the religious orders; and the work that has been done by these societies during the last half century is worthy of all praise. The tendency, however, of religious orders is to stereotype, to discourage initiative, to be suspicious of change. Hence the weakness of convent training; on the whole, and judged broadly, it is not up to date. It would be a mistake to suppose that religions, as such, are insensible of this: there are those, and their number is larger than might be thought, who are painfully conscious of and bent on remedying it. In her distant provincial convent Mère Marie du Sacré-Cœur conceived a great idea. The training of teachers, she knew, was vital; till this was a reality no lasting improvement could be looked for; to get out of the old groove was the first and most essential step in the direction of reform. Her design was to found a normal school in which religious women of different orders, while pursuing their own higher studies, could acquire pædagogic, the science or art of teaching. Profoundly impressed by the necessity of education being religious and remaining mainly in the hands of the religious, she was convinced that, if this end was to be attained, the education given must be the very best, and her book, "Les Religieuses Enseignastes et les Nécessités de l'Apostolat," published with the approbation of seventeen French bishops, explained the purpose of and urgent call for the work.

A crusade of opposition was started; touch a monk, said Erasmus, and you have a hornets' nest about your ears. *Esprit de corps,* material interests, theological prejudice—all were up in arms, scenting the presence of a common danger; nor, though we blame their methods, need we question the sincerity of her opponents; there is a piety, genuine of its sort, though the sort is not the highest, which neither elevates the understanding nor enlarges the heart. The matter was referred to the Roman congregation of bishops and Regulars—the supreme court of appeal in such controversies—which censured the book and pronounced the scheme inopportune. This was a severe blow; but for this very reason, the subsequent action of ecclesiastical authority is the more remarkable; here, as so often in similar cases, the common sense view of pronouncements of this kind is in reality common nonsense, and obvious only in the sense of being obviously wrong. Mère Marie du Sacré-Cœur, confident of the justice of her cause, went in person to Rome: Leo XIII. received her, considered her arguments, and decided, practically, in her favour. By a special privilege she was allowed to retain the habit of her order, the Filla de Nôtre Dame, in independence of any authority but his own, and to open a house of higher studies for women at Paris. It was not her original design, but it was a step towards it; and, had she lived, the success of this might not improbably have been secured.

In a recent number of the *Figaro,* M. Julien de Narfon gives an account of certain significant statements with regard to the whole controversy made to him some months ago by Cardinal Gotti; which, as his Eminence is one of the *Papabili,* and holds the office of Prefect of the Congregation of Bishops and Regulars, are particularly worthy of note. "The only reason," said the Cardinal, "why we declared the scheme inopportune was that we felt compelled to censure the book. The only reason why we censured the book was because of its outspoken criticism of the actual state of education in French convents. And the only reason why we condemned this

criticism was because it came from a 'religious." He added that the clause in the decision of the congregation, leaving it open to the various ordinaries to act on their own judgment and at their own responsibility in the matter of the *enseignement congréganiste*, had been overlooked; and expressed his surprise that so far no bishop had promoted Mère Marie's work. In France, he observed, in conclusion, there is a bad habit of writing before taking action. Had this good religious acted instead of writing, her work would in all probability have been now in full operation, and all these troubles would have been avoided. You can say what you like at Rome, one hears, as long as you know how to say it; you can do what you like, it appears, as long as you know the ropes; but, if you do not know them, it will be the worse for you. Subsequently, M. de Narfon tells us, more than one French bishop, knowing the mind of Rome on the matter, has given public as well as private encouragement to the projected reform. Death, alas, has removed the founders of the Institution de Sainte-Paula; may others be raised up to carry on and complete her work!

A LARK'S SONG.

Sweet, sweet!
I rise to greet
The sapphire sky.
The air slips by
On either side
As up I ride
On mounting wing,
And sing and sing;
Then reach my bliss,
The sun's great kiss;
And poise a space
To see his face,
Sweet, sweet,
In radiant grace,
Ah, sweet! ah, sweet!

Sweet, sweet!
Beneath my feet
My nestlings call:
And down I fall
Unerring, true,
Through heaven's blue;
And haste to fill
Each noisy bill.
My brooding breast
Stills their unrest.
Sweet, sweet,
Their quick hearts beat,
Safe in the nest:
Ah, sweet, sweet, sweet!
Ah, sweet!

Sweet, sweet
The calling sky
That bids me fly
Up—up—on high.
Sweet, sweet
The claiming earth
It holds my nest
And draws me down
To where Love's crown
Of priceless worth
Awaits my breast.
Sweet, sweet!
Ah, this is best
And this most meet,
Sweet, sweet! ah, sweet!

Michael Fairless.

REVIEWS.

Men and Women of the French Renaissance. By Edith Sichel. Archibald Constable and Co. 16s. net.

It is at once the riddle and the fascination of human history that it escapes natural law and introduces us to the mysteries. In the physical world and in the sciences attached to it there is a sequence from certitude to certitude, and though we know that the series tends to no limit, and that the matter is inexhaustible, yet what we have conquered is (so far) conquered absolutely. In human history the stupendous progress of the last three generations still leaves us with something unsatisfied—the appetite for the inexplicable. Force seems to be one and indestructible, matter to be one and indestructible. The conservation of unity and the repetition of unalterable formulæ force us on to a dull fatalism, and since something in us tells us that the conclusion is false, we attempt to escape force by every issue. In the modern world our principal avenue of escape is in the consideration of the story that lies behind us and in the following out of what may be called the miracle of history. Here also the scientific spirit exceeds its boundaries. It has attempted to bind the development of a civilisation; for a generation it seemed to have succeeded in its attempt and to have caught man also into the net of definitions. But it could not succeed, and every new pen that approaches history to-day feels that the comedy of its task is a frame into which no rules of exact calculation can enter. For the principal lesson of Europe—at least, of the only Europe we know well, the Europe made since the eleventh century—is that something wells up from beyond man, that springs arise in the dry centuries, and that whatever in him is erratic is added to the world around him, not made by it nor wholly dependent upon it.

Of this excellent truth the richest and most convincing proof is the revolution of society at the close of the Middle Ages. It should be taken apart, narrowed, looked at, as it were, within a frame if its full meaning is to be appreciated, and it is a powerful quality in *Men and Women of The Renaissance* that they are confined to that little space—the life of a man—in which the husk of the lawyers fell from the Western nations and the origins of all our art and our devotions, something much older than our oldest records, pierced and revivified the world. It is customary (for men love causes and order) to trace a long prior evolution in Italy, and to find little in the full Renaissance but a pouring out of Italy over the Alps. The explanation is insufficient. Something awoke. A vigour to which society had been utterly unaccustomed, of which it immediately wearied, sprang up in all the activities of human life, and we still look back to it as a man looks back to some peculiar passage of early youth, as the Dark Ages looked back to Charlemagne, or as in some future time a settled and perhaps decadent society may look back to the generation of the great wars.

How was it that a thirst and a new opportunity for special learning, an immigration of Italian masters from Leonardo to Domenico of Cortova, could make France more French than she had been before? How did the last circle of the wave, touching England, create the most English of English literature, or how did the chance action of a Genoese kindle the Spaniard to a flame that annealed half the world and left upon it the permanent impress of his religion and his language? No one can answer these questions, and because no one can answer them they delight us with the evidence of that other thing, the soul, which draws renewal out of the void and reveals the quality of creation.

The French movement suits especially the theme which we have sketched, and Miss Sichel's book, written, perhaps, from a standpoint somewhat different from that which we have described, yet emphasises it the more as one reads. A series of separate biographical studies, accurate and closely knit, compel the mind to an impression of how unique and high a peak that generation makes upon the relief of the centuries. It is an impression brightened by a feature which is always present in Miss Sichel's work, and which was conspicuously apparent in her study of the Lafayettes, the recurrence of pertinent

definition supported by anecdote. It would be possible to quote fifty places in this book where a reader well acquainted with the character of the Italian invasion and of the first scholars would find new effects hardening and defining his general estimate of the man that followed Louis over the St. Genevre, or built for Francis on the Loire. Thus of Briconnet in his half religious, half literary connection with Margaret we find this excellent phrase, "a farrago of *exalted dulness*," and how much this judgment (which we might have passed in a general manner without example) is weighted by a couple of quotations—the formulæ of signature to the letters, and that delightful request that the priest would "demetaphoriser" himself if he wished himself to be understood. So in the essay upon Dolet, a phrase describes Villoranus "a broad and beautiful spirit, enamoured of Cicero"; and this still better upon the quality of Gorigon's work: He seemed to possess a subtle sympathy with water —he knew its delicious secrets of coolness and modulation. He watched the waves till they became naiads. He watched the figures of maidens till they turned into waves . . . and his chisel, narrating them with an indefinable magic, conveyed a salutation both to waves and maiden." That is very good.

The work before us is at its best in these summaries and in the wealth of illustration supporting them. It has also an excellent appreciation of the true literary spirit, the two fountains, one of form, the other of life that mix, quarrel and vivify French literature from the sixteenth century to our own day. It is wise to follow Pater's choice as Miss Sichel does, and quote Dn Bellary's lovely pagan hymn to the winds, and just to say of the pedants to which he and Rousard used half their strength that were faithful and stubborn guardians. The whole chapter entitled "The Faith of Rabelais" shows the same exactitude of appreciation, and there is a translation which should be quoted: "Pantigruelism consists in a certain quality of the mind, gracious and robust, conceived in scorn of accident and fortune."

It cannot be denied (and it is especially in connection with the essays upon Rabelais that we say it) that the book neglects —presumably it deliberately neglects—one element in the period which most modern Frenchmen would especially emphasise, the maintenance of Catholicism. The essay upon Dolet, accurate and moderate as it is, makes him out something of a martyr; perhaps the current jealousy of his fellow countrymen is rather that he was a madman. "It seems," the author admits, "as if there must have been a vein of madness in him to account for all his misadventures." But the full note of his deplorable eccentricity and deliberate challenging of all that his countrymen revered is not sounded in the essay. The whole of this attitude towards the French Renaissance may be found in a few concise sentences where Miss Sichel condemns it for a "lack of reverence," and finds that "it was the absence of the sense of reverence in the heart of the people which ruined the French Reformation." It is impossible to look from ten standpoints at once, and we cannot quarrel with the definite thesis upon which a work so able as this is conceived, but it should at least be remembered that the great mass of Frenchmen, speaking of their own sixteenth century, do not ask by what fault the French Reformation was ruined, but by what providence it was warded off, and that which seems to us the sense of reverence leading to an ordered society seems to them a something inegalitarian leading at last to Government by the side which the French political temperament most abhors.

It would be unjust, however, to dwell at any length upon the principal quarrel of French history in a review of such limits as this, or in connection with a work which introduces so little of that debatable religious matter which is at the root of our national contrasts. The book will permanently increase the pleasure of all those who know the great revival, and we can give no better proof of that conviction than by saying that a mass of detail has not omitted the lovely chapel of Bron, near Bourg-en-Bresse, which everyone should know by heart, and yet which so few have visited, where a man may steep himself in the delicacy of France. Of a dozen excellent illustrations, two, the best perhaps, are consecrated to that marvel. It is a good criterion of the selection that marks the whole of Miss Sichel's work.

THE WORKS OF JOHN GOWER. Edited by G. C. Macaulay. Volumes I.-III. Clarendon Press. 16s. each volume.

FORTY-FOUR years ago the "Confessio Amantis," the chief English poem of John Gower, sustained at the hands of Dr. Pauli the greatest misfortune which could befall it. After three centuries of neglect it was carelessly and perfunctorily edited. It is open to anyone, who can find a publisher, to edit Shakespeare as badly as he likes, and the privilege is not altogether neglected. But to edit a poet never likely to find a large audience, so as to do his text substantial injustice, is really a crime, shutting out any better edition and misrepresenting him to a whole generation. Dr. Pauli was a good historian, and when he became a professor in Germany battled fearlessly for the professorial right of free speech, but he did Gower, a poet most scrupulously careful as to his text, a serious wrong. To include Henry Morley in the same condemnation would perhaps be unfair. Admiration for a man who could persuade a publisher to issue the "Confessio" at half a crown deadens the wrath which might otherwise be aroused by his reproduction of Pauli's errors, with some strange tinkerings of his own. But his edition, though it may have obtained Gower some new readers, left his text still misrepresented. Fortunately, the Clarendon Press, having issued Dr. Skeat's fine editions of Langland and Chaucer, was willing to follow them with the works of Gower, and in Mr. Macaulay found an editor fully qualified to remedy all these wrongs. Mr. Macaulay's pluck in undertaking a difficult and necessarily unremunerative task was promptly rewarded by his discovering in a manuscript just presented by Mr. Jenkinson to the Cambridge University Library, Gower's "Miroir de l'Homme," a long French poem which had been regarded as hopelessly lost. This, with his French *balades*, was issued more than a year ago, when THE PILOT was not yet in existence to welcome it. Without being exciting, or rivalling the very considerable merit of the *balades*, the "Miroir" proved an interesting poem, written with great facility and smoothness, throwing some light on social conditions, and providing a store of new Anglo-French words for the delight of philologists. Moreover, it was admirably edited, and thus raised a confident expectation that Mr. Macaulay's edition of the "Confessio" would be all that could be desired. This expectation is now amply fulfilled. There are some forty manuscripts of the poem, and not one of them had been faithfully reprinted, or even critically examined. There was no "six-text" (or rather "seven-text") edition to work on, as in the case of the Canterbury Tales. Mr. Macaulay has had to do the work of a whole society single-handed, and he has done it well, settling the very complicated relations of the different manuscripts, and basing his text on a critical collection of upwards of a score of them. Some interesting incidental results have been obtained, notably the fixing of the date of the first edition of the poem in the year 1390, instead of 1383, as recently supposed. More important than this, some two thousand errors in Pauli's edition have been corrected, and Gower's text is set forth with an accuracy which should satisfy even a poet who seems to have kept a set of copyists always at work in producing new manuscripts of his poem, with the additions and corrections which he was constantly inserting. Mr. Macaulay's edition is fully worthy to be set beside those of Langland and Chaucer by Dr. Skeat, and we think that he will wish for no higher praise.

What of the poet upon whom all this care has been bestowed? He is no Langland, though he, too, in his way was a reformer, but a reformer who saw no visions and had no bitter cry bursting out of his own heart. Still less, it may be guessed, was he a Chaucer, though he had Chaucer's facility for story telling, without his strokes of genius; and if not, like Chaucer, a great artist in verse, he was at least a craftsman with a steady ear for rhythm and some gift of music. Let him

speak for himself. Everyone knows, or ought to know, Chaucer's tale of Constance, and above all that tenderly pathetic passage which tells how she and her little son were driven from Britain in an open boat at the bidding of the letter forged by Donegild, the King's mother. Here is Gower's version of the same incident :—

And thus this lettre contrefet
The Messager, which was unwar,
Upon the Kingéshalvé bar,
And where he scholde it hath betake.
Bot whan that thei have hiedé take
And rad that writen is withinne
So gret a sorwé thei beginne,
As thei here oghné Moder sihen
Brent in a fyr before here yhen :
Ther was wepinge and ther was wo,
Bot finaly the thing is do.
Upon the See thei have hire broght,
Bot sche the causé wisté noght,
And thus upon the flod thei wone.
This ladi with hire yongé sone :
And thanne hire handés to the hevene
Sche strawhte, and with a mildé stevene,
Knelende upon hire baré kne,
Sche seide, "O hiré mageste,
Which sest the point of every trowthe,
Tak of thi wofull womman rowthe,
And of this child that I schal kepe."
And with that word sche gan to wepe,
Swounende as ded, and ther sche lay ;
Bot he which allé thingés may
Conforteth hire, and até laste
Sche loketh and hire yhen caste
Upon hire child and seidé this :
" Of me no maner charge it is
What sorwe I soffre, bot of thee
Me thenkth it is a gret pité,
For if I stervé, thou schalt deie ;
So mot I nedés he that weie
For Moderhed and for tendresse
With al myn holé besinesse
Ordeigné me for thilke office,
As sche which schal be thi Norrice."
Thus was sche strengthéd forto stonde ;
And tho sche tok hire child in honde
And yaf it sowke, and evere among
Sche wepte, and otherwhilé song
To rocké with hire childe aslepe.

We miss here some touches which Chaucer has introduced, and yet the homelier charm which runs through Gower's version is perhaps the more satisfying of the two. At least the "moral Gower" does not come so perilously near to spoiling it by moralising as does the greater poet. But if truth be told, the epithet "greater" is here anticipatory. Until Chaucer had made his second journey to Italy, from which he brought back the Divina Commedia of Dante and the Filostrato and Teseide of Boccaccio, he was no more, at the best, than Gower proved himself in the "Confessio Amantis." All that Chaucer learnt from French models Gower learnt also. Even the greater range of metre which Chaucer possessed, though the metres were borrowed from France, was only perfected when his ear had been trained in the school of Italy. It is true that even in his early days he showed touches of the humour which has made his works immortal, but in his 'prentice poems (and delightful as they are and worthy of the honour he gave them of insertion in the Canterbury Tales, the stories of S. Cecilia, of Constance and Grisilde are no more than this) there are touches of obtrusive seriousness that strike a false note. The polyglot Gower, who wrote in French, English, and Latin with equal facility, never rose to the strains of Italy, or to the wonderful, though too mediæval, humour in which Chaucer is most thoroughly himself. But to have written as good verse as Chaucer wrote till he was close on forty is no mean feat. The poet who did as much as this does not deserve to be neglected, and English readers may congratulate themselves that, thanks to Mr. Macaulay, they can now read him at ease in a most admirable edition.

War Impressions. Being a Record in Colour by Mortimer Menpes. Transcribed by Dorothy Menpes. Published by Adam and Charles Black. 20s. net.

We have already had many books about the war, from the portly first volume of the *Times* History to the irresponsible musings of a Volunteer private, and we have also had photographs and black-and-white sketches innumerable. Mr. Menpes now supplements all this with a collection of coloured pictures which will be of much value to those who have never travelled in tropical or semi-tropical countries. The expert in colour may perhaps imagine for himself the glows and glories of the broad belt of the world from verbal description, but Mr. Ruskin himself could never enable the general public to do so. There is every variety here—portraits, animated scenes of humanity, landscapes of many kinds. Among the landscapes may be specially noted "A Dutch Village near Edenburg," "At Paarl," "Ladysmith," and "In the Garden of the Convent Bloemfontein," this last being perhaps the most charming of all. One of the most unsatisfactory is at p. 192, where the suggestion of difficulties is almost, if not quite, absent. In common with most others who have dealt with the war, Mr. Menpes has some reflections. The things he says are often true, but the inferences he draws are misleading. Everyone will agree that our rank and file are not artistic, that they cannot cook, that they have not an eye for country, but to suppose that these can be taught, and that the authorities are to blame for not teaching them, is a mistake. How are you going to get the artistic sense into our masses when, spite of laborious effort and full opportunity, it does not penetrate into our upper classes? Again, the Anglo-Saxon is not a cooking animal, and you cannot make him one. Cooks are born, not made. How are you going to inform the inhabitant of a crowded city with that eye for nature which only comes to those bred in open country? On the other hand, there is no reason why our men should not be taught the proper treatment and management of horses and the mechanism of their rifles. Mr. Menpes met with a welcome everywhere, and saw and talked with many leaders of the war. His reminiscences—the fruit of close observation and of retentive memory—are disjointed but interesting.

Deirdre Wed and Other Poems. By Herbert Trench. Methuen. 5s.

Not achievement but notable promise is what we find in Mr. Trench's poem. But then Mr. Trench has attempted a big thing, and most writers of verse are well content to do little things. Here is a snatch of a lyric, for example, that shows a gift by no means common :—

But she like sighing forests
Stole on me—full of rest—
Her hair was like the sea's wave,
Whiteness was in her breast.

(*So does one come at night upon a wall of roses.*)

Or this again :—

Rushes that grow by the black water,
When will I see you more ?
When will the sorrowful heart forget you,
Land of the green, green shore ?
When will the field and the small cabin
See us more
In the old country?

But it is by Deirdré that Mr. Trench should be and no doubt could be judged. Honestly, we can only commend it to those who are students of the new thing in verse ; it is not easy reading, nor melodious reading, and the rhythms will scarcely please, though they are interesting as experiment—notably the stanza in the third part, of ten lines with one left unrhymed, thus :—

In the high pastures of that boundless place
Their feet wist not if they should soar or run ;
They turned, at earth astonish'd, face to face,
Deeming unearthly blessedness begun

And slow, mid nests of running larks, they pace
Drinking from the recesses of the sun,
Tremble of those wings that beat light into music.
There the world's ends lay open: open wide
The body's windows. What shall them divide
Who have walk'd once that country side by side?

We have quoted enough to show that Mr. Trench is seriously a poet; and one might quote briefer felicities, such as

Secret and fierce as the flat otter swims.

But for narrative poetry a continuity of excellence is indispensable, and this in our judgment Mr. Trench has not attained. But a man with so much energy of talent is not likely to be discouraged by a qualified failure, and may certainly go on some day to an unqualified success.

I. Leiçarraga's Baskische Bücher von 1571 im genauen Abdruck herausgegeben. Von Th. Linschmann und H. Schuchardt. (Strassburg: Trübner). Grammaire Cantabrique Basque, faite par Pierre d'Urthe, 1712. Publié par les soins du Rev. Wentworth Webster. (Bagnères-de-Bigorre: Bulletin de la Société Ramond.)

The first of these books is a reprint of the earliest considerable monument of the Basque language, the second an *editio princeps* of the earliest Basque grammar. There are two lines of research by which we may hope that a solution of the difficult but extremely interesting problems of Basque philology will be reached. One is the study of the existing dialects, for which much material has already been collected. The other is the investigation of their history as revealed by the earlier literature. To this end much is contributed by such publications as the present, which have been made possible by the liberal aid of learned bodies and individuals. Professor Schuchardt has reproduced, page for page and letter for letter, the translation of the N.T. and Reformed Liturgy made by Jean de Leiçarraga under the orders of Jeanne d'Albret. Except for a collection of poems published in 1545, this was the earliest Basque book, and, as many copies were destroyed on theological grounds it became a rarity highly prized by bibliophiles. The present reprint contains a long introduction, chiefly consisting of a list of the *typographical* errors or *orthographical* variants in the original. It is often hard to distinguish the two classes, since the number of minute dialectic variations in Basque is infinite; and thus it comes about that Professor Schuchardt discusses many important linguistic problems incidentally. It is unfortunate that he has not co-ordinated his views as the origin of the various auxiliary forms, which the reader finds it hard to grasp. We cannot always agree with him in details, *e.g.*, *eraitsi* and *erautsi* are doubtless *dialectical* variants, while in *baititezque* and *ezquitzaiztc* the reduction of *ai* to *i* in the word-group is due to phonetic law and not to the printer. Nor can we always follow him when he traces the influence of accent on orthography, *e.g.*, in such a case as *ikussi-dacussate* the guttural is affected by the preceding vowel, just as it is by the succeeding vowel in *vkan-eduqui*. But none the less Professor Schuchardt's work is of capital importance and extraordinary accuracy. Mr. Webster was obliged to rely on a copy of Pierre D'Urte's MS. (written about 1712, and now at Shirburn Castle), and his reproduction therefore contains a large number of errata, some of which have been rectified by M. Vinson in the *Revue de Linguistique*. The reader will easily correct most of the remainder for himself (*e.g.*, *guiaizcon* for *gucaizcon*, p. 78, *scndatçea*, &c., for *seudatçea*, &c., p. 387), but it is unfortunate that an expert collation of the MS. was not obtainable. D'Urte was a man of doubtful honesty and more than doubtful scholarship, but his grammar is of value for the Labourdin dialect (*gaba* for *gau* is Transpyrenean, but exceptional) and was well worth printing. It is much to be hoped that the appearance of these volumes will stimulate research in the field of Basque philology, from which the science of language has something to learn. That intricate but fascinating structure, the Basque verb, holds an important place in the evolution of grammatical types.

SOME BOOKS FOR THE GARDEN.

Stray Leaves From a Border Garden. By Mary Pamela Milne-Home. John Lane. 6s. net.—Mrs. Milne-Home's stray leaves come from her garden on the border of Scotland, and there she is as much interested in the common objects of the country outside her garden as in the garden itself. She is evidently a close observer and a great reader, and the result is that her book is in some important points very different from the ordinary books on gardening. The book is, unfortunately, too long, and we must confine our remarks on it to two of the points which make it unlike others. One is, that scattered through the book are a large number of well-selected poems, most of them legendary. Several are old friends, but many we have never seen before, and they are translations from Russian and other Northern sources; of these there are some that are exceedingly pretty. The other point is that from beginning to end the book is full of philology. The authoress is evidently a good linguist, with a fair knowledge of many languages; she loves to speak of the origin and analogies of different words and names, especially the names of plants and birds, and for the most part she is very accurate. But not always. "Popinjay" in England was never the name for the peacock. With the older writers it was the parrot, and was also given to the large woodpecker. "Holly" is not the "holy tree" but the holme. She gives a good many Greek names, all without accents, but we do not know where she got ενταταρίον as the Greek for agrimony, nor did Liddell and Scott know it. κολχικον was not the Greek for the crocus, but for the true colchicum, which is not a crocus. The old English name for foxglove was literally fox's glove, and had no connection with bells, though it has in Norwegian. 'Αγριαν is an impossible Greek name for the holly, and we cannot guess what the authoress mistook for it. Θλομος as Greek for the mullein is a mistake for Φλόμος. Pervinca and periwinkle do not "come from pervencere, to conquer," but from *vincio*, to bind. If the authoress had consulted the *New English Dictionary* she would have seen that "finch" is more connected with the colour than the size of the birds. We have dwelt upon these names because they give a very distinctive character to the book; and the list of the names as given in different countries is very well done, and shows some curious analogies. We have noted a few slight errors which might be corrected in a future edition. In Gloucestershire moles are not called "mools," but always "wauts." The author must have been misinformed when told that the lily of the valley "is found blooming thickly in Lapland and Norway, close up to the line of the eternal snows." It is everywhere a wood plant. She is also misinformed when told that our dog's-tooth violet (*E. deus Canis*) grows "profusely on Vancouver Island" and "the Rockies;" it is not an American plant at all. The blue Greek anemone has certainly never been found in England, and the "Robinsonian anemones" are pale blue, not pink. The dogrose is not the rose commonly so called, but the Alpine rose, and the scarlet oak is *Q. coccinea*, not *coccifera*. We note these small errors in no spirit of faultfinding, but in the hopes of helping the authoress when she comes to a second edition. The book has several pretty illustrations; they are rather sketchy, but evidently truthful.

A Garden Diary. September, 1899—September, 1900. By Emily Lawless. Methuen and Co. 6s. net.—This is not an easy book to criticise; there is much in it that is very attractive, but much also that is quite the contrary. However cleverly a book may be written—and this book has many clever pages in it—it is very perplexing to have to make one's way through a book in which every chapter stands by itself, and has little or no reference to the one that went before or the one that comes after it. The chapters by themselves were very fit for the periodical in which some of them have already appeared, but when brought into book form they need a closer connecting link than the garden of which it is the diary. The authoress tells us what she grew in her garden, and she tells of her gains and losses in the garden, but she gives her fellow-gardeners no hints how to

secure her gains for themselves or avoid her losses. She has evidently a good knowledge of natural history and a real love for it; but if she had gone a little further the book would have been improved. She recommends or denounces a plant without giving herself the trouble to find out the true name, as in the case of her "shaking Tommy," a local name which will be of little help to most of her readers; and almost any botanist would have told her the correct name, *Crucianella stylosa*, or cross-wort, not a British weed, but an importation from Persia, which we fully agree with her had better be kept out of the garden. We are surprised that an Irish lady should speak with "serious humiliation" of "the poverty of the Flora of Ireland"; for Ireland has quite two-thirds of the plants of Great Britain, and has some very interesting plants which Great Britain has not. The book is well got up, but we think it a good plan in all books on gardening or botany to follow the usual custom and print the Latin names in italics.

Grasses. By A. Marshall Ward, F.R.S., Cambridge: University Press. 6s.—This book is one of the Cambridge Natural Science Manuals, and the second title is "A Handbook for use in the Field and Laboratory." This well describes the book; it is not a book for the farmer; it is scarcely a book for the field. But it is a book for the laboratory, and a most excellent book for the student, who works with the pocket lens or rather with the microscope. Grasses are a very fascinating part of botanical study; they are so abundant that we are never far away from them, and at the same time there is such a multitude of species, and such a variety in their construction and organisation, that they are really a very difficult study. But in spite of the difficulty they are very fascinating; or we may say that the fascination largely arises from the difficulty. They do not at once reveal all their inner history like many of the *ranunculaceæ*, *rosaceæ*, *leguminosæ*, etc., but they must be studied, and the study of one species invariably leads on to the study of another. And the range is very large, stretching from our lawn grasses — though there are many much smaller — and mounting up through the cereals, so full of interest both in their structure and their history, to the giants of the family, the big reeds and bamboos. Mr. Marshall Ward does not profess to give us in this little book a complete monograph of the grasses; that would require many such books. Twenty years ago Hooker put the number of species at about 4,500, and the number must now be larger; for the grasses are found in all parts of the world and in all climates. What the book does is to dissect for us some of the more typical members of the family, so as to show something of their construction and to lead us to look further for ourselves. The reader must not go to it with the idea that he will learn from it how to make a good lawn or to get heavy crops of grass; but he will learn from it something of the wonders that he may find in the lawn he walks upon, or the grass he cuts for his haystack; and though the book is thoroughly scientific both in form and language, the most unscientific reader will be able to pick out many bits that will give him pleasure and instruction. It is a small book, brimful of matter.

Disease in Plants. By H. Marshall Ward, F.R.S. Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.—Plants are as subject to disease as man is, but though they can be recognised by the scientific expert, the practical gardener and farmer know very little about them. The great thing which this book will teach them is that the plants which they so carefully bring up are surrounded with enemies. The seeds of disease are everywhere, and are in most cases very easily carried from one plant to another. The air is full of them; and there are active carrying agents in every field and garden. Birds, mice, slugs and snails, and insects, carry the infection from one plant to another; but the most active carrying agent is man himself. He carries it on his clothes and shoes, and the very instruments he uses to cultivate his land may be, and often are, causes of disease. A spade that has been used on infected land will infect sound land many yards away; the knife which the gardener uses to cut away sickly wood from one tree will carry disease to a tree previously sound; and "every time a carpenter saws a piece of fresh timber with the saw which has been used previously for cutting wood attacked with dry rot, he risks infecting it with the fungus." And the mischief may come from most unexpected quarters, and may be such as no care could prevent. The *Phylloxera* insect, which worked such ruin among European vines, is a native of America, but there it did little mischief to the wild native vines, because it attacked chiefly the leaves and not the roots, as it did with the vines of Europe; but that mischief might come from it was shown in the curious fact that "it had played its part with certain fungi in ruining all the attempts to introduce the European vine into America many years ago." There are, indeed, few more interesting chapters in the history of plants than the attempt to introduce European vines into America in the early years of European settlement; it was a complete failure, but in the course of so many years American vines have come to the rescue of European vineyards, and have made them in many districts free from Phylloxera. But though diseases abound among plants, and every facility seems to be given for their rapid spread, yet Nature provides many remedies too. A cold, wet spring will destroy a very large number of insect pests, by destroying the young larvæ, and it seems probable that lady-birds, the larvæ of wasp-flies and lace-wings, and ichneumon-flies, as well as wrens, can keep down aphides. Besides these helps every plant has in itself large curative powers. If a branch of a tree is injured, either accidentally or by bad pruning, the wound is not for long exposed to the air in all its fresh rawness; nature builds up below the surface a cork-like tissue which pushes away the dead cells that were cut through, and in their place provides a healthy shield that prevents the mischief penetrating too deep. The book impresses the reader with the fact that if there are not exactly the same organisms in himself and his plants, yet there are very close analogies; and the more he recognises this, the more interest he will feel in his plants, and that will surely make him a better cultivator. Trees and other plants suffer from fever and catch cold; they suffer from over-feeding, and they suffer from starvation; and Mr. Marshall Ward does not hesitate to say that they suffer from wet feet when the roots have penetrated down to a sodden impervious subsoil.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) DEMOCRACY *versus* SOCIALISM. By Max Hirsch. Macmillan. 10s.

(2) MEMOIR of HENRY TWELLS. By William Clavell Ingram, D.D. Wells Gardner.

(3) ESSAYS, DESCRIPTIVE AND BIOGRAPHICAL. By Lady Prestwich. With a Memoir by Louisa E. Milne. Blackwood. 10s. 6d.

(4) THE NEW ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Jew-Kairine. By Dr. James A. H. Murray. Clarendon Press. 2s. 6d.

(1) The best thing that we can say for Professor Hirsch's *Democracy versus Socialism* is that it will conduce to clear thinking. Alike in England, France, and Germany Socialism during the last few years has become markedly opportunist. It is content to take what it can get in the present, and is rewarded by the smiling remark of statesmen "we are all Socialists now." But for its work of propaganda it preserves its old Utopias, cheerfully ignoring the fact that between its principles and their realisation there is a great gap, the frail bridges across which have one after another broken down. As that acute critic Mr. Bernard Shaw has remarked, the Socialist theory of value "began by being simple enough for the most unsophisticated audience and ended by becoming so subtle that its popularisation is out of the question, especially as the old theory is helped by the sentiments of approbation it excites, whereas the scientific theory is ruthlessly indifferent to the moral sense," the result being that the "old theory is the only one available for general use among Socialists." The merit of Professor Hirsch's book is that it makes short work of

this ringing the changes between old and new theories by taking the most authoritative expressions of socialist doctrine that can be found, demonstrating their inconsistency, and pointing out what an impossible and unbearable state of society would result from their enforcement in practice. It is perhaps a gain that in doing this Professor Hirsch avails himself to the full of all his controversial rights. Thus he takes his account of the Socialist theory of the State ownership of all wealth, however produced, from the 1875 Gotha platform of the Social Democratic party of Germany, though he is quite aware that the Erfurt platform of 1891 was "judiciously silent" as to certain points of it. The Erfurt Convention had not the courage to state formally that any part of the Gotha doctrines had been abandoned. Therefore, for controversial purposes the Gotha platform is still authoritative, and it remains for the opportunist Socialists of the present day, if they wish to combat Professor Hirsch, to say definitely whether their doctrines have or have not been modified. As we have said, this method of argument conduces to clear thinking, and clear thinking being of great importance in social politics, Professor Hirsch's destructive criticisms of Socialist doctrines are useful and to the point. Socialism has claimed to be scientific, and until these false pretensions are withdrawn its real force as an essentially religious movement must be continually hampered and lowered. If anyone wants to understand the precise extent to which Socialism is religious, he has only to read that wonderful Socialist Apocalypse, Morris's "News from Nowhere." It is a quite unsatisfying apocalypse, because it ignores the fact that, if every human being had the means and the inclination to lead an innocent and pleasurable life, man's spiritual nature would still require its outlet. But it presupposes such an immense advance in all man-regarding virtues, that for anyone to try to fit himself even for this poor heaven on earth would be a distinctly religious process. Professor Hirsch turns his face in the opposite direction when he devotes the middle section of his book to various ethical discussions based on a theory of natural rights which he derives from his own inner consciousness. From these fundamental rights, he would have us believe, are derived duties, whereas both historical ethics and positive religion teach us that man's duties are fundamental and his rights only derivative from the duties of others. The difference in the two views may seem as idle as the old problem, "which came first, the egg or the chick," but religiously and ethically it is all important. On his theory of natural rights Professor Hirsch bases a thorough-going advocacy of the well-known views of land nationalisation associated with the name of Henry George; and it is this land nationalisation by means of a progressive tax which he puts forth as the true panacea for all the evils with which Socialism attempts to deal. If it be granted that the accumulation of all taxation on a single form of income becomes reasonable by being made gradual, it may be granted also that the immense wealth thus conferred on the State would diminish its difficulties and increase its power of good, just as a great accession of wealth would do in the case of an individual. But except that money may always be usefully employed, it is not clear that this indiscriminate appropriation of land has anything to recommend it as against the milder measure of taxing the increased value solely due to the growth of population. Professor Hirsch contends that in various ways the nationalisation of land would check the excessive power of capitalists, but he does not show how it would touch what seems likely to be the problem of the immediate future—the enormous staying power which the possession of great wealth gives in buying and selling in the world's markets. The multi-millionaires who are now started on their career are beginning to loom in the eyes of peaceful citizens like the barons and barons' leagues of the Middle Ages. If Socialism, not of a religious kind, receives a great accession of force during the present century, it will be because even a tyrannical central government, as in Tudor days, may seem a less evil than a repetition of the wars of the barons, no longer necessarily great landowners, but great controllers of trade. Professor Hirsch is not much concerned with these possibilities, and the constructive portion of his book seems to us weak, but as against the scientific pretensions of Socialism he is a very doughty warrior.

(2) Dean Ingram's *Memoir of Henry Twells* is not a very successful essay in biography. Canon Twells was over fifty when the dean first met him, and though a friendship of twenty-seven years is no insufficient basis for a biographer, it may well be that the friendship of two hardworking clergymen was of the kind which left them impressed with each other's aims and work, without that intimate daily knowledge which is needed for the portrayal of character. We catch a glimpse, indeed, in this biography of the extent to which Canon Twells's priesthood dominated his life, from his first preparation for orders to the day when he preached his last sermon in the church at Bournemouth which he built and endowed as a thank-offering in his old age. Perhaps this glimpse and the simple facts of his life as a schoolmaster, a parish priest, and the warden of a society of mission preachers, are all that Canon Twells himself would have wished to be set down by way of biography, and for the rest this "Memoir" contains enough of his own writings and speeches to make it interesting. Among the more notable of these fragments are some admirable letters of counsel to children, a speech in convocation on the extension of the diaconate, another in connexion with the report of the joint committee on an authorised hymnal, addresses on the control of thought, on parochial missions, on the difficulties of the country clergy, and on preaching, and the sermon preached at St. Paul's Cathedral in 1867 on the "Effect of Christ's death and resurrection upon His disciples,' which first drew Dean Ingram's attention to his future friend. We enumerate these with some care, because they are all full of fruitful ideas, and the title of the book makes no mention of them. There are also some occasional verses, though these only offer one more proof that the qualities which make a true and successful hymn writer (epithets which Canon Twells would certainly deserve had he written only the hymn "At even ere the sun was set") are quite different from those that make a poet.

(3) The indefinable charm of the portrait which serves as frontispiece to Lady Prestwich's *Essays, Descriptive and Biographical,* will prepare the reader to expect a very interesting book. Lady Prestwich was the daughter of James Milne and his wife, Louisa Falconer, both of whom belonged to good old Scotch families, and it was after her early marriage to Mr. George McCall and his death, that, while still a very young woman, she started to travel in France and Italy with her uncle, Dr. Hugh Falconer, the celebrated geologist, for whom on their return to England she kept house in London. Mr., afterwards Sir Joseph, Prestwich was a pupil and friend of Dr. Falconer, and he married his old friend's niece four years after the geologist's death. During her travels with her uncle Lady Prestwich (to call her by her final name) had some interesting experiences, and made the acquaintance of several famous men and women, amongst others Garibaldi, M. Boucher de Perthes (the first investigator to discover flint implements in beds of geological age), Mary Somerville, and Madame Mohl. It was at one of Madame Mohl's *salons* in Paris that she met Thackeray and his two young daughters, and fell under the spell of the novelist's wonderful talk; and both of her and of other notable acquaintances she gives very dramatic descriptions. A chapter entitled "Our White Deal Box" gives a humorous account of her struggles with some Italian Custom-house officials in her anxiety to regain possession of a box of fossils and plaster casts belonging to her uncle, who was laid up himself at Naples, fretting over the loss of his treasures. His niece, however, played her part so well that the box was finally restored to its owner on payment of one piastre, but the officials refused to give up possession of the pamphlets descriptive of the "bones" to anyone but "la donna delle osta" who had so courageously fought for their restoration. After her marriage with her second husband, Lady Prestwich devoted herself almost entirely to helping him in his work

and the rest of the essays consist principally of popular and brightly written papers on elementary geology, originally contributed to *Good Words* and *Every Girl's Magazine*. After Sir Joseph's death, his widow compiled a successful biography of her distinguished husband, which was published in June, 1899, just two months before her own death. The present "Essays" are edited by her sister, Miss Louisa Milne, and are prefaced by a bright little memoir, which, with the portrait already spoken of, gives us a very pleasing impression of Lady Prestwich's personality.

(4) In the July section of the *New English Dictionary* Dr. Murray completes letter J, which he had previously carried as far as "Jew," and gives the history of K and a page of K-words. The part is as full of interest and of miscellaneous information as its predecessors, though it has perhaps fewer surprises. One of them, to our ignorance, comes under Jinricksha, which is chronicled as the invention of a European missionary about 1870, the Japanese kindly inventing a name for it, whose component parts signify man-power-vehicle. The origin of "Jingo" in its political meaning is, of course, learnedly traced, Dr. Murray amusing himself by describing the song, by G. W. Hunt, as the "Tyrtæan ode" of the party ready to fight Russia in 1878, and the first quotation being from a letter by Mr. Holyoake in the *Daily News* for March 13th of that year, in which he speaks of "the Jingoes in the Park." Under "Jury" it is a little surprising to find that there is no use of the word in its English form until the fifteenth century. In his prefatory note Dr. Murray calls attention to the protean and elusive character of the idiomatic uses of the adverb "just," and especially to the meaning attached to "just dead" in a quotation from the *Daily News* (a paper much read for the Dictionary) of 1884, "the writer adds that 'he saw a man just dead, and he was crawling towards us.'" This is connected with a Pembrokeshire quotation "he's just dead," *i.e.*, "likely to die soon," in the English Dialect Dictionary, and is arranged under the temporal uses. But the phrase is such a common one as an equivalent to "dead-beat," that we are not sure that the adverb is not here pressed a little too far.

FICTION.

Chapenga's White Ma 1. By A. Werner Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.—Miss Werner is one of those who "have heard the East a-callin'." She has suffused her landscape with its pitiless glare and black shadows, and the Eastern types are drawn as only one who has dwelt among them and known them intimately could do. Miss Werner has also a very pretty gift of terse and vivid narrative: she has sat at the feet of the late Miss Mary Kingsley and of Mr. Kipling, and has imbibed much of that peculiarly humorous realism which characterises them both, though she is very far from being a slavish imitator of either of them. And the dedication reveals the presence of a true poetic sense. We quote the first stanza:—

> Take this tale of a land
> You love, though you saw it never;
> The land of the sun and the sand,
> The land of the strong right hand,—
> The country where true hearts break,—
> But the true hearts love it ever!

The scene is laid in Central Africa, on the shores of Lake Nyasa. The story traces the up-bringing and development of Chapenga, the nondescript little slave lad, who appears when the curtain rises in the possession of Saidi, an Arab slave-dealer of the worst type, and thence passes, after sundry adventures, into the hands of a British trading agent, one Beckford, who wins his heart and endeavours to train him up in the way he should go, ultimately despatching him to the nearest mission station with a view to that end. But Chapenga and the missionaries do not hit it off. Chapenga runs away, and in time succeeds in rejoining Beckford, his *mzungu* (white man), to whom he renders faithful service, and in whose employ he grows old. Thus described, the tale sounds tame, perhaps; but it is far from being so in fact. There is much sly humour of a sympathetic sort, as in the sketch of the mission station and its clergy, and the characters there and throughout the book stand out with real vividness. This is certainly a book to read, and we think that more will be heard of its author.

In Bad Company, and Other Stories. Rolf Boldrewood. Macmillan.—Mr. Boldrewood's latest volume is full of valuable reminiscences of life in Australia, recent and comparatively remote. The first story, "In Bad Company," deals with the great Australian strike of 1890-1895. Bill Hardwick, who had drifted into something like friendship with a rascally delegate until the latter's true character was revealed to him, very nearly loses his life on a charge of having been concerned in the burning of the "Dundonald." That event and the tyranny and lawlessness of the union men, supply Mr. Boldrewood with many telling pages. One of the later papers is on "Ancient Sydney," which gives an interesting picture of the town in the 'thirties. Convicts are generally drawn in such lurid colours that it is curious to hear from one who knew them that, "compared to the modern product, the 'larrikin,' with his higher wages, better food, and more of the comforts of life than are good for him, they were angels of light."

Told by the Taffrail. Sundowner. Chatto and Windus.—These tales are, generally speaking, short and picturesque. Most of them concern dwellers, native or otherwise, on islands in the Fiji group or the Austral colonies. They are mere rapid sketches of character impressions, but they are sharp and distinct, and often show unusual intuitive power. The Buli of La-mburi, the rich man of Fiji, to whom riches are no comfort, for contact with the outer world and civilisation has put the world as he knew and liked it quite out of joint, is among the best of the sketches.

The Chronic Loafer. By Nelson Lloyd. Heinemann. 4s. —This is a charming collection of humorous things from America, which dropped out in the conversations of the Chronic Loafer, the Patriarch, the School Teacher, the G.A.R. man, and other daily loungers on the bench outside a store in Pennsylvania, U.S.A. The tramp's romance is pathetic, when one finds out that his love was a scarecrow with a straw face. The "missus" is wooed in many variants, but her rule after marriage is always in the major key. The final chapter, which deals with a penny-a-liner tale from an English magazine, the gossips affixing their own interpretation to estates, fox-hunting, and other lordly English ideas, is the best of all. If the humour of the Dollar Library is not wittier than other American creations, it seems to have its wit more closely compressed. As in "Beggar my Neighbour," the honours are so thick together that the haul is immense.

Idylls of the Fells, by J. T. Kingsley Tarpey (Brimley Johnson), is made up of short stories, all of them readable, and some of them marked by real power and pathos. The author has fairly caught the feeling of the country which he describes, and succeeds in communicating it to his readers; the effect is, perhaps, enhanced by the frontispiece, a tone block after a painting of his own. The first two stories, "The Girl at the Gate" and "The Christ Child at Fiddler's Hole," are, perhaps, the best.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CAN LITERATURE BE TAUGHT?

SIR,—May a mere dealer in education have a word in this controversy? I must boldly avow myself of Mr. Beeching's faction. Having, like him (*si parva licet* . . .), endeavoured professionally to stir up other folk to like the things I myself like in certain big books, I protest that I have succeeded (less, indeed, sometimes than I desired, and perhaps less than my stupendous efforts deserved) in stimulating a liking, and even a critical liking, for literature in a certain number of my pupils.

I think we are all a little amused by the word "taught" in this connexion. "Literature" can certainly not be taught as

you teach algebra, chemistry, philology, or any other *science*. As we are here using the term, literature is not a "science" at all; it is not a body of ordered facts to be got by painful analysis and careful tabulation. But if we cannot "teach literature," we can certainly do something to make our pupils more or less familiar with good things and to communicate a critical liking. The first thing is the familiarity, of course. We need no Plato risen from the grave to prove to us that we like best the things we know best. (I believe there are people who like Indian tea.) The next thing is the liking; and a liking, being a feeling, is more easily stimulated in some people than in others.

It has always seemed to me a cruel shame that the business has been so long mismanaged in our schools. I suppose the mischief in the case of English is mainly due to the fact that when people set about dealing with the great English books they could not shake themselves free of the precedents established in the teaching and editing of the Latin and Greek books, where the process is necessarily from the first more analytical and exegetical than it need be in dealing with the native tongue, in which the unit of comprehension is usually the *sentence*, not the *word*. The judicious teacher of English really *imposes* on his pupils a liking for good things. He does, in his degree, what the mother does when she dangles a coloured ball before her youngest hopeful and says, "Pretty! pretty!" giving it its first lesson in æsthetics. And when his pupils are reasonably familiar with the good things, he may profitably lay bare such parts of the comparatively superficial mechanism of the literary art, the rhetoric and so forth, as tend to produce certain effects or states of feeling. After that the philology; for in this case surely the more general should be treated first, and the particular last—first the æsthetic, then the rhetoric, and last the philology, if there *must* be "science."

To be sure, as Canon Ainger reminds us, notes there must be; but, by his leave, when the teacher and his pupils first together meet the line

"To alter favour ever is to fear,"

it is well to tell them plainly what *favour* means, then pass on, and bring them back to analyse and explicate when they know the play; for *the play's the thing*.

It is certainly time for us to recognise that in "teaching English" we ought not to aim primarily at cutting up a great piece of literature into the largest possible number of *disjecta membra*, but rather at putting our pupils, as nearly as may be, *at the writer's point of view*; to try to get them, in our and their degree, to *feel* the whole thing as the writer meant it to be felt, before we begin to be "scientific" and analytical about it. We may be sure that Shakespeare could not have written so learned a note on *favour* as Mr. Aldis Wright can—nay, as *I* can.

To be brief about it, teachers may well be content to believe still that if literature cannot be "taught," a critical liking for it can be communicated, and that they can hardly use their schoolrooms to better purpose than to cultivate a decent literary sense by copious reading of good stuff; for there should be plenty of it. This decent literary sense seems to me to give a meaning and dignity and savour to life which nothing else can.

But philology is a science, and not literature; a school of philology ought to be called a school of philology, and to behave as such. P. A. BARNETT.

Savile Club, July 18th, 1901.

ARMY AND NAVY.

SIR,—It is gratifying to one who advocated compulsory service years ago, when to do so was to incur the risk of being treated as a mere faddist or dreamer, to find that THE PILOT is with him on this important question. Your correspondent, "E. P. W.," in your issue of the 13th inst., is certainly right in correcting your supposition that a conscript army would be as costly as one raised by voluntary enlistment. Fourpence a day "and all found" would suffice for the private, whereas it seems not unlikely that we may have to give five or six times that amount if we persist in standing on the old ways and yet resolve to have an army of the right quality and the right strength. So much for the money question. But it is more important to point out that without compulsory service we cannot have a real Reserve—that is, a Reserve in proportion to the force with the colours of four or five to one, which may be compared with the three-fourths to one which our Secretaries for War consider to be such a splendid result of their tinkering at army organisation. Then it must be remembered that in the circumstances of our empire two armies, one raised by voluntary enlistment for ordinary foreign service, the other raised by conscription for ordinary home service, would be indispensable. But keeping in mind the great principle that home defence may sometimes be best assured by resort to the offensive abroad, we should make our conscript army liable to foreign service in great emergencies, though during actual war only. An army on the continental scale would not be necessary. The F. S. army might be 130,000 strong; the H. S. army might number—with the colours 140,000, in the Reserve 700,000. These figures are, of course, mere rough estimates, but they probably represent the very outside of our requirements. Your correspondent justly attaches great importance to "a very high standard of physical selection," but I beg leave to suggest that a high *moral* standard should be equally insisted on. A good character, ascertained by trustworthy evidence, ought to be an essential qualification for service in the home army. Much may be done to make the burden of compulsory service more tolerable than it is on the Continent. The period of service with the colours ought to be as short as it can be made consistently with the forming of the conscript into an effective soldier. Drill should be restricted to what is absolutely necessary, and the elementary stages of it should not be enforced in the case of those who can prove that they have learnt them before joining. Those who can afford it, and show themselves deserving of the indulgence, might be allowed to sleep out of barracks. In short, everything should be done to render the period of training as little irksome and repulsive to the conscripts as essential requirements will permit. Many matters of detail in connection with so great a change of system would call for the most careful consideration. It is probable that the peculiar duties which fall to the Guards would be found to render it undesirable to make any alteration in the existing method of recruiting them; and it is certain that cavalry could not be efficiently trained in so short a period as the one year suggested by your correspondent for a compulsory service army. These questions may be left to the solution which time and experience alone can supply. For the present the all-important matter is to face facts, to recognise that our old military system is outworn, and, in framing a new one, to take care that we build on the foundation of sound principle. M. R. H.

July 15th.

MR. M. WARD AND HIS CRITICS.

SIR,—I have no desire to intervene in the controversy in your columns on the Anglo-Roman Pastoral, nor do I hold a brief for Mr. Ward, or for the position which he assumed in his admirable article, "Doctores Ecclesiæ," published in your issue of June 22nd, 1901. But it is to be regretted that your anonymous correspondent, "E. F. G.," should make it appear as if the position taken up by Mr. Ward were but the opinion of an "irresponsible" critic, whereas in reality it represents the Catholic position pure and simple, with the special merit of a singularly clear and able exposition. That Bishops' Pastorals, in makers of doctrine, are only authoritative inasmuch as they form a concordant note in the general concert of Catholic teaching is not a theory of Mr. Ward or of Liberal Catholics, but a good, sound, and solid principle of Catholic Theology. It is no disparagement of authority to say that all its doctrinal documents require the interpretation of Theology. To speak of its interpretations as "amendments of irresponsible individuals" is somewhat absurd. The distinction between *Ecclesia docens* and *Ecclesia discens* is incontestable, but to represent the one as wholly active and the other as purely passive is quite misleading, because doctrinal growth comes by vital and organic, not by mechanical action in the Church. Finally I would enter a mild protest against the easy and convenient method of controversy adopted by "E. F. G." To dispose of the merits of a theological writer, like Mr. Ward, by the remark that he stands midway between the opposite camps of Liberals and ultramontones, and can hardly claim to be representative of either body, is, to say the least, unhappy.

Oulton Abbey, July 16th, 1901. V. J. SCHOBEL.

MISLEADING UNIONS.

SIR,—There are many words which have been married so long that it is time they were divorced. They have lost their proper quality by prolonged association, and the inseparable adjective has also in some cases an injurious effect in limiting the noun. For example, if "diametrical" always comes into my head when I speak of opposition, I shall most likely describe incorrectly a particular opposite, for those which are really "diametrical" are rare. I subjoin a preliminary list of words which it would be as well to disconnect, say for a hundred years, and perhaps some of your readers may be inclined to add to it. I exclude all mere penny-a-lining

phrases, such as "progressing favourably" and "devouring element."

Inevitable consequence.
Inclined to surmise.
Sweep from recollection.
Arrived at his destination.
Hurled from power.
Apprehensive of danger.
Chequered career.
Fabulous sum.
Acme of absurdity.
Depth of disgrace.
Irretrievable disaster.
Penetrated with the conviction.
Unavoidable necessity.
Indispensably necessary.
Rooted aversion.
Pet ditto.
Cardinal objection.
Profound sensation.
Hopeless muddle.
Hopeless confusion.
Inextricable ditto.
Initial blunder.
Palmy days.
Element of uncertainty.
Bone of contention.
Master of the situation.
Vexed question.
Transports of enthusiasm.
Blood curdle.
Sovereign contempt.
Supreme ditto.
Ditto moment.
Ditto excellence.
("Supreme," in fact, almost always).
Trying ordeal.
Diametrically opposite.

W. HALE WHITE.

HINDU THEOLOGY.

SIR,—May I ask your correspondent, the Rev. Henry M. Fletcher, what reason he has to suppose that anyone ever believed Shiva to be a goddess?—Yours faithfully,

July 8th, 1901. WILLIAM BLACK.

WOMEN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAY FUND.

SIR,—In making this appeal the Committee of the Women's Holiday Fund, of which Her Majesty Queen Alexandra has recently become Patroness, are relying upon the generosity of the public to prevent the entire cessation of the work which they have in hand. The object of the Society is to bring two or three weeks' holiday within reach of some of the many tired and overworked wives and mothers of this great city. The chief burden of the home necessarily falls upon the mother of the family, and her need of rest and change has perhaps been hitherto somewhat overlooked. Such rest and change often prevents a complete breakdown; and is therefore of the greatest benefit, not only to the mother, but to all members of her family. The treasury of the Society is literally empty. Arrangements for the holidays of between three and four hundred women have already been made for this summer, and applications are daily pouring in. Unless further funds are at once forthcoming, it will be impossible to send away any more women. The cost of each woman's holiday averages 25s., of which as large a proportion as possible is paid by the woman herself. The Society is entirely undenominational.

Donations will be gratefully acknowledged by the Hon. Treasurer, A. S. Daniell, Esq., Fairchildes, Warlingham, Surrey; and all information with regard to the working of the Society can be obtained by applying to Miss G. E. Burt, Hon. Secretary, 168, Holland Park Avenue, W.

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168, Holland Park Avenue, W.
July 16th, 1901.

NOTES.

MR. ASQUITH has consented to open the Exhibition of Chinese Art at the Whitechapel Gallery on July 24th, at 4.30 p.m. Sir Claude Macdonald has also promised to attend the opening and speak. The attendance at the opening Picture Exhibition in the spring was so encouraging (206,000 in six weeks), that Canon Barnett and the trustees have decided to hold a series of Exhibitions, illustrating the arts and industries of various nations, in the intervals between the Picture Exhibitions. The Chinese Exhibition will be the first of these, and it will remain open until the beginning of September.

As a result of the recent theological examinations at King's College, London, the following students are this year recommended for the Associateship of King's College:—Class I.—Messrs. Johnson, Malet, Sharp, Wheeler (A.). Class II.—Messrs. Baddeley, Goulden, Harde, Leuliette, Pearse, Winstanley, Wheeler (E.), Wynter. Class III.—Messrs. Farley, Gun, Prince (P. E.), Sparks. The Annual Prizes were awarded as follows:—Jelf (Dogmatic Theology).—Robinson, Andrew Bowring Crispin. McCaul (Hebrew and Old Testament).—Baddeley, Harry Clinton. Barry (Divinity).—Sharp, William. Leitner (Messianic Prophecies).—Leuliette, Victor. Wordsworth (Latin).—Senior: Sharp, William Heneage. Junior: Robinson, Andrew Bowring Crispin. Gladstone Memorial (Political Science and Economics).—Malet, Christopher Leycester.

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The next volume of Messrs. Dent's "Temple Classics" will be *The Tale of the Argonauts*, by Apollonius of Rhodes, translated by Arthur S. Way. There will also be issued immediately in the same series *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise*, edited with notes by Miss Honnor Morten. As an appendix Pope's Epistle "Eloisa to Abelard" is added.

In a few days Messrs. Dent will publish *Primitive Man*, by Dr. Hoemes, in their "Temple Primers." There will be over forty illustrations of early implements, weapons, etc.

In Messrs. Dent's forthcoming edition of Hazlitt's works the only omission will be in the case of Hazlitt's "Life of Napoleon," which is now considered obsolete. The edition will be limited to five hundred sets for England, and the twelve volumes will not be sold separately. The first volume, to contain Mr. W. E. Henley's Introduction and Hazlitt's "Round Table," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "Letter to William Gifford," will be published in October, and the other volumes at monthly intervals. "L'Avare," the fourth volume of Messrs. Dent's Temple edition of Molière's plays, edited by Professor Frederic Spencer, will be published immediately.

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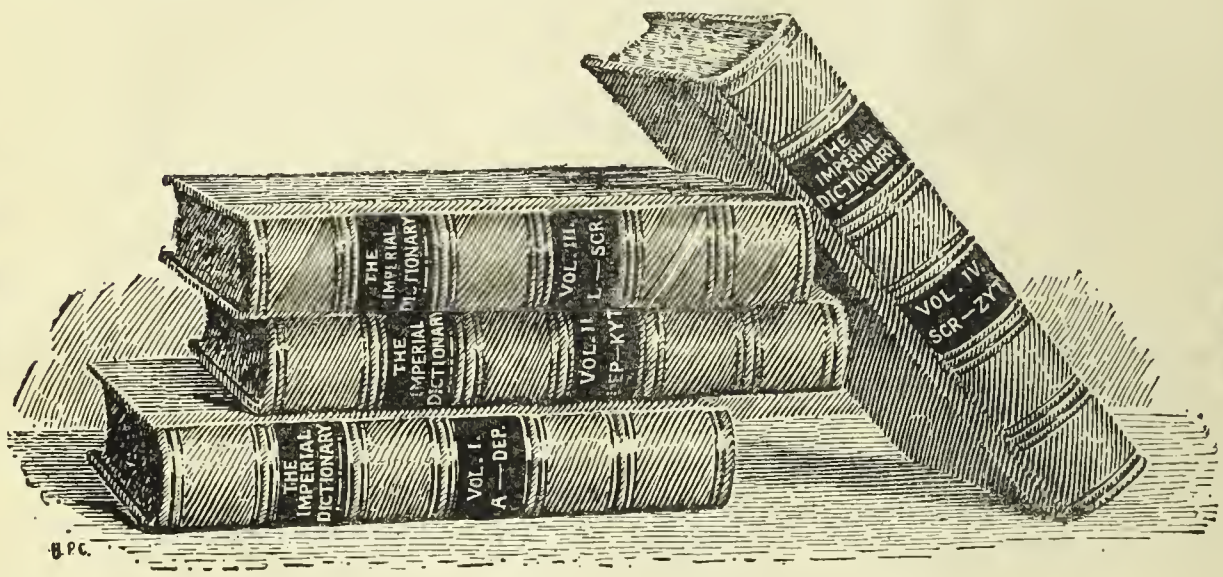

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THE WEEK.

Home. The usual debate on the ministerial conduct of business took place on Monday. Mr. Balfour made an excellent speech on the threefold division of Parliamentary time into Supply, Government legislation, and private members' legislation. If more days are wanted for one of these objects they must be taken from one of the other two. When once this is recognised the inconsistency of blaming the Government for not giving us enough legislation, and in the same breath complaining that they do not leave private members their fair share of work, is evident. More Government legislation would mean more Government time, and since this could not be taken from Supply—which indeed wants something more than it gets—it must come out of the scanty hours now appropriated to private members. But there is another fault to be found with the Government, or rather we should say with governments generally; the fault of filling the time at their disposal too full. The hours—and they are not a few—spent on debating bills which are ultimately withdrawn are for the most part wholly wasted. Is there any good reason why Governments should not make a reasonable estimate of the time they will have for legislation—an estimate based not on their own theories of what is and is not contentious, but on the ascertained practice of the Opposition—and introduce no more bills than they can fairly expect to dispose of in a six months' session? The volume of bills would no doubt be less, but the volume of Acts would be greater and the discussion of them much more thorough.

What has been done this session in regard to education is a case in point. The Government have done perfectly right in insisting on taking the opinion of the House of Commons on the principle that the ultimate authority for secondary education must be the local authority. That is a principle of such vast importance both in itself and in the extension of which it is capable that it is well worth fighting for. But if it was necessary to delay the introduction of an Education Bill till after Whitsuntide, why was anything attempted beyond the assertion of this principle? Why was not the simple one-clause Bill brought forward in the first instance? Education Bill No. 1 had the fault of being complicated without being comprehensive. It would have taken a great deal of time to carry, and when carried would have left a great part of the question untouched. If Education Bill No. 2 had been introduced in June, we should have got as far towards a settlement as we can get this session and at the cost of less time and less friction. Ministers will do well to avoid this error next year. With finance and South Africa on their hands they ought not to attempt more than one big Bill, and that by their own admission must be an Education Bill. Such a measure ought to settle the question for a generation, and in order to do this ministers must have a firm grasp of its leading principles and an intimate acquaintance with its necessarily complex details. Mr. Balfour showed himself thoroughly possessed of the first of these qualifications on Tuesday, and to have the same command of the second is only a matter of time and patience.

The Bill passed through committee, without alteration and with two applications of the closure, on Wednesday. The latter element in its progress received the customary criticisms from the Opposition, though these were marked, as we think, with rather less justice than usual. The closure is never a pleasant weapon, but experience has shown that as the session grows older it is one that must be resorted to pretty frequently if the Statute-book is to show much more than an array of empty pages. In this case there could be no suppression of argument, for everything there was to say either for or against the

Bill had been said before it was introduced. The discussion that raged round its predecessor had mainly turned on the position it was proposed to assign to County Councils in regard to Secondary Education, and as all that the present Bill does is to give these Councils a fractional part of this position at once, no new principle is involved. The intention of the debate in committee was to wreck the Bill, if any chance remained of so doing. That is a perfectly legitimate object, but then the use of the means which the rules of procedure provide for defeating it is equally legitimate.

If the Royal Declaration Bill corresponded even remotely to the Archbishop of Canterbury's precise and accurate statement of what such a Declaration ought to contain there would be no objection to its becoming law. But there is no such correspondence. The Archbishop says that it is indispensable to provide that the Sovereign shall not belong to a body which owes allegiance to a foreign Power. If this object is not already secured, by all means let the King declare that he does not acknowledge the Pope's supremacy. But the proposed declaration makes no mention of the one thing which the Archbishop thinks important. It simply offers for the King's rejection three doctrines of the Roman Catholic Church, everyone of which might be held, and is held, by millions who entirely reject the Pope's authority. Such a piece of blundering legislation as this deserves, unless it is radically amended, to be rejected on the third reading. The present form of the Declaration represents the theological virus of a long-past generation; it has no significance as regards the present. What it is proposed to substitute for it would speak from the present time, and so be far more really objectionable. Perhaps when the Bill is in committee Lord Salisbury will say why the Declaration suggested by Lord Halifax is inadmissible, or rather whether there is any other reason for so treating it, except that it is suggested by Lord Halifax. Is not the Protestant succession sufficiently secured by making the Sovereign declare unreservedly that he is "a member of the Church of England as by law established the doctrines of which Church I unfeignedly believe and confess"? Why should the King of England be more Protestant than the Church of England?

Lord Welby gave a very much needed warning on the second reading of the Finance Bill in the Lords, but, as has too often happened of late, it was addressed to the wrong quarter. A larger naval and military expenditure is a necessity of national life. It is our own hand that must keep our own head, and we have too much forgotten this in the past. But during the interval in which we are working double tides to make our defences adequate, we ought to economise in every other direction, and instead of this we are every year spending more money on a greater variety of objects. The proper fields for saving are the Civil Service Estimates and local finance, and unfortunately in these hardly a voice is raised on the side of prudence. The only way to make economy popular is to make expenditure felt by those with whom it rests to order it. It will certainly not become popular if, as Lord Welby seems to wish, no part of the increased burden of taxation is laid upon the working classes. He forgets that it is they who call the tune, and so far as someone else pays the piper there is no reason why they should cease to call it. Lord Salisbury evidently thinks that nothing can be done to keep out the rising tide, but as long as nothing is tried it seems premature to take this for granted. What, for example, might not be the effect of a Cabinet's resigning office rather than yield to some new demand on the national purse?

The Bill for dividing the diocese of Rochester—a most necessary step towards the proper Episcopal supervision of South London—runs great risk of not passing this Session, because Mr. McArthur wishes to make it a condition that the occupant of the new See shall not share the power of the rest of the Episcopate to veto ecclesiastical suits. There is something—possibly a good deal—to be said against the principle of the Episcopal veto. It is confessedly a makeshift, and has the faults incident to makeshifts. If Mr. McArthur thinks proper to bring in a Bill for the abolition of the veto he will have a just claim on the attention of Parliament. Though, the circumstances being what they are, such a measure ought, in our opinion, to be rejected, the argument in favour of it would certainly deserve a hearing. But to delay a useful administrative reform merely to impose in a particular case a prohibition which, as Mr. McArthur knows perfectly well, would have little or no chance of being adopted by Parliament as a general measure, is to turn Parliamentary forms to a purpose they were never intended to serve. Unfortunately, fanaticism is seldom troubled with scruples as to the means it uses, and we fear that Mr. McArthur will be equally proof against argument and entreaty.

A case of great industrial importance was finally decided on Monday. During the Taff Vale railway strike in the August of last year the Executive of the Amalgamated Society of Railway Servants were ordered by Mr. Justice Farwell to abstain from annoying "blacklegs." His injunction was appealed against on the ground that under the Act of 1871 a trade union cannot be sued under its registered name, and the Court of Appeal held the objection good. The House of Lords has now reversed this decision and replaced the registered name of the society in the proceedings. The strike, of course, has long been at an end, but the present ruling applies to all cases in which it is sought to make a trade union liable for alleged breaches of the law. Nor does the judgment rest on any merely technical construction of an Act of Parliament. Both Lord Macnaghten and Lord Lindley hold that, even if the objection to suing a trade union in its registered name had been sustained, the principle that "persons should be liable for concerted as well as for individual action" would still have held good, and the executive of the society could equally have been sued, though not under the registered name. From this point of view the judgment of the House of Lords seems merely a statement of the elementary principle that those who can inflict injury are justly held liable for the injury they inflict. A trade union can no more hope to escape from this consequence than any other association. Nor, if they are wise, will they wish to escape from it. It is greatly to the advantage of trade unions that employers should learn to look to them as the representatives of the workmen generally rather than to the workmen in their individual employ as the authority with which they can negotiate and conclude binding agreements.

The success of the Tuberculosis Congress is assured, and it has already yielded some startling results. The bacillus of almost every disease has so great an advantage over his human prey that to the lay mind war against him seems almost hopeless. Yet scientific research on the subject has been slowly but surely arming us with knowledge, and at the Congress the fruits of the most recent investigations will be gathered and classified, and their various values estimated. Dr. Koch, since he first tracked the tubercle bacillus, has kept his place in the van of discovery, and he has now asserted that the bacillus of animal as opposed to that of human tuberculosis is not virulent for human beings. In other words, according to Dr. Koch, tuberculosis milk and butter are not so dangerous as we have hitherto thought them. But it is well to remember that another of Dr. Koch's theories—that tuberculosis could be cured by inoculation—has turned out to be mistaken; and Lord Lister was on the safe side when he suggested that so far reaching a thesis should not be accepted without the fullest investigation. The mischief that might result from a mistake on this point would be almost incalculable.

The most important news from the war during the last week was Lord Kitchener's account of a rather serious mishap in Cape Colony. On the morning of the 21st a train from Cape Town containing 113 troops and a large quantity of stores was "held up" by Scheepers's commando eight miles north of Beaufort West. The train was burned, and we had twenty-one casualties. The most serious element in this piece of news is that it should be possible for a Boer commando to operate on our chief line of railway within eight miles of an important town where there is probably a fairly large garrison. It looks as though the line were insufficiently patrolled. Another reverse to our arms has taken place in the mountains near Cradock, where Colonel Crabbe, after an all day fight with Kritzinger, was forced to retire on Mortimer. Crabbe was attacked at dawn and his horses stampeded. That, again, one cannot help thinking, looks as if that very old fault of taking things for granted were reappearing.

It may be remembered that two or three weeks ago, when General French took command in Cape Colony, he threw a strong cordon across the country surrounding Graaf Reinet. "The idea was," says a correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, "to confine the Boers north of that region, and by the employment of a force from the north and the moving up of another from the south to catch the Boers between the crackers, so to speak." But alas for our cordons, they too often seem to be contrived with a convenient aperture, through which the "surrounded" Boers escape. Obviously that has happened in the present instance, and so we have Scheepers harrying our communications and Kritzinger disporting himself near Cradock. It must be extremely disappointing to Lord Kitchener, who in a telegram sent on the day before he heard of these reverses reported that French was "gradually pressing bands northwards." Elsewhere the wearing down process goes slowly but steadily on. The last despatch reported 43 Boers killed, 25 wounded, 190 prisoners, 126 surrenders—a total of 384, as against 513 last week. The balance of affairs has been further restored by British successes in the neighbourhood of Kroonstad and Reitzburg, involving the capture of several prisoners with a number of waggons and stores.

Foreign. THERE is little further progress towards a settlement of the Chinese problem. The deadlock in the negotiations as to the means of providing for the service of the indemnity loan is not terminated as we write, although—presumably in view of the return of Count von Waldersee—hopeful assurances are given by the *Times* correspondent in Peking, as well as through an inspirited German source. The Russian proposal to which our Foreign Office objects is, indeed, now stated to involve an increase of the Chinese Customs duties to 7½ per cent., instead of 10 per cent., the figure given last week; if this implies that the original proposal has been modified, some compromise may yet be reached. There is little other news, except that (as might have been expected) the Chinese Government has not yet fulfilled its promise to dismiss all the magistrates guilty of anti-foreign outrages; that the provisional government of Tientsin has been prolonged for a year, while the Germans are building permanent barracks, and evidently believe that they have come to stay; and that there are indications that Japan and Russia are actively competing for the goodwill of the Chinese Government, in preparation for an alliance. Whichever Power is successful will probably take good care that there shall be as little "equality of opportunity" as possible in China for the members of any nationality but its own.

The elections to the French Departmental Councils do not throw much light on the prospects of the Ministry, but they display the increasing weakness of the avowed anti-Republicans, and the insignificance, outside Paris, of the Nationalists. The former lose control in the department of the Charente, retaining it only in four others—the Loire Inférieure, the Vendée, the Morbihan and Maine, all of them traditional homes of one or other form of the Monarchist faith. The latter make some headway in the Eastern departments, but their total numbers are quite trifling—29 only out of a total of 1,444. The Socialists, too, have only 33 seats. It is true that there are a good many Radicals who are Radical Socialists, and that some of the so-called Republicans may also be described as Nationalists; but the Nationalist organs are so exultant, with so little apparent cause, that one cannot but see that they are making the best of a disappointment. The Republicans, however, must be divided into supporters and opponents of the ministry, and some of those who have displaced conspicuous Monarchists are certainly of the latter class. On the whole, however, the results indicate that the next Chamber will be much like this one, though its exact composition will depend largely on the way in which the Ministry and the present deputies treat the applications of the religious Orders for registration under the Associations Bill. It is stated, however, by the *Times* correspondent (a hostile witness) that the more militant Orders have persuaded the more peaceable, especially the Dominicans, to temporise in order that any persecution, real or apparent, may precede as closely as possible the General Election.

In Belgium M. de Smet de Naeyer has at last drawn up a scheme of army reform to lay before the Chamber. The peace effective is to be maintained at its present level, voluntary enlistment is to be encouraged in various ways, and length of service is to be reduced in accordance with the recommendations of the recent military commission. But the Government declines to touch the radically bad system of exemption by purchase, the point above all others that excites popular feeling. On this subject the Catholic Democratic wing has joined hands with the Liberals and Socialists. The question is not merely one of theoretic equality: there is a strong conviction that the military barracks stand in urgent need of internal reform, and that it is only when the sons of the governing classes have to run the same risks to health and morals as their poorer companions that a thorough reform may be looked for. The Catholic Right shelters itself behind the plea that the existing right of *remplacement* allows candidates for the priesthood to purchase their exemption, but the Democrats retort that under any system if will be perfectly easy to exempt seminarists by a special clause. How strong the

feeling on the subject is may be judged by the fact that already M. Bertrand, a Socialist deputy, has introduced a one-clause Bill of his own containing the words : " The system of military substitutes is suppressed," and it is expected that he will find supporters on all sides of the Chamber.

The German Emperor and his Ministers are already beginning to see the results of their too hasty concessions to the demands of the Agrarians at the conference held on the tariff question and the renewal of the commercial treaties last month. At the end of last week the Stuttgart *Beobachter* (Observer), a Democratic paper not much known outside Würtemberg, published a forecast of the new tariff. Its general tenor, since substantiated from other sources, was that the double tariff arrangement would be applied only to cereals, which are imported chiefly from Russia, and that the increase here would be less than had been predicted—40 to 70 per cent. at most ; but that the duties on meat cattle, cheese, eggs, and poultry, which come very largely from Austria-Hungary and Italy, would be considerably raised, in some cases, by 100 or even 200 per cent., without distinction of " maximum " and " minimum " duties. In other words, Russia is to be offended as little as possible, and room is to be left for negotiation with her ; but Austria-Hungary and Italy, which are allies of Germany, are to have a heavy blow struck at their agriculture, and are to have no power to lessen its force by offering concessions on imports. It is a short-sighted policy, even from the standpoint of strict protection, for a political alliance can hardly be worked in the proper spirit if economic warfare is going on between the allies. And it is rumoured that the *Beobachter* got the figures from one of the South German Governments (not that of Würtemberg) which disapproves of the scheme, and wishes to prepare the public to resist the even greater increases demanded by Bavaria.

What the consumer thinks of the proposals has been speedily made clear at a bye-election. The constituency of Memel-Heydekrug is in East Prussia, the original home of Agrarian ideas. Three-fourths of it is rural ; it has never failed to return a Conservative except when that party was divided, and last week their candidate was not merely a Conservative but a Lithuanian Nationalist. The large landowners and the authorities helped him with all their might ; the German Conservatives, oddly enough when one remembers their attitude towards the Poles and Danes of Germany, intimated that they would uphold the claims of the Lithuanian tongue ; but they lost some 2,000 votes as compared with the last election (in 1898), and their loss is the Social Democratic gain. The Liberals are where they were, and the second ballot may easily result in the return of the Social Democrat. As usual, the discontented voters have supported him in order to give the strongest possible expression to their discontent. It is not surprising that the suggestion should now be made, through the *Cologne Gazette*—probably from official inspiration—that the *Beobachter's* figures may, indeed, be correct, but that they are part of a draft scheme, and not final. If, however, the German Government thinks its allies are likely to submit in silence, it is clearly wrong. And, if there is a tariff war with America and a check on foreign trade generally, what becomes of Germany's "future on the water"? Her mercantile marine cannot live on subsidies alone, and her industries cannot compete with those of America if wages rise.

The recent dulness of politics in Central Europe has left the Press of Austria and Hungary free to turn its attention to the Balkans, and to draw alarming inferences from recent events. One paper declares that the visits of the Grand Duke Michael Milkhailovitch to the Bulgarian ports and Constantinople show that Russia dominates Bulgaria and claims to control the Sultan ; another reproduces and comments on a recent speech of Prince Danilo of Montenegro, charging the Dual Monarchy with designs on Albania; another, the *Magyar Orszag*, finds comfort in its own announcement that a military convention has been concluded between Roumania and the Dual Monarchy, by which the former engages, in case of war in the Balkans, to mobilise 290,000 men. Part of these are to check the junction of the Russian troops from Simferopol and Odessa with those of Kieff, the rest are to watch Bulgaria while Austria-Hungary herself keeps Servia in check. If that is so, the Roumanians are to be in the forefront of the battle, as at Plevna, though the rank and file may have something to say to the arrangement in the future as in the past. But the story is a mere rumour of the dead season. Its chief significance is that it shows the distrust felt in Austria and Hungary of the adequacy of the Austro-Russian agreement as to Balkan politics. If, however, Austria-Hungary would put pressure on the Porte to keep order in Albania and Old Servia—the Turks, it is said, are not sorry to see the Serbs of Kolaschin cleared out of the neighbourhood of an important strategical position—it would go far to prevent the agreement from being put to any immediate test.

The new Ministries in the Netherlands and Denmark are now practically complete. In the Netherlands Dr. Kuyper, who has a great reputation as a preacher, a theologian, and a journalist, has consented to become Premier ; three places are reserved for Roman Catholics ; and the scanty indications vouchsafed to us of the composition of the Ministry suggest that it will attempt, or profess, a moderate degree of care for the interest of labour, under strictly ecclesiastical influence. It remains to be seen whether this will moderate the peculiarly militant Socialism which distinguishes the Netherlands. In Denmark, for the first time in the thirty-eight years of the present reign, the Ministry is Liberal, and for the first time for at least thirty years it is in accord with the majority of the Lower House. The titular Premier is Professor Deuntzer, who is new to practical politics, while two of his colleagues are conspicuous leaders of sections of the Liberals. One of them, M. Christensen Stadil, is spoken of as the real Premier ; the other, M. Hörup, has Socialist leanings, and his Radicalism helped to break up the Liberal party, and so made way for the compromise of 1894, by which that party agreed to modify their opposition and vote the Budget, instead of leaving it to be legalised under the emergency clause of the Constitution. It is a great change for the King, but Danish loyalty has stood the strain to which he has subjected it, and the prosperity of Denmark has only strengthened its Liberalism.

The great steel strike in the United States continues without much change in the situation. The trade-union leaders base their hopes partly on the financial outlook —the companies are, to say the least, fully capitalised, and a general decline in stocks is in sight, owing to the comparative failure of the harvest over large areas west of the Mississippi—and partly on the assumed reluctance of the Republican party to lose the Labour vote. But it is very doubtful if that vote is solid, and it is certain that the claims of the leaders conflict with the ingrained American principle that business men must run their own concerns as they please—a principle which has been proof against much well-meant labour legislation. The scanty telegrams indicate that the masters are likely to proceed by the ingenious method adopted in the Chicago troubles of 1894. Then the State Courts were resorted to ; now it is to be the Federal Courts, which are less open to suspicion. Injunctions are obtained against the men's leaders, restraining them from interference with the working of the factories, by picketing or otherwise ; and any breach is punishable as contempt of court. Thus trial by jury is avoided, and popular sentiment and local influences eliminated. Meanwhile, however, the struggle continues, and the German and British steel makers are taking heart again.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

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The Pilot.

Saturday, July 27, 1901.

LIBERAL LEADERSHIP.

A TRUCE has been called in the War to the Knife and Fork, the leaders of the Liberal party have ceased from accusing and recriminating, and if we who looked and listened from a greater distance than usual (the feeling of all but Liberal leaders) are little wiser than before, we are rather more comfortable. Nothing or nothing definite has been added to our knowledge, upon very few points has opinion been either sharpened or blunted, but yet we have a warm diffused feeling that things will go better now. Not that the Liberal leaders have come to an explanation among themselves—there is no sign of their doing that, but, on the contrary, strange signs of a long-standing inveterate disinclination to attempt anything of the sort; and though the patient rank-and-file have heard terrible tales of machination and intrigue carried to the length of party treachery for private purposes, they have no assurance that these practices were exaggerated or will be extirpated, nor, indeed, can they do more than guess at what they really are. As to that, however, there is no particular inquiry—itself a symptom of the general belief that the worst is over, and that the party will gradually shake into working order again.

Much was expected of Mr. Asquith's speech at the Dinner of July 19. It was a very long, very careful speech, but wanting in impressiveness because lacking all appearance of spontaneity. It was broad; it was general; a spreading speech, such as would become a man who accepted recognition as heir-apparent to the leadership of his party; but it would have gained in effectiveness had it dealt more immediately, cogently, clearly, with the subject uppermost in all minds—the dissensions and decay of organised Liberalism. Were this speech our only information, it might be thought that the differences in Mr. Asquith's party have all arisen from the war, and are inconsiderable from the fact that the violence of dissension is the violence of a few. Putting Home Rule out of the question, that is true enough of the *whole* party, we believe. But unless we have all been mistaken for years past, the weakness of the Liberal party is the weakness in its leadership far more than in the rank and file. As Lord Rosebery has said, it did not begin with the South African war; and before that event it was ascribed not so much to differences of policy as to the absence of any one man of commanding ability and strength, and the consequent letting in of rivalries. In providing differences of opinion the war widened the scope of these envies; but (if Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's meaning is rightly understood) that was rather because the rivalries made occasion of the war than that the war naturally enlarged the rivalries. In short and at the best, the mischief working at the head of the Liberal party exceeded all genuine dissension as to the war, was bred long before the war, and might even outlast it; from which it seems that Mr. Asquith delved apart from the root of the matter when he brought up the genuine differences of the Liberal party as to the origin of the South African conflict. His statement of the true policy before Great Britain in South Africa has the assent, we doubt not, of eight-tenths of all Liberalism, there or thereabout; and it could be allowed by many Liberals who hold opinions which Mr. Asquith thinks entirely groundless and unorthodox. Our true policy, he declared for the second time, is "the conclusion of hostilities, the reparation as soon as may be of the ravages wrought by the war, the rebuilding from its foundations of the undermined and destroyed social fabric, and then a free, federated, and self-governing dominion in which Boers and Britons alike can share in promoting the destinies of their common country." And who are the unorthodox against whom it is necessary to wield knife and fork? They are described as men who fear that the Imperial idea has "corrupted the democracy with strange and unwholesome ambitions, and who see behind and beneath the enthusiasm which this war has aroused in every part of the King's dominions the lurking operation of a perverted sentiment—homage to the new ideal of a boastful, aggressive, rapacious world-power." But what of that? In so many millions of men, all politicians, it would be strange were there not an appreciable few who had this fear, and very strange if it entered into the breasts of bad Liberals only. For while there is a watchful, courageous, yet generous and considerate Imperialism, such as befits the great people which these isles have bred, there is such a thing as an "à Berlin" sort of Imperialism or even worse; and its introduction into England would really be a pity. But to take the case of those Liberals who, as Mr. Asquith says, do actually entertain this dread and are obstructive to right conduct, how many of them object at this moment to the Liberal programme of policy in South Africa which he sketched out? We have not the makings of a guess; yet this is certain, that every man of them could consent to that programme without abandoning the considerations which justify his fear. Facts like these narrow the political differences of the party very considerably; but they do so at the expense of its leaders, whose obscure personal quarrels are seen to be heavily responsible for the commotions we have witnessed lately.

Lord Rosebery's speech, unexpectedly delivered at the City Liberal Club on Mr. Asquith's great day, is a difficulty for all who read it. Its more obvious interpretations are unacceptable and its more remote interpretations much too insufficiently warranted. But here,

too, we seem to see plainly the same exaggeration of political differences which appears in Mr. Asquith's speech. Lord Rosebery formally stated his "point of departure" from the Liberal party altogether as at present organised. After declaring that he "fully acknowledged the responsibility of the Jameson raid for what followed," and that "in my honour and conscience I believe that nothing has had a more disastrous effect on the nations of the civilised world" than the hushing-up performances of the South African Committee, yet, Lord Rosebery said, "I pass all that. My point of departure is that . . . the army of the Boers crossed the frontier and invaded the dominions of the Queen." That was enough. Though he might criticise the Government when they fell short of what was required, yet they should have his "most enthusiastic support in carrying the war to a triumphal and rapid and quick close." And then he went on to say (as we understand him) that a political party of which one section "considered the war utterly wrong and carried on by methods of barbarism" could not be or pretend to be what it ought to be; and therefore he could have no more to do with such a party.

Now the division of which Lord Rosebery speaks ought not to be estimated by the quality of what divides, and that alone. The number of minds divided from the rest by utter condemnation of the war must also be considered; and again, to what lengths is condemnation carried? We doubt very much whether the number of Liberals who think the war "*unjust*"—Lord Rosebery's point—is relatively great; and as to these, how many deny support to the Government in carrying the war to a rapid and successful close? ("Triumphal" is no word for the occasion; it is not in the nature of things that the war should be triumphal.) In point of fact, just as Lord Rosebery puts aside the Jameson raid, South African Committee, and the "clumsy negotiations" that preceded the war, so and for the same purpose do many men put aside the conviction that the war was avoidable and is a vast misfortune. Therefore we cannot see in the divisions of the party the compelling reason for flinging himself out of it that Lord Rosebery sees; but—once more—there may be reason enough in the contentious jealousy of the party leaders.

Lord Rosebery is certainly right when he says that the Liberal party began to break up on what are now called Imperial questions long before the Home Rule earthquake ruined it quite; and he might have added that very soon after that disastrous event there was every expectation of strife among Mr. Gladstone's captains and some preparation for it by themselves. This accounts largely for the more-than-meets-the-eye in the present situation, and perhaps for a course of action on Lord Rosebery's part which is less precipitate than it looks. Not that we can think it fortunate; not that we see any promising *rôle* for him in the near future, unless as independent critic in a broadening range of affairs which profoundly interests him and in which he is thoroughly well learned.

TRIAL BY PEERS.

The recent trial of Earl Russell before the House of Lords on a charge of bigamy is an example of what is perhaps from a lawyer's point of view the most interesting privilege still enjoyed by the British peerage. The last occasion of its exercise was the trial of Lord Cardigan for attempted murder in 1841; and the last trial on a similar charge before the House was that of the Duchess of Kingston in 1776. In the latter case the accused was found guilty, but was protected from punishment by claiming successfully benefit of clergy; in the former case a verdict of acquittal made it unnecessary to consider whether a similar plea would not have been successful in spite of the privilege of benefit of clergy having been abolished in 1827, on the ground that the general abolition did not affect the special privilege of peers, given by a statute of 1547, to enjoy benefit of clergy for a first offence in felonies "touching other persons than the King himself or His Royal Majesty" without undergoing the punishment (inflicted in the case of all clergyable felonies) of being burnt in the hand. The Kingston case led to the passing of a statute making peers subject to the same punishments as other subjects; and it does not seem unlikely that the chief consequence of the recent trial will be legislation applying the ordinary modes of criminal procedure to all trials of peers for indictable offences. The privilege only extends to cases of treason, felony, or misprision of either, and does not exist in cases of misdemeanour, præmunire, and lesser offences.

Historically, the right of trial of a peer by his peers is referable to Magna Charta, which by Article 39 declared that "no free man should be tried except in accordance with the judgment of his peers and the law of the land," and by Article 21, that "amerciaments in Court should not be enforced against earls and barons except by their peers"; but this related not to criminal offences but to feudal rights, and it equally applied to the Courts Baron. Owing, however, to the fact that feudal rights were affected by forfeiture or escheat for treason or felony, and that the King by his judges could not be judge in his own cause, these questions affecting the barons or tenants-in-chief of the Crown came to be decided in the King's Court of Parliament, of which the judicial functions were exercised by the Lords. The principle, however, was soon made applicable to criminal jurisdiction over peers of the realm; and the privilege of peerage was sufficiently established by 20 Henry VI. for it to be extended by statute in that year to peeresses, married, single, or widowed, if not married to commoners; and for it to be undoubted in Littleton's time that on indictment for felony or treason, which is at the King's suit as distinct from that of a subject, a peer of the realm is to be tried by his peers.

The privilege of peerage was not claimed (except in some early doubtful cases) by the spiritual lords, whose claim of exemption as ecclesiastics from lay jurisdiction prevented them from asserting the privilege which the lay peers claimed as peculiar to peers of the realm; and there is no record of an indictment of a spiritual lord for treason or felony found in an inferior court being removed to the House of Lords. Their right has, however, always been acknowledged to take part in the trials of peers before the House, though not peers of the realm themselves; but they never take part in the sentence of punishment or acquittal pronounced by the House.

If Parliament is not sitting, the Court of the Lord High Steward exercises this jurisdiction over peers. The last trial before this court was that of Lord Delamere in 1686. As in the case of trials before the House, the indictment is first found by a grand jury before an ordinary criminal court, and is thence removed to the Steward's Court; and in the case of the Earl of Shaftesbury, against whom a bil

for high treason was offered at the Old Bailey in 1681, the evidence in support of the bill was at the desire of the counsel for the Crown heard in open court by the grand jury, who, however, returned the bill *ignoramus*. All the peers need not be summoned to attend this court, and the usual practice was for the Steward only to summon a small number, *e.g.*, twenty-two at the trial of the Earl of Warwick, and nineteen at the trial of the Duke of Buckingham. In 1695 this was modified by a statute providing that in cases of treason "all peers having a right to sit and vote in Parliament" should be summoned to the Court; but it did not apply to proceedings by impeachment or to other felonies. The spiritual lords are never summoned to the Court, and it seems that this Act does not give them the right which they did not have before of voting on trials of peers. The function of the Steward is not the same in these different modes of trial; in trials before the House he is only the speaker of the House for the occasion, and votes with the other peers; in his own court he is only the judge to give directions in point of law, and the verdict is given by the other peers, the "lords triers." The Crown may appoint any peer as Lord High Steward, but the Lord Chancellor or Lord Keeper has generally so acted.

By the unions with Scotland in 1706 and Ireland in 1800, Scottish peers and Irish peers (if not members of the House of Commons) obtained the privilege of peerage, but only the representative peers can sit on trials of peers, and the spiritual lords of Ireland were expressly debarred from this right. A special preliminary procedure was provided by 6 Anne, 23, and 6 George IV., 66, for cases of treasons or felonies committed in Scotland by peers and peeresses, by which an indictment must be found before commissioners appointed under the Great Seal by the oaths of jurors from the county of Scotland where the offence was committed, and is thence removed to the High Court of Parliament, or if it is not sitting, the Court of the Steward, for trial. The trial is then governed by the law of Scotland, and the Scottish judges attend the House as well as the English judges. It is worthy of note in this connection that in Scotland previously to the Union capital charges against peers were tried before one or more of the Lords of Justiciary with a jury of lords of parliament or lairds, and any "landed man" could claim to be tried by a jury of "landed men"; *e.g.*, Lord Lisle in 1481, Earl of Argyle in 1681, and the Laird of Macgregor in 1644. In England, *temp.* James I., a Scottish peer, Lord Sanquhar, was tried by a jury of commoners. In Ireland a peer indicted for felony was tried by the House of Lords, *e.g.*, the Earl of Kingston in 1797.

The question whether the privilege of peerage can be waived by a peer was discussed in the House of Lords in connection with the trial of Lord Graves in the Queen's Bench in 1884; and although Lord Coleridge, who had presided at the trial, defended the course which had been followed, the present Lord Chancellor and Lord Herschell and other peers expressed a clear opinion against it.

Lastly, in these cases it may be noticed as perhaps unique at the present time in English criminal procedure that the function of judge and jury is combined. Each member of the Court gives his individual vote for acquittal or conviction and the amount of punishment, and the vote of the majority is decisive. By its standing orders the House does not allow voting by proxy in trials of peers. An analogy to this procedure is afforded by that of the Star Chamber, where each member pronounced his opinion and gave his judgment separately, in striking contrast with the present decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which are expressed as joint opinions. So in courts-martial at the present day the members vote separately, beginning with the junior, for acquittal or conviction, and in the latter case the amount of punishment; but the sentence is given in the name of the court, and is signed by all the members, who are pledged by their oath of office not to disclose how they arrived at their judgment. In certain States of the American Union—*e.g.*, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, Illinois, and Kentucky—juries have been given the power and the obligation in some cases of fixing the amount of punishment.

In principle there appears to be no reason why a different procedure should prevail on trials of peers for felonies from that on trial for misdemeanours. Nor does the privilege seem to be of any real value to those entitled and bound to claim it. But if it were desired to continue the privilege of peers to trial by their order, a simpler form of procedure, such as the old Scotch method, by a judge and a jury of peers, or that of the Court of the Lord High Steward, might conceivably be adopted with advantage.

THE EVIL PLIGHT OF BRITISH RAILWAYS.

INVESTORS of the steady-going order are experiencing a series of unpleasant surprises in the very unsatisfactory dividends and the falling prices of the home railway securities. In many a household where speculation would be unthought of there has been astonishment that securities which have been regarded as among the most satisfactory means of investment have been behaving after the fashion of what in the stock markets are called "gambling counters." To some extent, of course, we must blame the war and the course of trade. The war has already added £130,000,000 to our investment area, and at a period when less capital was available for investment through larger amounts being wanted in trade this has tended to depress the prices of securities. Then we have to look to the course of trade for further explanation. At a time when trade is very brisk the cost of coal and all materials is very high, and more than absorbs the increased gain from traffic receipts. So that "on the top of a trade boom," to use an accepted expression, we find home railway dividends bad, and as traffics fall off, especially for our great goods-carrying lines, with the turn of the tide in trade, it is some little time before the decline in the cost of coal and materials, which is now setting in, can compensate in turn. There are regular sequences in trade which regularly affect our railways, as any close observer may see. As far back as last autumn we called attention to the probability of a decline in trade, and then pointed out how our investments, and especially our railway investments, were likely to be affected, altogether apart from the evil influences of the war.

But it may have been noticed that there has been considerable criticism of the reputedly unsatisfactory methods of those in control of our railways. It may have come as a surprise to some who have been in the habit of believing that our railways the best in the world—to those who judge, for instance, of our methods

by the masterly tact of a Moon in building up the great system of the North Western and bringing it to the height of its perfection—to find critics discussing the necessity for looking to America for lessons in railway management. How far, we may ask, is the outcry justified? Is it merely as the outcome of bad dividend seasons that we have the formation of an Association of Railway Shareholders discussed, with a view to forcing the hand of the directors? When we hear of the necessity for reform in working, for various changes in railway policy, for remedying the reckless extravagances of railway management, is it merely so much vapouring, or is there a substantial basis for the contentions which are advanced? It is there that we must fall back upon facts and figures to aid us. The critics tell us that our railway expenditure is increasing in an unjustifiable degree. To some extent the railways cannot help themselves. The great growth of taxation is held by the railway apologists to be a serious grievance, preventing them from making those concessions to traders which, in the best interests of our industries, is desirable. Then, again, we cannot blame the companies for the persistent growth of the wages bills, a result in great measure of the aggressive action of trade unionism and the tendency towards shortening of hours. The companies complain also of harassing requirements, such as the application of automatic couplings, but here again it is a question of unfortunate necessity, for we cannot allow lives to be risked unduly for the saving of a few thousands a year to the great railway companies. Still all the items we have mentioned are important as marking great growth of expenditure present and prospective.

There are, then, certain tendencies of the times and certain outside demands which render the position of the railway companies far from satisfactory. And in addition we have the temporary great advance in the prices of coal and materials to affect the railways adversely. None of these causes would justify the strong complaints against the directorates. Indeed, it is doubtful whether, even though reform of methods be necessary, the present is the proper time to initiate some of those changes. The critics point out, for instance, that the railways have been very prodigal in the matter of capital outlay. During the present week one energetic Brighton proprietor has been sending circulars to his fellows with a view to showing how the company has to a large extent been expending out of capital what should legitimately come out of earnings. That is but an instance of what is a very general ground for criticism at the present time. Unless a new source of revenue is being tapped it may be laid down as an axiom that there is something wrong if capital is expended largely. The growth of capital has been enormous, and not altogether justifiable. It is so much easier at the time to charge to capital than to revenue. It raises no opposition, for it interferes in but a trifling degree with the dividends. So that the common policy has unfortunately been to distribute in dividends almost to the last penny, whereby the capital burdens have been greatly increased by necessary expenditure, and in bad times, such as these, the railway proprietors feel the pinch. Yet we must frankly admit that it is difficult to check this policy at the present moment. Works which have been commenced must be proceeded with; contracts must be fulfilled. But directors should be plainly told at the meetings that a new policy is expected of them, and that, when times mend for the railways and net earnings increase, more must be expended out of revenue on up-keep and betterment, thereby following the healthy American methods which are making sound railway companies out of what a few years ago were bankrupt concerns.

When we turn to the necessity for reform of methods the evils demanding attention do not end with the reckless extravagance of directors in the matter of capital. It is in methods of working that the British railways leave much to be desired, although to those who have not looked into the question this may seem something incredible. A wise course has been to send a deputation of railway officials to the States to examine working methods there. There is, of course, something very different in the conditions in the two countries. With their long distance lines, the Americans have more economical conditions at the outset. But there is no reason why there should be the enormous difference that exists between a trainload on an American railway and one on an English line. That in itself means a handicap on the English line in the matter of working ratio. We have stood still for years, whereas the Americans have been continually looking for improvement in method. Recently there have been some slight efforts on one or two of our lines, notably the Caledonian and the Lancashire and Yorkshire, to adopt more economical methods, but as a rule the conservatism of our railway officials has been too much for would-be reformers, if, indeed, the latter existed. Certainly, in the matter of haulage, means will have to be devised whereby trainloads are increased and train mileage diminished, whereby the working ratio of the companies will be reduced and bigger profits secured. But before much can be done in this way it is probable that there will have to be radical alterations in the directions of our railways. We are suffering from what has been happily described as an "excess of respectability." Our railway directors are usually gentlemen of the highest position and highest integrity. But very few of them are practical business men, or at least practical business men who can spare adequate time to look after the railway interests. They are rather representative of capital, eager for dividends. The class of professional railway directors, recruited from the ranks of professional railway men, is a very small one, and this to no slight extent explains the want of energy and foresight which characterises our railway policy. Reform is indeed wanted in many directions, although in the space at our disposal it has been impossible to do more than indicate briefly the main difficulties of the companies and their proprietors at the present juncture.

SUSANNAH DUPLESSIS KRUGER.

Three times during the present war the echoes have been allowed to die and the smoke to drift away for a moment while the two combatant nations paid a united tribute to a beloved memory. The death of General Joubert early in the war first drew our sympathies towards the Boers in the loss of a great general and an upright and kindhearted gentleman. Last February, when the struggle had passed into the long bitter stage of guerilla warfare, the bitterness was forgotten while our enemies joined the rest of the world in mourning with us the loss of our good Queen. Now once more we are united for a moment while a figure,

humble and homely beside these great ones, stands in simple relief against the red background of war. Not for her will all the splendour of European Courts combine in a pageant, her death will be the occasion of no envoy's mission; but still this simple old peasant-woman has had from friends and foes tributes that might be envied by many a queen. War throws us into a curious intimacy with our enemies, and gives us a proprietary interest in their affairs. If we had had no quarrel with the Transvaal, we should have been barely aware of Mrs. Kruger's existence; now, by an odd chance, because we are at war with the country she loved, we have the right to mourn her. When we went to war she became endowed with a half-mythical, half-grotesque personality; now we see her stripped of that, and understand that she was just a good, kind old Dutch peasant-woman, obscure in her life, famous in her death.

It has been said of her that she never did anything for her country but love it. Could she have done more? It is a grand and beautiful strain of patriotism that pours itself out of an unlearned nature; she, perhaps, had not the head to govern and scheme, but she had the heart to love. On her husband, her children, her grandchildren, and her few intimate friends she lavished affection and care; shrank from contact with strangers and the outer world that flowed by outside the stœp of the Presidency at Pretoria; knew no literature but the Bible; nourished no ambition save to excel in her own sphere as she conceived it; and made her guests welcome by deeds rather than words. She was skilled in all the housewife's arts, full of those mute acts that speak so much louder than words of a breast of kindness, a heart throbbing with Nature's, a charity that makes no distinction between friend and foe. An exile in her own land, and far away from those on whom she was wont to spend her affection, it was her habit to make coffee for the English soldiers who guarded her dwelling, and thus to satisfy her hunger for kind acts. There is a pretty story of her that helps us to realise how much of a child she was, and how utterly politics and any sense of artificial dignity were absent from her nature. A great statue of President Kruger was to have been erected in Pretoria, with regard to which this good old woman when she was consulted made but one request: that the top of the President's hat should be made hollow, so that the rain might lie there and little birds drink from it.

THE CHARACTER OF CHARLES V.—III.

DRESS is the medium between the outer and the inner life, or between character and its manifestation in the form of tastes. With the Emperor's wardrobe this final section of my subject may therefore fitly open.

Spaniards blamed Charles for introducing the elaborate extravagance of the Burgundian Court. His personal tastes, however, wrote Navagero in 1546, were simple; his clothes, his table, his kennel, and his stables were those of a modest prince rather than of a mighty emperor. He would spend lavishly on great objects, but grudged a ducat for superfluities. There is a good deal of evidence as to his economy in dress. In 1541 he is described as coming into Italy in a bad hat and threadbare clothes. Yet he was careful with his headgear, for when it came on to rain at Naumburg he sent into the town for an old cap and put his new one under his arm. Mocenigo wrote in 1548 that he was most economical in his person, thinking it folly to give more that 200 crowns for a fur; he often had his clothes mended, knew every detail, and missed a straying shirt or handkerchief. It was, however, said that Charles took this line or purpose to counteract the insensate passion for dress among the gentry. He would wear, for instance, in Germany a fustian cap and a woollen costume not worth a crown, all of one colour, and so all the great lords did likewise. At this same time his court and table were very cheaply run; his household was often without pay for a year, and his pages so rarely had new liveries that they were in rags. Indifference as to dress, as with other men, probably grew upon the Emperor after marriage, for the costumes of earlier days might be envied by modern German royalty. During twenty months of 1519 and 1520 he ordered fifty-three pairs of stockings and one hundred and sixty-three pairs of shoes and slippers, a handsome allowance even for a newly-elected Cæsar.

Impolite ambassadors reported that the Emperor ate too much and took too little exercise. His midnight supper was not provocative of early rising. Cold and moist elements, it was scientifically stated, prevailed in his constitution. He, therefore, loved warmth, riding in full sun in summer, and hugging the stove in winter. He was a fine horseman, and in his youth played a more than creditable part in tournaments. He had hunted bear and wolf in the mountains of Granada and Castile, and had faced the boar of his native forests. Bad health early robbed him of the passion or the ability for hunting, which tempted so many contemporary princes into restless, useless lives. His delight was to ramble, gun in hand, by himself or with a few companions, and this rather for the pleasure of seeing wild animal life than of shooting a bird or two. Within a year of his death the pigeons in the woods at Yuste would courteously pretend to be frightened at his shots.

Like many grave men, Charles took pleasure in others' jests, or even in his own. His major-domo was a noted humorist, while the Spanish buffoon Perico enjoyed a sometimes dangerous license. From Coligni's suite during the Embassy of 1556 the Emperor singled out the French jester, Brusquet, and laughingly admitted that in the exchange of banter the amateur had come off second best. During this same interview he gave proof of a humour both playful and pathetic. When with great difficulty his distorted fingers broke the seal of the French king's letter, he said to Coligni, "What think you of me, Sir Admiral? Am I not a fine knight to charge and break a lance, I who can only open a letter after so much trouble?" Then, hearing that Henry II. had already some few grey hairs, he told how on his return from Tunis he was anxious to please the notoriously pretty Neapolitan ladies, for, after all, he was a man, so he called his barber to dress his hair. "Take all those out, and don't leave one," he cried, as he saw two or three grey hairs. But some time after, on looking in his glass, he found that for each white hair removed three more had grown. "If," concluded Charles, "I had made the barber take these out also, in less than no time I should have been white as a swan." Another jest he used to make at the expense of his own plain features and the portrait painter's art. He was, he said, by nature ugly, but as the artists usually painted him uglier than he really was, he agreeably disappointed those who expected to find a plainer man.

Although, or perhaps because, badly educated, Charles became, in Van Male's words, an insatiable reader. Originally his bent was for romances of chivalry and chronicles. Monstrelet's history was an early companion, as befitted the lord of Burgundy, and it is said that he called the Memoirs of Commines his breviary. In the troubled years from 1550 onwards his reading was more theological. With Van Male's help he made some progress in the Vulgate, and was devoted to Maccabees, Esdras, Daniel and any prophecies about the end of the world. He would tell his reader to write for copies of Philo and Josephus. It was one of Van Male's duties to try and

read his master to sleep, for he suffered terribly from insomnia, while sometimes his asthma would keep him sitting upright at his table the whole night through. To these years belong his literary labours. In his book on the Rhine he composed his *Commentaries* which Van Male prepared to translate into the Latin of Livy, Cæsar, Suetonius, and Tacitus combined. Now also he translated his favourite book, the *Chevalier délibéré* of Olivier de la Marche, into Spanish, and wished Fernando d'Acuna to versify it, and Van Male to undertake the publication of 2,000 copies, much to the latter's alarm, for he saw more straw than harvest in the costly if flattering task. The selection of some thirty volumes which were taken to Yuste comprised Cæsar's Commentaries in Italian, the war in Germany, by Louis de Avila, the *Chevalier délibéré*, Boethius in French, Italian, and Spanish, part of the MS. of Ocampo, the court historian, and several books of meditation and commentaries on the Psalms.

Apart from his love of reading, Charles was what would now be called eminently intelligent, especially in commercial matters and mechanical inventions. He was a firm believer in the future of the American trade, and wished to give it far more freedom than his Spanish subjects would allow. He strongly advised Philip to grant no permanent concessions, for though they might then be of trifling value, they might reach untold proportions. Cardinal Contarini was in 1541 astonished at his conversance with cartography, and his wonderful knowledge of geography. About the same time, a member of his household wrote to his sister Mary on his great pleasure in maps, and maps were among his few treasured possessions at Yuste. Heine once found his breakfast of smoked herrings (Bückinge) made the pleasanter by the thought that the Emperor after his abdication had travelled from Middelburg to Bievlied in Zealand merely to see the grave of William Bücking, to whom commerce and gastronomy owed so much. Everyone has read of the mania of Charles for the mechanism of clocks, and the very most recent periodical on submarine navigation reminds us that he is said to have taken an interest in the experiments made with a diving apparatus at Toledo in 1538.

A fine taste for art seemed inborn in Charles. Before he ever set foot in Italy he had summoned Italian architects and sculptors to build the splendid renaissance palace at Granada, which was destined to remain unfinished. On his first Italian visit he is found spending his time in the churches and monasteries of Mantua to see the pictures. Here he interviewed Frà Damiano, the artist in *intarsia*, and Parmigianino. He thoroughly examined the Gonzaga galleries, and after seeing a portrait of Federigo Gonzaga, with unerring instinct selected Titian as the Court painter of the future. His close relations with the great master lasted for twenty years; but he in vain pressed Titian to accompany him to Tunis, and was forced to be content with the services of Vermeyer. When Charles retired to Yuste, he could not be parted from his masterpieces, and, indeed, the Trinity was ordered in 1550 with an express view to his withdrawal from the world. Music was a passion from boyhood. The Emperor's choir was the best in Europe. To his choristers he was most generous, for when their voices broke he would educate them for three years, and afterwards, if they recovered voice, he would give them the preference for places in his chapel. Wherever the Emperor went, even were it to Tunis, his choir and its organs accompanied him; he could find no better present to give to his Aunt Margaret than a portfolio of Mass music. As he could detect a false note among the singing friars at Yuste, so he could point out the plagiarisms in the Mass composed for him by Guerrero. THE PILOT could scarcely print the Emperor's reflections on the parentage alike of the eclectic composer and the discordant choirman. In secular music Charles's taste was sentimental, if it may be judged from his favourite song, *Mille regrets*, which has been preserved.

Such a man was Charles V.; if not a highly dramatic personality, yet by no means a lay figure, nor even the inevitable stage king. He was not quite a great man, nor quite a good man, but, all deductions made, an honourable Christian gentleman, striving in spite of physical defects, moral temptations, and political impossibilities, to do his duty in that state of life to which an unkind Providence had called him.

E. ARMSTRONG.

A GARDEN OF BIRDS.

BY Midsummer Day the great chorus of the birds has already shown its losses. The burning voices of the nightingales seem suddenly fallen dumb, and the "cuckoo's parting cry" comes like the mockery of his first clear note from the hayfields waiting for the scythe. The time of year has come when the young birds are born in the woods and thickets no more by scores but by thousands, and the early fulness of song begins to flag amid this tide of newborn life, with its unceasing need of nurture and protection.

Nowhere is this wonderful increase of life better observed than in an old and well-grown garden. In mid-June the tangle of wild vegetation, mixed with many species of acclimatised flowering shrubs, has not yet become cavernous and dank in its recesses, as it is later, in July; and all the blossoming and climbing masses of verdure that seem actually to threaten the narrower garden-spaces with tropical obliteration are filled with the nests of birds, and nestlings straying day by day into the green world of early summer. Shepherded by their anxious and ever-restless parents, whose bright breeding-plumage has become worn and shabby during the time of incubation, they overflow continually into the grassy spaces that fringe the flower-garden, erratic in gait, hardly possessed of the rudiments of flight, and displaying a vacant and passive trustfulness in all their aspect that is the horror and despair of the mother birds who know how man is full of deceitfulness, and how cats go to and fro in secret places.

Sitting quietly for a few moments where the syringas brush the face, one feels the near presence of innumerable hidden beings; there the sycamore leaf quivers, here behind the ear there is a thin sharp cry, there again a bright eye stares suddenly from the bramble with uncanny vacancy. It is as though one had strayed into some fairies' rath in the Irish stories, with the subtle "little people" watching one all around. At the higher end of the garden the shrubberies die away, across a ha-ha that is no barrier to the birds, into a sloping tract of pasture land thickly beset with thorn brakes and ancient oaks and elms; and here just beyond the fringe of human culture, the shyer birds love to nest, and make their intermittent forays into the garden grounds below. It is always noticeable that the birds of the garden itself get to their nesting earlier in the season than members of the same species in the field beyond. Partly, no doubt, this is because there is actually greater shelter from the winds and storms of early spring amid the artificial and thickly-grown shrubberies than in the thorny tract outside, where the hollies or some ivy-shock in the crown of a thorn are the only evergreens; but one cannot avoid the impression that the garden birds appreciate the gentle influences of cultivation and security, and find the awakening sense of spring come to them more swiftly where man has prepared the way. That the same birds, both of the resident and migrant species, often do inhabit the same little tract of verdure year after year seems certain enough: the same peculiarities of colour or marking, easily recognisable to the practised eye, recur in the eggs laid spring by spring within the same few yards of ground.

The young voices of the broods, and the ceaseless anxiety and labour of the parent couples, are the great features of bird-life in the midsummer weeks. Wher-

ever one pauses and listens, one may hear the low insistent nest cry pulsing upon the perfume-laden air, as the young birds wait for food. From day to day the voice of each brood grows louder, as they gain in strength; and often before they go abroad into the world it is a strident and lusty chorus. For several years past there has been a nest of the lesser spotted woodpeckers in a dead limb of an oak in the rough field beyond the garden; and always for some days before the young birds leave their tunnelled hole their chiding becomes loud enough to be heard fifty yards or more away in the garden itself. Then, too, they keenly wait for food, not in their birth chamber deep in the limb, but at the very threshold of the tunnel; for when the old birds come they do not enter the hole at all, but feed them from the outside, clinging characteristically to the underside of the bough, with alertness and resolution visible in every movement. At no time do the birds contribute greater service to man and his crops than just now, when the young of even the hard-billed kinds require a worm or insect diet befitting their tender age; and at no time again are the species which are commonly allies of man more harmful to him than a month hence, when all the young birds are abroad and active, and the currants are ripe in the fruit garden. Then even the willow-wrens and chiff-chaffs partly desert their insect diet, and are joined also by the robins in their forays on the currant bushes. Though all the fruit may be netted, that precaution does not avail much; the little willow-wrens can slip through the actual meshes of the nets, and even the blackbirds, that swoop by dozens over the high fruit-wall upon their raids, seem always to know some rent or crevice by which they can assail the laden gooseberry bushes, though they cannot always find it again when suddenly waylaid while devouring by the old gardener and his attendant urchin, whose hair has been bleached white and his skin burnt dark by the midsummer sun till his face presents the inverted colouring of a photographic negative, and is nothing short of uncanny.

The young blackbirds, born weeks ago in the stormy times of March or early April, are now as large and active as the elder generation, though they still wear that plumage of mottled brown which is common to the young of so many different species. Their abandoned nests in the shrubberies, built, like the thrushes', into the strong boughs or evergreen thickets, seem to stand out amid the profusion of subsequent foliage and the light and mossy edifices of the later birds like grey ruins of masonry in the verdure of a summer landscape. The blackbirds and thrushes set about nest-building here in the garden long before the primrose blossomed or the chiffchaff came at the stormy close of March; but many others of the resident species, no less hardy in their general habits, always wait for no very apparent reason for some weeks more, and even now there are many nests of the common sparrows and greenfinches with freshly laid eggs. That delicate little bird, the long-tailed tit, again, will always be some weeks in advance of the sturdy and hardy great tits, or oxeyes, which like the great proportion of the other winter residents wait till the same warm days of mid-April that urge to their nest-building the multitudes of the new-come migrants. Of all the tender and feeble nestlings whose voices now fill the garden, full half will in four months' time have found their way far into the south, and even before that great autumn departure we shall listen and look for them almost in vain, when the mysterious slumber of bird-life has fallen upon the August fields and woods.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

PAARDEBERG.

THERE are two Paardebergs, one of triumphant, one of dreadful memory. Round that outer ring of our enveloping army cheers went up when the pall of grey-green lyddite lifted and revealed a foe surrendered; inside—ah, what a sum of anguish was gathered amid those bloodstained, fire-strewn alleys! Our sufferings and discomforts were distributed round a fifteen-mile circumference, theirs were confined within the few hundred yards of their warren in the river bed. But from that pool to which both sides contributed each drew a measure of glory; we, the glory of having confined and vanquished a stubborn foe, they the glory of a dreadful heroism that will live so long as a remnant of their race remains.

Try to fix this picture in your mind. The flat, yellow expanse of the veldt is here only relieved by the Paardeberg, or horses' hill itself, and by a serpentine line of vivid green that twists snakewise to the horizon. Go up to the green line, and you find it composed of taibosch and mimosa trees that fringe the banks of the Modder. The river you cannot see until you come to the bank, for it flows far below in the wide and deep channel it has cut for itself in the sandy soil. At a point near the hillock or kopje (for Paardeberg is nothing more) the river bends sharply, and the green line swells into a little grove. This was the centre of the Boer position. Go there to-day, and you will find a green sweet spot, where larks and pipits are singing and hovering, merecats standing nibbling in the sunshine, and, perhaps, an adventurous party from Kimberley picnicing on a mound that they never dream is a grave. That was the spot where Cronje made his stand, where so many of his comrades fell, where many of his and our comrades sleep, their ears, that last heard the whine of shells, stopped for ever with the brown earth, their eyes filled with the dry, cleansing desert sand that drifts, and drifts, and drifts over their unmarked graves. The river shrills over the stones of the shallow ford—a place of sunshine and deep peace.

The singing-birds had not returned, the lizards and creatures of the sand still shunned their desecrated dwellings on the morning after the surrender. The river ran brown and slow, the air stank overpoweringly; men on duty, and a very few out of curiosity, wandered about the scene of horror. What was there to see? The holes and burrows in which men and women had been hiding from a destruction that wasted them at noonday and at night; mattresses, clothes, provisions, dead bodies, things that might have been bodies once; rifles, shells, empty cartridge cases, books, letters, calcined wood and iron that had once been a waggon and had betrayed those who sheltered under it—all the hideous *débris* left by a band of men who held out against surrender as a last disgrace. There were some little children here, staring wide-eyed at a scene that had no more terrors for them; there was a little girl wounded in the arm, who still cried with the pain. And every foot of ground that could afford shelter from above and below, from the dropping shells and the straight-flying bullets, had been scooped and hollowed and propped and banked until a little dwelling or burrow was formed in which a man could lie. Here is one such burrow, with the sheltering bank torn and blown away, evidently by a shell; there is the man's rifle, his box of cartridges, a tin of coffee, a kettle, a strip of biltong, a psalm-book, thumbed and marked and well worn, carried as a companion into the jaws of death. But where is the man? Behind us a droning voice rises and falls, and is lost when the wind stirs the trees; a chaplain, a group of awed, reverent soldiers, a heap of something on the ground—he is among that. Someone's brother, someone's son—turn it over with your spade, and make room for more.

No one who was at Paardeberg will ever forget it and its ghastly scenes; no one, I am sure, but is a better man for having been there. But there was another side, grand, heroic, inspiring, whether for conquerors or conquered, which I would rather leave on my reader's mind. Across the drift, out of the poisonous laager, had filed that morning a motley, ragged, uncouth, dirty

crowd of men, women, and children; the men in unclean black tail coats or tweed jackets, torn, baggy trousers, veldt-schoon and felt hats, the women in anything, the children in next to nothing. A crowd of tramps, you might have said, being marched off to the workhouse. Then you remembered where they had come from and what they had been doing, and you imagined, only very dimly, what a complete hell that laager must have been, with batteries pouring lyddite into it, horses being disembowelled every minute (there was no cover for the horses), waggons catching fire and burning out little children, even the wounded exposed and suffering new agonies. Then you looked again at the black morning-coats and the draggled, filthy dresses. Could such dirty, untidy people be capable of so grand a heroism? Surely there was some mistake. But there they stood, and there behind them was that blood-stained shambles that they had held so dearly. Surely, then, there must be something great and noble in their leader, that he could have inspired them with such bravery. You looked at him—a small, thick-set man, shabbily dressed, dirty, with, one would have said, rather a cruel face and a sulky demeanour. No, there was no personal magnetism there.

But look closer, draw nearer, join this little group, listen to what they are singing, and you have the secret of that grand patriotism that has made this war so painful to all true patriots, whatever their country.

> 'Tis Heaven's command,
> Here should we stand,
> And aye defend the folk and land!

The broad, austere harmony lends itself to the tenor and bass voices easily singing familiar strains; it ceases, the singers take up their many-coloured bundles of blankets, and marshalled by kindly Tommies, fall into line for the weary march into captivity. I love to think of the spirit in which the English soldiers watched their hard-won prisoners march off on that day. Even the triumph of avenged Majuba, so dear to Tommy's heart, was merged in a greater pride—the pride of human courage and endurance. Pro-Boer, did you say? There was not a man worth the name in all Lord Roberts's army who was not a pro-Boer while the Paardeberg prisoners were marching away.

FILSON YOUNG.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.

WHETHER or not Mrs. Hugh Bell is justified in speaking of the relation between mothers and daughters as constituting an "arduous problem," there can be no doubt that it is a subject of perennial interest and anxiety. Regarded from an elementary point of view, the relation covers a good third of the whole field of family life. As Mrs. Bell very justly recognises, the relation between children and parents not of their own sex is a much simpler one: resolving itself pretty generally into much the same thing as the relation between any two persons of different sexes and different ages, favourably modified by the bond of natural affection. Nothing in Mrs. Bell's article goes more straight to the heart of the difficulty, where difficulty exists, in the relation between mother and daughter than her reminder that "getting on" with any sort of person who lives in the same house, is an art requiring intelligent and affectionate attention in the learning; and that the practice of it must be especially difficult between two grown-up people of the same sex, because "people bound to go along the same path must get more or less in each other's way." If any single remark could be expected to work lasting good in a trouble so wide-spread and so deep-seated as this of the uncomfortable relations between the twentieth-century mother and the twentieth-century daughter, these wise words, well "rubbed in," might be looked to for solid help. Of course, whenever two people fall out, and equally whenever two people do not fall out, one of the two is a little more and the other a little less reasonable. For there is no absolute equality in reasonableness, or any other equipment for life's struggle, between any two human beings. But in most cases of constant disagreement between women in a household one woman, generally the least reasonable of the two, is convinced that all the difficulty arises out of the egoism and self-assertion of the other, and a discussion of grievances becomes invariably a chapter of invidious comparisons and futile recriminations. Mrs. Bell's remark puts the difficulty on a shelf above comparisons. Or one might say it lifts it to the higher level of a general confession of the ghastly truth that all human beings, unless kept at a safe distance by circumstances, are likely to be, without any fault on their part, a nuisance to one another. That is to say, that where the number of rooms, the snug side of the fire, the place by the open window, or the place away from it, are limited, as in all houses they must necessarily be, one member of the family will be constantly occupying the place another wants to get into, and it will not be a pleasure but a pain to the one who wants the place to behold the other comfortably and exclusively installed in it. And as it is in material things, so it will be in things not material. Admiration, attention, authority, influence: the supply of all these is limited, and what is given to one member of a family is taken from another. These are the common conditions of life, and Mrs. Bell is right when she points out that it is a great mistake to trust entirely to natural affection to get over all the difficulties because the two who have to walk along the same path happen to be mother and daughter.

To trust entirely to natural affection is, of course, wrong. Nature is never to be trusted entirely where the relations of human life are concerned. Such trust is not trust, but *laissez faire*, and it invariably produces the result described by Hamlet:—

> An unweeded garden,
> That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it merely.

But where good-will sows and intelligence prunes and weeds, then, the more generously nature helps, the better will the crop be. And in spite of all that is written and talked about the difficulty of this essential and elementary relation, there are a great many homes, even in our own day, where all goes well between parents and children, and the friction necessary to life never gets beyond what Mrs. Bell happily describes as "affectionate friction." Somehow, Mrs. Bell does not seem to allow quite enough to natural affection. She is so very much afraid of trusting it too much. Yet certain it is that when a mother is both affectionate and reasonable, and the combination is not so very rare, when a woman thinks it worth while to give up to her children, while they are in the nursery and schoolroom stage, a good deal of the time less sensible people think she *ought* to spend in making appearances in society and experiments in new fashions of locomotion or dress—then she is rewarded at the end of these stages by finding a very real pleasure in watching the progress of her daughters even upon the same paths as she is walking in herself. For, after all—false and exaggerated sentiment apart—there is a great deal in nature and natural affection. Parents not corrupted by artificial fashions, or afflicted with the diseased wills that are related to madness, really like to see their children doing and enjoying the things they like and enjoy themselves; and even things which they do not naturally like themselves they learn to care for sympathetically by entering into their children's lives. That living again in the new life that has sprung from one's loins or been nourished at one's breasts is no empty cant or vain superstition. It is an everyday experience of quite commonplace people. Some know it by having realised it; others know it by instinctive sym-

pathy, though they may have missed its personal realisation. Those who do not know it—in one way or the other—are the actual or potential bad mothers who are answerable for all the difficulty that exists.

But, after all, the only part of the question that has practical urgency is that which asks whether the relation is really more difficult in our own day than in the days of our grandmothers and great-grandmothers ; and if so, why ? There can be little doubt that the answer to the first part of this question must be in the affirmative. The relation between mother and daughter is more difficult to-day, wherever it is difficult at all, than it was formerly. And, of the reasons for the increased difficulty, many lie on the surface of our modern civilisation. Professional openings for women have removed from home-life a very large number of the best and ablest women. For the really able woman is almost always an all-round creature: the one who makes a solid success in art or literature or professional life, is the one who, had she stayed in domestic things, would have made the best wife, mother, and house-mistress. Then those who are left at home, being now very often the inferior members of the family, are not infrequently consumed by a futile spirit of emulation and jealousy. They think themselves hardly used because they have not the larger opportunities their sisters have won by work. These are the difficult daughters of the modern home, and they are quite as much to blame as the unreasonable mothers.

But it is not only professional openings that have made the relations of mother and daughter less simple than they used to be. It is the whole set of circumstances that conspire to retard marriages: the new *camaraderie* between young men and young women; the multiplication of means of locomotion and the removal of the prejudice against their use by unchaperoned girls; the increase of amusements in which both sexes participate ; even the improved police organisation which has made the outer world a safer place for women to range in. None of these things are bad in themselves ; nor are all their results bad. But they combine to make the interval between the schoolroom and marriage more amusing for girls than it used to be. It follows that women marry later in life, and that, by the time they become wives and mothers, the instincts of wifehood and maternity have lost the freshness and the adaptability of youth. It is not forgotten that many marriages of young girls have turned out badly. In all times, under all circumstances, many marriages of all kinds will turn out badly, and in every case the mistake of the parents will tell painfully upon the children's lives. But in discussing the relation between mother and daughter, and the reasons of its frequent failure, it is right to remember that a large number of women are impracticable in all the relations of life. Mrs. Bell calls attention to the fact that it is almost always out of minor matters that the worst miseries of the relation between mother and daughter arise. Of course this is so. The diseased will of the unreasonable, arbitrary, capricious woman is invariably set upon petty things. To be unreasonable is to fail in the sense of proportion ; not to understand what questions involve principles and what do not ; to be incapable of distinguishing between the mother's duty to train her daughter according to the eternal laws of righteousness, and the lunatic desire to force one's own taste, one's own fancy, one's own caprice upon every human being who comes within reach of one's authority. To be unreasonable is, in short, to be half-way on the road to madness. For the miseries wrought in family life by the diseased wills of the heads of houses there is, alas ! no generally available remedy. Yet it may be said that they are mitigated by the system of early marriages and much intensified by the fashion of late ones. The girl who marries young is more likely to pass sanely over the weak places in her mental constitution ; and even if she does develope, later in life, all the violences of the arbitrary —that is to say, the insane—temperament, her daughters will have a better chance, inasmuch as they will be grown up and ready for flight before the evil day comes.

But putting aside the cases of the unreasonable—the insane—mothers and daughters, it may be safely said that there is no kind of woman so attractive from girlhood to old age as the woman who has met in their natural season all the natural claims of life—has been young with her young children, and young still when her children were growing up, and again younger than ever in heart and mind when the children are middle-aged and there is time at last to take up, with the fresh zest of an appetite that has never had the chance of being sated, all the larger interests of the general life. Such women are the mothers of the great sons and the happy daughters, the best friends of men and women, and the most potent of good and genial influences in society. But they have not time to be all this unless they are allowed to marry young.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

MR. CAINE, M.P. for the Camborne Division, presiding the other day over a meeting of "The Deputies of Protestant Dissenters of the three denominations—Presbyterians, Independents, and Baptists"—said that "Nonconformity was more and more dominating the Liberal party. More than half the members of the present House of Commons on the Liberal side were Nonconformists, and the Liberal party were united as one man in resisting Sacerdotalism. On the other side of the House they were not without friends who might be relied on to help them on all their special questions."

Mr. Caine has (like Lord Macaulay) "his own heightened and telling way of putting things," and this must be taken into account when we consider his public utterances, or, as Pennialinus would say, his pronouncements. But, making all due allowance for the way of putting it, I fancy that Mr. Caine's opinion is in substance not far wrong. Liberalism and Nonconformity are old allies. The later Whigs were a good deal tainted with Socinianism, and eagerly co-operated with their Nonconformist friends in keeping the Church in its proper place. Nonconformist Liberalism smashed the Education clauses of Sir James Graham's Factory Act. The same power in the present day makes a Religious Census impossible. It says, with Matthew Arnold's friend, Mr. Bottles, "No—here I put down my foot. No Government on earth shall ask me whether I am a Particular Baptist or a Muggletonian." And so the insidious project is defeated. That Nonconformists should be eagerly on the watch for what they believe to be encroachments on their liberties, and that they should actively cooperate with the political party which will defend those liberties is natural enough, and, indeed, laudable. What is less amiable is the desire, if it exists, to violate the conscientious rights of church-people, and to force the Liberal party into a policy of persecution. This was impossible as long as Mr. Gladstone lived. His hold over the Nonconformist conscience was one of the most curious phenomena in contemporary politics, and it strengthened as time went on. When he first came over to Liberalism, the chains of Oxford still hung about him, and he was more than suspected of obscurantist leanings. But during the last twenty years of his active life a complete harmony was established ; and the Nonconformists, although they regarded his theology as an irritating and dangerous delusion, gave him an enthusiastic and whole-hearted support. He on his part was active in promoting those moral principles of political action on which the Nonconformists set the greatest store, and his attitude towards Disestablishment covered a multitude of minor errors. Yet, highly as he

esteemed the political value of Nonconformity, he never suffered it to affect his dealings with the Church. In 1870 he strained the loyalty of his Nonconformist allies almost to bursting-point by saving the Church schools when he passed the Education Act. In 1874 he fought a single-handed fight against the P. W. R. Acts, which all Protestantism demanded. In later years, when it was proposed to penalise King's College for being a denominational institution, he said: "It is no more respectable to persecute denominationalism than undenominationalism; and if anyone says there is a difference between exclusion from an advantage and persecution, I will undertake, like Sydney Smith, to prove that there is no more difference between them than there is between himself and a booby." The Welsh Disestablishment Bill of 1895 seemed to Mr. Gladstone to be, in its provisions with regard to cathedrals and churchyards, a persecuting measure, and he renounced his "pair" in order that he might be ready, if occasion arose, to come back to the House and defeat it.

With such a chief at the head of the Liberal party, it was not easy for Nonconformists or anyone else, even if they wished it, to persecute the Church. But, since Mr. Gladstone went, I think I can perceive a change. The Nonconformists take a kindly interest in our internal concerns, are much opposed to Sacerdotalism and Ritualism in the Establishment, and are anxious to put those evils down. At a bye-election in the West of England, a Liberal candidate was required to pledge himself in advance to the Liverpool Clergy Discipline Bill. At the General Election Noncomformists all over the country heckled the candidates about their attitude towards Ritualism. No one connected with any Ritualistic church or society could show his face on a Liberal platform; and one gentleman—a Tory, by the way—who had just joined the E.C.U., found it expedient to withdraw before the polling took place. Such just now is the spirit and power of Nonconformity; and if it be true, as Mr. Caine avers, that Nonconformity "dominates" the Liberal party, that party must be prepared to forget a good deal that it used to profess about the sacred principle of religious freedom. But I believe that there is a problem ahead of us which will shake the Nonconformist domination.

Broadly speaking, Nonconformists are in favour of Disestablishment. With the great bulk of them the principle of the Free Church in the Free State is a sacred and unalterable faith. But there are a considerable number of old-fashioned Liberals — not very keen Churchmen, but not Nonconformists — who are staunch upholders of Establishment. "As long as we have an Established Church we can kick the parsons. But once disestablish it, and, begad, they will kick us." This is the Whig doctrine of Church and State, as compendiously conveyed to me by a Liberal who had not forgotten his ancestral Whiggery. That good man did not stand alone. I am persuaded that there is a mass of men in the Liberal party who, though prepared to reform the Church out of recognition, to revolutionise the Marriage Law, and re-write the Prayer-book, will never willingly disestablish it. It is when the Nonconformists begin to press for disestablishment as a necessary part of the Liberal programme that we shall see whether they do or do not "dominate" the Liberal party. But in the meantime they can, if they are so minded, do an infinity of mischief. There are Nonconformists in both political parties; and, as Mr. Caine said, Liberal Nonconformists are "not without friends on the other side of the House who may be relied on to help them on all their special questions." It is there, as I conceive, far more than in any Nonconformist domination over the Liberal party that the pressing danger to the Church resides. The present Government is, as the Archbishop of Canterbury justly remarks, not a very brave one; and if Nonconformists on both sides join with half-hearted Churchmen in urging "Church Reform" or "Clergy Discipline," they may very likely get what they want.

Mr. Voysey urged that to admit himself and others like him into the Church was the really needed reform, and the only desirable alternative to Disestablishment; and thereupon Archbishop Magee wrote: "Truly it may come to that yet, but not just at present. But mark my words. Reform of that kind, and not Disestablishment, will be the game of the Church's enemies in Parliament. They will strive to fix on us such an Egyptian bondage of Erastianism and Latitudinarianism as shall force us to cry out for separation; and then, as in like cases matrimonial, the husband will keep the dowry."

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEEK IN FRANCE.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *July 23rd*, 1901.

Paris est aux champs. The journalists who revive this charming phrase are seldom so well-inspired. *Aux champs* takes back our imagination to a time when people did not go *aux eaux* except when they had to drink them, or *dans la montagne*, which was *un séjour plein d'horreur*, or at the best *un horizon bizarre et fait à souhait pour le plaisir des yeux*, or to the seaside except when they had been bitten by a mad dog, in which case they were *jetés dans la mer* three times. They went *aux champs*, which pretty often meant a shady abbey given them by the king's unutterable condescension, or they went home, as the aristocracy continues to say of their manors. Day after day the *Gaulois* and the *Figaro* chronicle the exodus of the strange nation you call society in English, and which by a just return we call in French *high-life* (pronounced *higlif*). I take immense interest in the migration of the crusaders' wealthy sons and the noble descendants of Frankfort bankers. As a spectator it instructs me, as a philosopher—taught by a long and special training to derive from the time-table the same pleasure as others from the journey itself—it delights me, as a student of the language it amuses me. Philosophy is inseparable from literature in those paragraphs. Let me cull out three instances from a single issue of the *Echo de Paris*: "Madame Sarah B. is indefatigable. Scarcely come back from her journey to London, she has set out for her *gentilhommière* in Brittany." *Gentilhommière* is a gem "M. de V., one of the few unmarried men who receive, has just taken his quarters at his place, where he entertains in succession *une élégante coterie* of newly-married couples." The intricate syntax of the following is habitual to people whose alliances have been particularly unexpected: "The Duchess D., widow of the ex-minister, and mother of the well-known sportsman who married Mdlle. X. (a Frankfort name), sister of the Princess of P. (a crusader's name), is at Martigny, wherefrom she will betake herself to the *château* of G. for the vintage." Do not you enjoy the poetry of that *for the vintage?* All this helps the Paris which is not *aux champs* yet, to roast patiently, and be content with the poor old brotherly chestnut-trees, already quite golden with a hundred sunstrokes.

Politics, which have died out in Paris, are alive in the province, on account of the elections for the *Conseils d'Arrondissement* and the *Conseils Généraux*. The former are mere local assemblies which have seldom to do with any object higher than a canal or a railway, but the latter have real importance. They are the only serious attempts made since the Revolution towards decentralisation, and a few details about them may be useful.

A dozen French parishes form a *canton*; a dozen *cantons* make up an *arrondissement*; a number of *arrondissements*, varying from two to seven, form a *département*. The parish or *commune* and the *département* alone have a certain autonomy administrative and financial. The *Conseil Général* is exactly for the department what the Chambers are for the whole

country. It consists of a variable number of councillors, chosen one in each *canton* by the whole of the electorate. It sits twice a year, in August and about Easter, under the presidency of the *préfet* representing the executive power in the department. The August session, dedicated chiefly to the discussion of the Budget, is the more important of the two. The Council decides at that time upon the share of revenue to be exacted from each *arrondissement*, and the figures which they adopt are the basis of the individual taxing; it fixes the additional imposts which seem advisable, passes resolutions about departmental loans, charitable institutions, buildings, roads, etc., always bearing in mind that its *rôle* is to protect the department against the generally well-meaning but voracious State. It also moves resolutions called *vœux*, which should not have any relation to politics, but often have, thanks to numberless legal fictions. For instance, the Municipal Council of Paris, which enjoys the privileges of the Conseils Généraux, gallantly suggested that Queen Ranavalo should be allowed unlimited liberty of movement through the whole territory of the Republic; and you may be sure that many *vœux* proposed in the next session will refer to the Associations.

Of course the influence of the councillors in the department is very considerable, greater than that of the deputies, who are anxious, and the senators as well, to be elected under both qualifications. On the other hand, ambitious young men are on a fair way to the Chamber when they are in the departmental assembly. M. Paul Loubet, the President's son, who has just completed his twenty-fifth year, the legal age, stands in a constituency of a South department. The *Conseils Généraux* are returned by halves, so that the results of the elections, whilst affording interesting indications of the situation, do not quite anticipate what will come out of the general elections next May. The first poll was not favourable to the Socialists. The Budget commission which is preparing the financial work of the Chambers refused last Friday by a majority of nine to two to vote the necessary sum—about a hundred and thirty thousand francs—for the maintenance of our embassy at the Vatican. M. Pelletar never fails year after year to move the suppression of the embassy, but it is the first time that the Commission has taken such an initiative, and the news excited some commotion. It does not seem, however, that there was any real cause for it. Only eleven members out of thirty-three were present in the committee, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau is sure to speak against the *rapporteur*. An article in the *Lanterne*, looking very much like a semi-official communication, leaves no doubt that the Premier has been glad of the *scission* in the Socialist party, and is beginning a gradual but unmistakable movement from it. His sharp dismissal of the Socialist interpellations and the abrupt prorogation of the Chamber proved that he did not mind the wrath of his former friends in the Extreme Left. The *Lanterne* declares that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has never swerved from his Moderate political views, and sticks to them more than ever. He had a special work to do, which he has done, but he does not wish to be driven further than he wants. His present attitude amounts, the writer says, to a clear "Adieu, camarades!" This declaration derives capital importance from its appearance in a usually violent paper, whose editor was only two years ago M. Millerand himself.

We shall see in November whether M. Waldeck-Rousseau is really reverting to his former moderation. Evasion in the case of such clearly-defined questions as the demands of authorisation from the religious orders is not possible. My opinion is that the Premier will really do his best to give wholesale authorisation to most orders. Should they make up their minds to apply for it without delay, M. Waldeck-Rousseau could plead in their favour, and in the favour of the thesis he supported throughout the last sessions, that the Association law is the first to meet with general and immediate submission, and ought accordingly to be leniently applied. His present effort must be in consequence to persuade the orders to act at once. This is a time of the year when hoaxes are plentiful, and no more belief should be accorded to rumours concerning Papal letters or interviews than to the story of the ten vagrant Jesuits appearing in Turin and asking permission to found a *liceo*, or to that of their still bolder brethren taking measures to become the owners of *immeubles* (five-storied houses, probably) in Central Asia. But I have my reasons for believing that the interviews lately talked about between Madame Dreyfus-Gonzalès and the heads of several congregations are not purely imaginary. The lady just named I have noticed three or four times as the common friend of several distinguished leaders of quite different parties, M. Waldeck-Rousseau and Père du Lac among the number. It is likely she should use her interest to make the minister less black and give the monks more confidence to what she certainly calls his straightforwardness. Her interference would point to a decrease of tension between the congregations and Government, but does not mean that the former are generally going to petition for authorisation. In spite of the difficulties and perhaps hardships to be met with in a foreign country, several orders which were sure to obtain authorisation seem determined to elect expatriation rather than submission to a clause of the decree they rightly think at variance with the essential privileges of religious orders. They object more to approval of their statutes by the bishops than by the Government, and place their love of autonomy before their fear of persecution. The letter (made rather unwisely public property) of Cardinal Gotti may not completely reassure them. The cardinal, speaking in the Pope's name, says that His Holiness tolerates submission to the law on condition (*a*) that the statutes given in to Government shall not be those approved by Rome, but merely a summary of them corresponding to Article 3 of the decree; (*b*) that the promise of obedience to bishops shall be restricted to what is consistent with the tenor of the rules and regulated by canon law.

M. Dumay's view of canon law is probably not the same as the cardinal's, and I prophesy that the latter's circular will be denounced to the French Chambers by M. Lévaès, but even the terms of this document, which may appear to our legists like the acme of boldness, will seem too binding to some orders. Only further private instructions both to the bishops and the orders can relieve the anxiety of the latter. They will probably be sent.

BOOKS AND MEN.

THE UNREAD POET.

THE post recently brought me a singular proposal. My correspondent, a perfect stranger, asked me to lend him some of my poems, with a brief autobiography. These he was kind enough to offer to publish in a volume which he was editing, and I, on the other hand, was to order, and prevail on my acquaintances to order, several copies of his book. This benevolent person I did not answer, not desiring to circulate a short history of my existence, while, as to my poetical works, booksellers fall into quite a mistake when they assure would-be purchasers that my verses are out of print. The publishers will not refuse to supply them on application.

My correspondent obviously thought that I was one of the great pining army of the unpublished poets. For them he really was doing his best. He was getting some of their pieces into print at a very trifling cost. If you have all your days been writing poetry which blushes unseen in a desk or a drawer you will leap at the offer of this philanthropist. For years the editors of periodicals have returned with thanks and regrets your lyrics, sonnets, and brief excursions into blank verse, or perhaps have not returned them. This bitter experience, I confess, was familiar to my green unknowing youth. I sincerely agree with the poets who murmur that editors do not always read their "numbers" with conscientious care. The proof is that hundreds of years ago, I wrote a lyric on a subject which was neither spring, death, night, nor love, but one that came nearer

to the sportive and the familiar. I sent this gem to a famous editor, who did not even return it to the minstrel. But later it was published, and this editor (why should I not name the late Mr. John Blackwood ?) read it, and told somebody that he highly approved of it. Yet he "threw the pearl away" into what his eminent hands used to call "the Balaam box," for some esoteric reason. The pearl was not, indeed, "richer than all his tribe," still, he had his chance of it; the fly was thrown over him, and he did not rise. Therefore, it really looks as if he had not read it, and so there may be some truth in the poetic lament over the negligence of irresponsible, indolent editors.

Earlier, very early, I had encountered an Editor who not only read my amateur and volunteered lines, but marked corrections with a blue pencil, published the stuff when corrected, and paid for it ! He was my first patron. Afterwards I tried him again, of course (poets always do), but he did not bite. To young poets I would respectfully say—do not persist in boring an editor who has been once kind. For some mysterious reason, a poet will produce at his first cast, as it were, something quite tolerable and acceptable, and never will succeed again. But he will go on making his handwriting a thing which the editor trembles at, as once I did at the handwriting of a bard who sent me five poems in a fortnight, and announced the intention of persevering. But it was I who did not persevere; in fact, I was explicitly discouraging. Yet this was rather an excellent poet, only too assiduous. On the other hand, a really charming and original piece of verse was once sent to me, and was welcomed. The poet never returned to the attack, nor have I since seen his name attached to any poems.

Every reader of the magazines must observe, if he glance at the verses, that they are not of extraordinary merit. This is what encourages the unpublished amateur. "I can do as well as *that*," he thinks, and perhaps he can, but then he is not a lady and a friend of the editor. The "lady friend," I suspect (but it is only a suspicion), writes most of the magazine verses. However, probably most people skip the verses in the magazines. A beautiful instance occurred to myself. A stranger wrote to me from Bagdad, asking where certain rhymes of mine which he had seen quoted somewhere were published. Much flattered by having found an admirer in the city of Haroun Alraschid, I sent him a novel into which these and other verses had been introduced, by way of giving tone, I suppose, to the romance. The stranger replied that he had read the novel, but had conscientiously skipped the verses, and among them the piece which he was good enough to like. Now, this neglect is discouraging to the poet : his path is one of thorns.

A queer fact is that, though the public does not buy your poems to any appreciable extent, yet two classes of His Majesty's subjects are acquainted with them. These are musical composers and "Free Selectors." Composers are constantly asking permission to "set" certain rhymes of my own, so that I wish I had never written them. They are welcome to do their worst, but there is no money in it for the author of "the words," yet without him the thing obviously cannot go on. Nor have I ever found that, when the music is published, any mortal sings the song. Probably, then, there is no money in it for the composer. As for the Free Selector, he always bores the poet by requests for the same pieces for which the poet probably entertains an unaffected dislike.

I once wrote some magazine verses "by request" on an obscure classical theme. They must, to the general reader, be quite, unintelligible, yet I am asked to let them be "selected" into collections of verse for the young. This is one of the many ways by which "educationists" make the children dislike poetry even more than they instinctively do. All children are not naturally contemners of poetry. They like "The Lays of Ancient Rome," and Mr. Kipling, and the "Border Minstrelsy," and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," if these things are not forced upon them. But when a poetry book is given to a child, he first resents the circumstance that it is not a fairy book, or a book about Red Indians and wild beasts. Next he has an awful apprehension that he will presently be asked to learn some of the poems off by heart. *Latet anguis in herba :* a lesson is lurking under the gift-book, whereas nobody examines him about Red Indians or fairies. Leave him alone, and he will soon know "Kinmont Willie" or "Horatius" off by heart, spontaneously, and shout them all over the house. But suspicion has been aroused in his bosom by the dodges of "educationists" who are always laying traps for his innocence. Thus he conceives a horror of poetry; and a race arises like Mr. Anstey's young lady, who thought poetry "such footle, don't you know." People did not think poetry "footle" when there were no schoolmasters or governesses. They revelled in poetry; the bard had one of the best seats at feasts, and was let off much of the fighting, in which poets have commonly taken but a Platonic interest. Alcibiades beat the Athenian schoolmaster who had no Homer in his school. Yet the dominie was wise. The children were much more likely to appreciate Homer if he was not made the subject of grammar lessons at school. They would pick him up from rhapsodists reciting at street corners, just as our children are brought acquainted with the drastic masterpieces of Punch and Judy. The more education flourishes, the more conspicuously does the love of poetry decline. Hence the public of the poet yearly dwindles; an exiguous postal order represents the reward of the minstrel, which used to be paid in talents of gold, gem-studded swords, yokes of oxen, casks of wine, rich raiment, and pretty female slaves. As a moralist, I do not regret the absence of the last-named sort of royalties on verse (which cannot have conduced to domestic tranquility), but a few talents of gold would not be unwelcome. Prehistoric days were best for the poetical profession, and then the age of good Queen Anne. All of us minor poets could knock off a better thing than Addison's "Campaign," a piece of extraordinary demerit. But we are not rewarded with ambassadorships, nor keeperships of the Posset Cup : we are left to an ungrateful public ignorant of the muse. We have to purchase so many copies of the volume in which my correspondent puts forth our numbers, or have to pay to be published, or at best, are the prey of Free Selectors, who probably make an honest penny out of our inspiration. As for the sale of his books, Ronsard was no better off than we minor poets, but the Valois dynasty gave him abbeys and other good things. If our gracious Sovereign had abbeys to give away for a little green volume of rhymes, our lot would indeed be golden. But the bigots of the iron time have called our harmless art a crime, or a drug in the market. Myriads of us never even win our way into print, though here our philanthropist is achieving something for the unpublished. A. LANG.

"OF LITTLE FAITH."

HE lies there with unlifted head,
Too still, alas ! for sleep ;
But not for him those tears you shed—
'Tis for yourself you weep.

Nay, more, you do not see in him
Your friend of yesterday ;
But your own self unanswering, grim,
Whom Life has put away.

And your lone soul it is that, sad,
Dreams of a night forlorn ;
His with new resolution glad
Sets face towards the morn.

W. G. HOLE.

REVIEWS.

TREASON AND PLOT: STRUGGLES FOR CATHOLIC SUPREMACY IN THE LAST YEARS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH. By Martin A. S. Hume. Nisbet.

THE sub-title of Mr. Hume's timely and welcome volume shows, perhaps, the confusion which arises from haste. His book is not the record of "Struggles for Catholic Supremacy," but struggles for Spanish and for Jesuit Supremacy, names which are by no means identical with the term "Catholic." Then, again, to divide the struggle into two distinct periods—"the first from the accession of Elizabeth to the end of 1589, and the second from 1590 until the death of the Queen in 1603"—is misleading and arbitrary; the struggle went on during all the great Queen's life, and was one consistent endeavour on the part of Spain, although the outward policy might vary with opportunity. Those who plotted before the Armada, plotted after the defeat. Had Mr. Hume better understood the theological foundation on which Spain and the Jesuits worked, he would have seen the real unity and the logical coherence of all the attempts made on England. Until the theological position is made clear one cannot really understand this and many other pages in our history. It was not, after all, so much a religious question as a deeply set political opinion which was struggling for the mastery. Through the whole of the Spanish intrigues the lurid figure of the great Jesuit, Robert Parsons, appears as one of the prime movers and the man who stirred the King into action. Parsons began his Spanish intrigues in 1580-1 while in England, and never ceased them, one way or the other, until he closed his troublesome life in 1610. Therefore, to fix an arbitrary point like 1590 for the beginning of this history is like beginning "Hamlet" with the third act. We do not get an adequate idea of the causes at work, or realise how Parsons is the real mainspring of all the treasons and plots, and how he made tools of both Pope and Spanish King in order to secure not the Papal supremacy nor the Spanish power, but only the supremacy of the Jesuits in England. This inner current Mr. Hume altogether misses, and yet it is necessary for explaining many an obscure point in his narrative.

The purely Spanish side of the question Mr. Hume deals with clearly and firmly. This, we think, is the best part of his book. He thus explains the sudden greatness of the country. It—

> must be discovered in the circumstances of her unification. Unity of some sort was vitally necessary if the ambitions of her successive rulers were to be fulfilled; and failing the process of racial amalgamation, for which they could not wait, Ferdinand, the Catholic, and his immediate successors deliberately fused in the fires of the Inquisition the weapon with which they were to conquer half the world. The Spanish nature was bound together by the spiritual exaltation which came of the religious persecution of the minority by the majority. The Inquisition was popular, powerful, and revered by Spaniards at large, because it flattered their pride with the idea that *their* faith alone had divine sanction, and that God had endowed *them* with the exclusive right of imposing that faith upon the rest of the world. They were a chosen people and spiritually superior to others; and in the sacred cause for which they were specially ordained to fight, cruelty, rapine, and blood were praiseworthy and gracious in the sight of the Lord. Mystic fervour and a belief in their mission to exterminate at any cost those who had strayed into the service of the devil, gave the Spaniards in the sixteenth century the unity necessary for their rulers to use them as a solid weapon for mundane ends. Much as they might hate each other nationally, they were all knit together in the fierce assurance that they were a divinely favoured people with a mission. This was the spirit which explained their burning enthusiasm, and carried the ferocious men-at-arms of Charles and Philip victorious through the world. Their fervour and confidence dazzled the eyes of other nations to the weakness of material resource which lay behind their haughty cool assumption of unquestionable superiority. Such claims would have been resented generally, as they were by a few in England, but for the absolute conviction of every individual Spaniard that he was on the side of God; and that, as a consequence of this solidarity, all other men were as mire beneath his feet. The moral effect of such a conviction was incalculable.

If this was the character of the Spanish nation at large, it was concentrated in that eminently Spanish order, the Society of Jesus, which also took its stand on that theological foundation to which we have alluded. It also made it possible for a body of men who took vows of religion, who swore to resist the world, the flesh and the devil, to allow the vision of "The King of the Jews" to dim that of the "Jesus of Nazareth." In their striving after a theocracy, the Society stopped at nothing. Mr. Hume says: "Parsons soon convinced himself that one Jesuit political missioner could do more than a hundred of Allen's easy-going spiritual priests; and notwithstanding the solemn oath he took at the Catholic Synod, which he secretly convened in Southwark (July, 1580), that the Mission 'was purely spiritual, and had no concern or knowledge of affairs of State,' he soon took the direction of all political plots in England. Thenceforward the Jesuits, very few in number at any time in England, constituted themselves a sort of aristocracy of Missioners, who looked upon the purely religious secular priests as underlings, and treated them accordingly." How the Jesuits were overweighted with their own cleverness, how they did more than anything else to alienate the minds of Englishmen from Rome, how all their plans for political and ecclesiastical supremacy failed, and how their self-seeking brought persecution and misery upon the unfortunate Roman Catholics, have now been made clear. If Mr. Hume's book did nothing else, it shows that the Treason and Plots are to be laid at the door of the Jesuit party and not on the body of Roman Catholics, who were as much opposed to the intrigues of the Society as were Elizabeth and her ministers.

What is to be said of Philip II.? He is the tragic figure in the volume. Faltering at the critical moment, he was a man bound hand and foot with the red tape of routine. Sick in heart and body,

> the slow, crippled, white-haired little man in his cell at the Escurial had learnt nothing from defeat and failure. He was, he thought on the side of God, and if the Most High for His good pleasure ordained that temporary disaster should fall upon His legions, it was only that the final victory should be the greater and that His servants should be purified by trial for the ultimate glory that would surely come to them. There was no defeat but death for such a man as this, and the day after he learnt of the catastrophe of Cadiz saw him calmly plotting and planning the new preparations that should carry aid to insurgent Ireland, and in good time make England Catholic again, a fit ally for faithful Spain.

Among all the figures which crowd Mr. Hume's canvas, those of Elizabeth and her minister Cecil stand out head and shoulders above the rest for power and real statecraft. They knew what they wanted, and they saw how to retain the mastery of Europe. Cecil was only following the policy of Cardinal Wolsey, who first raised his country to the foremost rank by holding the balance between France and Spain. To Spain, at that moment, the friendship or neutrality of England was of prime necessity, for then only could the King hope to hold France in check.

> But with England against her, and in close union with France, Spain's main-road to Flanders was closed; and France, free from suspicion of her neighbour across the Channel, was able to oppose the objects of Aragon in the Mediterranean and Italy.

This shows why Charles V., to whom Policy was dearer than Religion, dared not quarrel with Henry VIII. or Edward V.; why Philip II. married Mary, and, for over twenty-five years, would not openly attack England. Elizabeth and Cecil saw this quite plainly. Had they fallen in with the wild war-party, headed by Essex, they knew that by smashing Spanish power altogether they would be playing into the hands of France, and thus strengthening a traditional enemy. It is easy for us now to see the wisdom Elizabeth displayed by steadily refusing to be led away by the popular cry of the day. But then it was a critical moment, and the situation was only saved by her sound common sense.

Connected intimately with the Treasons and Plots were the

Archpriest Controversy and the "Wisbech Stirs"; but Mr. Hume does not see the relation, and the reader will have to go to Mr. Law's "Conflict Between Jesuits and Seculars" to solve the mystery. By-the-by, why does Mr. Hume call the secular priests "Father"? Such a term for the secular clergy was quite unknown in those days. To speak of "Father Cecil" is to lead one to think he was a Jesuit instead of being a determined opponent who was fighting them with their own weapons. He was, also, by no means "one of the most able and energetic of Father Parson's recruits," but was a spy in the pay of his great namesake. Mr. Hume also speaks of "Dr." Garnett. The famous gentleman who was hanged in St. Paul's Churchyard for misprision of treason was never called "Dr." Garnett, and there is no evidence that he ever took a degree in divinity. There is mention made several times of a certain "Fr. Archer" as being with Fr. Holt in Flanders. We have not been able to identify this name, or that of a Fr. Sherwood. Foley does not mention either among the aliases affected by Jesuit plotters. But from other evidence we think it is probable that "Archer" was an *alias* of the Father Baldwin whose name was mixed up in the Powder Treason. He was Holt's right-hand man, and succeeded him as manager of the English exiles in Flanders. To mention one more point, Mr. Hume seems to mix up Gilbert Giffard with the more famous Dr. William Giffard, afterwards a Benedictine monk, and finally Archbishop of Rheims.

We have said enough to show the interest Mr. Hume's new book has for the student. And the practical man of to-day, be he statesman or churchman, cannot fail to see the same forces now at work which wrecked the Roman cause in England and Scotland, and which sacrificed everything—religion, morality, and country—to an ambition of ruling *per fas et nefas.*

FLOWERS AND GARDENS: NOTES ON PLANT BEAUTY. By Forbes Watson. Edited, with a preface, by the Rev. Canon Ellacombe. John Lane.

THE reappearance of this book, so long out of print, with a preface by Canon Ellacombe, and beautifully printed by Mr. Lane, will be hailed with delight by all who knew and felt its charm thirty years or so ago, and is certain to win for it many new and appreciative readers. The book is well worthy of republication, and we are grateful to the Editor for a short biographical notice of Forbes Watson, and to the publisher for an admirable portrait of him, showing him to have been a man whose outward form well expressed the character of his mind. We now know too who was the friend to whom these "notes" were entrusted when the pen fell from the author's hand, and who so well fulfilled his trust: would that he too were able to rejoice in this reprint.

We have spoken of the charm of the book. It has a special, a very special, charm of its own, a charm which is no doubt due to the way in which it reflects the soul of the author, his poetry, his fancy, his reverence, his "natural piety." Take for example such a passage as the following:—

> The snow is thawing, the sky overcast, not a single cheering sunbeam; yet one snowdrop has ventured forth, and there it stands, alone in its purity, with drooping head, and petals not unfolded, modest, patient, unobtrusive, yet calm and serene, as if assured of victory over storm and cloud. . . . . We hail it as the herald of deliverance, the foremost of our long-lost friends. The master of the great earth-ark has sent out His dove to stay with us, and it tells us that the rest will quickly follow.

Or this:—

> But what marvellous spell possesses these leaves, so that each of them falls upon the heart with such soft silent tread; nay, rather say that each seems gifted with a low voice heard in silence, like that of the last fruit when it drops in autumnal mist upon the dead damp garden path. But the primrose leaves create the silence in which they speak.

Are not these exquisite fancies? And yet we must not suppose that Forbes Watson had no other knowledge of snowdrops or of primrose leaves but such as fancy supplied to him. We have only to read his description of the leaves on the page before that from which our last quotation is taken to feel assured that he had that special knowledge of them which can only come to those who have drawn them. "You never know a thing truly until you have drawn it truly"; and Forbes Watson must have drawn the curves and folds of primrose-leaves as lovingly and as truly as Ruskin drew the curves and the folds of limestone and of gneiss, and he knew them accordingly.

In another respect, too, Forbes Watson was akin to Ruskin—he was pre-Darwinian. It may seem strange that a man who won the Gold Medal for Botany at the London University in 1860, and who all his life was not only a lover of flowers and of plants but a botanist too, should have apparently been totally unaffected by the new light which Darwin's researches were throwing on the meaning of many parts of flowers, just during those very years in which he was himself most active. Yet so it was, and for our own sakes we can scarcely regret it; for the book is a landmark, or rather, in its very incompleteness, it may be compared with one of those broken columns which in some churchyards mark the resting-place of the last of a family. Who since 1870 has been able to write that the spots of the foxglove, the nodding of the daffodil, the scent of the violet, were created solely for the enjoyment and wonder of man and in order that he might reverently glorify the Creator in them, without any thought of the utility to the plant itself of these beauties? It is just in the same spirit that Ruskin writes of mountain-form and mountain-structure: the mountains were created thus and thus in order to excite reverence and awe in our hearts, and in order to provide sheltered and safe valleys and fitting building materials for man. Wonder, reverence, and awe are not dead in the hearts of those who now search out the works of the Creator—far from it—but how strangely different is the form in which they show themselves from that of those days.

With his love and knowledge of flowers and of plants, it is no wonder that Forbes Watson loved gardens too—gardens as they ought to be, the happy homes and shelters of all sorts of plants, not mere devices for the exhibition of the skill of the nurseryman in raising "stuff." Who that has suffered from the plague of a gardener who takes advantage of an absence of two days to do his worst among the favourites of past months and the hopes of years to come by merciless hacking and murdering in order to straighten out rows of unhealthy and unnatural geraniums and calceolarias—the thin edge of the "bedding out" system—but will sympathise with every word of what he has to say on this matter? And who will not thank him for his plea for flowers of the humbler and less showy sort, and thank the editor too for his wonderfully apposite quotation from "Tartarin"?

INDEX TO THE FIRST TEN VOLUMES OF BOOK-PRICES CURRENT, 1887 TO 1896. By W. Jaggard. Elliot Stock. One guinea.

THERE are many points of view from which the newly-published "Index to Book-Prices Current" might be considered. Were this a specialist paper, something might be written on its shortcomings, and this without seriously ruffling the equanimity of anyone concerned in its production, since to booksellers and librarians its usefulness must be so obvious that with twice as many faults as it has it would still be sure of a market. Again, it would be possible by its aid to compare the prices fetched during the earlier years of the decade it covers with those of later date, but such fluctuations would not be very startling, nor is the record of them of any literary interest. There seems more to be gleaned by taking as a text the compiler's remark that in this Index to Mr. Slater's first ten volumes "practically every author and edition up to 1896 is represented." There is much virtue in a "practically," so that no great objection need be taken to Mr. Jaggard's sweeping statement, though any great library can show twenty, fifty, or a hundred unique books or editions which never come into the market, and yet can hardly be said, even "practically," to be unimportant. To the moderately-learned reader who

turns over the pages of Mr. Jaggard's Index, these, like the images of Brutus and Cassius, will be the more conspicuous for their absence. Yet the real revelation of Mr. Jaggard's work is of an opposite character, the betrayal of how extraordinarily common are many books which yet fetch high prices. The first folio edition of Shakespeare is a sufficiently striking instance of this. Within the ten years no fewer than twenty-five copies came under the hammer, a number well in accordance with Mr. Sidney Lee's estimate, at first sight so startling, that there must be over two hundred copies in existence. No doubt all of these, save some twenty, are more or less imperfect; but when we remember that the whole impression was probably limited to five hundred copies, it seems surprising that after well nigh three centuries, nearly half of these should still be in existence. The secret of their preservation lies in the three facts that this was a large book, an expensive book (it was published at a pound), and a book which appealed to quiet literary folk rather than to the hasty and careless readers who have since thumbed many a novel out of existence. The books that perish utterly are those which are published in enormous editions and sold at sixpence or less. Probably not more than one horn-book in ten thousand has survived in any form, and it would be interesting to know how many copies of our modern sixpenny editions in paper covers enjoy a life of more than five years. Of the second and fourth folio Shakespeares, of 1632 and 1685, forty-five copies in each case were sold at auction during Mr. Jaggard's ten years; of the third, printed in 1664, only twenty-four, thus sustaining its reputation of being slightly rarer even than the first, owing to part of the edition having been destroyed in the fire of London. When we pass to the Shakespeare quartos we are quickly reminded of the difference between books published originally at sixpence and those published at a pound. Of the four editions of Hamlet printed in Shakespeare's life not one copy was buyable during these ten years; of the four editions of "Romeo and Juliet" and of "Richard II." in each case only one. At the other end of the scale we have as many as five copies of the 1608 edition of Henry V. (the two earlier editions did not occur at all), and the double editions (*i.e.*, a first and second published in the same year) of "Lear" and the "Merchant of Venice" are represented by the same number, while of those of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" six copies were sold. The late Mr. Quaritch, who had a great affection for the First Folio, once suggested that its price ought to bear some relation to the total value of all the first quartos of the single plays published in Shakespeare's life. But it is obvious that in comparison with the quartos it is quite a common book.

When we turn from Shakespeare to Milton we are confronted in Mr. Jaggard's Index with the extraordinary number of fifty-nine copies of the first edition of "Paradise Lost" sold during these ten years. The price of the book was three shillings, and the edition consisted of no fewer than fifteen hundred copies, which were put on the market, with successive alterations of the title-page, in 1667, 1668, and 1669. We may suspect that the lofty nature both of Milton's theme and of its treatment materially helped to save copies from destruction. Milton's less tremendous "Poems" of 1645 came up for sale only thirteen times, and are thus at about the same level as Herrick's "Hesperides" (15 copies), Lovelace's "Lucasta" (13), Donne's "Poems" of 1623 (13), and Waller's of 1645 (11). The Kilmarnock Burns ought by rights to have been thumbed to pieces, but it was "discovered" too early for this to happen, and nineteen copies were offered for sale in this decade. Size and subject help to account for the occurrence of as many as eighteen copies of the first edition of Spenser's "Faërie Queen"; on the other hand, his "Shepherd's Calendar" shares the fate of most thin quartos, the edition of 1579 being not represented at all, and those of 1581 and 1591 only by single copies. Pope's poems occur with strange infrequency, only one copy each of "The Rape of the Lock" and the "Essay on Man" being chronicled, and only seven of "The Dunciad." Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Lady of the Lake" occur respectively six and ten times, the first three volumes of Tennyson, twenty-four, twenty-five, and twenty-three times Mr. Swinburne's "Poems and Ballads" twenty-six.

On the interesting question of whether prose survives more easily than verse, the Index throws no very certain light, but the evidence tends rather to prove the contrary. The first six editions of Bacon's "Essays" are represented by only eleven copies, the first four editions of Walton's "Angler" by thirty-one (the second and third being apparently rarer than the first and fourth), the original "Pilgrim's Progress" never came up for sale during the decade, Milton's "Areopagitica" only once. On the other hand, in the eighteenth century, the tide seems to turn in the opposite direction, there being twenty-six survivals of the Robinson Crusoes issued in 1719, seventy of the "Gulliver's Travels" of 1726, twenty of the "Tristram Shandy" of 1760, fifty-five of the first "Tom Jones," and eighteen of the "Vicar of Wakefield." As to the older books which claim the rank of *incunabula*, or are near to it, we note the sale of thirty books printed by Caxton, representing rather over twenty different editions, of a single copy of Tyndale's Testament of 1530, and two of that of 1534, of seven copies of the first Coverdale Bible, twelve of the Prayer-book of 1549 and six of that of 1552. The general result of our investigations (which incidentally illustrate the usefulness of Mr. Jaggard's Index) is to show that an amateur possessed of a reasonably long purse may pick up in ten years a very pretty library of old books from the London auction-rooms, and in doing this he may congratulate himself that he is benefiting his race. As Frederick Locker once put it: "It is a good thing to read books, and it need not be a bad thing to write them; but it is a pious thing to preserve those that have been some time written, and the collecting and mending and binding, and cataloguing of books are all means to such an end." Without collectors the original editions of English classics might have disappeared from existence. We are now confronted with only the minor danger of their all going to America.

A Civilian War Hospital. By the Professional Staff. London. John Murray. 12s. net.

In the early days of the Boer War the Duke of Portland and his friends subscribed the money for and interested themselves in the equipment and management of the Civilian Hospital, which, named after its distinguished patron, the Portland, served with the military and other civilian hospitals in South Africa. The Portland's record, as here set forth by its Professional Staff, is full of interest not merely for the surgeon, but also for the general reader. To dismiss at once the professional portion of the book, it may be said without fear of contradiction that it is one of the most important contributions to our knowledge of modern military surgery that has yet been made, while Dr. Tooth and Mr. Calverley have written in the medical portion of the book an unusually interesting account of the chief diseases met with in the campaign. It is certainly a book that no student of medical work with armies in the field can possibly afford to leave unread.

But for the general reader there are also many points of interest at the present time. While the reorganisation of our army is under discussion, and the whole question of the medical service is to be raised anew, the experiences of the distinguished civilians who accompanied our armies both in Natal and in the Orange River Colony and Transvaal merit particular attention. The authors of the present volume seem to hold that there will always be room for civilian hospitals in time of war to supplement and extend the operations of the army medical service; but they point out and reiterate that such a hospital must always have a member of the Army Medical Corps as its commandant. Without such a link with the army, the work of the hospital would be crippled and hampered in every direction; the organisation, the transport, the commissariat, and the supply of clothing and other necessaries would probably all suffer. In Surgeon-Major Kilkelly the Portland had a commandant of experience and capacity, whose value was fully appreciated.

Another question which the present war has raised is the

employment of nurses. The authors of the present volume are strongly in favour of the extended employment of trained nurses, while they recognise that in all hospitals which are liable to frequent removals they must be limited in number. The number of nursing sisters allowed by the War Office they felt to be too small, and they believe that in future, at least, five army sisters should be allotted for each hundred beds, with a certain allowance for sickness; that is, that to each general hospital of 520 beds there should be a few more than twenty-five nurses. It is possible, we believe, that even this number might be augmented with considerable increase in the efficiency of the nursing.

The lamentable epidemic of typhoid fever at Bloemfontein last May has been described by many pens, but we doubt whether any previous description has laid enough stress on the truth of the extraordinary rapidity alike of the growth and of the decline of the epidemic. The authors point out here that the whole outbreak was an affair of a little over two months, and that whereas in May there was only a comparatively small and limited epidemic, before the middle of June it had reached enormous proportions, and by the end of July had again dwindled to the normal endemic rate. They very justly say that such an outbreak would in all probability exhaust the resources, the capacity, and the professional and nursing staffs of all the great London hospitals put together. It is only when we have read such a description as this that we realise the cruelty and ignorance of some of the charges and accusations levelled at the army medical service, which accomplished such magnificent work at that time.

RECENT THEOLOGICAL BOOKS.

(1) THE ELEMENTS OF CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE. By T. A. Lacey. Rivingtons. 5s.

(2) THE KEY OF KNOWLEDGE. By W. G. Rutherford. Macmillan. 6s.

(3) WITNESSES TO CHRIST, a contribution to Christian Apologetics. By William Clark, Professor of Philosophy in Trinity University, Toronto. T. and T. Clark. 4s. New Edition.

(4) THE CHURCH IN GREATER BRITAIN. By G. R. Wynne. D.D. Kegan Paul. 6s.

(5) CHRIST AND HUMAN LIFE. By Darwell Stone. Longmans. 2s. 6d.

(6) ASPECTS OF REVELATION. By C. B. Brewster, D.D., Bishop of Connecticut. Longmans. 5s. net.

(7) THE APOSTLES' CREED. By A. Harnack. Translated by S. Means, and edited by T. B. Saunders A. and C. Black. 1s. 6d.

(1) Mr. Lacey's book on Christian Doctrine will add to his reputation for theological learning and for close reasoning. It is probably the most ambitious work that he has as yet given to the public, and it is written throughout with the gravity and precision which are appropriate to the great subject with which it deals. He is careful to explain that he discusses *doctrine*, not *dogma*, which is the formulated and systematised expression of doctrine; but in truth the distinction is not always apparent in Mr. Lacey's treatment, for his pages bristle with syllogism, and his argument is arranged in a series of propositions which recall the *Summa* of St. Thomas. This is only to say that Mr. Lacey writes as a scientific theologian, and we have no fault to find with him on that account. We think, however, that he has tried to put too much into 300 pages, with the result that illustration, metaphor, and all the other helps and graces of style have been ruthlessly cut out to make room for solid theological matter. Another consequence of the author's determination to be brief is that he has been obliged to omit almost altogether any notice of the bearing of psychology or physics upon the doctrine of Christ as it has been commonly presented by the Church. For instance, the discussion of *conscience* and *duty* seems somewhat inadequate, and it would have been better to have reserved this for a different work. But while we say this, we do not for a moment mean to suggest that Mr. Lacey's work is superficial. On the contrary, his book is an honest and learned endeavour to present the outlines of Christian doctrine in a form which shall attract educated men and women; and the fact that he is *not* superficial is one of the reasons why we are doubtful of his success in reaching the public that he has in view. If we say that his book is more solid and more technical than Dr. Mason's "Faith of the Gospel," which covers the same ground, we shall perhaps best convey the impression that it has left upon our own mind.

(2) Dr. Rutherford's sermons preached in the Abbey to Westminster boys are out of the common. They remind us of Mr. Jowett's College Sermons, and possibly Dr. Rutherford may have, consciously or unconsciously, taken for his model those wise and witty discourses. In one respect, indeed, they are unlike what the late Master of Balliol would have written, for the style is at times provokingly obscure. "The key of life, like the key of nature, is a self-extinction, a self-denial; but whereas the one is an at-one-ment with God in things natural and transient, the other is an at-one-ment with God in things spiritual and permanent. He who has the key of the spiritual world has but to wait for longer or for shorter and the other key shall be his as well." An interesting thought; but how many of the boys who heard such terse sayings read out to them understood what the preacher meant? Still for all that we have found Dr. Rutherford's volume full of stimulating and courageous counsel. These short sermons are packed with thought, and here and there are epigrams worthy of preservation. "It is a foolish person who does not seek counsel, but it is a weak person who always takes it." "In the Incarnation, in His life as the Son of Man, Christ addresses to men the parable of parables, whereby they may learn how God Himself would act in man's place." Dr. Rutherford does not write as a theologian, but as a scholar; otherwise one might find fault with his theory of a "remnant" to which he returns more than once. "It does not admit of doubt," he says, "that Jesus never contemplates universal acceptance for his teaching." But, on the contrary, it is of the very essence of the Christian Faith that it aspires to universal sovereignty over the hearts and minds of men. We have observed one or two curious slips. "When I have understood this, I should understand why Jesus never commended," etc., offers a sequence of tenses unusual in English and unexpected from a Head Master of Westminster. And to write of "fightings within and alarms without" is a too common misquotation of St. Paul's ἔξωθεν μάχαι ἔσωθεν φόβοι.

(3) The lectures contained in this volume were delivered some years ago, as the second series of the Baldwin Lectures, in the University of Michigan. We are glad that they have been reprinted in a cheap edition, for while they do not strike us as specially brilliant or original, they provide a great deal of sober and sensible argument in defence of the Christian faith. Professor Clark is thoroughly conversant with the subject of Apologetic, and he writes with candour and lucidity. The title *Witnesses to Christ* is, perhaps, not very well chosen, as the book is controversial rather than evidential, but that is a matter of little consequence. The lectures which the volume contains are given the following titles: "Phases and Failures of Unbelief," "Civilisation and Christianity," "Personal Culture and Religion," "The Unity of Christian Doctrine," "The Insufficiency of Materialism," "The Pessimism of the Age," and "The Resurrection of Jesus Christ." It will be seen that Dr. Clark travels over a wide field, and it is not to be expected that his treatment of these great subjects should be exhaustive. But to people who desire a short, well-written book on Christian Apologetic, which shall not offend by over-statement or by misrepresentation of opponents, we can recommend this little work. We have been especially interested in the chapters on the Unity of Christian Doctrine and on Pessimism, which are marked by a sanity of judgment and a clearness of expression which do not always go with fulness of knowledge.

(4) Archdeacon Wynne's Donnellan Lectures, preached at Dublin, give in short compass quite the best account that we have seen of the work of the Anglican Church in the colonies of the

Empire during the past two hundred years. The book is well arranged, and must represent considerable labour. It describes the growth of the Church in the United States, Canada, Australasia, the West Indies, and South Africa, and provides a repertory of facts and figures which will be quite invaluable to those who have to preach or lecture on the subject of foreign missions. The style is easy and the tone of the book excellent; there is no rhetoric, but a grave earnestness which is infectious and arrests the attention of the reader. The chapter on South Africa is particularly interesting at the present crisis, for "whatever duty God is laying on the nation in this time of deep anxiety and of enlarged responsibility, it is clearly the duty of the Church adequately to provide for the pastoral care of her own scattered people, and to promote a real and vigorous religion free from formalism and party spirit."

(5) Mr. Darwell Stone's little book consists of four lectures dealing with the relation of the Christ to Judaism, heathenism, modern life, and modern thought, to which is appended a sermon on the Fatherhood of God. The lectures are just what we should desire from a man of education speaking to a popular audience, and show traces of a considerable acquaintance with modern literature. But, as Mr. Stone says, the subjects are too great for satisfactory treatment under the conditions.

(6) The new volume of Baldwin lectures by the Bishop of Connecticut is an interesting and eloquent presentation of certain great principles which underlie Christian Apologetic, and we have no doubt that it will appeal to a wider audience than the assembly of students of the University of Michigan, to whom the lectures were delivered. The Revelations of God in Nature, in Man, in Christ, are discussed in order, and the treatment impresses us as being that of a theologian of liberal mind profoundly convinced of the essential truths of the Catholic faith. The Bishop calls special attention in his preface to the chapter on Personality as containing the central thought which governs the book. "My contention is," he writes, "that while there is not between God and man an identity or unity of nature, there is a certain kinship through the personal relations in which God has revealed Himself." The thought is, of course, not new, but it is well expressed in the Bishop's words. We should have welcomed, however, a fuller treatment of the doctrine of the Trinity, because it is just here that the people who will find this book attractive will need guidance. We find among the Bishop's many references no mention of Mr. Illingworth's "Bampton Lectures" or Dr. D'Arcy's "Idealism and Theology," which are perhaps the most valuable treatises recently published in English on this high topic.

(7) Last, but by no means least in importance, is a timely and useful translation of Professor Harnack's fine article in the new edition of Herzog's "Realencyclopädie" on *The Apostles' Creed.* Dr. Harnack's view, as is well known, is that this Creed originated in Rome about 150 A.D., and that it was based on the baptismal formula; he holds that the Eastern creeds known to us are not independent symbols, but descended from those produced in the West. To those who have not access to Herzog, this booklet will be a boon. The editor might have added with advantage a reference to Dr. Sanday's article in the "Journal of Theological Studies," for October, 1899, where Dr. Harnack's view is criticised with characteristic care and acumen. J. H. BERNARD.

NEW BOOKS.

1 REVELATIONS OF DIVINE LOVE. Recorded by Julian, anchoress at Norwich, Anno Domini 1373. A version from the MS. in the British Museum. Edited by Grace Warrack. Methuen. 6s.

(2) THE STUDENT'S ENGLISH LITERATURE: A History of English Literature, founded upon the Manual of T. B. Shaw. By A. Hamilton Thompson. Murray. 7s. 6d.

(3) FRÉDÉRIC MISTRAL, poet and leader in Provence. By Charles Alfred Downer. Columbia University Press. Macmillan. 6s.

(4) A HISTORICAL GEOGRAPHY OF THE BRITISH ISLES. By C. P. Lucas. Canada. Part I., New France. Clarendon Press. 6s.

(5) RONALD AND I, ; OR, SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM A VILLAGE OF THE PAST. By Alfred Pretor. Deighton Bell. 3s. 6d.

(1) The Early English Text Society has done something less than it might for the works of the English mystics of the fourteenth century. It was left to Dr. Horstmann to publish two volumes of the English writings of Richard Rolle of Hainpole, and now Miss Grace Warrack has printed in modern English *Revelations of Divine Love* by a certain Julian, an anchoress at Norwich in 1373, which fully deserves to be accessible in its original text. Miss Warrack has had two predecessors in her task, the Benedictine Serenus de Cressy, who in 1670 made and published from a manuscript at Paris a version in seventeenth century English, and Mr. Henry Collins, who modernised in 1877 the text of the same Sloane manuscript to which she has now had recourse. Both these versions are difficult to obtain, and Miss Warrack's has the advantage of that closer adherence to the original which is only possible now that we are a little less afraid of fourteenth century turns of speech than we used to be. Little is known of the anchoress Julian, save that her anchorage was in the precincts of the church of St. Julian at Conisford, one of the parishes of Norwich, and that she is said to have been alive in 1442, when she must have been nearly a hundred years old. She calls herself "a simple creature, unlettered," and this is borne out by the absence of quotations in her text. A few passages show that she was acquainted with some of the mystical ideas current in the fourteenth century, but in the main her book was clearly written by her own inspiration. A quaint colophon in the Sloane manuscript prays "Almighty God that this book come not but to the hands of those that will be His faithful lovers and will submit them to the faith of Holy Church," adding a further warning, "beware thou take not one thing after thy affection and liking, and leave another (for that is the condition of an heretic); but take everything with other." The warning is needed, since some of the sayings about sin, if taken in isolation, might lead to antinomianism, though the book as a whole, as the scribe adds, is "according to Holy Scripture and grounded in the same." How the anchoress received her first revelation may be told in her own words:—

When I was thirty years old and a half God sent me a bodily sickness, in which I lay three days and three nights; and in the fourth night I took all my rites of Holy Church, and weened not to have lived till day. And after this I languored forth two days and two nights, and on the third night I weened oftentimes to have passed; and so weened they that were with me. Thus I dured till day, and by then my body was dead from the middle downwards, as to my feeling. Then was I minded to be set upright, backward, leaning, with help,—for to have more freedom of my heart to be at God's will, and thinking on God while my life would last. My Curate was sent for to be at my ending, and by that time when he came I had set my eyes and might not speak. He set the cross before my face and said: "I have brought thee the image of thy Maker and Saviour: look thereupon and comfort thee therewith." Methought I was well as it was, for my eyes were set uprightward unto Heaven, where I trusted to come by the mercy of God, but nevertheless I assented to set my eyes on the face of the crucifix, and so I did. For methought I might longer dure to look evenforth than right up.

We must suppose that as she gazed she fell into a trance, for suddenly all her pain was taken from her, and she saw blood trickling from under the Crown of Thorns, and thereafter God "brought our blessed Lady to my understanding."

I saw her ghostly, in bodily likeness; a simple maid and a meek, young of age and little waxen above a child, in the stature that she was when she conceived. Also God shewed in part the wisdom and the truth of her soul; wherein I understood the reverent beholding in which she beheld her God and Maker, marvelling with great reverence that He would be born of her that was a simple creature of His making. . . . . Also in this He shewed me a little thing, the quantity of an hazel nut, in the palm of my hand; and it was as round as a ball. I looked thereupon with eye of my understanding, and thought, "What may this be?" And it was answered generally thus: "It is all that is made."

I marvelled how it might last, for methought it might suddenly have fallen to naught for littleness. And I was answered in my understanding, "It lasteth and ever shall, for that God loveth it." And so All-thing hath Being by the love of God.

The anchoress had sixteen revelations in all, the visions being of less interest than the words which she seemed to hear with them, or which afterwards gathered round them in her thoughts during the twenty years in which she was writing her book. These doctrinal expositions present single aspects of truth in the heightened form characteristic of mysticism, and are often set forth with a simple beauty of style which Miss Warrack has very successfully preserved. Sometimes the beauty lies in some quaint repetition, as in the saying, "It behoved that there should be sin; but all shall be well, and all shall be well, and all manner thing shall be well," which seems to rise in a crescendo of joyous certainty. Elsewhere we are caught by some unusual word, as in "He said not, *Thou shalt not be tempested, thou shalt not be travailed, thou shalt not be afflicted;* but he said, *Thou shalt not be overcome.*" There are many such sentences that haunt the memory, and many longer passages of a serene beauty not lightly to be quoted in a newspaper, notably in the chapter entitled "The goodness of God is the highest prayer, and it cometh down to the lowest part of our need," and the whole of Chapter xix. Chapter xxxviii. begins with the startling sentence, "Also God showed that sin shall be no shame to man, but worship," a true paradox, which needs to balance it the emphatic "and to me was shewn no harder hell than sin" of a later chapter. The whole book is fascinating, and deserves its title, the *Revelations of Divine Love.* We owe Miss Warrack thanks for having given it a new life.

(2) The discussion as to whether literature can be taught, which has been occupying the correspondence columns of THE PILOT, made us turn with special interest to the thick volume of over eight hundred closely printed pages in which, under the title of *The Student's English Literature,* Mr. Hamilton Thompson has essayed to bring the "Manual" of the late Mr. T. B. Shaw "as far as possible into line with contemporary and authoritative criticism." As regards the earlier period of our literature Mr. Thompson's efforts can hardly be reckoned successful. Despite the handsome contribution of a special chapter on Chaucer by Professor Ker, there is no real attempt to do justice to the majority of our earlier writers, most of whom are banished to "Notes" in painfully small print, while the general effect is that of botching rather than good work. After the accession of Elizabeth this fault disappears. Writers of any distinction are treated with all the fulness that can be expected from a work in a single volume, and the "Notes and Illustrations" are reserved for their proper use. Biographical details are given in abundance, and the effects of "contemporary and authoritative criticism" are duly evident. The question which occurs to us is to whom will this book be useful? As a book of reference in which information as to any post-Chaucerian writer may be hastily acquired it may be useful to anybody; but as a book to be read consecutively and studied it presents, in common with most histories of literature, some curious problems. The fact that literary masterpieces have been written in successive centuries and in the reigns of successive kings and queens has produced a false analogy with political history which has been the undoing of most writers of manuals of literature. If by walking across a room or spending a few shillings in an "Event-Shop" we could be present, at pleasure, at any historical scene—ride as a non-combatant with Rupert or listen to the sentence pronounced on Charles I.—then the political historian would find his troubles begin. Ought he to write for those who have seen or those who have not seen, to describe everything seeable or only what is truly worth seeing? It is problems like these that writers of manuals of literature have to face, and they would do well to combine some of the methods of geography with their sedulous imitation of historians. The writers of elementary geographies do not attempt to teach in detail the geography of every district of the British Isles. They treat the British Isles as an important part of Europe and of the world, and place them in their right relation with these. They do not often confuse topography with geography, and they leave panegyrics on scenery to the writers of guide-books. We would not strain the analogy by pushing it too far, but we are quite sure that a wider scope and far less detail are the crying needs of all "Student's Literatures," by whatever name they are called, and of this revivification of Mr. Shaw's Manual as much as any of them.

(3) Anyone who turns to Mr. Downer's preface after reading his *Frédéric Mistral* will probably be a little surprised to learn that so pleasant and popular a piece of bookmaking "was submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Columbia University." No doubt Mr. Downer's other exercises were much more learned, and in any case the general reader has no reason to complain if the curriculum for a doctor's degree in America produces an entertaining book. Mr. Downer writes with the enthusiasm born of personal acquaintance with Mistral, but he is a clear-headed enthusiast, and points out, though with all gentleness, the weak points both in the poet's own work and in the "Félibrige" movement in general. "The modern world," as Mr. Downer sagely remarks, "does not appear to be marching in accordance with Mistral's view." The language of the central government is everywhere crushing out the *patois,* and the poems of the Félibriges are not even written in a genuine *patois,* but in a highly artificial dialect, which corresponds neither to the old Provençal nor to the peasant speech, but (along with many beautiful words) is a medley of pretentious coinages and phrases which less delicate critics than French academicians condemn as vulgar. A Welsh Eisteddfod has probably more genuine vitality about it than the floral games in which the Félibriges delight, but on the other hand no Welsh bard has written a *Mirèio,* and around this fine poem of Mistral's the whole Félibrige movement has grown up. Mr. Downer summarises *Mirèio* with some felicity, and renders the same service to its less fortunate successors. He also gives a sufficient account of the Félibrigiens in general and of the language they have built up. As we have said, he has written a very pleasant book, and we can recommend it to anyone desiring a first acquaintance with this curious and interesting byway in modern literature.

(4) The new volume of Mr. Lucas's *Historical Geography of the British Colonies,* dealing with French Canada, is much more concerned with Canadian history than geography, which, in fact, is only brought into play to make the history more intelligible. No other English colony has had so picturesque and eventful an origin as Canada, and Mr. Lucas, though at times he crowds his canvas with too many subordinate figures, has some gifts as a narrator, and does not spoil his story. The philosophical side of his subject is also well brought out, and the differences between French and English methods of colonisation frequently emphasised: "It was a conflict," he writes, "of race, of religion, of geographical conditions, of new and old, of European government and American colonists."

On the one side were seaboard settlements, comparatively continuous, in which there was much instinct and little policy, much freedom and little system; where the population steadily grew by natural causes and by immigration, democratic communities in which the real work was done from below. On the other were the beginnings of continental colonization along the natural lines of communication. The dispersion was great, the settlers were few, the settlements were weak. All was done from above, except where unlicensed adventurers roamed the woods. The elements of an older day were preserved and stereotyped, attractive but unprogressive. Old forms transplanted to a New World did not lose their life, but renewed it. Feudal customs took root in the soil. Despotism, supported by the Roman Catholic Church [Mr. Lucas has few good words for the Roman missionaries] did not survive merely, but grew stronger. The adventurer remained an adventurer, and did not turn into a business-like colonist. There was much that was great, there was more that was uniform, but there was little or no growth.

The French had the advantage of abler leaders. There was no English Governor in New England of the tact and

ability of Frontenac, who won the Indian's heart by leading their war-dances, tomahawk in hand, or of the adventurous instinct of La Salle, who first descended the Mississippi from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico, and laid the foundations of what might have proved a new French empire. On the other hand, every French leader of ability was thwarted by the intrigues of his colleagues, and the sluggish English colonists had thus time to recover from their disasters. From the English Government our colonists had little help enough. After the Bostonians had captured Louisbourg a usually long-winded Puritan chaplain had his heart so full that he could only ejaculate by way of grace: "Good Lord, we have so much to thank Thee for, that time will be too short and we must leave it to eternity." What must have been this good man's feelings when three years later the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle gave back Louisbourg to the French? But in the end came Pitt's Ministry, and that conquest of Canada by the British arms, as to which Mr. Lucas borrows Parkman's phrase, "a happier calamity never befell a people." The phrase seems of good omen nowadays, and we hope that a century hence some South African may be able to apply it to the conquests of our own time, in a land with which Mr. Lucas has already dealt in his excellent series.

(5) That Mr. Alfred Pretor's *Ronald and I; or, Scenes and Characters from a Village of the Past* should have reached a second edition will be no matter of wonder to those who made its acquaintance in its earlier form. Village sketches are wont to become prosy, and many points which strike a native of some quiet country spot as humorous or pathetic appear merely trivial when presented to the general reader. Mr. Pretor, however, has a sure touch, a pleasant style, and just sufficient distinction of manner to make his sketches stand out from amongst their many fellows. His book is an excellent one for holiday reading.

FICTION.

The Land of Cockayne. By Matilde Serao. Heinemann. 6s.—It is not the Naples of the *forestieri*, a city builded of sun-warm colours between blue of sea and sky, which the well-known Italian novelist gives us in *The Land of Cockayne.* Beneath the surface fairness of that southern world of vineyards, olive groves and palms, Matilde Serao reveals the volcanic forces of smouldering fumes and devastating flame. The book is a tragic presentment of the popular passion for the lottery and its disintegrating effect upon individual and civic life. The studies are mercilessly realistic, both of social types and their suggestive setting. From the dark, teeming courts, from the pretentious apartments of prosperous shopkeepers, from frugal homes of professional workers, from the denuded palaces of the old nobility, the dark procession moves to that frantic moment of the turning of fortune's wheel, to disillusioning, to moral death. The pressure is hardest on the women, who pay in wrecked homes and futile sacrifice for the madness of husband or father. Most pathetic is the picture of the poor girl Carmela, hollow-eyed and hungry, who, from her want, gives for ever to her sister Annarella, whose children are dying for food while Gaetano, their father, spends his earnings on lottery tickets, and to her faithless lover Raffaele, an embodiment of sensual selfishness. To save his life in a duel she gives her own, and dies with the hand of forgiveness on the head of her courtesan sister, for whose coarser charms her lover had deserted her, and for whose worthless name the duel was fought. The portrait of Donna Bianca, in the solitude of the desolate Cavalcanti Palace, is poignant in its appeal. Denied the sunshine of youth, dependent for her daily needs on the devotion of two old servants, she seeks her spiritual consolation in the bare, cold chapel, while her father, the Marquis di Formosa, foregathers with his gambling friends in a frenzy of superstition and wild expectancy. Sane and strong, Dr. Amati yet fails to save the woman he loves from the death to which her father dooms her as he urges her fevered weakness to the visions which shall guide him in his choice of numbers. Only her death can still his cry for spiritual guidance in this rank materialism. Then we have a description of the superstition which holds that priests, monks, and nuns can give winning numbers and of the revolt against Madonna and saints when prayers as to successful combinations are unanswered. Two characteristic scenes of Neapolitan life are vividly portrayed: the Carneval with its Southern *abandon*, and the service of the liquefaction of San Gennaro's blood, with its pomp of ceremonial, its irreverence of spirit. The book is a litany of despair. It fails in perfect art, since it gives shadow without sunlight, and, in its complexity, images crowd upon the eye without the relief of perspective. But *The Land of Cockayne* in its knowledge of the people, their passions and their weaknesses, and the insidious influence of the lottery upon them, rises to the dignity of a social document. The translation is, on the whole, admirable, giving the curious hardness of the author's style, the sharp etching of outlines, unsoftened by intervening atmosphere. Many have given the sunlight of Italy; here is shown its shadow, dense as only such sun can cast.

Doom Castle. By Neil Munro. Blackwood. 6s.—The author of "John Splendid" has drawn a captivating picture of Highland life some nine years after Culloden Moor. Doom Castle is a half-ruined stronghold on the west coast of Scotland, tenanted by a penniless Jacobite Baron, and in close proximity to the ducal fortress of the powerful Whig chieftain, Argyll. To Doom comes Count Victor de Montaiglon, in search of a Whig spy whom he had tracked to the Duke's court. This Drimdarroch, while masquerading among the Scottish exiles in Paris, had betrayed a woman, since dead, whom Montaiglon had loved. The Count is attacked by secret enemies on his first arrival, and barely escapes when they threaten Doom itself, while his scheme of revenge is forgotten in following up the mystery which envelops the castle and the Baron's daughter. The solution falls a trifle flat, and Olivia would hardly have given up her lover, unheard, on the evidence of the silver button. But the plot thickens again immediately, and gives rise to some striking and original scenes at Argyll's Court. An interesting figure is pourtrayed in the Chamberlain, who wins all hearts by his exquisite flute-playing, including that of Mrs. Petullo, who had married an old man for his money. Her miserable home-coming after the ball, when her lover was wearying of the intrigue, and the appearance of Petullo, with his snuffy countenance and rheumy eye, are powerfully imagined. Mr. Munro has the artist's feeling for words, and his treatment of the dialect recalls the style of "Kidnapped." The atmosphere is charged with glamour and romance, enhancing the spirited descriptions of Highland scenery. It is a notable book.

The Archbishop and the Lady. By Mrs. Schuyler-Crowninshield. Smith, Elder and Co.—The leisurely and omnivorous novel-reader must find amusement in tracing the waves of fashion that set in from time to time, and influence the lesser writers of fiction. Some short time back the imitators of Mr. Stanley Weyman were deluging the world with French adventurers of the time of Henri Quatre, and more recently a perfect epidemic of "Elizabeths" has arisen. Now there comes a succession of courtly and amiable Church dignitaries headed by the charming cleric who gave his name to "The Cardinal's Snuff-box." The Archbishop in Mrs. Schuyler-Crowninshield's novel has not much to distinguish him from the rest of the series, but he gives a "tone" to the book, as indeed he would to any society in which he mixed. And the house-party whose doings at the old French abbey are described require all his high breeding to render them acceptable or even possible. The hero is intended presumably to be an American gentleman, but he has an unfortunate knack of blundering upon the family secrets of the household in which he is a guest, and betrays no dislike to continuing his discoveries and to voluntary as well as involuntary eaves-dropping. The head of the family is a lady of uncertain age and youthful appearance who is thus

summed up at the close of the book: "Valery had called her a cat,—a little cat. She was greedy; she might have been arrested for forgery; she had always repudiated everyone who stood in her way; but yet she was a pleasant little cat—a soft, purring little cat." Her tall, sphinx-like, ineffably beautiful daughter (*alias* niece) is the pivot on which the tale turns; then there is the misshapen son-in-law, who quite gratuitously is a dynamiter of the most dangerous type; another son-in-law supposed to represent a Rand millionaire and rather pleasing in his honestly vulgar way; an impossible child, and the serene and amiable Archbishop who pits himself against the hero and is worsted. If the gratuitous crimes, the vulgarities and incredible violations of good manners were removed, a fairly readable story would remain. In spite of much that is distasteful, the book shows signs of care and of skill in narration.

The Seal of Silence. By Arthur R. Conder. Smith, Elder, and Co.—The shadow of an untimely fate rests upon this book, the only work of any importance published by its gifted author before his early death. To those of us who knew him even slightly, the pathos of this shadow is deepened by the recollection of his bright and charming personality. To the world at large he will be known by a single novel, a work of surprising promise for so young a writer, full of humour, delicate character drawing, and firm handling of the problems and tragedy of life. The story never fails in interest, never loses the charm of its telling. Free and unforced, the fine humour reveals itself in scene after scene, and as they flit across the reader's memory his lips curl in a ready smile, or frame themselves to repeat some witty phrase too good to be forgotten. The present writer deliberately set himself to read the book through word by word a second time after finishing his first perusal, fearing lest his judgment might have been held in abeyance by feelings of enjoyment, or influenced unconsciously by regret. But the result was the same—a conviction that, in spite of a few, very few evidences of inexperience, the verdict accorded must be wholly good, and that the reading world has lost in Mr. Conder a writer of comedy whose charm, freshness, and depth of feeling place him in the first ranks of contemporary novelists. To recommend *The Seal of Silence* is to promise a more than ordinary pleasure.

Crucial Instances. By Edith Wharton. Murray. 5s. net. —Miss Wharton may be counted among the handful of writers who have mastered the art of the short story. In *Crucial Instances* she presents us neither with condensed novels nor detached fragments; but has instead understood how to suggest a situation, a character, an atmosphere, in a few selected and significant touches. In one or two of the stories Miss Wharton's frank discipleship of Mr. Henry James somewhat obscures her innate powers; the voice is authentic, but the accent has a too-familiar trick; but in her best work we do not feel any such hint of imitation. "The Moving Finger" is possibly the masterpiece of the little volume. The wonderful portrait, with its influence on the two men, its painter and possessor, who had both loved the woman it depicts, touches the imagination with something of supernatural awe, while yet the bounds of actual life are never passed. It is a peculiarity of the author's method that she is apt to make some inanimate object, a picture—if that be indeed inanimate—or a bundle of old letters, the touchstone by which her characters are tested. Two of the finest tales, however, depart from the ultra-modern style and setting. "The Confessional" is a pathetic study of a rare and noble nature, and remarkable for its rendering of the passionate days when Lombardy shuddered into revolt against the Austrian yoke. "The Duchess at Prayer" is a little tragedy in suggestion, weighted with the perfumed and perilous air of Renaissance Italy. "Crucial Instances" is of so fine and subtle a distinction that we show our best appreciation by trusting that Miss Wharton will not too soon produce its successor.

Cinderella. By S. R. Crockett. James Clarke and Co. 6s. —In *Cinderella* Mr. Crockett has deserted swords and skulls for sunbonnets, archness, and innocence; he has also returned to Scotland, at least for part of his romance, but fortunately it is modern Scotland, and we do not have to endure his conceptions of pathos as applied to the historic heroes of his native land. The story is prodigal of triteness: injured beauty, the fraudulent guardian, the fairy prince, the imperious godmother, we have them all; it is only the fairy tale charm that is missing. The style may be judged from the following: "That kiss broke the crystal sphere of the old world of Hester Stirling and Carus Darroch, and, as through a smashed shop-front, they stepped into a new world hand in hand." Invention and characterisation are much on a level with the style, and the reader is left with but one cause of thankfulness: in this book Mr. Crockett has only his own creations wherewith to take liberties.

NOTICES.

St. Gilbert of Sempringham and the Gilbertines: A History the only English Monastic Order. By Rose Graham, F.R.Hist.S., late of Somerville College, Oxford. Eliot Stock. 7s. 6d.—We are glad to welcome another interesting and valuable historical book due in its inspiration, no doubt, like Miss Dorothea Ewart's "Cosimo de Medici" and Miss Eva Scott's "Prince Rupert," to the training of Somerville College at Oxford. Miss Graham has done her work most thoroughly, and presents as the result a very full account of the history, external and internal, of the unique English order of Sempringham. There is much of very special interest in the story. Gilbert of Sempringham himself, the son of a Lincolnshire knight, was a man of genius; for he designed an order which should combine the training of men and women for the religious life. He was a man, like all the great founders of mediæval monasticism, of the deepest sincerity and of a remarkable simplicity. Trained under Robert Bloet and afterwards by the great bishop and statesman, Alexander of Lincoln, he had greatness thrust upon him, a greatness which a shrewd man like Henry II. clearly recognised. He did not escape the difficulties of his time or his profession, least of all the perils among false brethren; but his faith and courage brought him through them all, and when he died he left a flourishing order behind him, which did much for the great revival of religion in the thirteenth century. He himself saw the building of thirteen houses of his order, nine for men and women in separate dwellings, and four for canons alone, besides many hospitals for the aged and the infirm. His contemporary, William of Newburgh, at once the most impartial and the most critical writer of the day, says, "In my judgment, in the rule of women he holds the palm among all whom we have known." Haverholme Priory was the first house built. The rule was adapted, partly from the Cistercian, partly from the lighter rule of the Augustinian canons; but there were many special orders as to the management of the nuns, their journeys, their worship, their confessions, their sicknesses and death. Special troubles were the incursions of gossiping women, such as Agnes de Vescy, who would beset the house of Walton with her women and dogs, and stay for many days—a lady so great that only the king could relieve the nuns of so unwelcome or lengthy a visitor. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries the order increased greatly in wealth; in the fifteenth it greatly decayed—a common experience. Its surrender was accomplished by the last master, a creature of Thomas Cromwell. It had produced but few great men; probably Robert of Brunne was the most important. All this is well told by Miss Graham, and with a fulness of reference to original authority which deserves the highest praise. She completes her work by an interesting account of the present condition of the remains of the Gilbertine houses. The book is singularly free from errors, which may in part be attributed to the valuable assistance, which the author acknowledges, of Dr. R. L. Poole. But is Miss Graham sure that the nuns received the chalice at communion?

A Woman's Memories of the War. By Violet Brooke-Hunt. 5s.—If there has been a pleasanter war book than this, it has not come our way. It is just a simple, unpretentious, record of work done by an intelligent and thoroughly sensible woman. To use the common phrase, there was no nonsense about Miss Brooke-Hunt. She was ready to undertake any duty that might come her way, provided, of course, that it lay within her powers, and what she did she did thoroughly. Starting with some small experience of clubs and reading-

rooms at home, she soon proved her value at Maitland Camp, and in a few days was sent up to Naauwpoort. There were difficulties and prejudices to be encountered at that place, but they were surmounted; and before long she was regularly at work with convalescents and passers through, as well as with the sick—an established favourite, if one may read between the lines. She not only had sympathy—many women have that—but she also had tact, and that is a rarer gift. More than this, she really understood the British soldier—as her remarks prove. In her capacity of scribe for those who were unable through pain or sickness to write their own letters, she had many opportunities of gauging the feelings of the patients, and her testimony accords with that already furnished so liberally during this war. Miss Brooke-Hunt was then called up to Bloemfontein, where she at once organised a Soldier's Institute, which was opened by Lady Roberts and became a great success from the start. Besides this work she did much in the way of visiting the sick, and we may quote here a few valuable words: "During the whole time that I was at Bloemfontein I spent many hours of each day in some hospital or another, being allowed to go in and out quite freely; and the men, knowing I had no connection with any one hospital, always talked openly and frankly to me, so that, though I have no wish to go into the hospital controversy in these articles, I want to assure those who lost any near and dear to them at Bloemfontein, that they would have been amazed to see how much was done for the comfort and care of the sick under circumstances of overwhelming difficulty." Here again she arranged for the feeding up of the convalescents. She had to do with the unpacking and distribution of gifts sent out by the public, and has some quaint criticisms on the useless rubbish which occasionally presented itself, on the discomfortable texts and tracts thrust in among the clothing and even worked in worsted into shirt cuffs (!), and on the indiscretion of mixing bottles of treacle with clothing. In July came another move and this lady, who had been found so valuable, was ordered up to Pretoria in order that she might take the management of the Soldiers' Institute which Lord Roberts was bent on starting. Here we shall leave her, cordially hoping that her book may find a very wide circulation. It is full of interesting doings and of sensible remarks, and contains not a few good stories. Miss Violet Brooke-Hunt was one of the great successes of the war. She was thorough.

The Sword and the Centuries. By Alfred Hutton, F.S.A. Grant Richards. 15s.—Captain Hutton's latest volume upon the fascinating topic of swordsmanship is a treatise upon the weapon itself rather than the art of its use. He has had the happy idea of illustrating his account of every variety of the sword or its equivalent weapon, from the days of the knightly lance or the two-handed sword to the sabre and duelling *epée* of modern days, by an account of some more or less historic encounter therewith. The task was a difficult one, implying diligent research and a wide knowledge; but Captain Hutton has been indefatigable, and the result is a spirited series of narratives, interspersed with much interesting comment and a profusion of well-executed drawings, the latter being, in the majority of cases, from weapons forming part of the author's rich collection. The only real fault to be found with the book is its cumbersome weight, which renders it somewhat inconvenient to read. Those, however, who are not daunted by this will find between its covers a remarkable store of information as to combats with every variety of "sword" used in civilised Europe during the last five centuries. From the lance, axe, estoc, and two-handed sword the author proceeds to the period of the deadly rapier and its complement the dagger, thence to the flamberge and early small-sword, the small-sword proper (the weapon of the great Angelo, familiar to us from fencing prints), the broadsword or sabre, and the duelling sword of the present day. The whole book being designed on the narrative principle, criticism of it is exhausted when it has been said that the tale of each encounter is told vividly and with spirit, and to justify this by quotation from any particular tale would be invidious. The only weakness of style to be observed is an over-fondness for the present tense in narration. Captain Hutton's occasional comments on the various styles of sword-play incidental to the episodes he describes are interesting; to criticise these would be impertinent, for he is a master of the art.

Pictures of Church History, in Pen and Pencil, from the close of the New Testament. By Charles Tylor and Gordon Hargrave. London. Headley Brothers. 3s. 6d.—This book is by no means a modest one. It begins by a brief colloquy between "the reader and the book," in which the former says that Church history is dry, and wonders if it can ever be made interesting, and the latter replies, "open and read me and you will see." On the other hand, it is distinctly partisan and aggressive. The separation of believers into clergy and laity was unknown, we are told, in apostolic and primitive times. The only priesthood under the Gospel is that of all believers, and to Ignatius, though he was saturated with the episcopal spirit, the idea of a priesthood was unknown. Cyprian, too, could find no pattern in the New Testament for his conception of the Church; and the Novatians were a company of Reformers. It is doubtful whether the adoption of a creed is in any case of real use to the Church. In time the Church came to teach a religion of the senses, the same in character as the idolatry from which Christ came to set men free, and the Eucharist, the bread and wine over which the priest has pronounced a blessing, became an object of superstition. We have heard these things before, and they are a sufficient stamp to the book. But the illustrations pass belief. They are nearly all very amusing, and they delight to show how the primitive vestments resemble those of English clergy, and how commonly the black stole was used. But the best of all is that which represents the death of Chrysostom in an Early English church with a clergyman in surplice and stole at the north end of the altar!

Britain's Title in South Africa. By James Cappon, M.A. Macmillan.—Professor Cappon is a patriotic Canadian, who writes the history of South Africa to the period of the Great Trek (1836-1839), with the avowed aim of justifying British rule against Dr. Theal's criticisms in his standard history and his little volume in the "Story of the Nations" Series. The result is a spirited vindication of the policy and attitude of our administrators—and especially of our missionaries, who were the champions of the native races against their Boer oppressors. It is a careful and detailed examination, a little marred by occasional discursiveness; but we do not think it should displace Dr. Theal's presentment of the history. In the conflict of two social ideals, the student's first task must be to understand and appreciate that which is most opposed to his own, and this Dr. Theal enables his readers to do; they can study Boer history in his books, as it were, from the inside. Mr. Cappon's generous indignation at their attitude towards the Kaffirs is precisely what all English readers must feel; for that very reason they should treat the feeling provisionally, as an *idolon specûs*, and put themselves into the place of the Boers, impatient of control, fixed in their own ways, and conscious of their danger from their coloured dependants, and of the inability either of the missionaries or of the English public to see the situation with their eyes. We do not say they were right; but the student must see both sides, and he will see them better in Dr. Theal's "Story of the Nations" than in Mr. Cappon's hostile criticism.

Mr. E. A. Webb's *Guide to the Churches of Chislehurst* (George Allen), has a more than usually interesting story to tell. The Parish Church of St. Nicholas is a fine fifteenth century structure for the most part, with some traces of Norman work, and with interesting associations. When it was taken over by the present rector, Canon Murray, in 1846, it was in the condition dear to Early Victorian churchmen; the structure was more or less ruinous, there were three galleries and high pews of varying heights and colours, the fine old screen was thickly plastered with paint, there was no organ—a barrel organ had recently been removed—the Royal Arms surmounted the altar, and the handsome Norman font was encased in wood. The south aisle was open to the poor; otherwise all sittings had to be paid for. Canon Murray has restored and enlarged the church to some purpose, if we may judge from the illustrations in this volume; he has freed all sittings with the exception of two "faculty" pews, besides which he has built and endowed two other churches for districts cut out of his parish, in both of which the sittings are free. Of course he has had to run the gauntlet of militant Protestantism, which signified its disapproval on one occasion by breaking down a cross erected to his wife's memory, and has more recently erected another church after its own heart, with a shallow apse to preclude the possibility of Romish innovations, a west gallery for the choir and organ, and no ecclesiastical district. It has been given to few men to see the fruit of their labours so abundantly as to Canon Murray.

Memories of the Months. Second Series. By Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.—It is only now and then that one perceives any particular reason why this pleasantly written little scrap-book of Sir Herbert Maxwell's should be entitled *Memories of the Months.* Disquisitions on the morality of field sports, the cruelty of wearing plumes, the pleasure of reading Montaigne, may be written and read just as easily in one month as another. Sir Herbert Maxwell is at his best when writing about natural history; and in days like ours, when, as he himself remarks, every discovery is recorded in a separate

periodical, there are few of us so fully abreast of the times that we may not expect, on turning over his pages, to come upon something novel as well as interesting. His own observations as to the visit of the short-eared owls to southern Scotland in the years of the vole plague, and as to the survival in the north of the true British wild cat, are worth reading, while his list of "rabbit-proof" plants may be found valuable. Sir Herbert Maxwell's arguments in defence of sport are clear so far as they go, but they scarcely seem to touch any point which a really serious opponent would be likely to raise. On his other favourite topic, the duty of preserving such wild animals as our civilisation is threatening with extinction, he does not argue at all, and is more convincing.

Thucydides III. By Herbert F. Fox, M.A. Clarendon Press. 1901.—This edition is intended for the use of schools, and is excellently adapted for that purpose. The renderings are very neat and accurate, and the grammatical and historical comments are quite adequate. The editor does not make any attempt to correct the text. Thus, he justly remarks that *τὴν ἐυπορίαν τοῦ καθ' ἡμέραν* should have rather been *τῶν καθ' ἡμέραν*, "our daily comforts," but does not suggest that *βίου* might have fallen out before *βίαιος*, the word which follows *ἡμέραν*. Dr. Rutherford's favourite theory of adscripts finds no favour in his eyes. There are two, we think, in the beginning of 82, *τοὺς Αθηναίους ἐπάγεσθαι* and *τοὺς Λακεδαιμονίους*. One naturally turns to the celebrated chapters 82, 83, on the revolutionary spirit in Greece. There we find the edition very satisfactory, though in a few cases the meaning might have been brought out a little more clearly. For instance, *τὸ πρὸς ἅπαν ξυνετὸν ἐπὶ πᾶν ἀργόν* means a little more than "general intelligence was counted as general want of enterprise." The meaning is that it was counted a weakness and a source of inaction to look at every side of a question; the words might perhaps be rendered "complete enlightenment was utter paralysis."

Army Administration. By Major-General C. J. B. Riddell, C.B. Eyre and Spottiswoode. *Army Administration Changes.* By the same.—These little pamphlets contain suggestions by an officer of long experience regarding certain military problems which have of late been much in the minds of men. They are too technical for the general reader, but soldiers will sympathise with the remarks on the absurdity of sending army correspondence through the Secretary of State, with the recommendation that a proper Quartermaster-General's department should form a part of our machinery, and with the warning not to follow slavishly Continental methods—this last being a chronic disease. There is also much to be said in favour of the writer's contention for reuniting the portfolios of War and Colonies, but that is a big question. The lesson of the present war, especially of its opening chapters, reads on his side.

The Extermination of Love: a Fragmentary Study in Erotics. By E. Gerard (Emily de Laszowska). William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh and London.—Dr. Peterstorff is by no means the first to come to the conclusion that the world would be far happier and better for the elimination of Cupid, but a man so able and learned might have made more of his theory. The book seems to have been started as a novel with a purpose, but in effect it is no more than a pretty story gently tempered with the suggestion of a purpose. The child wife is well conceived, and drawn on probable lines, a fanciful but yet quite natural character. The disappointment is in Karl Walden, who is intended to be a sensible, practical man, but who lamentably fails to take advantage of his continual opportunities for setting the Peterstorff household on a safe footing.

The World's Cathedrals (Bristol: Thatcher) is an interesting and useful series of photographs of English and foreign cathedrals set several on a page for the purpose of comparison. They illustrate among other things the immense variety of outline in our English cathedrals and the greater uniformity in this respect among the northern French cathedrals, due to the great importance which their builders attached to height. It is this that makes the exterior of an English cathedral so picturesque, and the interior of a northern French cathedral so imposing. We wish Mr. Thatcher's little book a large sale, and if he has to multiply editions of it, as we think he will when it becomes known, we hope that he will add to the number of the foreign examples and complete the details of their dimensions.

Although there are so many cookery books both old and new, there is yet a place for the excellent one that Mrs. Waters calls by the quaint name of *The Cook's Decameron* (William Heinemann). It contains over two hundred Italian recipes. All those who desire dishes excellent in quality, unusual in character, and more often than not very moderate in cost, will do well to get the book. The slight thread of story running through it will be attractive to some, and will, perhaps, make it more readily studied by youthful housekeepers and those preparing to become mistresses of their own table.

Anisette, a French Story for English Children. By Mrs. J. G. Fraser, author of "French Plays for Schools," etc., etc. With 200 illustrations by H. M. Brock. Dent.—As might be expected, this is a well written book. It is full of fun, and will amuse children; it will even reconcile them to their French lessons. But we may express a hope that boys will not be tempted to imitate the detestable little prig Raoul. Conceit and insolence are catching, even from characters in fiction.

A parcel of school books from Messrs. A. and C. Black contain the following:—

A Geography of South America, including the West Indies. By Lionel W. Lyde. 1s.—The author is an experienced teacher; his little book is simple and practical, and very clearly arranged, a great improvement upon the old-fashioned geography.

Poems of English History. By J. A. Nicklin. 1s.—A useful and well-selected anthology of verse relating to English history from A.D. 61 to 1714. Some fine pieces by such modern authors as W. E. Henley, Rennell Rodd, and Henry Newbolt are included.

An Elementary Geography of England and Wales. By Lionel W. Lyde. 1s. 4d.—This is intended for very young children: it is good and practical, and the print is large and clear. The illustrations are numerous, but somewhat unequal.

Four volumes of the "Literature Series," 6d. each, including *Poems of Lord Tennyson, Poems of Keats and Coleridge, Poems of R. and E. B. Browning,* and *Poems of Lord Byron.* The poems have been selected and arranged for children by Miss C. Linklater Thomson, and she has done her work well and judiciously. Brief introductions and notes are given.

The Story of the Abbot is added to the series of Messrs. Black's "Sir Walter Scott Readers for Young People." 6d.

THE QUARTERLIES.

The Journal of Theological Studies for July contains four principal articles. The Rev. H. A. Wilson has an interesting historical sketch of the English Coronation Orders, from the "Pontifical of Egbert" down to Bishop Compton's revision. He traces the gradual accretion and elaboration of ceremonies at first down almost to the Coronation of James II., when, under the hand of Archbishop Sancroft, sweeping changes were introduced. Bishop Compton, in his turn, at the Coronation of William and Mary, continued the ruin begun by Sancroft, but, apparently by an oversight, restored the coronation to its ancient position in the Eucharist; and a special benediction was given to the oil, and that contrary to ancient usage, during the actual service. Yet, as Mr. Wilson points out, the ruin is not complete; and it remains to be seen next year whether the service is to be disfigured further, or purified according to the old rites. The Rev. H. Kelly, S.S.M., contributes a thoughtful essay on "The Relation of Miracles to Christian Doctrine." His main point is that Christian miracles are an integral part of the revelation of a power that transcends nature, rather than credentials that attract attention and establish the right of the miracle-worker to be heard. "The use of miracles as a proof of something else belongs to the argumentations of the eighteenth century, and . . . provokes the scepticism it was evoked to allay." "Take away miracles and you have ethics, but the ethics are not Christianity, but only a consequence of it." "For the sceptic," again, "there is one primary question, and one only. 'Do you believe that nature is complete and self-sufficient, or do you recognise that it implies, demands, and leads up to something beyond itself?' If the former, then it is perfectly useless to offer proofs that miracles really did take place. . . . It is the whole idea of the transcendent to which he objects." There is one criticism that itself calls for criticism. The author says that Dr. Mozley's phrase, the "adaptation (of doctrines) to the human heart," "means nothing more than that we wish things were so; but their adaptation to the human reason is a very different matter." Surely the spiritual history of such a man as Romanes, as told us by

himself, as well as of thousands of other souls explicitly, if not of all Christian souls implicitly, should teach us that the evidence of the heart is, on another plane, equal to that of the head. Mr. Massie criticises Professor Ramsay's view that 1 Cor. vii. is a defence of celibacy as an exception to the general obligation of marriage: this view, of course, is directly opposite to the received interpretation. While paying tribute to Professor Ramsay's brilliance and insight, the author, Mr. Massie, makes out a strong case. According to the former, St. Paul ought to claim in ix. 1 ff. his right to be single. "As a matter of fact," Mr. Massie points out, "he asserts his right to be married." Again, with regard to verse 28: "Does not this manner of speaking suggest at once that he is defending marriage against some who charge it with being a *sin*, a failure to reach the highest? Of course the clause may be explained: 'Though I plead for the right to be celibate, I do not say, "Thou hast sinned."' But after what St. Paul had said in verse 2 and verse 9 such a disclaimer was quite out of place. The most natural interpretation of his argument here is that he is pleading for freedom to marry." There is not space to discuss all the arguments put forward by the writer against Professor Ramsay, but they well deserve attention. Dr. James Drummond continues his essay on "The Use and Meaning of the Phrase 'The Son of Man' in the Synoptic Gospels." He starts with the axiom that the expression was not a popular or recognised title of the Messiah in the time of Christ. Practically the whole of his article rests on this assumption, which is questioned by Dr. Sanday; but, granted it to be true, his explanations of its significance in the mouth of our Lord seem reasonable. He rejects the view that Christ never really used the phrase distinctively as a designation of Himself, after carefully weighing the arguments for and against this modern view. Perhaps his strongest argument is that St. Stephen's cry, "Behold . . . the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God," would not have aroused such fury unless our Lord had been understood by the Jews to have used that title of Himself. He then discusses its significance, concluding that Christ used it in various senses, only slightly differing from one another, but generally as denoting one who was pre-eminently the ideal servant and representative of man as revealed to Isaiah and Daniél. There are certain sentences, however, against which we must protest. For example: "It is . . . conceivable that He may not have identified Himself as Messiah with Him who was to come as the conquering Son of Man, but they have understood the prophet's vision as a poetical description of the spiritual conquest of the world's brute forces by a divinely commissioned humanity personified as the Son of Man." The author states, however, that "this last supposition is especially open to objection." It is more than "open" to it. In the "Documents" Dr. James identifies with his usual skill a fragment of the "Penitence of Jannes and Jambres"; it probably only remains for further discovery to prove him right, as in the case of the "Revelation of St. Peter." In the "Notes" the Rev. W. H. Frere exults in the discovery of the newly found York Gradual, and gives a full description of it, pointing out how desirable such a discovery is, especially to the student of Church music. Mr. Simcox discusses a point of chronological difficulty in Acts xii. 35. There is a longish note by the Rev. H. S. Cronin on Codex Chrysopurpureus Sinopensis, the discovery of which was announced last year. Mr. C. H. Turner has some notes on the old Latin Version of the Bible. Dr. Bernard criticises two small points in Smith and Wace's "Dictionary of Christian Biography." Mr. E. W. Brooks adduces new evidence, in a short note, on the ordination of early Alexandrian bishops. The number also contains reviews of the Berlin edition of the Greek Fathers, Dr. Moberly on "Atonement and Personality," and the Abbé Loisy and Biblical criticism. There is finally the usual "Chronicle" and index of recent periodicals relating to theological studies.

The current number of the *Edinburgh Review* contains, among many excellent articles, an extremely interesting and well-informed study of Drake and his successors in the English Navy. We are glad to see that the author of the article is disposed to accept Mr. Julian Corbett's explanation of the twenty months between 1573 and 1575, during which nothing is known of Drake's whereabouts. When in 1573 he arrived at Plymouth with a rich treasure seized from Spanish ships—we were at peace with Spain—he seriously embarrassed some international negotiations which were then on the point of settlement. On the exposure of the Ridolphi plot there was a determined attempt made by Spanish statesmen to make friends of Elizabeth and her Government, and Drake's arrival with several shiploads of booty—simply stolen, we must remember, from the Spaniards, against whom Drake had no letters of reprisal—was exceedingly inconvenient and dangerous to the issue of these negotiations. He ran the risk, as the *Edinburgh* reviewer points out, of being hanged if the Spaniards chose to demand that penalty, and Mr. Corbett thinks that he had a hint from headquarters that it would be well that he should disappear for a time; at any rate, he disappears at this moment from the page of history and only reappears in time to join Essex in April, 1575. The question of his whereabouts in the interval has puzzled many biographers, but Mr. Corbett has a theory, and the writer of the article thinks that his explanation is very likely a true one. "In the recesses of Queenstown harbour," says Mr. Corbett, "a notable haunt of pirates in Tudor times, is a land-locked creek which still bears the name of 'Drake's Pool,' and here, a persistent tradition says, he used to lie hid and pounce out upon Spanish ships. The details of the legend vary. The only feature that is constant is that at one time or other Drake was there in hiding, and so closely are we able to follow his steps for the rest of his life that if he ever did make use of 'Drake's Pool' it must certainly have been at this time. Nor is the tradition without documentary support." Another article contains a subtle analysis of Leo Tolstoy's teachings, and the writer shows himself fully alive to the curious change that came over Tolstoy's theories of conduct, or rather to the way in which those theories failed to embrace some of the most searching of ethical problems. His evolution from the standpoint whence he viewed marriage as a desirable state, as the only perfect fulfilment of a woman's life, to the point at which he came to regard marriage as a toying with evil, and a capitulation for the sake of avoiding graver evils, is cleverly followed. Among the political articles is a clear-headed review of the South African situation, in which the writer, although clearly of opinion that the war might have been avoided, is satisfied that, now we have embarked upon it, the only basis on which peace can be established is complete conquest. But he also sees very clearly the enormous difficulties that will only begin when the war is over.

Some of the most interesting pages of the *Quarterly Review* are occupied by an article on "The Decay of our Sea Fisheries." The general public, we are afraid, are under the vague impression that the supplies of the sea are inexhaustible, and, considering that it is held by so eminent a man as the late Professor Huxley, we need not be surprised that the view is commonly held. Still, as the writer of this article very pertinently points out, it is quite conceivable that, even if we should never be able to exhaust the food supply of the seas, that supply, or rather the part of it that we can tap, may easily fall below the point at which the cost of procuring it is in a reasonable proportion to the supply obtained. This, in point of fact, is what we in England are threatened with. In spite of the enormous importance of the industry to us, we take less trouble than any other maritime European nation to protect our fisheries from undue depletion. The methods suggested for the prevention or cure of this trouble are: (1) closure of areas either for a portion of each year or for a period of years; (2) extension of the three-mile limit; (3) statutory increase in the mesh of the trawl; or (4) prohibition of landing and sale of immature and undersized fish. The first of these proposals offers extreme difficulties in the manner of enforcing it, and would have serious effect on the fishing industry. The second involves political and international complications; the third, although theoretically admirable, is not practical, since the mesh of the

trawl becomes almost completely closed, whatever its size, when the net is weighted with a quantity of contents; while the fourth, in the *Quarterly* Reviewer's opinion, has the greatest measure of practicability and sound sense. The question of artificial hatching in protected waters, although Dr. Cheney's experiments have yielded great results in America, is not yet decided, for the difficulty remains of protecting the young fish from human and other poachers after they have been hatched. The unpleasant expedient of making war on the seabirds and porpoises, which are said to be the cause of ninety per cent. of fish destruction, seems to be one of the few measures that will satisfy the theories of both fishermen and biologists. Certainly the problem is one that will have to be faced. The Cromwell Protectorate and the Chinese Fiasco are the subjects of two other well-informed articles.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SOVRAN, NOT SOVEREIGN.

SIR,—In venturing to suggest a speedy recurrence (on the part of all literate persons) to the orthography indicated above, I would adduce the following considerations in support of the verbal validity of my plea.

(1) Sovran is etymologically correct. "The *g*" (says Dr. Ogilvie) "seems to have got into this word from a fancied connection with *reign*." The Latin *supra*, traced through the Italian *soprano*, gives us our English *sovran* in the direct line of legitimate descent. The common *sovereign* that meets us everywhere to-day is evidently a coin of base metal (misconstructed from the old French *soverain*), and should be nailed incontinently to the nearest counter. "False spelling" (wrote Swift) "is only excusable in a chambermaid"; but while this spurious "sovereign" continues in current circulation, its "guileful spells" might inveigle the Lord Chamberlain himself. (2) Sovran—dissyllabic and concise—is more easily manipulated than the trisyllabic and literally plethoric sovereign by scribes, printers, engravers, and all components of the literary craft. E. T. FRERE.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss, July 19th, 1901.

ANDREW JUKES.

SIR,—Will you permit me, as one who enjoyed the close and constant friendship of Mr. Jukes for twenty-eight years, to thank you for the account of him which you published on July 13th, and to add to it a few remarks, drawn from many reminiscences and a lengthy correspondence?

He was born, I believe, on November 5th, 1815, the day when the news of the Battle of Waterloo reached his parents' home in India. We often laughed at the military spirit which he retained till the last, his soldierly gait, and his pleasure in the society of soldiers, which his residence at Woolwich since 1878 opened to him.

He received permission from Bishop Jackson, of London, and probably from other bishops, to preach; and I have frequently heard him at All Saints', Highgate, and St. Mark's, North Audley Street; and one of his latest books was founded on sermons preached at Torquay. No one who heard him will forget his sermons. He spoke alike in the pulpit and out of it as one who saw the truths which he declared. His language, though scholarly, was colloquial. For instance, I remember his saying, "We talk about our Lord as dear. What do we mean by dear? We call a thing dear when we give a great deal for it. A dear cabbage is a cabbage for which we give a great deal. So, if our Lord is dear, we shall give a great deal for Him."

He had already returned to the Church when I first knew him; but he advanced greatly in Churchmanship. I learned much from his distrust of the Reformation. One conversation lives in my memory, when he tried to convince an excellent dissenting minister that the sacramental system was involved in the gift of the Divine Word under the outward sign of the letter of Holy Scripture. Possibly he never grasped fully the meaning of the Christian Ministry. He was not a critic, and he distrusted the criticism of the Bible.

I observe that "Bystander" omits the names of his later books. In 1881 he published "The New Man and the Eternal Life," which perhaps shares with his "Restitution" the praise of being his most perfect work. In 1888 appeared "The Names of God," and in 1893 a little book on "The Order of the Church's Teaching." In March, 1891, he published in the *Literary Churchman* an interesting chapter of autobiography, in which he relates the way in which the hope of restitution came to him. I find him saying in a letter: "William Law . . . is one of the three men who more than any other outside the Bible have helped me, the other two being Augustine and F. D. Maurice. Perhaps I ought to name a fourth—I refer to Origen."

If you are good enough to print this letter, I think you will give pleasure to some of your readers who, like myself, owe to Mr. Jukes a gift of light which earns for him a fifth place in that splendid constellation. HERBERT H. JEAFFRESON.

Fiesole, Italy, July 17th, 1901.

MISLEADING UNIONS.

SIR,—It is something of a shock to read that divorce should be the natural outcome of a prolonged union. Most people would suppose that a marriage which has stood the test of time might laugh at the idea of severance. Mr. Hale White falls foul of a number of phrases which he calls misleading, but a careful inspection of them leads me to conclude that they are not misleading if correctly applied. Some things *are* "diametrically opposite," and for such things no one need desire a better description. It is not incumbent on Mr. White or anyone else to employ the phrase incorrectly. Most of the unions which he pillories are good descriptions of that which they are intended to describe. They are a part of the current coin of our language, and it is surely gratuitous to attack them because they have the sanction of time, or because careless persons misapply them. It would be tedious to go through the list in detail, but I should like to know what is Mr. White's objection to a "chequered career." The phrase is picturesque and metaphorical, and a credit to its inventor, whoever he may have been. What would Mr. White have as substitute for it, I wonder? "A career showing vicissitudes," or "a career crossed with good and bad fortune"? Such are the suggestions of Ogilvie and Annandale's Dictionary. I confess I prefer the stereotyped phrase, and would no more quarrel with it than with Shakespeare's "plentiful lack" or "exquisite reason."

July 23rd. H. C. MINCHIN.

SIR JOHN GORST'S SPEECH.

SIR,—I have unfortunately only just seen your issue of July 13th. You state, quoting Sir John Gorst, that in the School Board's evening schools an absurd system obtains of counting every student once for each subject he studies. Allow me to state in the frankest manner possible that this is not true. It is pitiable that you should mislead your readers by accepting Sir John Gorst's statements.

July 20th, 1901. STEWART D. HEADLAM.

THE ECCLESIASTICAL ART EXHIBITION.

SIR,—You were good enough last year to allow me space for a few lines for a reminder of the approach of the time for sending in the list of loans to the Ecclesiastical Art Exhibition. As the time is now again drawing near, I hope you will kindly allow me to say that if any of your readers intend assisting the exhibition by the loan of articles of interest, I shall be very glad to hear from them at once.

The collection will, as before, embrace every kind of gold and silver smith's work, art metal-work, tapestry, needlework, carvings in wood and ivory, MSS., paintings, and articles of ecclesiastical and archæological interest. For church plate and embroidery we are always particularly grateful.

June 22nd, 1901. JOHN HART.

NOTE.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS' REPORT ON LEATHER FOR BOOKBINDING.

IN February, 1900, the Council of the Society of Arts appointed a committee to inquire into the causes of the undue deterioration of modern leathers commonly used by bookbinders. In the first instance, a sub-committee visited several of the more important libraries in England—among others the British Museum, the Bodleian at Oxford, and the University Library at Cambridge, to ascertain whether the leathers are really worse than they used to be. The outcome of these inquiries was to the effect that a great deal of undue rottenness existed in the leathers, especially those used during the last thirty or forty years, which had been quietly reposing on their shelves, and consequently had not been subjected to much wear. A scientific sub-committee

has gone into the chemical constituents of leather, the various materials used for tanning it, and the conditions under which the books were kept. From the reports issued by these two committees it can be gathered that the fault lies not only with the tanning and dyeing of most of the leathers used, but also with the bookbinders for having shaved their leather too thin, and for weakening the attachment of the boards to the back by unduly scraping the ends of the bands or cutting them off altogether, thereby putting too much strain upon the strip of leather at the joint. In many cases the surfaces of modern leathers—morocco, sheep, calf, or pig—is highly finished, pressed, and polished by means of hot rollers. This is a very injurious operation, and when such leather is pared down, so as, in fact, to remove the strong part of it, what remains is a mere brittle layer. The boards of books should be laced to the back by means of the ends of the bands which should be fastened strongly into them, and it is an unfortunate practice with many first-rate binders to thin down or cut off these bands, practically leaving the boards attached to the book only by the thin layer of brittle leather.

It is evident that libraries should not have too much light in them, and although the experiments made on this point are not yet conclusive, it appears probable that it would much conduce to the preservation of bookbinding leathers if the windows of libraries were glazed with orange-tinted glass, so as to be to some extent non-actinic. Some very interesting specimens of photographic prints made on ordinary brown leather were shown at one of the committee meetings, proving the strong susceptibility of the leather to the actinic ray, and where these rays had stained the leather it was distinctly impaired in quality. Egg layers, varnishes, and furniture polish all tend to preserve leather, as they help to keep out the harmful effects of light and other atmospheric influences. The acids formed by the combustion of gas and tobacco are both very hurtful; even the electric light probably does no good, but direct sunlight and hot air are both undoubtedly ruinous.

Of the leathers used, the best is morocco. Pigskin, when white, has lasted very well, but when embossed or coloured has rapidly become rotten. Vellum lasts admirably if not too near the light, and there are several instances, especially in the Bodleian Library, where many of the books are close to the windows, in which the vellum of the side nearest the light is as brittle as eggshell, while other books on the same shelf the backs of which are turned inwards, are perfectly sound. Russia leather, if left alone, always gets rotten very quickly, but if much handled it will last very well; this, no doubt, is due to the small amount of animal grease that it absorbs from the hands of the readers, and this same preservative effect of handling occurs most probably in other leathers, although it has not been so specially noticed. Roan or sheepskin of modern manufacture appears to be entirely bad, and this is the leather which is very largely used instead of the morocco which it is made to imitate. Calf as now prepared is entirely condemned. It appears that one of the chief reasons of the decay of bookbinding leathers is due to the popular liking for bright colours, and this colouring can be most easily and cheaply produced by the use of aniline dyes. Another important point is that these colours are preferred when they are of an even tint all over, and to get this evenness of colour it appears to be necessary to bleach the leather first. This bleaching is best done by the use of dilute sulphuric acid, and the effect of even a small quantity of this acid on the leather is fatal. Leathers dyed with aniline dyes without the use of this preliminary bleaching will always show irregular patches of colour of different intensities, and although these patches, being structural, are by no means necessarily inartistic, it is to be feared that they would not please the generality of purchasers. But, if these irregular patches are not objected to, first-rate leathers can be produced in good colours that do not contain any of the deleterious acid.

In most of our large libraries the majority of books are never touched by readers, and these are the books that it is so important to have strongly bound. It seems absurd that it should be necessary to send to the binder a book that was bound in leather forty years ago, and has never been opened since, just because the sides have tumbled off, when its neighbour, bound, perhaps at an earlier period, in cloth, is perfectly sound. This, however, is the case now in numberless private libraries all over England. Owners of such libraries, if they are not prepared to keep their books on the shelves with their sides off, will have to spend large sums in having them re-bound before their time. In fact, it may be said that the leathers used for bookbindings are almost the only ones which are not expected to wear out, and for this reason they ought to be specially prepared. Boots, accoutrements, harness, saddlery, all undergo hard wear, and are treated in some way calculated to preserve them; but, except in an immense library like the British Museum, books, as a rule, do not *wear* out, and certainly they are not, as a rule, properly treated as regards cleaning or the occasional application of restoratives.

Although the inquiry can as yet be only called preliminary, it has already borne good fruit, for fine leathers of admirable colour have been produced, with which a guarantee of freedom from sulphuric acid will be given. These leathers will be most valuable not only to all large public libraries, but also to those binders amongst us who execute really fine work on their bindings worthy to rank with and to last as long as the beautiful bindings of Thomas Berthelet, Samuel Mearne, or Roger Payne. CYRIL DAVENPORT.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Souvenir of Sir Arthur Sullivan. By Walter J. Wells. George Newnes.—The text of this book is of the most meagre description, and serves simply to connect and explain the numerous portraits, facsimiles, and extracts from scores which fill the bulk of the volume. There is a certain amount of useful information in it, and people who regard every hymn tune that Sir Arthur Sullivan wrote as an inspired piece of music will no doubt be interested in this example of the book-maker's industry. It seems to have been written partly for children; but are children interested in Sir Arthur Sullivan?

Hebrew Illuminated Bibles. By M. Gaster, Ph.D. Harrison and Sons. 21s.—The text of this interesting monograph is reprinted from the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology," for June, 1900, but its value is greatly enhanced by the many interesting facsimiles of various codices and of a Samaritan scroll of the law, executed in the eleventh century. Dr. Gaster's name is a sufficient guarantee of the accuracy and learnedness of anything he may write on this subject,, and it was a happy idea to combine in this volume a monograph on the codices and so many facsimiles of the manuscripts themselves.

The French Stonehenge, by T. Cato Worsfold (Bemrose and Sons, 5s.), is also a reprint, being a somewhat amplified version of an article by Mr. Worsfold which appeared in the *Journal of the British Archæological Association.* It is a description of the principal Megalithic remains in the Morbilian Archipelago, and gives a very full account of the remarkable group of menhirs, dolmens, and cromlechs to be found near the seaboard of Western Brittany.

Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus* and *Heroes and Hero-Worship* have been added in one volume to Messrs. Macmillan's excellent and handsomely turned out "Library of English Classics." The price of the volume is 3s. 6d., and there is an interesting bibliographical note by Mr. A. W. Pollard, from which it is apparent that Carlyle, like less eminent authors, had his troubles with publishers. The difficulty found by Carlyle in inducing a publisher to take up *Sartor* was very great, but there are many admirers of Carlyle who would no doubt in this matter sympathise with the publisher.

Miss Gertrude Ward's interesting and brightly written "Letters from East Africa" have reached a second edition. A few more letters have been added, as well as some new photographs. The book is published by the Universities Mission to Central Africa.

We have also received *The Victories of Rome and the Temporal Monarchy of the Church*, by Kenelm Digby West. Revised edition. Kegan Paul, Trench and Co. 1s.—*The Visits of Henry VIII.*, by the author of "An Englishman's Love Letters." Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d.—*A Search for an Infidel*, by J. Lloyd Jones. Macmillan. 6s. *English Seamen of the Sixteenth Century*, by J. A. Froude. New edition. Longmans, Green. 6s.—*Life of Richard Cobden*, by John Morley. New edition. T. Fisher Unwin. Two vols. 7s.—*The Human Boy*, by Eden Phillpotts. Methuen. 6d.—*Holy Bible.* Two-version edition. Oxford University Press. In various leather bindings, from 24s.

ERRATUM.

IN the heading of Professor Schobel's letter in our last number "Mr. M. Ward" should have been "Mr. W. Ward," and in the body of the letter "makers of doctrine" should have been "matters of doctrine."

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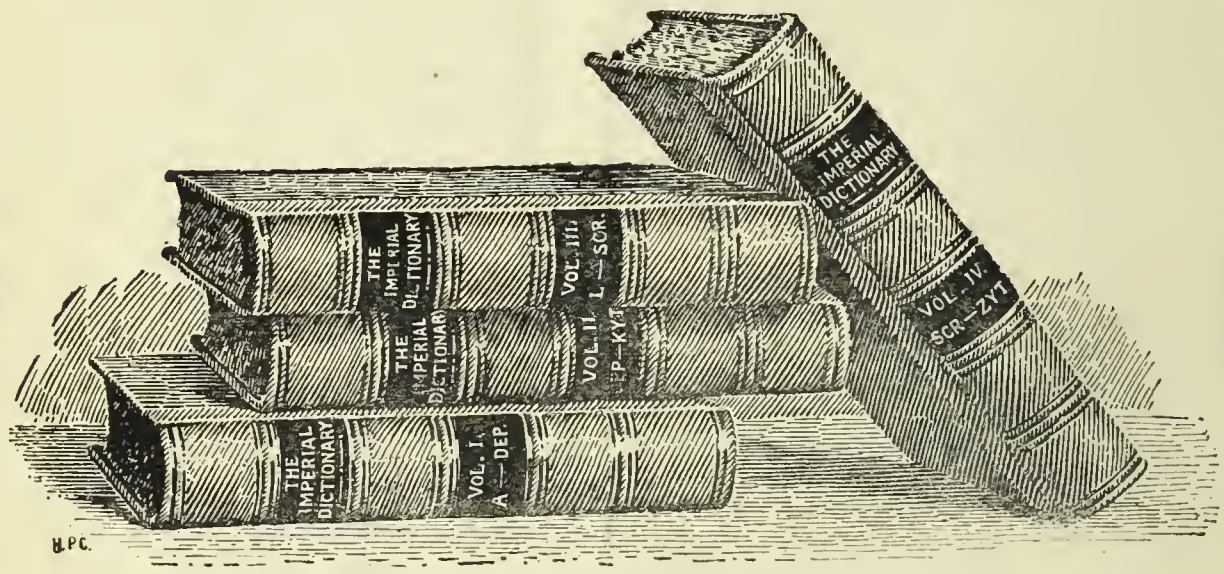

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THE WEEK.

Home. Englishmen may well be thankful that the Royal Titles Bill has spared them the discredit of having their Sovereign called King of "Greater Britain." We are old-fashioned enough to believe that, great as her colonies may become in the future, England herself is still greater than they. It is well for nations any more than for monarchs not to put off their boots until they go to bed. As regards the title indicated in the Bill, we should have preferred "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the dominions thereof beyond the seas," as associating the colonies more expressly with the United Kingdom, and not leaving out the one of the three which has done most in the way of emigration. Better still, to our minds, would be a form proposed by a former Conservative Government, "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof in Europe, Asia, Africa, America, and Australasia." That indeed is what is vulgarly called "a mouthful," but it is a mouthful of a wonderfully stimulating and invigorating character to Englishmen. It has been objected that to leave the choice of the exact title to the King by proclamation under the Great Seal is another step towards the substitution of government by cabinet for government by parliament. But while we dislike this tendency as much as anyone can, it is not in lesser matters such as the Royal title that it most needs to be resisted. If the House of Commons wishes to retain its old place in the government of the country it must regain its old place in the good opinion of the country, and it must do this not by showing sensitiveness as to its rights but by proving itself as worthy of possessing them as it once was.

The Royal message recommending a grant of £100,000 to Lord Roberts well expresses the feeling of his countrymen. Lord Roberts had already earned all the fame that he could desire, and he had long passed the age at which active service is commonly supposed to end. But his readiness to obey the mandate of the Crown, whenever and wherever it might send him, was unabated, and at nearly seventy, and in a moment of acute bereavement, he accepted the chief command in an arduous and inglorious campaign. That is an act which well deserves the gratitude and esteem of Englishmen. More popular with them it was not possible for Lord Roberts to become, but it was possible for him to earn for himself an additional title to the goodwill that was his already; and it is this that is acknowledged by the grant which will enable him to maintain the state and dignity which has been conferred on him. We are sorry that any members of the House of Commons should have been found willing to oppose the grant, and, still more, that the minority should have included Englishmen as well as Irishmen. It is an article, we know, of the Nationalist creed that England is Ireland's worst enemy, and, so long as they hold this belief, it is idle to wonder at the particular means they may choose to give effect to it. But Englishmen have no such excuse, and, unless they are prepared to say that Lord Roberts ought to have disobeyed the command of his sovereign, and refused to lead the armies of his country, they are out of court in denying him the just recognition of his exceptional services.

Of the debate on the Agricultural Rating Act we have spoken elsewhere. In the first instance its interest lay chiefly in the opportunities for obstruction it was expected to offer. These, however, were wisely curtailed by an agreement between the two front benches. No reasonable Liberal could have wished to see the relief now given to agricultural land withdrawn until after a serious effort had been made to place local taxation on a new and more satisfactory footing. All that was necessary was to tie the Government down to the introduction of a Local Taxation Bill, and this has been done by the insertion of a time limit in the present Bill. If they leave the question alone for another four years they are not likely to obtain, and certainly will not deserve, the continuance of special relief to a particular class of ratepayers. The chief reason for expecting that such a

measure will be brought forward is that it will afford an exceptional opportunity to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach's career points him as the man best qualified to take the task upon himself, and most likely to be fired with the ambition to discharge it.

There was something a little unexpected about Mr. McNeill's zeal for the dignity of the House of Commons, but the proper way to meet his motion that the *Daily Mail* has committed a breach of the privileges of the House by calling a speech of Mr. Brodrick's a "baseless and mean retort" was not the way that was taken. No doubt the motion put the Government in a difficulty, but Mr. Balfour left to himself would have wisely dealt with it by an amendment that the House should pass to the business of the day. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, however, thought differently. He did not insist seemingly that the editor and publisher of the *Daily Mail* should be punished for what they had done, but he was anxious to put it on record that they had done something that merited punishment. Mr. Balfour yielded, and Mr. McNeill's motion was carried without a division. When, however, the House was asked to add the proper sequel to its own act and to summon the offenders to attend at the Bar, only a minority was found to support the proposal. The majority preferred to be inconsequent, and to treat a breach of privilege as an offence deserving of notice, but not of a penalty. The result will probably be to make Ministers more careful of fighting the Press in Parliament. We have not the slightest wish to see newspapers shielded from responsibility as regards the publication of news, but the place in which they ought to be brought to book is a court of law.

The Education Bill (No. 2) was read a third time on Tuesday, and considering the shortness of the debate, rather a larger proportion than usual of irrelevant matter was imported into it. If the present Voluntary School system be open to objection in regard to its connection with the clergy it is rather that they exercise too little control over the religious instruction than too much. There are many Church schools, we fear, in which the clergy have in practice no more to do with the religious lesson than they have in a Board School. It is left entirely to the schoolmaster, who, as often as not, is chosen with very little regard to anything except his efficiency as a secular teacher. Nor is there any more foundation for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's surprise at what he calls the "sudden zeal" of the Government against School Boards. That zeal dates, at all events, from 1896. The subordination of School Boards to County Councils was an integral part of the first Unionist Education Bill, and it has never been abandoned as an element in their plans for dealing with the question. The principle on which it rests is undoubtedly one of hostility, not to School Boards, but to their claim to be the sole educational authority, and to have a right, limited only by their own pleasure, of drawing upon the local exchequer. The representatives of the people in the County or Borough Council have as much right to the management of county or borough finance as the representatives of the people in Parliament have to the management of national finance. The pretensions of a body elected for a particular purpose, and knowing nothing of the financial capacity of its constituents or of the other burdens they may have to bear, is in a line with the claim put forward by some professional enthusiasts who would limit the share of the House of Commons in military expenditure to the consideration how the "precept" of the Commander-in-Chief could best be honoured.

The first engagement in the Naval Manœuvres was fought on Monday off the Scilly Islands between twenty cruisers of B and X fleets. The commercial shipping of the English Channel and St. George's Channel was the objective of an attack by the X fleet, under Captain Leah, of the *Diadem*, and the defence was entrusted to B fleet under Captain Callaghan, of the *Edgar*. The X fleet, twelve strong, consisted of five first-class cruisers, six second-class, and one third-class cruiser, while B fleet had only eight cruisers, of which three were first-class, four second-class, and one third-class. The attacking force was thus much the stronger of the two. These two forces, however, really represented only the advanced posts of the two fleets, the battleships of B, commanded by Admiral Noel, being still in the North Sea at the time of the outbreak of hostilities, and the battleships of X, under Admiral Wilson, being in the Atlantic in the neighbourhood of the Channel Islands. The engagement was begun by the scouts of both forces coming into contact near the Scilly Islands. A scout of B fleet gave chase to a scout of X fleet until she was drawn under the guns of X fleet, which, also chasing the enemy's scout, became entangled with the strength of X fleet. B fleet was steaming to the southward in single line with two large gaps, and the cruisers of X fleet were then able to break up their line.

The immediate result of this engagement was rather curious. Captain Callaghan, the senior officer present, ordered eight ships in each fleet out of action. This left the victory with X Fleet, as the whole of B had to return to Plymouth. In the action X Fleet had five first-class cruisers to their opponent's three, but Captain Callaghan ordered that four first-class cruisers and four second-class should be put out of action from X fleet. Obviously, that was unfair, as, the strength and (apparently) the manœuvring of the X ships being superior, their loss would not have been so heavy as that of B. The actual result announced by the umpires was that X and B fleets should each lose one first-class cruiser and two of the second-class for the remainder of the manœuvres, and that B should have, in addition, one third-class cruiser permanently put out of action. It is almost impossible for an officer belonging to one of two contending forces to arbitrate impartially between them; he is not in a position to estimate the balance of power in an engagement. If a destroyer carrying an umpire and distinguished by some mark of neutrality were told off to each fleet, with absolute freedom to move about during an engagement, decisions might be arrived at more quickly and with much greater certainty, and their value would be greatly enhanced.

On Wednesday the *Discovery* sailed from the East India Docks on her long voyage to the South, whence, if all goes well, she may return in the spring of 1904. She is on her way first to Melbourne, and when she leaves that port in a few months' time it will be to enter on a period of isolation from the world, but, we hope, of valuable scientific work and discovery. Dr. H. R. Mill,

librarian of the Royal Geographical Society, who is a well-known authority on oceanography, is accompanying the *Discovery* as far as Madeira, in order to organise the oceanographic work of the expedition and to assist the staff in taking their first deep-water soundings. Mr. Louis Bernacchi, who has quite recently returned from the Southern Cross Expedition to the Antarctic, joined the *Discovery* at the last moment as physicist in place of Mr. Shackleton, who resigned. The *Discovery* has a crew experienced in ice work, and Lieutenant Armitage, who accompanied the *Windward* to Franz Josef Land, is of the number. Altogether, the *Discovery* has sailed under happy auspices, and we shall look forward to welcoming her back when her important mission has been successfully accomplished.

Sir Redvers Buller has issued a memorandum containing a full and valuable criticism of the recent field operations at Aldershot. He makes a general remark to the effect that the old criticism still holds good : that "the troops know how to do it, but they do not seem to know what to do." He notes that when the cavalry were rendezvousing in the Long Valley no outposts or scouts were thrown out to protect the rendezvous. The artillery were criticised for their tendency to act independently and to advance too far without being covered and supported; while the chief fault found with the infantry was that they crowded together in moments of danger. All this is practically equivalent to saying that the lessons of the present war have not been learned by the troops at home. It is extremely difficult for men accustomed to a country like England to realise the great distances and long views of an open country; and it is practically impossible for men who have never been under fire to imagine without some help the absolute necessity of deploying at very wide intervals. The officers can do much to help in these ways by using their wits to devise some means of bringing home to their men the conditions of actual warfare, and the drill should at least be regulated so that the men might become accustomed to wide intervals in deploying.

The result of Lord Kitchener's inquiry into the Vlakfontein affair has established pretty conclusively that there were outrages on the part of individual Boers, but that the charge brought against them of threatening to murder some of our officers unless they showed the working of the guns was unfounded. Although this can hardly be called a judicial inquiry, seeing that the evidence of only one side was heard, still we think that it will be accepted by most people as sufficient. It is hardly necessary to denounce so abominable a crime as the murdering of a man rendered helpless by his wounds, and we are glad to think that such an occurrence has not hitherto been recorded in this war. It is gratifying also to note that in the inquiry the fact was brought out that one of the Boers, apparently an officer, was going about trying to restrain those of his men who had lost their heads. It will be well, however, if the offenders can be punished, and, seeing that the name of at least one of them is known, General Delarey should make every effort to cure what he was evidently unable to prevent. On Lord Kitchener's latest telegram we defer comment till next week.

There has during the last week been great activity in the Middelburg district of Cape Colony, but whether among our troops or the Boers it is hard to determine from the meagre telegrams. General Kitchener has been operating in that neighbourhood against Commandant B. Viljoen, with the satisfactory result that we captured thirty-two prisoners. The 19th Hussars had five casualties. News has come from Dundee of a sharp fight on July 28th near N'Quta, a British column being attacked by 400 Boers. The engagement lasted all day, and we had four officers killed, but the enemy were in the end repulsed, and are "believed" by a sanguine correspondent to have lost heavily. In the South-Western Transvaal General Gilbert Hamilton surprised Potgieter's laager near Wolmaranstad, killing and wounding twenty-one of the enemy; and in the Orange River Colony General Bruce Hamilton has captured Commandant Vryburgh and twenty-three men. It is gratifying to notice that General French is establishing a system of block-houses on the line in Cape Colony similar to those which have been so useful in the Transvaal. We may now hope to hear of fewer mishaps on the line in Cape Colony. Lord Kitchener's figures for last week are 24 Boers killed, 25 wounded, 223 prisoners, and 80 surrenders.

Foreign. The deadlock in the negotiations in China has at last received a solution. On Friday of last week the Russian Minister in Peking withdrew the proposal for an eventual increase of the Chinese customs tariff in case the revenues assigned for the service of the indemnity loan should prove insufficient for that purpose, and the question is now left open until this contingency arises. When it does, Russia and England have virtually given notice that they will disagree as to the course to be taken ; but for the present the difficulty is postponed. The question of further commercial facilities to foreigners in China has been shelved, and the Powers are satisfied with the punishments already inflicted on the officials charged with outrages on Europeans, though two-thirds of those originally marked out for punishment have escaped it. The first instalment of the indemnity is due on the first day of next year, when it will not be ready ; but, doubtless, time will be given, and it is confidently predicted that in a fortnight the negotiations will be completed. There is still some friction, but the Powers are so eager to finish the business that they will probably do their best to allay it.

The most definite result of the whole crisis is the new attitude assumed towards foreign powers by the Chinese Government. Foreign affairs, according to an Imperial edict just issued, now take precedence of all other business ; and so they are entrusted to a new Board, ranking first in official dignity, and constructed in a manner which is said to satisfy the Powers, while it includes at least one member who has had diplomatic experience abroad. China is not opened up, but the Powers have compelled her to recognise them—at a heavy cost, material and moral, to all the parties to the transaction—and they have found out that a peaceable partition of China, and its development under European tutelage, are equally out of the question. And now we await the return of the Court to Peking, and the opening of the next act in the drama.

The second ballots for the Departmental Councils in France took place on Sunday, and indicate that the electorate holds al of from extremes. The Nationalists win at Nimes; but that town has long been the battle-ground of various extremist parties. The Socialists lose seats at Marseilles, Lille, and elsewhere, and the Progressists beat the Radicals in Lot-et-Garonne. In short, the country is quiet, and fully accepts the Parliamentary Republic. Whether the reaction against the Socialists, such as it is, will mean hostility to the Ministry that depends on their support is more doubtful. Contentment with a form of government should naturally

imply contentment with the Ministry that has seen it safely through a great crisis. But in France what is natural is not always what happens. In any case, the results go far to take away the substance of the stories as to an alleged combination of the various anti-Republican parties, either on the person of General Louis Bonaparte or on anyone else. They may combine, but France will not favour them now.

The religious Orders in France seem to be divided on the question whether they shall apply for authorisation under the new law. The Benedictines are reported to contemplate migration to Luxemburg, as compliance with the demand for the names and civil *status* of their members will involve an infringement of their statutes. The Oratorian Fathers are said to be inclined to submit, though their Superior-General, Cardinal Perraud, has resigned his office by way of protest. True, he is also Bishop of Autun, and his resignation may be referable to a fear of a conflict of his duties with regard to the Order as diocesan and as its head. The Jesuits and the Assumptionists advocate general resistance, but the Orders have not usually stood shoulder to shoulder, and will hardly do so now. The Carthusians are thought to be practically safe, and they are too liberal to their own neighbourhoods to be lightly parted with; the Dominicans have been ready to submit from the first; the Jesuits will not trouble themselves to apply for authorisation, but their schools will continue, directed from abroad, and under the charge of teachers like-minded with themselves.

The German Imperial Government has been constrained by the revelations we noticed last week, and the certainty of their confirmation through other channels, to publish the figures of the proposed new Customs tariff. They fully confirm anticipations, and, while they are approved, though with some reserve, by the Agrarian organs, which have no eyes for anything but the immediate interests of the landowners in East Prussia, they have been received with dismay and indignation, not merely by the commercial and industrial classes in Germany, but by the Press of Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Russia. It may be said generally that the duties on agricultural produce are heavily increased, often 50 per cent, as compared with the existing German tariff, while as compared with the special rates accorded in the commercial treaties, they are often double or triple. The duties on cereals, though not so high as was expected, are high enough—as M. de Witte's organ has hastened to inform the world—to make the conclusion of a commercial treaty with Russia "very difficult," a euphemism for impossible; the duties on meat, cattle, timber, horses (especially valuable horses), and various forms of animal produce, from eggs, butter, and poultry to hides and gloves, deal a heavy blow at the exports of Austria-Hungary, much of which find their chief market in Germany; while as to Italy, the duties on eggs, poultry, oranges, and the finer fruits seem all but prohibitive, and the duties on meat and manufactured iron (notably on bicycles, on which they are increased about six-fold), ensure a tariff war with the United States. No wonder that the Austrian, Hungarian, and Italian papers are asking how such duties are compatible with the renewal, or even the loyal working, of the Triple Alliance, while the Russian Press contemplates a tariff war. But it seems clear that the German Foreign Office does not like the tariff, that the Centre, which holds the balance in the Reichstag, hesitates to raise the price of food, and that some of the Governments of the German States will oppose it in the Federal Council. The shipowners of Hamburg have protested already; and, though the Liberals of Memel did not take the advice of the well-known Liberal Imperialist, Dr. Barth, of the *Nation*, and vote for the Socialist, the party, if the tariff passes, will be forced into an alliance with Socialism.

The Ministerial changes which are about to take place in Italy will not help the Ministry to retain the support of the Extreme Left. Signor Wollemborg, the Minister of Finance, had already produced two comprehensive but abortive plans of financial reform. Last week he produced a third, by which he determined to stand or fall. Briefly, it involved the total abolition of all octroi duties from June 30th next, and the substitution for that part of them which goes to municipal revenue—roughly, two-thirds—of the produce of the land tax and certain other taxes now paid to the State In round numbers, the municipalities collectively would part with 139,000,000 francs annually, and receive a sum estimated at 286,000,000, out of which they would pay a fixed annual sum of 181,000,000 to the State. The measure involved much adjustment to the circumstances of different municipalities — some of which would have eventually lost by the change, because their populations are increasing, and their octroi receipts likewise, while some would have lost at once, and would have been allowed to impose new taxes in compensation. The plan also involved some loss to the State, estimated at 162,000,000 francs, which would have been made up by a duty of a halfpenny a litre on wine and in other ways of less importance. In short, the scheme was ingenious, complicated, and far too uncertain in its working to venture upon in the present state of Italian finance. Besides, it was argued that the octroi cannot well be evaded; but in Italy, where taxes are more extensively dodged than anywhere else, the municipal authorities frequently forget to collect other taxes from their own friends. So Signor Wollemborg's plan falls, and he falls with it. As it was intended to show the goodwill of the Ministry to the working classes, its failure may have unpleasant results.

It is true the Extreme Left shows a tendency to split. Signor Sacchi, a leading Radical, recently quarrelled with most of his supporters because he congratulated the King on the birth of a daughter, and now Signor Turati, a Socialist leader, wishes to convert the party to a belief in Parliamentary action and nothing else. Parliamentary, or as it is called on the Continent, "legalitarian," Socialism has proved effective in Germany and France, but the Italian Socialists have still to appreciate the example there set them. The danger is that the necessary postponement of reforms may disgust them again and leave the Parliamentary system in the hands of a section out of the nation. However, the demeanour of the crowds that reverently celebrated the first anniversary of King Humbert's murder last Monday—among whom there were many professed Socialists—indicates that the feeling of loyalty to the Monarchy is widespread, and everything at which the Vatican could reasonably take offence was wisely avoided.

The great steel strike in America seems likely to be settled by a compromise favourable to the men's union. The men are willing that some of the mills shall be worked by union men, some by non-unionists, and that non-unionists shall be free to join or stand clear of the union; the masters are ready to pay the union rate of wages in union mills. What a "union mill" means is doubtful; the masters wish it to be a mill where unionists are in a majority, the men's leaders demand that it shall be a mill where there is any trade union organisation, which requires only seven members to start with. The union thus gets recognition, and is certain to be largely joined by non-unionists. A section of the union, however, wants better terms, so that an immediate settlement is doubtful as we write. But the Trust may have to give way for financial reasons, and there can be little doubt that the balance of advantage will rest with the men. But a prolonged dispute might easily involve something like a sporadic civil war.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, August 3, 1901.

THE AGRICULTURAL RATING BILL.

THE really important thing in Monday's debate on the Second Reading of the Agricultural Rating Bill was the admission obtained from Sir Henry Fowler that the root evil of our system of local taxation is the unjust treatment of realty as compared with personalty. Liberals have sometimes been disposed to treat this fact rather lightly. They have been so busy with devices how to redistribute the burden among different sorts of realty that they have taken no account of the fact that while the owners of the two forms of property equally benefit by local expenditure only one of them pays local rates. "The problem," said Sir Henry Fowler, "is to get hold of personal property and to make it pay its fair share." This inequality will not be redressed simply by taking the proceeds of some Imperial tax on personal property and handing it over to the local authorities. It has been found that this treatment brings no permanent relief to the owners of rateable property. The local authority feels richer, and consequently proceeds to spend its money more freely. In the end, therefore, the additional outlay balances the grant in aid, the landholder pays as much as before, and, equally as before, the owner of personal property pays nothing. What is wanted is a system by which the local authorities should raise the whole amount they want, but raise it from all kinds of property, instead of from only one kind. The financier who can devise a workable plan which will do this will have merited the gratitude of the whole body of ratepayers, agricultural and urban alike.

From this point of view the Agricultural Rating Bill is undeserving alike of the praise and the blame which has been bestowed upon it. It is a very small measure. It is based upon no principle. It leaves all the faults of the present system unremedied. Rates will continue to be levied on one kind of property only, and the owners of other kinds will go on enjoying the benefits of imposts to which they have not contributed. Even the relief given by the Act it is proposed to continue is not impartially bestowed. The country districts profit by it; the urban ratepayers are no better off than before. It is true, further, that the arguments urged in favour of the Bill are often quite wide of the mark. No doubt agriculture is depressed, but that is not a reason for giving it a dole out of the public funds. Other industries have been, and are, depressed without for that reason becoming the recipients of State bounty.

But then the arguments pointed against it are equally wide of the mark. If land pays an undue share of local rates a measure designed to make this share less is not a "dole." It is a remedy for a specific injustice. Nor, supposing this injustice to be proved, is it a fatal fault in the Bill that it relieves the landlords and not the farmers. It relieves those who pay the rates, and this is all that it professes to do. The real case for the Bill is simply this—that agricultural ratepayers lie under a burden heavier than that which ought to have been imposed on them. The objection that this burden is lifted unequally and that a particular class is singled out for relief would be fatal if the measure were more than a temporary expedient. As a reform of the laws relating to local taxation it would be ridiculously inadequate. But it does not claim to be anything of the kind. It only pretends to be a makeshift, a stop-gap. When the expiring Act was first introduced the Government found themselves face to face with the need for a large measure of reform in local taxation. But this need was specially conspicuous in a class largely composed of their own friends, and the double claim thus constituted made it natural for them to single out that class as the object of immediate and exceptional relief. They dealt with the general injustice by the appointment of a Royal Commission. They dealt with the special injustice by an Agricultural Rating Act. If the promise implied in the appointment of the Royal Commission had never been given there would have been no justification for the original Act. If there were any disposition on the part of the Government to take back that promise there would be no justification for the continuing Bill. But on this latter point Mr. Long's words are decisive. It is not the intention of the Government to make this measure permanent. The relief is to be renewed "subject to the general treatment of the whole question." In the relief which will ultimately be given as the result of this comprehensive treatment it is admitted by the Opposition that agricultural land must be included. All that the Bill does, therefore, is to continue to a particular class of ratepayers, during the interval in which the Government will be engaged in preparing their general scheme, a relief which it is not denied that they deserve. It is quite proper that the Opposition front bench should have insisted on limiting the duration of the Act. Without this the Government might have been tempted in view of the difficulties of the task before them to rest satisfied with the knowledge that as regards their own special friends it has already been accomplished. They cannot console themselves with this thought now that the duration of the Act has been fixed at four years. They may want all that time, for the session of 1902 has already all its space allotted, and the reform of local taxation may well be the work of more than one year. But with this responsibility accepted the case against the present Bill falls to the ground. Its defeat would only mean that one injustice the more was called back into existence while a larger measure of relief is in preparation.

CHINA.

THE settlement necessary for the withdrawal of the allied armies from China was long since reduced to one point: the question of indemnities and the better means of providing for and securing their payment. The total sum of the indemnities is fixed at 450,000,000 taels payable in gold, with interest at 4 per cent. and a sinking fund. The revenues to be assigned for payment are—to quote a clearer account of them than that which Lord Cranborne gave to the House of Commons—First, the balance of the Maritime Customs, augmented by raising the present tariff on maritime imports to an effective 5 per cent., inclusive of articles which now enter free, but with certain exceptions. ("Effective 5 per cent." because the 5 per cent. tariff falls below that rate now in consequence of the decline in the value of silver.) Secondly, the revenues from the native Customs, administered by the Imperial Maritime Customs. Thirdly, the net revenue from the salt tax with the exception of the portion previously assigned to other foreign loans. The raising of the present import tariff to an effective 5 per cent. is made dependent on two conditions: the present *ad valorem* import dues to be converted into specific duties, and the course of the Pei-ho and Shanghai rivers to be improved with "the financial participation of the Chinese." These conditions are intended, as Lord Cranborne says, to soften the objection of our traders to what they will feel as an increase of their Customs dues to meet the exorbitant indemnity-charge of nations with little or no trade to be taxed in China. And no doubt they will have that effect; though our good merchants have every reason to doubt that "the financial participation of the Chinese" in enlarging the convenience of foreign traders on their rivers will be considerable. However, there is not much to complain of in these concessions, as Lord Cranborne called them, and they served to ward off the demand of Russia that Chinese imports should be taxed far beyond an effective 5 per cent. When all other matters of dissension had been either settled or definitely put aside, the Russian Minister at Pekin steadily maintained his proposal to that effect; and even now has not withdrawn it altogether. Saturday's meeting was the last only because on that occasion M. de Giers declared his willingness to suspend discussion of "an increase of the tariff beyond 5 per cent. as a reserve security" on the understanding that "if the sums assigned prove insufficient the Powers will then agree to consider what other revenues available shall be added." The British Minister accepted the declaration of M. de Giers—but not without repeating Lord Salisbury's objection to raising the tariff—and the indemnity question is settled on that imperfect basis.

It is not to be supposed that we have heard the last of it, though M. Pichon thinks differently. He perceives that the Chinese are delighted with the indemnity. They fully expected a demand for not less than 700 million of taels; were "profuse in their compliments on finding that the Powers were not exacting and required mere compensation"; and M. Pichon, self-assured that their gratification was but natural, could accept it as sincere. But fine manners are not necessarily fatal to arithmetic, nor probably so in China; and M. Pichon may rely upon it that all his official friends in that country are aware that if pretended as "mere compensation" much of the indemnity is mere robbery. In what measure perception of that fact is shared by the Boxer societies and others of the common people we cannot know. But even the Governments who impose the indemnity admit, by their difficulties in providing for it and adjusting its incidence, that it is a great burden for China to bear in her present condition. The people, therefore, are not likely to be insensible of it, or to be left in ignorance of why they bleed. Other afflictions will be put to the same account. The Government must be in sore straits for cash to repair damage, and avid for the means of acquiring as speedily as possible the wherewithal of more effective defence; they may therefore be expected to strain taxation to the utmost, leaving no man in doubt as he writhes under the screw that it is the "foreign devil" who turns it. And so, considering the stage to which the revolt of China has advanced, the lessons it has learnt and the encouragement received, it may happen that the indemnity will be of small net profit to the nations most interested in the Celestial Empire, England among them.

Between the tenacity of Chinese statesmanship and the difficulties of maintaining an effective invasion of China, the Allies have little to boast of at the end of their Joint Expedition and their Joint Demands. The capture of Pekin, the ruin of its palaces, the devastation and slaughter in the surrounding country, would have been an effective because appalling punishment anywhere else, though perhaps we should except Russia. It has had no such effect in China, as they admit who looked for consequences severe enough to include the downfall of the Manchu dynasty and the disruption of the Empire. The common belief is now that when the troops of the Allies sail away they will leave behind them more exasperation than dread; and we have no doubt whatever that the common belief is right. Convinced from the beginning that the Boxer outrages betokened a genuine national revolt against foreign intrusion, believing also that the so-called Liberal party in China was mainly composed of opportunist Nationals, desirous of learning more from the enemy before rising to turn him out, we doubt not that even in Chih-li there is more encouragement than discouragement at the outcome of this encounter. At a great cost to themselves certainly, the Chinese have gone through an experience of the utmost value to them; a trial far more likely to bring them together in confidence than to break them down in hopelessness. That must certainly be the case with their leading men, who can say with sufficient truth that of the Joint Demands so sternly presented as an "irreducible minimum" last year, none but the as yet unfulfilled indemnity-engagement has succeeded. All the rest, or all the more important of them, either have been or may be baffled openly and with impunity.

In short, the *Times* acknowledges but half the truth when it says of the invading Powers, "They certainly have not settled the Chinese question in its wider and more dangerous aspects." No. They set forth to crush the spirit of revolt as betrayed by the missionary murders and the siege of the Legations, or, at the least, to quench all disposition to break out for generations to come. The result of the enterprise, though prosecuted to its full intention by the keenest of known agencies, fire and sword, has rather been to confirm and extend the spirit of revolt, to feed it with new provocation, and to inspire it with more confident visions of success in the hour when it must succumb for a while. "The Chinese

question in its wider and more dangerous aspects" is wider and more dangerous now than when the Chinese Government was cleared out of Pekin; and the day when it will be put to a final test is probably much nearer than was dreamed of by any western politician one short year ago. That it is so is to some extent, no doubt, the direct consequence of recent events; but it is more truly explained by revelation to the Chinese on the one side, to all the varieties of "foreign devil" on the other, of pre-existing facts and conditions imperfectly understood by both. To illustrate what we mean, take the discovery (which the South African War assisted) that in the immense area of China, and amidst its enormous population neither fools nor cowards, it should be a very great invasion that could count on escaping entanglement and exhaustion.

Of our own position during the Chinese War and at the end of it silence, perhaps, is best, but by no means heedlessness or forgetfulness. There was a debate in the House of Commons a few days ago in which all the particulars in which England is chiefly concerned came out, and it is hardly possible to name one of any importance that is not a misfortune, a menace, or a humiliation. The good behaviour of our troops is the grand exception, and Sir Edward Grey seemed to think that it would be wise to sink all consciousness of that point of superiority in deference to the feelings of our French, our German, and especially of our Russian allies. If we must do so, there will be little left to dwell upon but that precious Anglo-German agreement—which is either incomprehensible or a price paid for German forbearance elsewhere—the insults which our Indian soldiery have carried home, the subjection of British troops in *that* region to the orders of a foreign General (observation of which our Indian soldiery have also carried home), the establishment of German and French garrisons in Shanghai, the withdrawal of all the resolute claims upon the Yang-tse valley with which the House of Commons rang not long ago—submission at a dozen points, in short, to open attack on England's prestige where every successful assault of that character is equivalent to a victory in the field. No doubt Mr. Kruger can explain it all from the Psalms, and we fear that these losses—which have never come out more fully than in Lord Cranborne's speech in mitigation of them—really must be added to the expense of the South African War. If so, here is as good a reason as any for pushing that war to a speedy and indubitable close.

THE *STATUS QUO* IN SECONDARY EDUCATION.

One curious feature of recent educational recriminations has been the disregard of the fact that one of the earliest duties of County Councils was the charge of one branch of education. The Local Government Act was passed in 1888, the first Technical Instruction Act in 1889. This Act empowers a local authority "out of the local rate to supply or aid the supply of technical or manual instruction to such extent and on such terms as the authority think expedient," provided that such benefits are not extended to "scholars receiving instruction at an elementary school in the obligatory or standard subjects." The rate was restricted to a penny; the "local authority" was defined as "the Council of any County or County Borough or any Urban Sanitary Authority within the meaning of the Public Health Acts." "A local authority may, for the purposes of this Act, appoint a committee consisting either wholly or partly of members of the local authority, and may delegate to such committee any powers exercisable by the authority under this Act, except the power of raising a rate or borrowing money." Such education committees have been in existence for twelve years.

Not much could be done with a penny rate, and few counties cared to raise it; so the main work of this 1889 Act was to set up a new educational authority—the County Council, acting through its Technical Instruction Committee. The following year, however, brought the funds. The "Whisky Money," which has proved the good fairy of English education, fell to it almost by accident. The Customs and Excise Bill had been dragging slowly through committee, and there was about £350,000 to dispose of, which had been originally designed for the purpose of compensating publicans. Here was a large sum going begging, and an elaborate piece of machinery with nothing to try its strength on. Thanks to Mr. Healy's timely proposal, the two were brought together, and the money was handed over to County Councils to be applied, if they were willing, to educational purposes. The impetus thus given to technical education soon began to show striking results. An era of experiment began, of polytechnics, of evening classes, of village lectures. The youth of England was called upon to work in metal and wood, to cook and to dressmake, to study typewriting and shorthand, to make butter and look after bees. This was the experimental stage. Gradually it became apparent that we were trying to build without a foundation, and that in the absence of a good system of secondary education much of this instruction was of little real use. So it came about that "secondary" was coupled with "technical," not in the Acts themselves, but in their application. A careful scheme of scholarships from elementary to secondary schools, and upward again to the university or technical college, was adopted by many counties. Grants were given to existing secondary schools on condition of a certain amount of time being given to science, or art, or mathematics, or handicraft, or some other of those many subjects which the wide definition of "technical" can be made to include. Some of the merely recreative and amateurish classes were stopped, and with the help of organising secretaries most of the County Councils found themselves controlling really serious educational work.

They had hardly emerged from the earlier stage when the Royal Commission on Secondary Education was appointed in 1893, with Mr. Bryce as chairman. After taking stock of the whole field of English secondary education, they published a series of recommendations on which it was hoped that action would at once be taken. But the air of the House of Commons seems inimical to education, and many a long blue document stowed away in unused drawers tells of Education Bills nipped in the bud. The report of the Royal Commission aimed at effecting as much as possible without excessive change in existing institutions. The recommendations as to the central authority were practically embodied in the "Board of Education Act" of 1899, and this Board is now engaged, with the help of the Consultative Committee, in making registers of teachers and schools,

arranging details of examination and inspection, and generally helping to organise and consolidate the secondary system in this country. But for the proper accomplishment of its work its complement, the local authority, is needed, and since all attempts made to constitute these by Act of Parliament have come to nothing, they have proceeded in true British fashion to constitute themselves. The Technical Instruction Acts gave County Councils a right to form Education Committees and to raise a rate; the Customs and Excise Act gave them a large sum of money available for educational purposes; and since 1898 the only other source of income for secondary purposes apart from endowments, the Science and Art Grants, has been theirs to distribute, provided they cared to form what is generally known as a "Clause VII. Committee," from the number of a paragraph in the Science and Art Directory. Twenty-nine out of the forty-nine English County Councils have under this clause constituted Secondary Education Committees, and a large proportion of County Boroughs have done the same. They frequently add other persons to their number, such as delegates from the School Boards or other educational bodies, and some members are usually co-opted. The Councils make their own schemes, which have to be sanctioned by the Board of Education.

Such, then, is the educational position of the County Council. It has practically been in possession of the field for the last twelve years; it has the disposal of all the money available for secondary and technical education; it *may* delegate its powers to a special committee on which it *may* invite experts to sit. But it need do none of these things. It need not spend the money on education, it need add no outside members to its education committee. This is the *status quo* in which the withdrawal of Education Bill No. 1 replaces us. The power remains as before with the County Councils, but they lack the salutary check which the compulsory presence of a certain number of outside persons would have afforded; and though they can practically spend money on almost any subject of study except classics and literature, they are still nominally restricted by the fetish of "technical" and "handicraft," and lack the broad scope that would have been afforded by the substitution of the words "the purposes of education" for the old formula. For the twopenny rate we can better afford to wait, for with the ever-rising School Board rate and a war income-tax even the most ardent reformers can scarcely be pining for the imposition of a new burden. It is therefore to these unamended education committees, instead of those that the Bill would have constituted, that it is now proposed to hand over the general control of the schools affected by the Cockerton judgment.

In this condition of things, if anyone has a real cause of complaint it is those who are concerned with the education of girls. To watch over their interests it is most desirable that there should be some women on every education committee. This was recognized by the Royal Commissioners, who maintained "that women ought to be eligible for appointment whether by a public authority or by co-optation upon both sets of authorities, and that it is indeed desirable to provide that a certain number shall be women." Experience has shown that in many cases women will not be chosen unless some special provision is made for their presence. A Government return made a year ago, on the motion of Sir Richard Jebb, of the number of women serving on Technical Instruction and Clause VII. Committees, shows that in only six out of forty-nine counties, and nine out of sixty-one county boroughs, had any women been co-opted. The Bill of next year ought to deal distinctly with this point. Women as such are disqualified for election on County Councils, and nearly half the Education Committees at present consist only of county councillors. On the others women are, of course, excluded from the elected portion of the committee, hence it is the more important to provide for their co-optation. The London Technical Education Board co-opts only two of its members; one of these is a woman, but how can one woman take cognizance of all the classes and schools for girls that are helped by the funds at the disposal of the London County Council? It is no longer only cookery and laundry classes that have to be superintended. Some counties—*e.g.*, Berkshire—have actually drawn up schemes for the establishment of girls' schools, where the supply is inadequate, and yet there is not one woman on the Education Committee to give advice and help. In order to make this need more widely known a large and influential committee has now been at work for over a year under the chairmanship of Sir Richard Jebb, with the object of securing the presence of women on secondary education authorities. Should they succeed in influencing public opinion the framers of next year's Bill will, it may be hoped, see their way to a change of conjunctions, and direct County Councils to strengthen their education committees by co-opting "men *and* women."

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.—I.

IT is probable that some ten years ago those among us who held to the Church's faith in Christ and at the same time recognised the function of a searching criticism as applied to our New Testament documents were unduly hopeful of the immediate prospect. In Germany the rout of the Tübingen school had been followed by the "backward movement towards tradition" (so far as dates and authorships are concerned) of which Harnack was the most important representative. In England "Supernatural Religion," a book representing, not very worthily, the destructive criticism of Germany, had been fairly exploded, and the names of Lightfoot, Salmon, and Sanday stood for what, on the whole, was a decidedly conservative victory. But the tendency of criticism in the last decade has not been according to our hopes. True, Dr. Sanday's Bampton Lectures and his great article on "Jesus Christ" in Hastings' Dictionary represent (and not alone) what the present writer believes to be the high-water level of sane criticism, the criticism which is judgment, and not advocacy. But Harnack's lectures, recently translated into English, with the title "What is Christianity," have shown that, whatever may be his attitude towards traditional dates and authorships, to the traditional faith, at least, he represents no approximation; and Professor Percy Gardner, Mr. Burckitt, Mr. Moffatt, Dr. Abbott, and Professor Schmiedel—to lump together writers of very different kinds and qualities, but all representative—have shown the English student that the question whether he can take the Gospel story as really and substantially historical, is again, as far as contemporary criticism goes, in a condition not much less than chaotic.

As a result, we find among younger scholars a great deal of unsettlement, as, for instance, a somewhat widespread anxiety not to affirm, as a fact resting on adequate

evidence, the virgin birth of our Lord, and beyond this a tendency towards a position such as is represented by A. B. Bruce's last thoughts on "Jesus" in the "Encyclopædia Biblica," in which the divine claim seems to be eliminated and the reality of miracle left an open question. Among the more intellectual laity there is a good deal of suspicion that "criticism has proved fatal to orthodoxy," and that it is the heritage of moral character alone which can be regarded as the permanent element of Christianity. This tendency, it must be feared, has been considerably aggravated in the last year or two by the distrust of the clergy, which, most unhappily, has been the fruit of "the crisis" in the minds of a good many sensible men.

If, then, we can recall ourselves from unimportant matters to what is central and fundamental the situation gives us a good deal to think about and a good deal to do.

I was allowed in these columns, in reviewing Mr. Mallock's book last year, to beg Churchmen not to imagine that the authority of the Church could, from any point of view, supply any substitute for the acceptance of the Gospels as historical documents. What we want amongst us, it seems to me, is a renewal of the spirit and method of Lightfoot—surely, when all is told, the greatest of the maintainers of the central faith in the last generation. For Lightfoot never fought an historical question on anything else than historical grounds. He never put forward any other plea for his cause than the stronger evidence. But his judgment was massive and strong and discriminating. He did not fear to appear as an apologist, nor leave us in any doubt which cause he thought the best. Is there not a danger that in exhibiting a scrupulous anxiety to give due weight to the yet undeveloped theories of the last rising foreign scholar, and an even blind charity in refusing to notice the manifestly naturalistic bias in his work, some of us should be found dissimulating the real strength of our own reasoned convictions, and refusing to those who are weaker the support which they really need?

The change in the tendency of critical studies, alluded to above, so much to the disadvantage of the traditional faith, has not come about through any new discoveries. The advantage to the conservative cause involved in the bringing to light of Tatian's "Diatessaron" and in the confirmations won from various sources for the historical character of the Acts—to mention only two points—have had nothing to counter-balance them in the way of positive discovery, so far as concerns the Gospels. The external evidence still throws back the Synoptic Gospels—and with the fourth Gospel we will not at present concern ourselves — into the first century. The internal evidence, as Dr. Sanday so admirably states it in his Bampton Lecture, still peremptorily demands that the materials at least of which they are composed shall be recognised to date in all their main substance from before the destruction of Jerusalem. "The moment at which they took their substantial shape, either through being committed to writing or by becoming stereotyped in the mind of a person, who afterwards committed them to writing, was a moment at which the surrounding and formative conditions were those of the period before and not after the fall of Jerusalem." Harnack is not far off from agreement. "In their essential substance, the Gospels," he says, "belong to the first, the Jewish, epoch of Christianity, that brief epoch which may be denoted as the palæontological" (*What is Christianity*, p. 21). And indeed it is not probable that any vitally important disputing will take place in future over the dates of our Synoptic Gospels. Harnack dates St. Mark probably at A.D. 65-70, St. Matthew at A.D. 70-75, St. Luke c. 78-92. There may be discussions, not easily brought to an issue, as to the final "redactions" which gave them exactly their present form; but as to the common material of incident and discourse, nothing can shake Dr. Sanday's conclusion.

Again, for our present purpose, the discussion as to whether the sources of our present Gospels were oral or written is not very important. In its extreme form Mr. Wright's theory of an oral transmission of the Evangelical record by means of defined lessons taught by catechists and learned by heart, presents to us a tradition not easily distinguishable in its effect from written documents. One difficulty about his theory is the total lack of evidence that such a system of verbal repetition, even though it was familiar in the rabbinical schools, was transferred to the Christian Church. No such association ever appears to be attached to the Christian Catechesis. On the other hand, the vast majority of critics who maintain written sources appear to admit to-day, more than was the case formerly, that the written documents had the oral tradition behind them, and that the effect of the documents was largely modified, after they were produced, by the oral tradition which was still maintained. Thus Schmiedel says, "Inadequate though the unaided hypothesis (of oral tradition) be, as a complete explanation of the phenomena displayed by our present Gospels, it is at the same time certain that it contains an essential element of truth. Unquestionably, the formation of a Gospel narrative was oral in its beginning. The opposite theory that a creative writer freely composed the entire material without any previous oral currency may be regarded as no longer in the field. But, further, the propagation of the Gospel story by oral tradition continued to be carried on for a considerable time even after the first written document had taken shape, and thus was capable of exerting an influence even upon Gospels of a comparatively late date." Similar language could be quoted from Weizsäcker, Sir John Hawkins, and Dr. Stanton.

Not every scholar, perhaps, shares Dr. Sanday's hopefulness that the Synoptic problem will, so far as its details are concerned, ever reach a solution. But for our present purpose it is enough to point out that, whatever the details of the process, all researches have verified the statement of St. Luke's Preface. The Gospel, in the sense of the tradition of the words and deeds of Jesus, His life and death and resurrection, had its basis in the original apostolic witness: "they delivered them to us who from the beginning were eyewitnesses and ministers of the word." Then this apostolic delivery or "tradition" became the matter of common instruction in the first Christian Churches, an instruction which, from the necessity of the case, must have been at first at least mainly oral. Theophilus, like all other Christians, "was instructed" in the contents of this tradition. After a while "many took in hand to draw up a (written) narrative" of this Gospel story. But to St. Luke's mind, as doubtless to the Church at large, the matter of importance was not the particular narrative but the tradition, variable in form but identical in character and meaning, which existed in all the Churches. The merit of the written documents depended on the accuracy and fulness with which they gathered up the sacred fragments. St. Luke then, not satisfied with previous attempts, and claiming no qualifications but those of opportunity and care, "having followed along with the whole course of events from the beginning accurately," writes his Gospel to give "security" to the common Christian information of his Theophilus.

What are we to say then as to the result in the way of historical accuracy of this Christian tradition as it lies before us in the Gospels? Or, to put the case more accurately, what are we to say of the trustworthiness of the process, extending over from thirty to forty years from the death of Christ, which has given us that common matter of the Synoptics—both what is common to all the three, and what is common to two amongst them—which by almost universal admission dates from before the destruction of Jerusalem, and which must form the basis for any inquiry into the historical character of the Christian belief?

To this question I propose to return, not as making

any claim to be a specialist in critical studies, but because I believe that interested onlookers may sometimes hope to contribute something which the specialists, from the very exactness of their labours, are liable to overlook. CHARLES GORE.

MR. COOK'S "RIGHTS AND WRONGS."*

AMONG the numerous consequences of the South African war and the controversies raised upon it will probably be a diminution of respect for the Bound Book. The general idea of the Bound Book is that it is something loftier, by intention, execution, *moral*, than the paper-covered review, the paper-covered review than the pamphlet or the newspaper article. All are considered respectable till they are found to be otherwise, but yet are held in different degrees of respect. These distinctions are partly superstitious, no doubt; but not with an unreasonable superstition. The man who writes a book—disquisitional, historical, argumentative, expository, almost anything except romance—is supposed to do so under wider obligations and a stronger sense of responsibility than he who has reasons for writing a pamphlet or is engaged in the political department of a great newspaper. The sense of responsibility should be the same in all cases, of course, and we may be sure that it is absent in none. But, to take the examples which we are more immediately concerned with, the demand upon this sense in the case of the historian or the professed political moralist differs in character and degree from the demand upon partisan journalism. The man who takes up a newspaper devoted to the politics of the day knows well that what he is about to read was written in the same spirit of advocacy, of combatancy, which is so entirely one-sided and so completely blameless on the House of Commons front benches. On those benches responsibility rises to its highest point in secular affairs; yet the most fair-minded of its occupants would think himself and be thought ridiculous did he seek to discover and make plain the strongest points in his adversary's case. At the Speaker's table he is justified in knowing nothing of such points, or even in trying to obscure and confound them. And so may the journalist consider himself justified, working in his newspaper. But should either gentleman undertake to write for publication in octavo volumes a history of the 1880 Administration, for example, or a political exposition of the South African war of 1899-1901, he must not write in House-of-Commons or the newspaper way, or his bound book will have the disturbing effect of anomaly.

Such a book is the large red octavo volume, lately published, on "The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War"; the mistakable character of which is accounted for by its author, though, to all appearance, he has no suspicion of its dubiety. Mr. Cook explains that the origin of the volume was a suggestion made to him from several quarters that he should collect some of the articles written on South African questions during his editorship of a London newspaper. But that suggestion had to be abandoned, "because the form of the political leading article renders it wholly unsuitable for reproduction." But on turning over a large file of South African articles it seemed to their writer that some of the material therein employed might be used for what he describes in one place as "a book of reference," and in another as "supplying the data necessary for arriving at an independent judgment." But proceeding from such an origin, and built up in undeviating accordance with it, "The Rights and Wrongs" remains newspaper work; and only within the limitations natural to a series of leading articles written in the usual way can it be considered a book of reference or as supplying "the data necessary for arriving at an independent judgment." Mr. Cook furthers this remark in averring that "he does not pretend to be impartial," which is the natural and justifiable attitude of journalism in its own place: namely, the newspaper column. But that it were better confined to its own place is at the least an inoffensive opinion; for when it operates out of its own place, and in the guise of history, its privileges lose their innocence, and are even in danger of becoming noxious to a very high degree.

By origin and constitution, then, Mr. Cook's "Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War" is not what it may be taken for in bound-book form. It is a collection of first-class leading articles on an event which has different explanations; and after the guiltless manner of their kind when printed in newspapers, these articles proceed upon an assumption that whatever supports the explanation favoured by the writer is true, significant, and essentially moral, and that whatever does the other thing may be brushed aside as trivial, or tainted, or for some other reason unworthy of consideration by serious minds. In the construction of these articles all that is legitimate in the practice of the right honourable gentlemen on either side of the Speaker's chair is unreservedly adopted. Dispute between the parliamentary parties being of weighty consequence, does either acknowledge the existence of "a case" on the other side? Never; no more does Mr. Cook. Do both fish in the evidence for what suits their argument, discarding or neglecting everything to the contrary? They do; and so does Mr. Cook. Does either of them ever cite as respectable (if at all) any opinion opposed to its own inferences and assertions? It does not; and as careful in avoidance is Mr. Cook. In their debates do they picture on the same scale, and with a similar use of effective colour, facts that are awkward for them and such as are otherwise? *Pas si bête:* neither is Mr. Cook. For in the House of Commons is the *fight*—not judicial inquiry into the fight. The newspaper controversialists are auxiliaries in the fight. Mr. Cook carries on the fight as one of these by the customary methods. But he does so where these methods are invested with a false air of judiciality.

To lay a good foundation, the first three articles in "The Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War" insist that this war must never be lost to view as a conflict of Race, a conflict of Ideals, a conflict of Ambitions. Most wars would come into this description; the Crimean War for one, the Franco-German War for another. But in discussing how these wars were actually brought about it is not thought necessary (nor is it) to go beyond the date of a certain conversation between the Czar Nicholas and Sir Hamilton Seymour in the one case, nor, in the other, beyond the day when Bismarck grasped command in Prussia. In the South African case, however, to set up the war on high as a conflict of Race, of Ideals, and Ambitions is of great consequence (as it is not in the others) pre-judicially. For how easy it is to point to the superior Race, to the incomparable height and excellence of its Ideals, to the immensely wider sweep of its infinitely more beneficent Ambitions! These are realities—I have trumpeted them myself a hundred times—and must have their dues. But to raise on England's greatness the presumption that for an inferior nation to reject her from its own land is insolent, that the efforts of its Government to do so, though they differ not from those which all Governments employ, are by their mere use proved base and immoral—this does not accord at all with the greatness which Mr. Cook would glorify. Yet up goes his comparison of ideals and ambitions, in which the Boers haven't a chance, of course, and then—behold the *dramatis personæ*. Prospero here—Caliban there. It is not enough that England should be Prospero, with the might, the will, the desire to reign as benign magician. The Boer—who, whatever his defects of civilisation, is not without a *right* to seize upon the sovereignty of South Africa, be it remembered—must

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* "Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War." By Edward T. Cook. London. Edward Arnold.

be Caliban, no less ; his ambition malignant, his ideals brutal, his intellect purblind, his wisdom cunning, his promises deceit, his word a lie ; and what would be the regular diplomatic thing in a Frenchman, a German, a Russian, becomes in him the intolerable trifling of offensive ignorance.

After his first three articles, Mr. Cook proceeds with a version of the drama on the line of these assumptions, themselves assumed with the utmost quietude. Never out of use till his task is done, they are the test and explanation of everything ; and yet they are but equivalents of such House of Commons assertions as "the weakness, vacillation, and turpitude of the Government," and the "hysterical accusations of a feeble, a factious, and a despairing Opposition."

Of about thirty articles written in this strictly parliamentary and therefore quite legitimate style, all would lose their character were they really pretended as judicial history. This could be fully shown in half as many articles of similar length, or even, perhaps, in thirty pages like that which the reader's eye now rests upon. As fewer would certainly be insufficient, exemplication in brief is all that can be attempted here.

The Transvaal Boers have "a case," good or bad as may be. It is completely organic, and runs parallel with the English case from the year 1884, when Lord Derby signed the Second Convention: the earliest starting-point of these later troubles. A judicial writer would state this case fully, with the facts and inferences advanced in its support. Mr. Cook makes no such statement, and either trivialises or suppresses altogether the more signal facts that brought the Boer case into existence.

The English case is that the Transvaal Government, acting in concert with or confidence in the Afrikander Bond, had resolved to supersede English authority by Dutch authority in South Africa ; and to do so by armed force if necessary. The Boer case is that at a certain time subsequent to 1884 (or even to 1894) the British Government resolved to put an end to Boer rule in the Transvaal by one of two processes: the swamping of Boer votes by the votes of foreign incursionists, or, should that means be resisted, then by war.

The English case is supported by a variety of facts and appearances that can be thought sinister, and by inferences reasonably drawn from them. The Boer case rests upon precisely similar foundations.

By far the most important factor in the Boer case is the outrage known as "the Jameson Raid," and the dealings of the British Government with it. There are some things about the raid which many Englishmen who believe them innocent think much too black in appearance : of course they count as facts in the Boer case. Among the indubitable facts are these. The Jameson raid was a planned outrage, organised by an English Prime Minister of Cape Colony, foreknown by at least two officials of the Imperial Government*, committed by British subjects and British officers. Including murder and going beyond it in the scale of crime, its object was to seize the Transvaal capital. The guilt of its actual perpetrators being beyond doubt, the Transvaal Government might have arraigned and hanged them with perfect propriety. Instead, the culprits were handed over to British justice: an act of grace which was registered by the Queen's acknowledgment. They were tried, their offence was severely condemned by the Lord Chief Justice, and they were ordered for punishment. The British Government interfered, and the award was lightened. So spoke the mind of the Government. Meanwhile the whole country, led by the governing classes, had gone wild with delight at the raid—mad with enthusiasm for the raiders. So spoke the mind of the country.

It is thus that the Jameson Raid "incident" stands in the case for the Boers, who insist that such a complete array of menace as it presents—since it proceeded from Government and country at once—could but force on them the conclusion that they must prepare to fight against extinction as an independent people. I say nothing. Mr. Cook, who only knows of an English case, denies that the raid had any significance except as "an excuse for Mr. Kruger's policy." Yet it would not appear so insignificant in "Rights and Wrongs" but for his scattering of half its details about his pages as incidentals with no bearing on each other, the more striking half being suppressed altogether. He says nothing of Government interference with "the course of justice," though he cannot suppose it would be considered meaningless. He has no record of the coincident applause which glorified "Dr. Jim" and Dr. Jim's enterprise to the highest. Since he does not mention these things at all, of course he does not put them together in the crowning meaning they might have for the Governments of the South African Republics. A judicial writer could not help doing so, whatever judgment he might have arrived at. Mr. Cook remains strictly parliamentary.

In discussing the franchise controversies he follows the same course in assuming that the British Government had a right of interference in the Transvaal which it certainly has not in its own great colonies. Spite of the Boer conviction that one branch of the Colonial Office policy was to drown their Government in a flood of (to them) foreign votes, spite of the obvious fact that the advanced franchise-scheme pressed upon them must soon have had that result, Mr. Cook represents their attempts at evasion, at whittling-down, at providing loop-holes of escape, as guilty chicane. He seems (I say no more than "seems") to have no sense of them as expedients to avoid destruction which one State has a right to use against another when convinced of the danger.

I point to Mr. Cook's treatment of the Smuts-Greene dispute as highly parliamentary, and to his treatment of the "suzerainty" and Conventions question as superlatively so. Also to the statement that "The real causes of the rupture were altogether independent of personal considerations." And again to his contention that the Boer armaments were on a scale which proves their desperately aggressive intention ; whereas it is obvious that a desperate-defensive intention demanded the same amount of preparation against the same Power. More particularly I point to the article in which Mr. Cook falls foul of Sir Edward Clarke as "a clever cross-examiner" who (not stupidly, for he is allowed to be clever, but therefore not honestly) entangled Mr. Chamberlain in a fallacy which that gentleman did not detect at the time, and, I believe, has never seen through since.

Denied the twenty-eight pages of THE PILOT which are needed to deal adequately with these and similar matters, I come to an end with one more remark, which is this. A vast deal of worse than profitless talking and writing would be saved, much ingenuity might be turned from ignoble purposes, the pains we take to earn a character for superhuman cant and hypocrisy might find wholesome employment, if we would only take the violent courses appointed to us by the Inevitable as other nations do. On such occasions they also advance some sort of justification by righteousness, no doubt ; the servants of the Natural Law pay that homage to Moral Law in passing. When they would seek an outlet to the sea or an inlet to the land, annex a port, an island, a province, a legal or a moral excuse is usually pretended; but without much caring how diaphanous the excuse may be. Enough that the commercial or the political advantage which it covers should be considerable and undeniable. The thing is to be done and no more said about it: a choice of procedure which is an immense saving of character in the long run when compared with our modern method and its voluble unceasing protest of none but the most disinterested motive.

F. G.

* Sir Graham Bower, Secretary to the High Commissioner, and Mr. Newton, Chief Magistrate in Basutoland.

MINOR TRAGEDIES.

FISH OUT OF WATER.

THE big tragedies of life strike the eye and force themselves on the attention. Not so the small ones—the deadly little pin-pricks with which, as is fitting, nobody sympathises; the intangible ironies which belong to the order of things and must remain; the unrelated discords and discrepancies: the small-shot which makes no deep hole in life and yet disturbs its whole course.

As long as a person is in harmony with his surroundings the tenor of daily existence is smooth. It is the absence of this harmony which constitutes one of the main causes of minor tragedy. "The Ugly Duckling" is an old story, and we of to-day have all learned a sentimental sympathy with a genius out of place. Quite as pathetic and less noticed is the commonplace man in the wrong element. I have seen Facetius Brown, as honest a fellow as ever stepped and a soldier of some repute, reduced to misery in a room full of wits and poetasters. He came in as jolly as usual from his afternoon tramp, with a bundle of illustrated papers and Christmas numbers in his arms. Mr. Lion Trighte, the Essayist in Verse, was talking about himself to the Honourable Egeria in one corner of the room; Mr. Vein-Vrenze, the Danish bard, was also talking about himself (though he thought he was talking about his wife) in another corner; Miss de Smatterall was telling the rising novelist that she had not the creative gift, but that alone of all women, *she* could understand his meaning—and both were so deeply moved by her humility that the tears were in their eyes, while their tea-cups were at their lips. The Lady Maud Monsoon, who had only lately been confirmed but was really "Flip-flop" of *The Metropolis* (that famous fashionable newspaper), was confiding the plot of her new "Improper Playlet," "The Double-entendres of Jane," to the sympathetic ear of an elderly art-critic. Even her mamma, a stout old dowager who wrote for a children's magazine under the pseudonym of "Snow-drop," was buzzing about literary achievements. Of course it was unfortunate that Facetius (he was the husband of the Honourable Egeria) should mark his entrance by saying in his loud cheery tones: "Well, I must say you *do* all look glum; I confess I like a little fun at Christmas"; and should then proceed to read them the story of a practical joke from the *Graphic*. But tact was never Facetius's strong point. A frosty silence fell on the company, and the Honourable Egeria glared at him as her poet moved off. In that glare his whole life, as I afterwards saw it, was revealed to me. He knew and was known to but few of the guests at his own house—Egeria's "rag, tag, and bobtail," as he called them. Most of them did not recognise who he was till he took his seat at the bottom of the dining-table; and, in spite of his V.C. and his valuable volume on Scouting, he was generally only regarded as a kind of spiritual *mésalliance* for his wife.

He adored his Egeria and was practically her slave, and yet he could seldom be with her. As her circle surrounded her from luncheon-time onwards, he was driven for the greater part of the day from his home; and he hated the club almost as much as his daily treadmill, the War Office. The friends who loved and admired him, his fellow officers, were no longer to his taste; for Egeria did not care for them and he liked nothing that she did not—and very little that she did. Thus he was really condemned to solitary liberty and, lonely at heart, possessed no element in which to swim anywhere.

He is only one instance out of many. There are more examples of feminine than of masculine fish out of water, and it is a worse plight for women than for men. Many a girl who should have married has not done so for no better reason than that she has not moved in the right set. The academic Amanda, who has the ill-luck to be the daughter of a colonel and to live in a garrison town, is never looked at there, or, if she is, it is only to be laughed at as eccentric. But had she had her home in Oxford, many a Don's heart would have beat the quicker for her presence and she would have found admirers and appreciators. At the same moment, Vivandiera is eating her heart out near Balliol with longing to frequent a military circle. "The Prigs" (so she dubs them) can't bear her, and she says they dance like dictionaries; while if she inhabited Hythe, with her fine energies she would now be making the happiness and career of some promising young officer in need of a helpmate. It is not in the least that marriage and admiration are women's only aim, but those who are gifted enough to do without them are never long out of water; they may be so for a few hours or a few years, but they always end by finding their right element for themselves. It is those who depend on their circumstances for their destiny who suffer from the vicissitudes of life. And as a mere matter of good sense and discrimination it is absurd of parents to mistake the vocation of their children: to send a bookish and heavy-footed daughter to be the misery of her partners at a dance, instead of reserving her for the dinner-parties which her good talk can illuminate; or to foist lectures upon the sylph, her sister, who cannot tell Stevenson from Rider Haggard; or to persuade "dear old John" (editor of "The Critic") to shoot, "because it's so good for him," thereby making him the curse of several houses in Scotland and almost causing the kindest of creatures to be a murderer; or to induce Thomas, the golfer and sportsman, to accompany you to concerts and galleries, because there has always been an artistic tradition in the family. He will make the wrong remarks and his mamma will feel farther from him than before. There must, of course, be an attempt to give people their chances in their youth, but that attempt once over, every man must choose for himself. If we deliberately put a fish into the wrong place the water will be upon our own heads.

Sad to see, too, are the fish who are out of one river and have not yet reached another.

To skip in our metaphors from fish to birds, there is the whole family of the Tree-climbers. Look at the little Charles Slippes at their first "Crush" in South Kensington, at the house of Mr. Allbarre, Q.C. They know nobody, and are trying to talk to each other as if they had never met before, instead of having quarrelled together under the same roof for the last fifteen years. It is a sorry sight, for though they have moved from Lower Streatham to Addison Road, W., it will not help them. There will come a day when they will have left cards once too often on the Mammon of Unrighteousness; when they will return hungry for tea to their old friends at "The Deccan," Balham Road, and will find none to welcome them. Apostates from the suburbs, they will have no resting-place in the town; and, wherever they turn, the humblest of the earth will be denounced as "giving themselves airs."

There are those also, but they are fewer, who are lured from their native pools: the poor curate and his wife whom the Bishop has been asked to befriend and invites to his hotch-potch party; the second cousin by marriage who has married again lower down; a whole tribe of people (too frequently a subject for modern humour) who are made to feel thoroughly out of it, although they are sufficiently interesting human beings if you take a little trouble about them. And their discomfort is due to no unkindness on the part of others; only to the conviction that they "*must* be asked," and that you have shown them hospitality by "getting them over" wholesale, like a school-treat on a luxurious scale.

We might mention the fish that cannot swim, except that they belong not to the minor, but to the major tragedies of life. For all other creatures in the great aquarium there is a solid consolation. If it is not a bull to say so, every fish has his native waters, although he may not be born in them. It is for him and for her

to set out on their shining tails, or their shining fins (whichever prove the most practicable), and to seek until they find. For all things, even fresh-water rivers, come to the fish that know how to wait. EPSILON.

THE HENLEY PROBLEM.

SOON the stewards of Henley Regatta will be invited to decide whether foreigners shall be allowed to row in future regattas. If the stewards were asked to vote on Mr. Grenfell's promised motion this week, there is little doubt that they would vote for the exclusion of foreigners straight off; for, so far as the discussion has gone, the exclusionists hold the field by virtue of a greater accumulation of argument, and by sheer weight of personal authority.

Now there is a grave discrepancy between the opinion of those who wield all this authority and that of most other Englishmen. The majority of Englishmen have not expressed their opinions in print because that was not their business. But if, like many competent rowing men who happen to dissent from the view of authority, they have been inarticulate, they are still, like Jack's parrot, "devils to think." And what they think is this: that the refusal of foreign entries at Henley would be indistinguishable from a national abdication; that "funk" is at the bottom of the refusal (*vide* Mr. H. H. Griffin in the *Times*); and that English rowing men deserve to ruin their sport if they reject a competition the like of which is courted by cricketers, football-players, racing men, yachtsmen, and most other sportsmen.

The violence of these thoughts is not justified; but if those who entertain them err by the way through ignorance of the peculiar conditions under which amateur rowing is conducted in this country, they arrive at a general conclusion which seems to me sane and sound enough.

First of all, diffidently, as becomes one who finds himself in conflict with authority, let me try to do justice to the views of the exclusionists. One general principle may be laid down; what they propose they propose in self defence; they do not advocate surrender, for they talk of meeting foreign competition elsewhere than at Henley; and they do not urge exclusion because they do not like rowing against foreigners. What, then, is their reason? Briefly this: that Henley Regatta was founded expressly to encourage British rowing, but that under the rising conditions it is not likely to fulfil that end. It is thought that if foreign crews become progressively better, and continue to row at Henley, we shall have to think of nothing but beating them. In other words, we shall have to concentrate all our efforts on making the best eights we can, and meanwhile let four-oared and pair-oared rowing go hang. Nay, more. Even eights might easily be crippled by losing their best men, who might be summoned—a summons few could resist—to help in saving the national credit. At the end of this vista of misfortune we should behold Henley as "an upper river regatta," to use the words of Mr. Bron Herbert, an old Oxford "Blue," "with an international race thrown in." In fine, Henley Regatta would have ceased to perform the functions for which it was founded; and no one will be likely to deny that within reasonable limits it is the duty of the stewards who have accepted a trust to keep that trust intact.

There are other arguments accidental to this main reasoning. It is said that foreign crews upset the proportions of the regatta by rowing only for the Grand Challenge Cup, and indeed by making it a kind of business to win that race; whereas Englishmen are accustomed, with a more generous conception of their strength, and of their obligations to sport, to enter for several races. Or, again, it is said that there is no guarantee of the genuine amateurism of foreign oarsmen, and it has always been a duty laid upon English oarsmen by themselves to keep their sport unspotted from the professional world. Inspired by such a duty as this, a good many rowing-men meticulously discovered professional influences at work in the rowing of Pennsylvania University. There are still more reasons, but I have given the chief.

Now all these arguments are sound in themselves. True, they are little understood by those who have not elevated the affairs of Henley Regatta to the highest rank of high politics—by these, that is to say, who have not made Henley a hobby—but they are not the less sound for that. They appear to be good enough to be acted upon at every risk of seeming ungracious, reactionary and timid, to such men as Dr. Warre, who is chivalrous and, of course, highly intelligent, and Mr. R. C. Lehmann, whose sympathies are as wide as the Dutch Republics.

I take these points briefly for consideration. As regards professionalism, Mr. J. W. Wilson, a professor at Pennsylvania, in a scrupulously fair letter to the *Times*, irreproachable, too, for its good humour and correct spirit, disposed of the charge at least within the scope of his own observation. If the Pennsylvanians allow a professional to coach an eight, they see no more harm in diluting the professional instruction among eight men than we see in allowing it to be applied in a more concentrated form in the case of pair-oared crews and scullers. And from each member of the Pennsylvanian crew the University exacts a certain application to academic affairs. Everyone who has been at an English university knows that we have no such precise rule. As to making a business of winning the "Grand," it is admitted. But in whatever degree foreigners fail to submit themselves to the conditions under which we labour (the right word, I think) at Henley, in the same degree will their accomplishments be shorn of the greatest possible glory. It is not too much to hope that in the progress of human thought they will come to understand this. Both the Canadians and the Belgians have already shown that they understand it.

A word now on the grave argument that small clubs would be sucked dry of merit in order to build up a fine national eight. It is an odd irony that in this year when the Henley problem has come to a head, no club can fairly say that it was injured in order that Leander might win the "Grand." Leander, on the contrary, might reasonably say that its crew was nearly ruined in order that a college crew might hang together as such. The tyranny of success which Leander (a great composite organisation) has for years wielded at Henley has not become noticeably greater since foreign competition became keener. And I believe it would always be possible to form a Leander crew so that college eights would not be disrupted, to form it, that is, from a senior generation. Possibly in future the Leander crew would have to practise longer than this year; a fortnight could be overtopped, I venture to suggest, without any approximation to a professional thoroughness. I seem to remember that for years there has been a plea that Henley should be taken more seriously. This, anyhow, is one way of seriousness. But suppose that some day a much longer period of training became necessary to win the "Grand." The question would then arise, Is it good enough? If it were not found good enough the answer would radiate its own condemnations. Some other country would hold the sport in greater estimation than we—that would be all. We should then tolerate defeat; or, if we did not, we should have within us the seed of renewed success. No great harm in either case. The choice would still be ours. And even sports are governed by economic laws which prevent undue trespassing beyond the margin of utility in the matter of time.

So much for little arguments. The most important point to know, as I think, is whether the exclusionists have faced the results of their policy. There is no satis-

factory alternative to Henley Regatta. Englishmen, as is their way, already give nearly all the time and strength they can afford to their rowing. If the foreigners did not come to Henley, they would, broadly, not come at all, for we could seldom meet them at other times and in other places. Rowing would then decline in popular estimation. Henley Regatta would reap the chief disadvantages of the process, not because it would be less spectacular—that would be no disadvantage—but because the regard in which every sport is held reacts upon the prosperity of the sport itself. All the violent thoughts which I mentioned at the beginning are not going to be entertained by the public without Henley suffering in some degree. The status of the "Grand" would be lowered; the rank of rowing would be degraded; its devotees would lose some pride of caste. In a word, it is too late now to go back upon steps which once it would have been possible to decide never to take. Henley Regatta ought to remain what it is. The "average man" would never understand the reasons of the stewards for reaction. That would not matter so much. But that, added to the circumstance that the stewards themselves should afterwards regret reaction, would matter very much indeed. It is therefore right that everyone who disagrees with the opinion of authority should express his views while there is yet time.

J. B. A.

RUS IN URBE.

A COUNTRY mouse, if ever there was one; in my element in deep country lanes bordered by flowery banks; in summer evening fields where the rabbits play undisturbed; in quiet woods that echo only with notes of wood pigeon and cuckoo—at last I have discovered how it is that London has had power to throw its spell even over me, and how much its fascination is due to its undreamt-of kinship with the essential charms of the country. I am not thinking of evergreen parks and gardens, whose beauty is lavished freely on all comers, and whose number happily increases every year; it is of densely crowded thoroughfares—of Strand and Fleet Street and Ludgate Hill that I think when I say that the chief charm I have found in London is its delicious and absolute privacy.

We often hear of the bewilderment of the senses in the roar of traffic and the unresting hurry of the crowded streets. Unresting! For my part, as I thread the mazes of this human hive, I am conscious rather of a restful seclusion hardly less complete than on the mountain side. Under the reign of perfect order I pass through the ranks of men, attracting not a whit more notice than from the trees and hedge-rows of my country lane—far less notice than from the rabbits, that dash into cover at the alarming sight. Packed in the surging human crowd, it is for all the world as though I were invisible, or as though the multitude about me were phantoms of air, instead of the solid flesh and blood they are. I can have no such seclusion as this in my pretty native village, where I have been known to every soul since I was born. I cannot give myself there, as here, to my own thoughts, for I must have a greeting ready and a smile, real or fictitious, at every turn. I should go far afield, in truth, on mountain and moor and loch before I found anything approaching to such privacy as is ensured to me in the London streets. And it is for me alone, as it seems, that the whole wonderful spectacle is spread out. Silent and unseen I look on, and no man disturbs my contemplation as the pageant passes before me for my pleasure, with all its pathos and all its absorbing and dramatic interest.

And throughout the day it is the same. It is a marvel to you that the letter you wrote last night will pass, by sea and land, round the world, to the hand of your friend 10,000 miles away. Is it any less marvel that you pass yourself, unnoticed and unheeded, from end to end of London, on your round of daily duty, on your summer morning lounge, or on business of life and death, with far greater ease and in more absolute security than if you travelled the same distance by the quietest of country roads? In comfort, even in luxury, you go from place to place; for a song, when and where you will, you may have rest and refreshment by the way; and you will come home, after the day's work, at the appointed time to your own fireside, the same picture of neatness you set out, for in all your wanderings you have not turned a hair. Moreover, this paradox of happy seclusion extends to the whole daily life of the Londoner, and is among the things that give to it a too little appreciated repose. For how many years have you lived at No. 23, and have you the slightest knowledge even of who is the occupant of 24? His face and figure are familiar to you as the lamp-post; you have seen his hair whiten and his children grow up, but what do you know or care about his goings and comings, except their clockwork daily recurrence, no more to be noticed than the rising and setting of the sun? It is no figure of speech to say that, except for your own personal friends, and the acquaintances you choose out for yourself, you are as much alone in London as in the Highlands of Scotland or the Desert of Gobi.

But in one thing, surely, the town must for ever yield to the country. Here, on the sordid pavement, where squalor and poverty are never far away, the face of nature seems a hopelessly sealed book, and who can know the secrets of the changing landscape? Again the truth is found in seeming paradox. "A fortnight in the country" is a blessed boon to the town-bred child, and yet the pity we lavish on busy men "pent up in cities" is not all deserved. It is not in the country only, nor only at the West-end, that the drama of nature is played day and night; and the children even of court and alley are on the free list, no less than those of the village street. On all the country-side you will find no more abundant food than here for eye and fancy, no more wealth of studies even for the landscape-painter, no solitude where sunrise and sunset, moonlight and rainbow, more profoundly touch the imagination or influence mind and mood, where picture melts into picture with more magic transformation.

For the city has a landscape of its own for those who have eyes to see, no borrowed mockery of rural scenes, but of the very essence of the town itself, a treasure-house of scenery in which the country has neither part nor lot. Look eastward down the river from Vauxhall some early morning, or when its course is traced in lines of flashing light; look westward down the length of Piccadilly when the trees are in fresh Spring leaf and the windows bursting with flowers; stand for a moment, if you can, at the foot of Ludgate Hill, where the old-fashioned houses rise tier above tier, and, over all, colossal dome and gilded cross stand out against the clouds and the blue. And in such settings as these what infinite variety of life-pictures; what concentration of the turmoil of human affairs; what contrasts of riches and poverty, tragedy and comedy, darkness and light! For painter or for poet, so it seems to me, the country would be sooner exhausted than the town.

And, after all, the very country itself is with us *in propriâ personâ*—never leaves us—in peaceful stretches of grass-land, like islands set in the sea of brickwork; in venerable trees eloquent of history; in quiet walks planted with childhood's flowering shrubs; in trim gardens filled with choicest flowers, laid out and kept through the seasons with a perfection of care and skill only equalled in the pleasure-grounds of princes. It is the crown of all the rich inheritance that, in these latter days, has come to city and suburb, offered freely, without money and without price, to the poorest no less than to the richest. And so, when I am once more in my country bed, and live over again the scenes of my London life, the memories that most prevail are of no

dull prison-house, as they take shape in visions of life, and colour, and sound—gleams of light on stately buildings; tall ships at anchor, riding in the mist; green turf and dainty flowers, and waterfowl at play, and garden seats under shady trees; a clash of distant bells, the boom of a gun; a strain of music and the tramp of men; a seagull sailing in mid-air, bringing a breath of the open sea; and overhead, in the silent night, the everlasting stars. That is London. P. H.

MUSIC.

THE END OF THE OPERA SEASON.

THE opera season of 1901, which began with a fair show of promise, came to an end last Monday without exciting any feelings of regret. The production of Stanford's "Much Ado About Nothing," the reappearance of Signor Tamagno in "Otello" and "Aïda," and the engagement of Fräulein Termina, led one to hope that with the reconstructed stage, of which so much had been heard, the Covent Garden management was about to turn over a new leaf, and no longer to devote its sole energies to increasing the syndicate's dividend. But the promise of the opening weeks of the season has not been fulfilled. Professor Stanford's interesting and successful opera was dropped after two performances; Fräulein Termina was allowed to go away without being seen in any new part, or even in her great impersonation of Fidelio; Signor Tamagno's talents have been wasted on a revival of that disagreeable and weak work, "Messaline," the stage arrangements have been the worst that have been seen at the theatre for years, and the management has practically reverted to the discredited star system to fill its coffers. Yet, with that curious aimlessness which is so characteristic of divided counsels, the last weeks of the season saw the belated production of a work which deserves to have been heard long ago.

In a double sense the production of Edouard Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" has come too late. With a public such as supports opera in London—a public so distrustful of its musical judgment that it inevitably depends upon hearsay for the formation of its taste—the only chance a new work has of proving a permanent success is that it shall be played over and over again, regardless of poor houses, until the music becomes so familiar that the subscribers can listen to it without the slightest intellectual effort. To bring out a new opera during the last fortnight of the season foredooms it to failure, and for this reason "Le Roi d'Ys" is evidently fated to disappear from the Covent Garden repertory, like so many other good works produced under similar circumstances during the present management. But in another and a wider sense Lalo's opera has reached England too late. The composer was not a young man when the work first saw the light at the Paris Opera Comique in 1888, and much of the music had been written, and some of it publicly performed, long before the whole opera obtained a hearing. In France, curious as it may seem in a country which has witnessed so many political and social revolutions, musical art develops very slowly, and at the time when Lalo wrote, the change which Wagner's influence had brought about in Germany, and which in Italy was making itself felt in the later works of Verdi had hardly yet shown itself. Since 1888 French music has undergone a great upheaval, and the forms which were accepted when Lalo's "Roi d'Ys" was written have already become almost old-fashioned. That this should militate against the success of the work here when Gounod's "Faust" and "Roméo et Juliette" and Bizet's "Carmen" still remain the most popular operas in the regular repertory, seems a little paradoxical, but it explains to a certain extent why the work has been generally received coolly by the musical critics, whose position necessarily makes them more cosmopolitan in their tastes than the mass of regular supporters of the opera. To judge "Le Roi d'Ys" according to its merits it is necessary to take it as the work of a past day; as such the management of Covent Garden might reasonably have considered that it was likely to appeal to the tastes of a public which revels in Gounod and Bizet. Unfortunately the mistake was made of not realising that the few performances for which there was time this season would hardly be sufficient for the opinion of the subscribers to make itself felt against that of the younger school of professional critics whose musical education begins with Wagner and the latest development of Verdi.

Considered in its proper historical position, "Le Roi d'Ys" is a work which deserves high praise and can be listened to with much enjoyment. The book, based on the story of the submerged Breton town which occurs in different forms in many legends of Celtic origin, is, on the whole, well constructed, though the librettist has not succeeded in impressing upon the audience from the first the feeling of the imminence of the catastrophe which forms the climax of the opera. The fact that the existence of the town depends upon the closing of the flood-gates which keep out the sea is not mentioned until the end of the second act, and the treachery of Margared, instead of being worked up to gradually, misses much of its effect upon the audience for want of due preparation. The king himself, who gives his title to the opera, is an entirely shadowy figure, and not even M. Plançon's splendid voice and fine singing could succeed in making him impressive. Dramatically, the chief interest of the book lies in the strong contrast between the two princesses, Margared and Rozenn, both of whom are in love with Mylio, a rather commonplace type of military tenor. In the treatment of these two parts the composer is strongest, and the characterisation of the music allotted to them is admirably sustained throughout the work. Possibly owing to the defects of the libretto, Lalo is weakest in what should be the climaxes of each act. His orchestration is admirable, his themes are generally good, often very beautiful and invariably full of dignity, but his music often misses fire for want of understanding that art of *crescendo* which two such widely different composers as Chembini and Wagner knew how to use so consummately. The defect is frequently concealed by the cleverness of the scoring, but none the less it is there all the same, and nearly every scene in the work ends more or less tamely for want of a gradually developed and well-devised climax. In the more lyrical situations the music is delightful; the exquisite duet between the two sisters in Act I., the scenes between Rozenn and Mylio, and the charming "Noce Bretonne" which opens the third act, should be alone sufficient to make the work popular with a public which loves graceful melody.

The performance was one of the best of a season which has not been remarkable either for good ensemble or stage management. A highly promising first appearance was made by Mdlle. Paquot, in whose hands the part of Margared became living and even sympathetic. The young singer has not been long on the boards, but her performance showed that she possesses dramatic talents of very high quality. Her gestures and carriage are admirable, she possesses the rare gift of being able to stand still eloquently, and her facial expression is highly expressive. The lower register of her voice—a true mezzo-soprano of great compass—is especially beautiful, and she only needs further study and careful attention to voice production to become an artist of high rank. Mdlle. Paquot's Margared was admirably supported by Madame Suzanne Adams's Rozenn, which was as good a performance as the clever American singer has yet given here. The Mylio of M. Jérôme was adequate, if not attractive, but M. Seveilhac, as Karnac, the accomplice of Margared, who opens the flood-gates, only needed a little more vocal colour to be completely satisfactory. In the small part of a Herald, Mr.

Lawrence Rea made a decided mark, and M. Journet was a most impressive and sonorous St. Corentin. The chorus and orchestra were generally excellent, and M. Flon had evidently taken great pains in rehearsing the work. The scenery and mounting were good until the final scene, in which the stage directions of the libretto were disregarded, not at all to the advantage of the general effect.

Following the production of "Le Roi d'Ys," Mozart's immortal "Don Giovanni" was given for two performances—as if one of the greatest masterpieces of the lyrical drama was a sort of after-piece, only worthy to wind up the season and play the audience out. For the artists who took part in the work, one can only express commiseration that they should have been called on to appear among such surroundings. Imperfectly rehearsed, miserably mounted, and cut up into four acts entirely regardless of the construction of the original, the only wonder was that Mozart's masterpiece should, in spite of such treatment, retain so much of its wonderful power and charm. A deep debt of gratitude is in store for the manager who will give us "Don Giovanni" as it was written; modern Covent Garden audiences can have but a vague idea of what the work is really like. W. BARCLAY SQUIRE.

BISHOP WESTCOTT.

THERE will be plenty of panegyrists to describe Dr. Westcott as critic and author, professor and bishop. Comparatively few people remember him as a schoolmaster. I look back over three and thirty years, and recall him as I first knew him at Harrow; with his "puny body," anxious forehead, and faint voice, one of the few noticeable and interesting figures in a society dominated by convention and commonplace. The great majority of our masters I think we honestly contemned, or at best regarded with a good-humoured tolerance. But there was a kind of mystery about Westcott which was distinctly impressive. He was hardly visible in the common life of the school. He lived remote, aloof, apart, above. It must be presumed that the boys who boarded in his house knew something of him, but with the school in general he never came in contact. His special work was to supervise the composition, English and classical, of the Sixth Form; and on this task he lavished all his minute and scrupulous scholarship, all his genuine enthusiasm for literary beauty. But, till we reached the Sixth, we saw Westcott only on public occasions, and one of these occasions was the calling over of names on half-holidays, styled "Absence" at Eton and "Bill" at Harrow. To see Westcott performing this function made one, even in those puerile days, feel that a beautifully delicate instrument was being wasted on a rough work of mere routine for which it was eminently unfitted. We had sense enough to know that Westcott was a man of learning and distinction altogether outside the beaten track of schoolmasters' accomplishments; and that he had performed achievements in scholarship and divinity which great men recognised as great. "Calling Bill" was an occupation well enough suited for his colleagues—for Huggins or Buggins or Brown or Green—but it was actually pathetic to see this frail embodiment of culture and piety contending with the clamour and tumult of five hundred obstreperous boys.

It was not only as a great scholar that we revered Westcott. We knew, by that mysterious process by which schoolboys get to know something of the real as distinct from the official characters of their masters, that he was a saint. There were strange stories in the school about his ascetic way of living. We were told that he wrote his sermons on his knees. We heard that he never went into local society, and that he read no newspaper except the *Guardian*. When Dr. Liddon, at the beginning of his fame as "The Man of '66," came to Harrow to preach on Founder's Day, Westcott would not dine with the headmaster to meet him. He could not spare three hours from prayer and study; but he came in for half an hour's conversation after dinner.

All that we saw and heard in chapel confirmed what we were told. We saw the bowed form, the clasped hands, the rapt gaze, as of a man who in worship was really *solus cum Solo*, and not, as the manner of some of his colleagues was, sleeping the sleep of the just, or watching for the devotional delinquencies of the Human Boy. Various incidents, trifling but significant, went to confirm the same impression. When Westcott celebrated the Holy Communion in the Parish Church, he always took the Ablutions, though they were not customary there; and, after celebrating in the Church in the early morning, he remained for prayer and worship at the late Celebration in the school-chapel. But it was as a preacher to the boys that he made the deepest impression. His sermons were rare events; but we looked forward to them as to something quite out of the common groove. There were none of the accessories which generally attract boyish admiration. No rhetoric, no purple patches, no declamation, no pretence of spontaneity. The voice was so faint as to be almost inaudible; the language was totally unadorned; the sentences were closely packed with meaning; and the meaning was not always easy. But the charm lay in distinction, aloofness from common ways of thinking and speaking, a wide outlook on events and movements in the Church, and a fiery enthusiasm all the more telling because sedulously restrained. I remember as well as if I heard it yesterday a reference in December, 1869, to "that august assemblage which gathers to-morrow under the dome of St. Peter's," and I remember feeling pretty sure at the moment that there was no other schoolmaster in England who would preach to his boys about the Vatican Council. But by far the most momentous of Westcott's sermons at Harrow was that which he preached on the Twentieth Sunday after Trinity, 1868. The text was Ephesians v. 15. "See then that ye walk circumspectly." The sermon was an earnest plea for the revival of the ascetic life, and the preacher endeavoured to show "what new blessings God has in store for absolute self-sacrifice" by telling his hearers about the great victories of asceticism in history. He took first the instance of St. Antony, as the type of personal asceticism; then that of St. Benedict, as the author of the Common Life of Equality and Brotherhood; and then that of St. Francis, who, "in the midst of a Church endowed with all that art and learning and wealth and power could give, reasserted the love of God to the poorest, the meanest, the most repulsive of His children, and placed again the simple Cross over all the treasures of the world." Even "the unparalleled achievements, the matchless energy of the Jesuits," were duly recognised as triumphs of faith and discipline; and the sermon ended with a passionate appeal to the Harrow boys to follow the example of the young Francis or the still younger Benedict, and prepare themselves to take their part in reviving the ascetic life of the English Church.

It may readily be conceived that this discourse did not please either the British parent or the common schoolmaster. A rumour went abroad that Mr. Westcott was going to turn all the boys into monks, and loud was the clamour of ignorance and superstition. Westcott made the only dignified reply. He printed (without publishing) the peccant sermon under the title "Disciplined Life," and gave a copy to every boy in the school, expressing the hope that "God, in His great love, will even thus, by words most unworthily spoken, lead some one among us to think on one peculiar work of the English Church, and in due time to offer himself for the fulfilment of it as His Spirit shall teach." Those who remember that Canon Gore was one of the boys who heard the sermon may be inclined to think that the prayer was answered.

Dr. Westcott's career at Harrow ended with two incidents so characteristic that they should be reproduced:—

1. He begged, as his parting request, that a weekly Celebration might be established in the school-chapel. (N.B.—Thirty-one years have passed, and it has not been established yet.)

2. In taking leave of the Sixth he said that his best wish for them was that, whatever befell them in life, they might always retain "a firm faith in Criticism and a firm faith in God." BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHN FARMER.

(FROM OUR OXFORD CORRESPONDENT.)

HARROVIANS, and since the publication of "Gaudeamus" thousands of other boys; girls of the great high schools; Balliol undergraduates; Scotch students; and the numberless men, women, and children of all classes and sects who have heard or sung "Christ and His Soldiers," all these will have felt that the death of John Farmer was the removal of an influence quite unique in their lives.

No man was ever more convinced of what in reverence or scorn or loathing men call a "mission" than John Farmer. His mission was the proclamation of a gospel of good music. For he held that music was good or bad in a sense which was ethical as well as artistic. His doctrine might be compared to Ruskin's teaching about art, but it owed neither impulse nor suggestion to Ruskin. It was a revival of one of Plato's notions—which has not been among the most generally valued. But Farmer only knew the fact late in life, and claimed the philosopher not as a master but a witness. The doctrine which Farmer held was roughly that one could call music good and bad, and not only this, but that to perform or enjoy good music was good for the person who performed and enjoyed it, and to perform or enjoy bad music was bad for him. Good music strengthened, purified, exalted; bad music weakened, defiled, degraded. There were degrees, of course, of these effects according to the degree of goodness or badness of the music, but, known or unknown, the effects were produced. Hence his enthusiasm, and, below the surface-froth of quaint jargon and sometimes ludicrous exaggeration, his seriousness. He was engaged in a lifelong struggle to make a moral force tell in the world, and to combat a moral plague. In this he was something like a religious reformer. But true as it is that Farmer's religious instincts expressed and satisfied themselves most naturally in music, it would be wrong to suppose that Farmer contemplated music solely in that aspect. It was even more natural to him to think of good music as healthy and health-giving, and of bad music as pestiferous. One might say he had the enthusiasm of a sanitary reformer, brightened by the happy fortune that he was concerned with audible instead of otherwise perceptible nuisances. He loved health, and it was his pleasure to be always adding to it. This was why he virtually spent his life on young people. He familiarised them with healthy music; he put the great works before them, and awaited the result in the faith that there belongs to human nature a certain normal healthiness which will lead every individual, so far as he is unspoiled and uncorrupted, ultimately to prefer the healthy to the morbid.

So much for the principles of Farmerism, but many of your readers may not have known Farmer. He was born in Nottingham in 1835, and born, as he delighted to tell, of quite poor parents. His childhood was spent among people who were Chartists for want of bread. His first wages were earned by sweeping out a music-shop, where he got beaten for trying to play the instruments. Next he beat the big drum in a travelling circus. Then while he was still a boy his parents' circumstances so much improved that they were able to send him to Germany to be trained for the musical profession. He went to Leipzig, where Mendelssohn was at the Conservatorium. His education finished, he held a post in the opera house at Coburg, and then taught in Zurich. During these wanderings he made the acquaintance of the first musicians of Germany, and when he returned to England, in 1861, his taste was formed in that direction which the musical public now associates with Brahms and Josef Joachim.

His career in England was not what might have been expected. He was invited to Harrow first to teach the "musical society" of the school, which gave him no official position. Two years afterwards, however, he was made school organist and music-master, and entered upon a thoroughly original work. He instituted house-singing, and wrote the Harrow songs. To go to the houses in turn; to make the boys sing all the best and simplest old songs—"The British Grenadiers," "John Peel," "The Vicar of Bray," "The Bay of Biscay," "The Lass that Loves a Sailor"; to make every boy stand up and sing a verse, beginning with the most distinguished athlete, whether he could sing or whether he could not; then to add to the old songs, new, specially Harrow songs (for which he found in Mr. Edward Bowen the most wonderful school song-writer imaginable); and thus to give the idea that music was intelligible and enjoyable, and, by allowing nothing mean or vulgar to be sung, to train the taste for appreciating the greater masters—this was Farmer's main work at Harrow. On Dr. Butler's resignation, in 1885, he came to Balliol at Jowett's invitation. Here he organised Monday "Hall-singing" as a somewhat similar initiation through jolly music into good music. This had a great vogue in the beginning of his time at Balliol. Here, too, he composed songs. The best of Farmer's songs which are not definitely local will be found in "Gaudeamus," as "Forty Years On," from the Harrow period, and "Heroes," composed at Balliol. But he never valued his compositions as musical masterpieces; they were but the humble instrument to prepare the way for the great masters. These latter he presented at Balliol in the Sunday concerts. He took great care to obtain first-rate performers, but still greater care in the selection of the works performed. There was no attempt to make the concerts sacred as opposed to secular, but there was the most rigorous fidelity to the masters and works which Farmer counted sacred for their inspiration. It was curious how often men who came up with no particular musical tastes were won by Farmer's various methods really to appreciate the great composers.

Farmer had much success in the annual visits which latterly he paid to the Scotch Universities, stirring up the same enthusiasm for "clean" popular music as at Harrow and Balliol. A few visits to Woolwich showed that, had life and strength permitted, he might have had new fields to conquer among the soldiers. The Girls' Public Day School Company employed Farmer for over thirty years as their examiner. It is difficult to estimate yet how much he did for English musical taste in these years by insisting on a classical curriculum. Bach as early as possible, and always afterwards; Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Schumann—one has only to think of what other girls learn, to imagine the difference!

There is much else which one would like to write, now that it has come to parting. But this will remain an indelible memory. Careless of money, careless of position or fame, John Farmer served a cause which at first he was almost alone in understanding without hesitation, without compromise, without ever sparing himself.

NOTES FROM NORTH ITALY.

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

I DO not know how far a walk through the whole of North Italy by one who cannot pretend to any previous special knowledge of the country may be of value in the formation of opinion. Italy is a country so thoroughly explored and so familiar, especially to Englishmen, in its more important centres, that one has some hesitation in coming forward and presenting what are, after all, but notes of random travel and

of a purely private experience. Such as they are, however, I will jot them down, in case some observations of mine may prove useful to those who know more of the country than I possibly can myself. I may say, by way of preface to these remarks, that my tour was made at once more entertaining and perhaps less thorough from the fact that it proceeded through the lesser known parts of northern Italy. I went on foot by small side roads through Lombardy; I engaged myself in the Appennines for a matter of close upon 100 miles, travelling from village to village and but rarely having the aid of a road; upon reaching Tuscany I did not follow the main road, but went to the west of it; and all the last part of my excursion (which ended in Rome) was still some miles—perhaps a day's journey—from the track of tourists—and, for the matter of that, of Government officials.

I gathered from this long tramp among the villages and smaller towns of North Italy a certain number of impressions which I will jot down in order without attempting any synthesis and without attempting any conclusion. I desire to present them merely as one would present in sketches or in a diary the physical effects of travel. I cannot even pretend to arrangement in any special order.

In the first place, it is manifest whether the thing be for good or for evil, that collectivism (in the towns as a definite scientific doctrine, in the country sides as a vaguely understood but direct aspiration) has caught hold of the northern Italian mind. It is not difficult to see whence the success of this propaganda proceeds. I do not know whether the greater number of the North Italian population are or are not directly possessed of the means of production, but I do know that so very large a proportion are *not* possessed of those means that the general atmosphere in any small country town and even in the remote villages of the Appennines is opposed to the present system of proprietorship. There is complaint everywhere against "exploitation," and everywhere there is a hankering after some large system of economic reform which is undoubtedly tending more and more towards the collectivist plan. The contrast is the more striking to a man who enters as I did through Switzerland on foot from France. All the valley of the Moselle, and all the plain of Belfort is economically content. Switzerland in its immense diversity is still as a whole a model for the dispersion of capital, and even the Swiss Italy, in the valley of the Ticino, has something of this spirit, the spirit of the peasant proprietor and of the small capitalist. The moment you cross the frontier, the moment you leave Como the complaint of the preponderance of the rich begins. When after crossing the Po you enter the Appennines, even in those deserted mountain villages you hear the same story, and in Tuscany it is not too much to say that the complaint against the large proprietor is a thing taken for granted in the conversations in the village inns. I cannot elaborate the point, however, in the limits of these notes; I can only repeat that upon the economic side the most salient by far of all the living experiences that comes to a man who wanders from town to town in the byways of Northern Italy, and who mixes with the inhabitants, is the prevalence of this ill-ease, whose solution is supposed to lie in the direction of State action and of collective ownership. Personally, I should imagine that what the peasantry are really driving at is a greater share in the freehold of the land, but, so far, the only formula they have found to express their grievances is the formula of the scientific collectivist in the Parliament at Rome.

The quarrel between the Church and the State is remarkable chiefly for this, that the aspect of it which is presented by ill-informed correspondents living at Rome or Florence is utterly inadequate. When you get in among the Italian peasantry (and I was at Mass practically every morning during the whole of the tour) and when you talk to the little officials of the rural places (and I missed very few opportunities of such conversations), the first thing you discover is that there is no gulf dug between Italian Unity and the preponderant power of the Church in social affairs. At a guess one would say that the primary error which foreigners make when they discuss the condition of modern Italy is imagining that it is divided into two camps, the one clerical the other free-thinking. In the turbulence and excessive self-expression of France, Englishmen have already discovered that clericalism and republicanism are by no means simply the terms for two opposites. In Italy the intimate admixture in the character of each citizen of the Catholic religious tradition and of the modern civil system of Government is still more pronounced. I can imagine that in Rome especially a foreigner would be puzzled, and would conclude that society was clearly divided into two halves; the foreigner stopping at his hotel, or mixing only with men of his own language, never learns perhaps that all the younger sons of a great clerical family enter the service of the anti-clerical state and conversely that the anti-clerical official has commonly, in his domestic life, the habits of a Catholic. Unless a foreigner is connected with diplomacy, he is not likely to come across the intense desire of the Quirinal to stand well with the Vatican; with the elaborate efforts made by foreign nations (especially by France) to reconcile the Papacy with the trend of democratic movement at home, and with the natural though secret pride which all Italians feel in the fact that their soil and their capital represents the centre of a world-wide religion. But when one is travelling alone among the masses of which Italy is composed, when one sees in the crudest and most obvious way the clerical and the anti-clerical aspect of Italy mixed up in the same persons; when one sees the mayor of a little village using the official phrases (which, especially in Tuscany, he feels from the bottom of his heart) about the house of Savoy, and then in the village inn one finds all his relatives and sometimes the man himself discussing with his neighbours the order of a religious festival, then one appreciates the intimate admixture of the two ideals and the possibility of their final convergence. If one were asked which were the more impossible Italy without a church or Italy without a national sentiment (I speak of Northern Italy which alone I know), it would be difficult to decide. The thing may seem to us a paradox; my only answer is that it is a paradox for the priests and the lawyers to thrash out between them, and one out of which they must make some kind of clear sense, for it is as certain as anything can be that depends upon popular sentiment that neither the civil nor the religious ideal will be driven from the Italian mind, and that the problem of the immediate future for all men with the least sense of practical statesmanship is to reconcile the claims of the Papacy to extra territorial independence with the national feeling which a generation of national freedom has woven into the heart of every northern Italian.

I may be asked, How does this fit in with the growth of the collectivist movement? That is a question which cannot be answered in a phrase, but, so far as a hint may suffice in such a matter, I would give it something more or less as follows:—

The collectivist movement should end in something either co-operative and suited to the communal organisation of the Italian village, or in the division of capital as it is divided just beyond the frontiers, and even in some favoured parts of Italy itself. I know very well that the theoretical collectivist would regard either of these solutions as the direct contradiction of his creed, but I am convinced that the Italian peasant, and even the Italian workman, uses the formulæ of collectivism simply as a method of attack against the gross disproportions of proprietorship which are always exasperating to a nation of Latin origin, and must be especially so to such a nation when it is poor. Once the collectivist movement had changed its nature into a co-operative village movement or into the growth of small proprietorship, it would find in the domestic morality of Roman Catholicism a powerful ally. The presence of the Church as a democratic factor in Italian politics would equally inevitably (I should imagine) lead to the presentation of some definite terms upon which the question of the extra-territoriality of its sovereign could be settled. What would those terms be? That is what no one can tell; but this much is quite certain, that most Italians secretly and some openly feel that a Papacy which was merely the hired servant of an Italian Government would in some way take away from the strength of Italy.

REVIEWS.

THE TEACHING OF LATIN AND GREEK. By C. E. Bennett and G. P. Bristol, Professors in Cornell University. American Teachers' Series. Longmans Green. 5s.

IT is well that teachers should be able to give a reason for the faith that is in them, and especially in these days, when the traditional curriculum of secondary schools is assailed by the men of science on the one hand, and the men of merchandise on the other. In this book, despite some faults not inconsiderable, the teacher will find weapons to use against these adversaries and against the great public which knows nothing, but desires that its sons should be taught how to undertake the burden of their own keep. We have not often seen the defence of Latin as an educational instrument so well made as it is here by Professor Bennett. He brings both theory and practice to bear, and proves that Latin is fitted as nothing else is, not only to trim the mind to exact thought, but to give a mastery over expression in one's own mother tongue. Incidentally he shows that modern languages have not the same value; and he brings out one point which is often ignored, that the learning of a language by living amongst its people is of no more use educationally than learning a set of scientific formulæ by heart. It is also worth remembering, as he points out, that the mathematics taught in schools are just as artificial and apparently useless to men in after life; but that their efficiency as a training has never been questioned. He insists further on the importance of memory-work, now so much neglected in the early stages of Latin study. The latest form of teaching by the "inductive" method he shows to be really deductive, and that its tendency is to suggest generalisation from a single example. Advocates of the "heuristic" teaching of science might ponder this with advantage. A few chapters are devoted to detailed schemes and hints on the succession of authors and subjects.

We have not space to deal with the details, though many criticisms suggest themselves. Thus the recommendation to begin with a revised "Viri Romæ" seems quite sound; but we cannot follow Professor Bennett in regarding Nepos as easy, or Cæsar as lacking in literary power. We think, moreover, that Professor Bennett has failed to see that Latin conversation may be used at all stages and is a valuable aid to memory. Latin could not be taught wholly by conversation without ceasing to be a good educational instrument; but as a help it saves both time and unnecessary trouble. And in the matter of vowel quantity we disagree entirely. It can be learnt and is learnt thoroughly in this country by the practice of verse composition, which has also not a few other advantages. This topic Professor Bennett omits to discuss, and it would appear that in America verse composition is not usual. How otherwise can we explain the astonishing statement that "even college professors of eminence often frankly admit their own ignorance of vowel quantity, and proclaim their despair of ever acquiring a knowledge of it"? In pronunciation, too, it is quite easy to get a fair approximation to the ancients, and without it, of course, quantities are obscured.

The Greek section is slighter, and not altogether consistent with the Latin. Professor Bristol appears to incline towards a system for beginners which Professor Bennett condemns. And why should the dual be omitted? It is very little more burden to the memory, and our experience is that if the dual is not taught at first, it is never learnt afterwards. There are some interesting suggestions of problems for pupils to solve, and hints as to how English translations may be made instructive. Professor Bristol is no bigot, and owns that Greek is not so fine as a groundwork as Latin, although far finer as a means of cultivating taste.

In conclusion, we cannot help expressing surprise at the lapses in style which mar this and many American works otherwise valuable. "A basal unit," "the locative case was mandatory," "I beg you to," are inelegancies which a literary student should not tolerate; and whilst quotations from great writers are well worth citing upon occasion, we must protest against the habit of appealing to the pigmies of to-day.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH FROM THE NORMAN CONQUEST TO THE ACCESSION OF EDWARD I., 1066-1272. By W. R. W. Stephens, B.D., F.S.A., Dean of Winchester. Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.

THE Dean of Winchester's contribution to the serial "History of the Church of England," which he and Mr. William Hunt are editing, is a most notable and excellent book. Its merits will be best appreciated by those who know something of the original authorities for the period, for it bears on every page the mark of what the author desired to make characteristic of the whole series, "a careful study of original authorities and the best ancient and modern writers." It is in every point thoroughly well arranged and well digested. The first thirteen chapters treat of the general history of the Church from 1066 to 1272. They are enlivened by exceedingly careful and vivid sketches of the great characters who pass across the scene, and especially Wulfstan, Lanfranc, Anselm, Becket, Stephen Langton, Grosseteste. But it is not only in the drawing of character or in description of great crises that the Dean of Winchester excels. No one in our day has surpassed him in insight into the real life and tendencies of the Middle Age. The later chapters, on the Monastic Orders, bishops, clergy, friars, and on popular religion, learning and art, show a thorough understanding of the whole as well as of parts. Nothing better has been said on the subject than the following passage from the Dean's last chapter :—

> The most striking characteristic of religion in the period with which we have been dealing was its intense realism. The unlearned multitude was very much like children—simple-minded, impulsive, emotional, easily moved to tears, or laughter, or anger; imaginative and credulous, but most susceptible to impressions conveyed through the senses. These qualities had their good and their bad side. On the one hand, life was permeated by religion. The reality of heaven and hell, the existence and nearness of supernatural beings, were ever before men's minds; the world ever full of mystery and wonder and awe. Conscience was sensitive, sin must be confessed, and penitence expressed by an act of some kind, costing trouble or expense, whether it were to go on a crusade or a pilgrimage, to found a church or a monastery, or to make some offering, however small, to a shrine or an altar. The church was the rallying point and centre of the common life in every place. Even those customs which had to be restrained or suppressed, such as holding markets, fairs, and even sports, in the precincts of the church, indicate how closely religion was interwoven with everyday life.

The passage continues with a striking description of the weakness that corresponded to their strength of feeling, the tendency to coarse materialism, the survival of old Pagan customs and superstitions.

The book throughout is the work of a trained historian, and it is conspicuous for the fairness of its treatment of difficult questions. In this regard we may especially note the Becket controversy and the relations of the English Church with Rome. In the former case the Dean accepts Professor Maitland's interpretation of the question at issue in the Constitutions of Clarendon, but does full justice to the character of St. Thomas of Canterbury; in the latter, he makes no attempt to minimise the respectful position of the Mediæval English Church in relation to the Holy See.

A book which covers so long a period in such detail can hardly escape errors, or, at least, statements which are capable of revision. We may point out a few. It is strange, we think, that no specific mention should be made of Eadmer's record of the ecclesiastical customs which he attributes to William the Conqueror. The Edict of the same king which separated the Courts is spoken of as involving the "establishment of distinct courts for the trial of ecclesiastical causes," a phrase which might suggest the erroneous view that the English Church had not its own courts before this date. A few expressions such as "an advocate of the abbeys" and "indulgence," and again, how one of "four secular clerks" could be "a canon regular," should be explained when they first occur in a book which is intended for others besides professed students. We do not feel sure that the Dean fully expresses the real issue in the investiture controversy on

p. 108; at all events, the impossibility of ecclesiastics receiving investiture with spiritual functions from lay hands might be more strongly emphasised. But the point is better expressed on p. 431. In regard to the punishments of the ecclesiastical courts, it should be mentioned that they could imprison, though doubtless, as Professor Maitland says, the idea of a term of imprisonment as a definite punishment was hardly yet developed. Probably the amount of leprosy is exaggerated. Dr. Creighton's investigations do not seem to have been followed by the Dean. On one minor point the Dean is not, we think, exact. He states that sixty-nine churches were dedicated to St. Thomas of Canterbury in England. We believe the exact number to be sixty-three, with nine monasteries. There are also twenty-one dedicated to St. Thomas the Martyr, almost certainly the same St. Thomas.

We need not dwell further upon details. The book, as a whole, is a real addition to English Church history.

THE LETTERS OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON. Edited, with an introduction, by Charles Strachey. Methuen. 2 vols., 12s.

IT is of questionable advantage to a distinguished man's memory that it should be associated with some single saying of a more distinguished contemporary. There can be no doubt that Lord Chesterfield's memory has suffered because he was unfortunate enough to offend Samuel Johnson, and there can be still less doubt that the impression of Lord Chesterfield likely to be produced on the mind of a reader of Boswell is an entirely false and unworthy one. Johnson's famous letter did more credit to his powers of expressing himself than to his sense of fairness, which was never very acute when his own credit was involved. We are therefore the more grateful to Mr. Strachey for his admirable introduction to the present edition of Lord Chesterfield's letters, for he tries (and, we think, very successfully) to remove some of the popular misconceptions that associate themselves with the name of one who was among the most brilliant of his day. Johnson's remark that he had thought Lord Chesterfield to be a lord among wits, but found him to be only a wit among lords, was simply an example of the excellent doctor's propensity for saying a clever thing at the expense of strict truth; yet it would be interesting to know how many readers that remark has turned away from a serious study of Chesterfield's letters. Mr. Strachey is of opinion that Lord Chesterfield deserves a high place among the greater men of the eighteenth century, and we think that anyone who will take the trouble to read through even the letters to his son will come to the same conclusion. The very qualities that make his character so interesting and attractive to present day students, however, prevented him from being a favourite with any but his intimate contemporaries, and to that circumstance must be attributed the fact that, although he was undoubtedly an able statesman and a brilliant diplomatist, his services to this country as diplomatist and statesman were comparatively brief. His enmity with Walpole, and his successor in Royal favour, Carteret, had a good deal to do with this, and the fact that, as Mr. Strachey points out, "he was never able to find either in George I. or his successor any characteristics that could possibly inspire a feeling of personal devotion," was probably the reason why he did not rise to the highest ranks of statesmanship. Yet even his detractors could not deny his conspicuous abilities, and his diplomatic mission to the Hague in 1728, as well as his administration of Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant in 1745-6, won the highest praise even from his political enemies.

His relations with his illegitimate son, to whom the letters were addressed, were always cordial, affectionate, and, we think, very charming, in spite of Dr. Boswell's prudish animadversions on the subject. Even when Philip was a little boy his father never "wrote down" to his level, but treated him rather as a companion, and the later letters were all addressed to "My dear Friend." It would, as Mr. Strachey says, have been highly objectionable, considering the nature of their relationship, if Lord Chesterfield had adopted the attitude of "heavy father"; and the letters are instinct with an intimate grace and charm of their own, which would have been impossible if Lord Chesterfield had treated his correspondent as anything but an equal, intimate friend. "Take out the immorality, and this book should be put in the hands of every young gentleman," even Dr. Johnson was constrained to say. The immorality, as Mr. Strachey is at some pains to show, was not a very serious affair—rather the kind of gallantry that had an important place in the social fabric of a laxer and more outspoken age than ours. Of course, much of the advice given by Lord Chesterfield to his son would not sound very well as a paternal admonition in our own day, but that is a very different matter. It was chiefly in polish and brilliancy—the qualities in which he himself excelled—that Lord Chesterfield desired to educate his son, and, by a not very uncommon irony, it was just in those very qualities that Philip Stanhope turned out to be somewhat deficient. But from that point of view the letters hold good even to-day, and in this handy and well printed edition we may hope that they will be read by a wider circle than that to which they have hitherto appealed.

BOOKS ABOUT THE GARDEN.

Wall and Water Gardens. By Gertrude Jekyll. "The Country Life Library." George Newnes.—A new book by Miss Jekyll is sure to attract attention at once, for she has a lordly way of doing things, and does not scorn beautiful type, wide margins, pleasant paper, and abundant illustrations—in this book she gives us one hundred and thirty of them to one hundred and seventy pages of well-spaced text. And they are delightful illustrations: we turn over and over and we know not which charm us most; the views of ancient bridges and aqueducts, old English country-houses and Italian villas, trim and stately terraces and gardens, peeps of woodland stream and lily-grown pool, groups of flower and foliage—the fox-glove, the iris, the gentian, the royal fern, and the cow parsnip—all are beautiful. And as we turn over and over from one well-known picture to another—for that must certainly be the first act of anyone who takes up the book for the first time—we become aware of a text illustrating the illustrations. There is not very much of it—at all events, there is not too much—but it is sufficient to tell us what are the plants which we see in the pools, the woods, the gardens, the rock-crannies, growing on walls, on steps, by moats and by bowling-greens; how they come to be where they are, and how we may persuade them to grow in similar places if we are the lucky possessors of them. We learn not, indeed, how to build a dry wall, but how, as we build it, we may build into it every thing of beauty to clothe its nakedness; we learn that, since most rocks, other than the granitic rocks, are stratified, it is well that we should imitate Nature in constructing our "rockeries," and that we should, moreover, in planting them, discern between lime-loving and lime-hating plants. We learn how to carry our path sometimes close to the side of our woodland stream, and sometimes further from it, and how the character of the vegetation should change as we ascend it or descend it; we learn how we may grow water-lilies in paraffin casks, and how we may clothe two hundred yards or so of old wall with free-growing roses, and then go on for a few hundred yards more with something else. And all this within the compass of one hundred and seventy pages. Most instructive too are the list of plants appended to each chapter—the sun lovers, the shade lovers, the bog lovers, the lime lovers, the trailers, the erect, the woody, and so on. Miss Jekyll knows her subject thoroughly, and she loves it; and it is because she knows and loves it that she has made this book to teach those of us who share her love without sharing her knowledge.

The Century Supplement to the Dictionary of Gardening. By G. Nicholson, F.L.S. Two vols. Upcott Gill. 10s. 6d.—Mr. Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening" has taken its place as a classic among gardening books, and needs no words of ours

to recommend it. Ten years ago the Dictionary was completed in four volumes; but ten years bring many new plants and new and improved means of growing them; many new books and many new names, with the corrections of the usual names that are brought about by a greater knowledge of the plants. The author, therefore, has done good service to the gardening world by issuing this *Century Supplement*, with a promise that a similar supplement may be looked for every ten years. By this means the Dictionary will be constantly kept up to date and in spite of many rivals we venture to prophesy that it will keep the high position which it has already gained. For we say without hesitation that "The Dictionary of Gardening" holds the highest place among useful gardening books. We do not say that it is perfect, for it is not exhaustive; it does not give every genus or every species; but it does give a descriptive account of almost every species that the English gardener cares to grow, with short cultural directions, and some account of the geography and names of the plants, and full references to the books in which they have been described or figured. There are abundance of illustrations, some very highly coloured, and these we do not so much like, but the woodcuts in the text are nearly all excellent, and really illustrate the text. The accurate naming of the plants has been a special feature in the "Dictionary of Gardening," and this is well carried out in the *Supplement*, so that we meet with constant entries of the true name, as now established, instead of the name which passed current when the Dictionary was first published. This is a great help to gardeners, who are often puzzled when they are told that the name of a plant which they have been accustomed to is incorrect, and the supplementary will give the reason for the substitution of the new name, which in most cases is the older name, that had been forgotten. If a gardener must limit his library to a few good books, Nicholson's "Dictionary of Gardening," with the supplemental volumes, should on no account be omitted.

The Study of Wild Flowers. By Rev. Professor G. Henslow. Newnes. 1s.—This is an excellent shillingsworth; and the student who could master it would have a very fair knowledge of botany. It is very short, and in many places the language is not so clear as we might expect from the author, and for the student the book would be all the better if the author's special views on Darwinism were omitted. We do not quarrel with them, but they are out of place in such a volume as this. But there is not a chapter in the book from which the reader will not learn something which it may be well for him to know; and he will often be surprised to find how some of the most interesting points of botany can be learned from the commonest plants, the plants which he has seen daily all his life, and passed over as having nothing to teach him. There are some good small illustrations, but some, as Fig. 22, are furnished with letters which meant something in the works in which they first appeared, but have no use in this book. There is a good appendix giving the native country and date of introduction of many of our commonest garden plants, which will increase the interest in them, and in many cases will be a pleasant surprise to the reader.

Gardening for Beginners. A Handbook to the Garden. By E. T. Cook. George Newnes, Limited. 10s. 6d. net.—We must confess that we are disappointed with this book. When we receive a book on gardening, written by one of the editors of *The Garden* and with a commendatory preface by Miss Jekyll we have almost a right to expect a first-class book on the subject, and we cannot place this book in that high rank. To begin with, the title is a misnomer, it is in no sense a book for beginners; those who use it must already have a knowledge of plants and gardening that will remove them from the class of beginners. Again, the book is sadly without method, and bears many tokens of having been put together in a hurry. We do not mean, of course, that the book is useless; on the contrary, the reader will be able to get information on many of the plants which he grows or wishes to grow. All that we say is that a book so edited and so recommended ought to be more instructive than it is, and that it would have been more so if it had kept more closely to its title. What beginner would venture, for example, on Odontoglossums and Oncidiums and many other stove plants which none but an expert gardener would undertake? The book is very pretty, for it is crammed with photogravures and other illustrations. The large plates are beautiful, but most of the small ones in the text are neither pretty nor useful. What help could such plates as those on pp. 395 and 497 be to a beginner who wished to know something of the appearance of *Jasminium nudiflorum* and *Lobelia Cardinalis?*

A Garden in the Suburbs. By Mrs. Leslie Williams. John Lane. 5s.—Mrs. Leslie Williams has written a very practical gardening book alike in intention and execution. An oblong suburban garden of some 100 ft. by 50 is no easy place to cultivate; but its owner brings genuine enthusiasm and a noble ambition to the task, and her success is evidently great. No spot is too hopeless, and everything is tried, from annuals to delicate lilies difficult to rear in any garden; for without experiment it is impossible to say what will and what will not reward our efforts. The most promising places often produce flowerless plants, while really choice specimens bloom happily in most unlikely spots. What is the more encouraging is that Mrs. Leslie Williams does not spend much money on her garden. She knows what is wanted, and if it can be got with a little management for shillings instead of pounds, she has it, otherwise she frankly goes without. What strikes her most is the little use most people make of small gardens; "the same few common plants are visible everywhere," and although no doubt the want of money is sometimes a real reason, the cause is far more often want of energy and intelligence. If women brought half the ingenuity to bear on their gardens which they expend on their dress and the decoration of their rooms the gardens would soon repay the thought. It is difficult to bring home to people that to have a good garden you must put plants in it, and it is quite as easy to have the right sort as the wrong, if once one can come to know which the right sort. Nothing will help more towards this than the careful study of Mrs. Leslie Williams's book. She not only tells what plants are likely to do well in a suburban garden, but she writes with real practical knowledge and genuine love of beautiful effects. There is a chapter devoted to "Buying Plants," which gives a list of those which have done well in her garden, and another on lilies and their culture; but even Mrs. Leslie Williams realises the capriciousness of these attractive bulbs. Still, nothing venture nothing win, and it is only intelligence and industry which really solve practical questions. Buy the book and go and do likewise is the advice we give.

G. H. W.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Menasseh ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell. Being a reprint of the pamphlets published by Menasseh ben Israel to promote the readmission of the Jews to England. Edited by Lucien Wolf. Macmillan. 21s.

(2) The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart. By John Amos Komensky (Comenius). Edited and translated by Count Lützow. Sonnenschein.

(3) The Story of King Alfred. By Sir Walter Besant. Newnes. 1s.

(4) Evolution, and its Bearing on Religions. By A. J Dadson. Sonnenschein. 2s. 6d.

(1) The Jewish Historical Society is to be congratulated on the very interesting monograph on *Menasseh ben Israel's Mission to Oliver Cromwell* compiled for it by Mr. Lucien Wolf. Menasseh wrote in all three pamphlets—"The Hope of Israel," published in 1652, in the heyday of the Judaizing movement in England; the "Humble Addresses" of 1655, when hopes were still high; and the "Vindiciæ Judæorum" of 1656, rebutting the old mediæval accusations which in the heat of controversy had been revived. The three pamphlets are here reprinted in close imitation of the original editions,

though with greater luxury of margin, and they are prefaced by a long introduction, illustrating the circumstances under which each of them was written, and carrying the history of the movement to its end. Until 1649, when the necessity of curbing the sectaries forced itself on Cromwell, the question of the readmission of the Jews was merely a side-issue of a larger movement for complete religious toleration. Thus in December, 1648, the Jews were ranked with Turks and Papists to emphasise the thoroughness of the demand for the toleration of "all religions whatsoever." When this movement collapsed, it was succeeded by a quite distinct demand for the readmission of the Jews as a religious duty, apart from the general question of religious liberty. A curious traveller's tale, embodied in Menasseh's first pamphlet, of the discovery of the lost Ten Tribes in South America, played an important part in this agitation. Daniel had foretold that the scattering of the Jews would be the forerunner of their restoration, and a verse in Deuteronomy was cited to prove that the scattering would be "from one end of the earth even to the other end of the earth." South America was one end, Britain was taken to be the other; with the entrance of the Jews into England the prophecy would be fulfilled and the Golden Age would dawn. It was to support this view that Menasseh, the son of a "Marrano," or "secret Jew," of Lisbon, wrote at Amsterdam the pamphlet which Moses Wall translated under the title "The Hope of Israel." The Judaizing sects in England had gone to such extremes that it is not surprising to find in this pamphlet undisguised praise for Christians who had embraced Judaism and suffered for their new faith. Naturally, however, the prospect of conversions, not from Judaism to Christianity, but from Christianity to Judaism, appealed to no large section of the English people. Cromwell's own views, with whatever religious ideals they may have been tinctured, were essentially on a different plane. He desired the transference of wealthy Jews from Amsterdam to London as part of the policy of the Navigation Act, which aimed at the enrichment of English commerce at the expense of the Dutch. It was in pursuance of this purely political object that he invited Menasseh to England, suggested (as we may guess) the petitions to himself, and forced their consideration on a reluctant Council. The motion "that the Jews deserving it may be admitted into this nation to trade and traffic, and dwell amongst us as Providence shall give occasion" was referred to a curious committee of lawyers, merchants, and divines, and the solid result was obtained that two judges declared that there was no law to prevent their return, the decree of Edward I. being apparently regarded as an exercise of his prerogative which only held good during his own reign. But beyond this everything was confusion. A proposed compromise by which Jews should be admitted only to decayed ports and towns, and this on payment of double customs duties, can but have irritated Cromwell, and he declared sharply that he would take his own course. In so far as it had aimed at the triumphant restoration of the Jews as a religious act the movement simply fizzled out. By Cromwell's personal action the Marranos who had hitherto attended the services in the Spanish ambassador's chapel were allowed to worship as Jews, and when war broke out with Spain the Council plucked up heart to protect them from the informers who claimed their goods as Spanish merchandise. To abate the popular prejudices which had been aroused by the abortive conferences, Menasseh was set to write the "Vindiciæ Judæorum," which is still interesting as a sober refutation of mediæval legends, and by a settlement, the exact terms of which have not yet been discovered, while there was no general invitation of Jews into England, the position of those already in the country was legalised, and their number naturally increased. Mr. Wolf promises to tell this story some day in greater detail, but his introduction and the three pamphlets by Menasseh make its outlines sufficiently clear, and form a really interesting paragraph in English history. Three excellent portraits of Menasseh illustrate the book, though the authenticity of the finest of them, that after the picture by Rembrandt in the Hermitage collection at St. Petersburg, is by no means certain.

(2) The fame of Comenius as an educational reformer will probably win a fair number of readers for Count Lützow's translation of his allegory *The Labyrinth of the World and the Paradise of the Heart.* Without this aid it would be rash to forecast any popularity for such a work, famous as it once was. Count Lützow honestly abstains from weaving any ingenious theory to prove that Bunyan might have been inspired by *The Labyrinth* to write "The Pilgrim's Progress," but the similarity of their aim and their machinery inevitably provoke comparisons between the two books, and these are not favourable to the more scholarly writer. Despite their too explanatory names Bunyan's characters are of flesh and blood; those of Comenius remain mere moral or theological abstractions. The accessibility of *The Labyrinth* in an English dress will do little to advance its author's reputation.

(3) We have twice lately had to praise the excellent journeyman's work put into Messrs. Newnes's shilling series of "Stories," but in persuading Sir Walter Besant to write *The Story of King Alfred* the publishers were exceptionally fortunate. A reference to a newspaper paragraph of March of the present year shows that the little book must have occupied some of the last weeks of Sir Walter's life, and there is something pathetic in the eagerness which he expresses to get beyond the public of the circulating libraries to that larger public to whom the name of Mudie is unknown. He was wise enough, however, to write this sketch of Alfred's life in his natural style, without any attempt at suiting himself to the supposed needs of a popular audience, and the picturesque little biography should do much to make the king's story better known.

(4) Mr. Dadson's *Evolution and its Bearing on Religions* is a cocksure little book by a writer who accepts Mr. Herbert Spencer's treatise on "Ecclesiastical Institutions" unreservedly as proving to anyone "with an unfettered mind" that the pretensions of Christianity to a supernatural origin are "without the slightest foundation," and this "in detail" as regards "every item of Christianity." We did not know that this particular work of Mr. Spencer possessed even one such whole-hearted admirer, but as Mr. Dadson toys with the theory that Christ may have been a myth, "the representative of a principle, an inspiration," he obviously brought to the consideration of "Ecclesiastical Institutions" a mind unfettered by any strong regard for the value of evidence.

FICTION.

They that took the Sword. By Nathaniel Stephenson. John Lane. 6s.—Few would credit the Republic of the United States with a Western city of classical beauty. But in this book Cincinnati is so portrayed, "with its Greek porticos, with basilicas for its churches, and Doric and Corinthian temples for its public buildings." In harmony with this environment are the citizens of the Old Régime; chivalrous eighteenth-century gentlemen in their formal courtesy, strenuous Calvinists in their fatalistic faith. Very admirable are the portraits of these men of high, inherited traditions, across whose homes the Civil War is drawing its dividing blade, and who are answering with stern decision to the call of country or the appeal of the seceding South. But Major Tom Kainson, by temperament a doubter, would suspend his judgment and withhold his sword. His one son, Vincent, is in the Federal army; Everard, the younger, is an ardent Southern sympathiser. Through the generous plotting of this boy and the treachery of his wife, the Major is drawn into the Secessionist rising of August, 1862. The crucial night finds the father in command of the Southern insurgents, Vincent with his regiment on guard for the North, and Everard, with boyish bravado, a spy within the city. From his brother's confidence Everard learns the movements planned by the Federal troops, and rides to reveal the secret to his father, having first been forced to take the oath of allegiance to the Government. After the suppression of the uprising, Vincent

is brought to trial for betrayal of the plans of the army to the enemy. To save him, Everard returns and makes full confession. Vincent is acquitted, Everard condemned to death by hanging, the jury of incorruptible Cincinnatians attesting their admiration of the generous youth whom they must condemn. Lincoln intervenes with a pardon, and all ends happily, with Everard saved and Vincent reconciled to his Southern love. The great power of the book is in the development of character in the brothers under the strain of trial and in the shadow of death; the steel-sharp pride of Vincent tempered to pliant sympathy, and Everard's reckless courage deepened by sense of responsibility and poignant remorse. The sketch of Tom Kainson—that Falkland nature—is both strong and subtle. The fault of the story is that, with its exaltation, its relentless psychology, it foreshadows tragedy; Nemesis is averted, and we question the reality of this salvation without sacrifice. In fact, they that took the sword lived happy ever after.

The Seven Houses. By Hamilton Drummond. Ward, Lock and Co. 6s.—The author has given an original structure to his story by use of the horoscope of its heroine, with its foreshadowing of experience in the "seven houses." The romance opens with the birth of Denise de Lhocac, and chronicles the open perils and covert snares which await her through her kinsman, Henri de Lhocac. This crafty priest covets the château and its wide fiefs as a counter in the game he plays for church honours. The story is thrilling with adventure and convincing in the awful realism of the visitation of the plague on the peasants of St. Agnes and the picture of the young Châtelaine, an angel of healing among her people, with the chivalrous young soldier who has ridden to her aid. This is Clazonné of Casera, whom, at the instigation of Henri de Lhocac, she had wedded in a secret night service, but who had remained unknown to his wife, disowned by her. The most powerful characterisation is that of the fanatical Franciscan, who maddens the people with prophetic denunciations, then, when smitten by the plague, crawls away to die without care or sacrament lest any suffer through him. This story of strong light and shadow, swift movement and compelling interest, ends happily, with the Cardinal caught in his own snares, and the heroic Châtelaine in her brave husband's keeping.

The Fall of the Curtain. By Harold Begbie. Grant Richards. 6s.—This is an exciting and original novel. Hannah, with her saintly face and large dark eyes, is a Madonna in outward appearance; inwardly, a perfect actor pursuing her own aims. Fate pitchforks her into an earl's castle, and into a fast baccarat-playing set of titled snobs. Opposed to these are "the Old Guard" of stately aristocrats with untainted names. A beautiful countess is divorced, and Hannah takes her place, but she has paid dearly in every way for her rise. So rapid are the turns of the kaleidoscope, so near does Hannah constantly stand to ruin through the intrigues of Olley Bolt, a thoroughpaced and well-drawn scoundrel, so involved is everything with the lower and middle classes, all of whom the author describes equally well, that it is really difficult to lay the book down. Mr. Begbie has a kindly feeling towards Hannah, and suffers her to repent, and to have a glimpse of love to come, but we wish he had not let her pour slow poison daily into her stepson's medicine. Let her think of it, plan it, but not do it. There is all the difference in the world between murder and any other crime that a woman can commit.

The Wise Man of Stencross. By the Lady Augusta Noel. John Murray. 6s.—In this novel the reader feels himself wrapped in a murky atmosphere of gloom, since the leading characters are dismally unhappy, and one or two are fiercely wretched. The parson's wife who stole the family diamonds, and after years of remorse robs a strange guest (her long-lost son, by the way), is only to be matched for unpleasantness by the blind girl, Helena Dunbar, who cherishes bitter resentment against the brother who had injured her in his earliest childhood. This brother, Christopher, thought himself Mrs. Morland's son, until he awoke one day to find himself a Dunbar, and hated by his new relations. Mrs. Morland pines away, and the lovers in the story, who really are charming, are kept apart by a mistaken sense of honour, and only achieve happiness when Christopher is drowned at sea. The book has merits, but it almost takes a confirmed pessimist to appreciate them.

Severance. By Thomas Cobb. John Lane. 6s.—*Severance* is a very clever little novel, which turns upon the estrangement of a husband and wife, and the attempts of their friends to reconcile them. Captain Ballantyne's opening moves were clumsy, and he soon became absorbed in making love to Mrs. Danvers's charming cousin, so the breach is finally healed by Clare Somers, Hugh Danvers's most intimate friend, who saves him from the toils of an adventuress. Her own affairs do not prosper, since her hopes of rekindling in Ballantyne that love which once she had rejected, are disappointed, and she is left, a pathetic and forlorn figure, to look into happiness through others' eyes. The characters are ingeniously conceived, and stand out in high relief—particularly the priggish Danvers, with his self-esteem and ponderousness, and his grand schemes for reforming the world. Yet you feel what a good fellow he became when he had learnt that he too was fallible. The novel is highly finished, and every sentence advances the plot.

Yestère. By Vartenie. Fisher Unwin.—This is a very distressing story of the Armenian massacres in 1895; the details are almost unbearable when set plainly down. The fate of the heroine, Yestère, who is torn from her husband on her wedding day and carried off to a horrible Turkish Pacha, is tragic, and the women would suffer in every way more bitterly than the men, except that they are spared the sickness of months in filthy prisons, untried, and with the usual accompaniment of torture to get at the names of fresh victims. We may well believe that Armenians smiled sarcastically at English professions of interference and punishment; wrapt in the thought of our own "interests," we seemed only concerned to prevent Russia from doing anything to check these atrocities. This little story is simple, interesting, and exceedingly well done, although so painful.

Fiander's Widow. By Mrs. Francis Blundell. Longmans, Green and Co. 6s.—In *Fiander's Widow* Mrs. Blundell has given a charming comedy of Dorsetshire. We breathe the air of ripening cornfields and wide meadows, and grow meditative in content with the ruminating cows. The dairy farm is delightfully pictured, with its young widowed mistress, the group of grasping rustics, and Farmer Sharpe, with his bucolic humour, in his double character of a non-marrying man and the promised husband of Fiander's widow. His sacrifice to friendship is averted by the appearance of his nephew, Richard Marshall. The strenuous efforts of the "Prince" and "Sleeping Beauty" to resist their love out of loyalty to the old man, who is throwing them together in the hope of his own escape from this disconcerting change, are provocative of genuine laughter.

MAGAZINES.

The Economic Review has an interesting article on "Municipal Trading," by the Rev. L. R. Phelps. Taking as his basis the principles of Adam Smith, he points out where the modern inquirer differs from him, and how little principle he introduces into the question. Mr. Phelps lays down two main principles, viz., "the pressing character of the need" for the State to take up municipal trading, and secondly—but this not so positively—the desirability of the State setting some example of high standard of work and conditions of work. Although Mr. Phelps does not assert many definite conclusions, he has done a very useful work in pointing out the evils which are likely to follow by unrestricted socialism, and just now

it is well to bear these evils in mind, since to forget them is perhaps to leap from the frying pan into the fire. Miss Louisa Twining's article on the "Poor Law and Poverty" points out how very reactionary we are tending to become in the matter of workhouse management. The undoubted evils of the past have given place to an undue leniency which is described by two women guardians well qualified to speak as tending to eliminate the idea of pauperism from those who use poor law infirmaries, from the fact that they are increasingly resorted to by persons who can and do pay for admittance. All unwillingness to enter them, therefore, disappears in those who are real paupers and who find in them a far greater standard of comfort and convenience than the circumstances of the case warrants. It is, of course, very difficult, especially in illness, to draw the line between needful comfort and a certain luxury which persons far removed from pauperism cannot afford. If such conveniences were provided for all sick persons, whether able to pay or not, out of the rates, it might perhaps be justified on the side of justice, but, as it is, if coming on the rates ceases to be considered something of a disgrace, the tendency to look to the ratepayers as a convenient and bottomless purse will certainly gain ground. Voluntary institutions for those who can pay at least part of their cost would remedy this, for it would still leave the workhouse infirmary a part of the workhouse system, and the more this can be kept for the real pauper class the more self-respect and thrift will be engendered in our working classes.

The *Monthly Review* is excellent, as usual; the only fault of most of its articles is their brevity. In the longest, Lieut.-Colonel Maude laments Mr. Brodrick's omission to introduce compulsory military service, maintaining that, by its educational action and the sense of security which it has given to Germany, it is a conspicuous factor in her economic prosperity. Supposing, however, that we should ever obtain this boon, Colonel Maude would like to see our soldiers used to open up the Canadian North-West—quite like Roman legionaries, though he does not say so—in order that they might get the practical training which they now receive under less healthy conditions in India. The article is paradoxical, stimulating, and eminently readable, and raises financial questions with which the author does not trouble himself. Mr. A. Hilliard Atteridge tells the story of an early submarine boat, the *David*, which sank the U.S. ship *Housatonic* in the War of Secession, and draws the moral that the modern submarine vessel, free from the multitudinous difficulties of her predecessor, will be a potent engine of destruction in future naval wars. Mr. Havelock Ellis has been opening up a new path in sociology. He has classified the personages represented in the National Portrait Gallery—with some difficulty, owing to the deplorable idealism of the artists—as fair, dark, and medium, then separated each category according to occupation, and then, by a process which we cannot quite follow, has established an "index of pigmentation" for each group. The main results are that the men of action tend to be fair, the men of thought, less decidedly, to be dark, and the lower classes are, on the whole, darker than the upper. The article is full of interesting suggestions, though its chief value is that of a sign post. Mr. E. C. Strutt gives a shocking account of the agricultural distress in Italy—notably in Sardinia, where the authorities in one week sold up 445 holdings of taxpayers, in default of payment of sums ranging from twenty-five francs down to *one halfpenny*—and in Apulia, where the olive groves are dying out, the labourers starving, and the landowners ruined. He suggests some remedies, but the most hopeful is an aqueduct which would cost eight millions sterling, and Italy's past megalomania precludes such an expenditure. We are inclined to question some of his views on general politics, but on economic questions he speaks from observation. Mr. R. Nisbet Bain writes enthusiastically on Jôkai; Mr. Leslie Stephen, writing "in praise of walking," tells of the joys known to all mature pedestrians but hidden from a generation which restricts itself to cycling.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

ARMY AND NAVY.

SIR,—Unfortunately I have not had the pleasure of reading your article on the Army which appeared on July 6th, but the letters in your recent issues signed "E. P. W." and "M. R. H." respectively are well worthy of attention. There is at least a possibility of the failure of Mr. Brodrick's scheme, based as it is on the hope of obtaining such a number of recruits as the country has been hitherto unable to supply. If it should fail, there is no alternative to the adoption of some form of compulsory service, and it is our duty to endeavour to forecast approximately what form that service should take. If it comes it must be universal. All who are physically, and, as "M. R. H." rightly insists, morally, fit should undergo the same training, no social distinctions being made. Absolute justice can alone ensure popularity, and unless the scheme is popular it is doomed to failure.

The term of training can be but short. We have no choice in this, because with the enormous and unavoidable expense of our navy, a long training for large numbers would be beyond our means. These numbers are larger than "M. R. H." supposes. The number of men who yearly attain the age of twenty is rather less than 1 per cent. of the population; thus, in our case, it would be about 400,000. Many of these would be physically unfit, probably about one-third, and some 15,000 lads yearly enter the navy. Even so, the yearly contingent would not be less than 240,000. The one year's training suggested by "E. P. W." would be all we could afford, and if the time were intelligently employed there is good reason to hope that it would prove sufficient. We have had an object lesson in Somaliland. Six months' training has enabled Colonel Swayne to turn out troops who have shown not only good fighting qualities, but the steadiness and endurance which discipline alone can give. Surely Englishmen are not much more difficult to train than East African blacks.

In a compulsory force, pay, as both your correspondents point out, should be infinitesimal. Why should a man be paid for performing a duty which is legally incumbent on him? The tax-collector does not give us back a percentage when we reluctantly hand him a cheque. Even a shilling a week for 240,000 men would be £624,000 a year, so that anything beyond mere pocket money would be out of the question.

Assuming that the nation has been armed on these or similar lines, and that all European warfare, whether offensive or defensive, can be entrusted to it, we have still to deal with the problem of recruiting and maintaining the Foreign Service Army. The cardinal error in Mr. Brodrick's scheme is the endeavour to increase this force. It is already abnormally large, and good recruits are not to be had under present conditions. Much has been said about increasing the pay and advantages of the soldier. This is right enough, but how can the country afford to swell a military budget which already amounts to thirty millions? The result will be starvation of the navy, a misfortune which cannot even be dreamt of. The true principle on which to work is to keep the Foreign Service Army to its proper sphere, viz., to form a garrison for India and colonial possessions, and to provide a small but efficient force on short notice for a small war. The 130,000 men suggested by "M. R. H." for these purposes would probably suffice, and if every inducement were held out to men to serve as long as they were physically useful, the number of recruits required could be easily obtained. Surely the country can find 15,000 good men who are willing to become soldiers. Even so the pay must be good, and there must be a reasonable certainty of a good pension on discharge. A contented pensioner is the best recruiting sergeant. At least one good furlough during the service would be a valuable inducement. All this means money, but it means increasing the quality of the force, and here quality and not quantity should be the object. We cannot by any means keep up a professional army large enough to compete with the armies of the Continent, but if we leave that duty to the Home Service Army, the Foreign Service Army becomes a manageable quantity. One important point should be borne in mind. The two armies should be regarded as absolutely distinct; as distinct as the army and navy. They are based on divergent principles from the outset; training, equipment and organisation should be carried out on different lines, and under different superintendence.

Something of the kind must come before long. "E. P. W." is right in saying that the country is tired of military makeshifts. If we hope to improvise an army for a European campaign as we have done in South Africa, the result will be certain and speedy disaster. W. W. K.

BOOKBINDING.

SIR,—As I happen to have some knowledge of light leathers, I read the Society of Arts Report on Leather for Bookbinding with pleasure. But I wondered why that most excellent leather made from the skin of the Greenland hair seal was not mentioned; it is a trifle more expensive than morocco, which is made from goat skins (and is sometimes "smelly"), but it is much more beautiful and durable. Seal never seems to wear out, it is so supple; it is well suited to large books, as the Germans and Americans have discovered. The fine grain is generally called gunpowder, the large grain levant. In black, the skin has a fine lustre, and carefully selected and tanned, chiefly in sumac, it dyes well. There is "nothing like" seal.

9, Bloomfield Terrace, S.W., July 29th. H. W. HILL.

SCRIPTURE QUOTATION.

SIR,—The reflections of "Bystander" upon the introduction of Scripture phrases into common talk have been received in your columns with silence. "Bystander" defends but qualifies the general practice by a very proper rule of reference to the circumstances under which the words quoted were originally spoken, but he did not add what appears to be a second and necessary principle, viz., to consider to what use the Scriptural extract is to be put, whether for apt expression or merely to cause merriment. To my thinking the late Dr. Vaughan's joke is condemned for this reason at least, that it is a mere play upon Scripture words to raise a laugh. On the other hand I might, perhaps, without offence liken myself to Elihu, the son of Barachel, who was afraid at first, and durst not show his opinion; who said days should speak and multitude of years should teach wisdom, but afterwards took courage and opened his mouth.

July 31st. E. J. N.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

THE chief archæological event of last month has undoubtedly been Professor Petrie's exhibition of Egyptian antiquities at University College. It comprised not only the greater part of the objects recovered by Professor Petrie himself at Abydos, but also those coming from the finds of Mr. Randall-Maciver at El Amrah and of Mr. Garslang at Beit Khallaf. Among the prehistoric exhibits were clay models of domestic animals, including a group of four cows, a model in pottery of a house which appears to have been built of mud and reeds, like those of the Bishareen of the present day, and a very large and complete collection of 1st Dynasty objects, including some wonderful jewellery and carvings on alabaster and other stones, equal if not superior to most XVIIIth Dynasty work. Many of these come from a tomb which Professor Petrie believes to be that of the mysterious Aha. This is very possibly so; for if he were really buried as Negadah, as M. de Morgan thought when he unearthed that site, one would expect to find there many more objects inscribed with his name than was actually the case. To Professor Petrie, of course, Aha is Menes, the first King of Egypt; but the proof of this still rests where it did, *i.e.*, upon the broken ivory tablet now in the museum at Gizeh, of which M. Naville has given an explanation negativing the Aha-Menes reading.

The reading of hieroglyphs seven thousand years old is, of course, attended with much difficulty, and it will probably be years before these names are finally settled. Thus M. Foucart has communicated to the Académie des Inscriptions a memoir claiming that the two kings whose relics were discovered by Mr. Quibell a few years ago at Hieraconpolis are the last king of the Ist and the first king of the IInd Dynasty, and so correspond to those called by Manetho Bienéches and Boethos respectively. These kings would therefore be placed at the end of the 1st Dynasty instead of, as Professor Petrie would prefer, before it. M. Foucart's evidence seems at first sight satisfactory, but it is almost entirely philological, and it will need a good deal of examination before it is finally accepted. In any case, there is none the less credit due to Professor Petrie and Mr. Quibell for having brought these remains to our knowledge, and for having placed them in, at any rate, the right era.

While on the subject of Egypt, it may be as well to mention a romantic theory lately raised by M. Groff, the well-known Demotic scholar. Among the royal mummies found at Deir-el-Bahari, whither they had been removed in some unknown moment of national danger, was one sewn in a sheepskin, and without any name or formula of respect appended. It is also said to bear evidence that the person, whoever he was, died of poison, and M. Groff jumps to the conclusion that this must be the corpse of Amenophis IV., or, as he is generally called, Khuenaten, the famous "heretic king" of the XVIIIth Dynasty. He further assumes him to have been poisoned by the priests of Amen, and thus disrespectfully buried in order that their vengeance might persist into the life to come, and that the wish of every Egyptian, "May my name flourish," might in his case be disappointed. *Ben trovato*, at all events.

Going from Egypt to Crete, Mr. Arthur Evans reports the finding at Cnossos of a fragment of stone with a beautifully executed cartouche of Khyan, a king unknown to Manetho, who appears to have reigned somewhere about the Xth Dynasty. Khyan was evidently a foreigner and not a native Egyptian, and an inscription of his has been found as far east as Bagdad. The presence of his cartouche in Crete suggests a higher date for what is called "Mycenæan" civilisation than has yet been thought likely, but a single relic of the kind will hardly go far towards establishing it.

On the subject of the Mycenæan Age, I may perhaps refer to "The Oldest Civilisation of Greece," just published by Mr. Hall of the British Museum, which treats most lucidly of it. As you will probably deal with it in due course in your review columns, I will only say here what good service he has done to archæology by exposing several worn-out myths, such as the legend that proofs of Sargon of Accad's conquest of Cyprus really exist. As he shows with some humour, the sole foundation for the story which has gone the round of the popular text-books is, that a cylinder of Sargon's son Naram-Sin was found in Cyprus, and that a sort of conjuring-book in Assurbanipal's library at Nineveh mentions that under a particular omen Sargon "crossed the Sea of the West." As the presumed date of Sargon is 3,800 B.C., and neither the cylinder-seal nor Assurbanipal's tablet can be made to go back earlier than the eighth century B.C., the evidence would not be very cogent if it proved anything. As it is, it proves nothing. Thus is archæology written. F. L.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHY.—Longmans: *Edward Bowen: a Memoir.* By the Rev. the Hon. M. E. Bowen.—*Memoir of Sir George Grey.* By Mandell Creighton, D.D.—*Memoirs and Letters of Sir James Paget.* Edited by Stephen Paget.—*The Life of Sir W. W. Hunter.* By F. H. Skrine.—*Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick.* By Miss C. Fell Smith.—*The Women of the Salons, and other French Portraits.* By S. G. Tallentyre.—*Some Recollections of Henry Schomberg Kerr, R.N.* By the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott.—*Fenelon: His Friends and His Enemies.* By E. K. Sanders.—Murray: *Stringer Lawrence, the Father of the Indian Army.* By Colonel John Biddulph.—*Byron's Letters*, Vol. VI., 1822 to 1824.

RELIGION.—Longmans: *The Church and the Nation.* By the late Bishop Creighton.—*William George Ward and the Catholic Revival.* By Wilfrid Ward.—*The Catholic Church from Within.* By Lady Lovat.—*Roads to Rome.* With Introduction by H. E. Cardinal Vaughan, compiled and edited by the author of "Ten Years in Anglican Orders."—*Horæ Beatæ Mariæ Virginis; or, Primers of Sarum and York Uses*, with Introductions by the Rev. Edgar Hoskins.—*Leisurable Studies.* By the Rev. T. H. Passmore.—*The Age of the Fathers.* By William Bright, D.D. Two new volumes of the Oxford Library of Practical Theology.—*Prayer*, by the Rev. A. J. Worlledge, and *Foreign Missions*, by the Right Rev. E. T. Churton, D.D.—*The Ministry of Grace.* By John Wordsworth, Bishop of Salisbury.—*Ordination Addresses.* By the late Bishop Stubbs.—Murray: *Sunday and the Sabbath*, the Golden Lectures for 1901. By the Rev. H. R. Gamble, Vicar of St. Botolph's, Aldersgate.

An Introduction to Christian Mysticism, by Eleanor Gregory, will be published next week by Mr. Allenson, of Ivy Lane, E.C. The book is based on a paper read by the daughter of the Dean of St. Paul's before the Portsmouth Ladies' Society by invitation of their president, the Rev. Cosmo Lang, just before his removal to London as Bishop Suffragan of Stepney.

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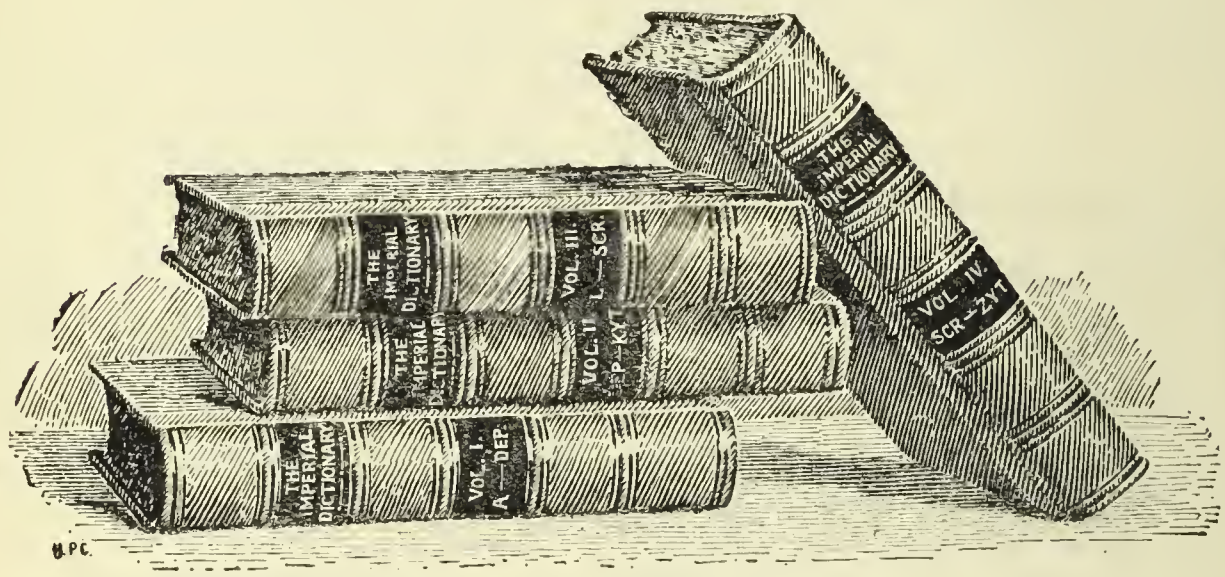

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THE WEEK.

Home. The happiness of the Empress Frederick was clouded throughout her married life by the very virtue which Mr. Balfour and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman singled out for notice when moving and seconding the Address of Condolence in the House of Commons. She thoroughly identified herself with the country of her adoption, and, as was natural in a woman of her ability and strength of character, she formed decided opinions as to what would best further the welfare of the German people. But to have decided opinions about German politics was to make Bismarck an enemy, unless those opinions chanced to coincide exactly with his own. Had the Crown Princess remained an Englishwoman in a foreign country, Bismarck would have been perfectly civil to her. By becoming a German, and a German holding Liberal opinions, she became a grave danger to the success of his policy. This was all that was needed to make her the object of a relentless persecution, which only ceased when, as Empress Dowager, she no longer had any influence in public affairs.

We do not wonder that Mr. Chamberlain spoke sharply and even angrily yesterday week. The prospect in South Africa is not a pleasant one, and even those who hold in the strongest possible way that the war was inevitable, or that the cost of avoiding it would, in the end, have been greater than the cost of accepting it, must still contemplate that prospect with much uneasiness. To all appearance we shall have laid upon us the very difficult task of ruling a white race which is rootedly hostile to our domination. It is not, indeed, a new task for Englishmen. They have worked at it in Ireland for many centuries and they have not got through it yet. But though it is easy to dismiss the South African problem with the remark that it is only a variant of the Irish problem there is not much comfort to be derived from this method of dealing with it. A second Ireland is but a thankless legacy, and it is not strange that Mr. Chamberlain should dislike being associated with it. We do not recall these facts in any spirit of useless lamentation. There is something unpleasant to be done, and it is we who have got to do it. But it is much to take it in hand in the right temper, and in politics the right temper is seldom born of irritation, however natural. We have examples enough of this in the parallel case. Again and again we have made things worse in Ireland than they need have been by the methods we have taken to set them right. Chief among these methods has been our over readiness to learn how to govern a mixed population by listening exclusively to one section of it. Our worst enemies have been the men who thought themselves, and persuaded us that they were, our best friends. There is a real danger, we think, that the loyalists of the Cape may be only a second edition of the loyalists of Ulster, and, if so, we have a long record of errors to be avoided in regard to them.

One large qualification, however, must be made to the comparison. The presence of a native population, formidable alike in character and in numbers, is in some respects an encouraging element in the South African situation. The white man, whether English or Dutch, will be confronted by a danger which will demand constant watchfulness. The natural tendency of such a position will be to make their mutual hostilities seem unimportant by the side of the common interests they might have to defend supposing that this watchfulness were relaxed. We do not mean that the native question will present no difficulties so long as we are watchful. It is presenting some already in the apparent necessity of employing natives as scouts, and their quite intelligible objection to being sent out to be shot without the possibility of shooting in return. It will present itself in a still more serious shape when the war is over. Whatever else may be denied to the native there are two things which ought to be secured to him—the right to sell his labour for the best price he can get and the right not to sell it at all if he prefers starving to working. This is not the doctrine of the English in South Africa any more than it was the doctrine of the Boers. But any other doctrine must inevitably

land us in a system of modified slavery. Every argument that is used in defence of forced labour was used again and again in defence of slavery in the Southern States before the War of Secession.

The Royal Declaration Bill, which passed through Committee in the Lords last week, was read a third time on Monday. The day was appropriate, since for any trace of statesmanship or logic visible in the Bill it might well have been drafted by a clerk out for a holiday. We are of those who think that the Act of Succession is not really strengthened by the multiplication of paper outworks. The true security that the King of England shall be a Protestant is the determination of the English people that no one who is not a Protestant shall be King of England. Still, since the belief in the value of paper securities is widely diffused, we are quite willing that the King should make a Declaration which shall show as far as a Declaration can that he is not a Roman Catholic. What we object to is that for this purpose he should be made to reject doctrines which are held by other churches, as well as by the Roman Catholic church, while he is allowed to remain silent in regard to a doctrine which can not possibly be held by any one who is not a Roman Catholic. Even Royal Declarations should not be wholly destitute of common sense. We can quite understand Lord Llandaff's preference for the Declaration as it is over the Declaration as Lord Salisbury proposed to make it. As it stands it is a survival which has ceased to carry any meaning. No rational person supposes that it expresses the mind of the sovereign who makes it. He merely complies with an out-of-date formality, which reflects only the extinct passions of a past age. As Lord Salisbury proposed to alter it, it would have spoken from the present time and perpetuated an anachronism while pretending to remove it. Mr. Balfour's announcement on Thursday finally disposes of the Bill. Until the subject can be taken up in a more reasonable spirit, it had better be left alone.

The Resolution introduced by Mr. Balfour on Saturday does not greatly move us. When so many opportunities for debate in Supply have been taken away—and taken away we quite admit under the pressure of an overmastering necessity—it is comparatively a small thing to ask that a number of votes shall be taken together instead of separately. There is no question of the ability of the Government to carry each vote, the single issue is whether they shall carry them at a greater or less expenditure of leg power. Mr. Balfour concedes that in the present Session the distribution of time in Supply has been unfortunate. That, however, is an incident which cannot be guarded against except by arrangement which the Opposition do not seem disposed to make. They possibly prefer by giving an inordinate time to the discussion of less important votes to throw on the Government whatever discredit attaches to the passing of the more important votes without any discussion at all. Is it impossible, however, to devise some means of numbering the ayes and noes which shall take less time than the present march through the lobbies?

The Naval Manœuvres came to a sudden and somewhat unexpected end on Monday, when a decisive battleship action was fought about twenty miles north of the Lizard. The result was that the defending force was beaten, and that the attacking force acquired possession of the Channel and paralysed the mercantile traffic. On the Thursday before the final action part of X fleet had worked down to Alderney, which port was blockaded by a part of B fleet. There was some very risky manœuvring among the rocks and shoals lying between the Casquets and Alderney, with the result that the blockade was raised and the remainder of X fleet liberated and enabled to go north and join in the final engagement. This was fought on Monday and lasted for about an hour, after which Admirals Noel and Wilson decided to refer the decision to the umpires; and almost at the same time a message was received from the Admiralty ordering the cessation of hostilities. The absence of doubt as to the actual issue is always a satisfactory feature of mimic fights, and in this case the advantage had practically lain with X fleet during the whole of the manœuvres. The attacking fleet was the stronger, consisting of eight battleships, eleven cruisers, and five destroyers, while the defenders had only twelve battleships, six cruisers, and one destroyer.

It is impossible, from the different accounts of detached correspondents, to form any very accurate idea of the manœuvres in detail, but no doubt, when the Admiralty report is issued, the lessons of the 1901 manœuvres can be deduced and studied. In the meantime people who have merely followed the manœuvres through the medium of newspaper reports will, no doubt, have formed opinions on some of the practical questions which these costly experiments always raise. On the whole, it will probably be considered that these manœuvres have been of more practical value than those of some recent years. The wireless telegraphic system has had a fair trial under war conditions, with most satisfactory results. The fact that some messages were picked up by the enemy and by the coastguard of some French ports only shows the necessity of employing a secret code in war time, and is in no sense an argument against the use of M. Marconi's remarkable invention.

Steam tactics, too, seem to have been conducted with extraordinary perfection through all sorts of difficult weather. These were conducted with such perfection, in fact, as to endanger the whole of the traffic in the crowded part of the Channel during one foggy night. We cannot think that the exigencies of the manœuvres justify this formidable rush of a column of warships through a crowded fairway at night with lights obscured and the ordinary dangers of the sea increased tenfold by a thick fog. If a big homeward-bound liner had been cut in two and sunk the whole country would have been in an uproar, and it is merely a matter of luck that something of the kind did not happen. The fact that the *Viper*, a destroyer which has recently been equipped at a great cost with turbine engines, tore her bottom out on Burhow Island and is now a complete wreck, is one which we hope the authorities will take as a warning. It would be bad economy to carp at the possibly heavy cost to the country of manœuvres conducted on this plan; but if it is necessary that these dangerous evolutions be conducted, they ought either to take place in lonely waters or else the channel should be very carefully patrolled, and all merchant traffic warned of the danger.

The report presented by the Architect of Saint Paul's to the Dean and Chapter last week probably came as a surprise to people who had always counted Sir Christopher Wren among the wise men who founded their houses on rocks. St. Paul's, it seems, is founded, if not on the sand, at least on a kind of sandy gravel, which is almost as treacherous. To make his foundations as secure as possible Wren carried them through the gravel and spread them out on a bed of clay fifteen feet beneath it. Although the most disquieting of the rumours as to the safety of St. Paul's have been dispelled by the architect's report, there still remains the serious danger of further subsidence if several contemplated excavations in the neighbourhood are carried out. The slight movement which has already taken place is in all probability due to the fact that the tubular tunnel of the Central London Railway runs within 130 yards of the dome. Two more tunnels are, it is said, about to be constructed, one within 60 yards and the other within 12 yards of the southern transept. Obviously these would imperil the cathedral buildings in a very serious degree. The need for underground avenues of transit is a constantly increasing one, but we are not so rich in the finer examples of Renaissance architecture that we can afford to run the smallest avoidable risk of damaging St. Paul's.

An act of vandalism which is likely to be perpetrated unless vigorous means are taken to oppose it is the "laying out" of Snowdon in railways, waterworks, and, we have no doubt, tea-gardens and refreshment bars. It is proposed to make the mountain "accessible" by means of an electric railway. To make the railway work, the waters of Llyn Llydow and Llyn Teyrn, two lakes on the eastern slope of the mountain, are to be diverted for the manufacture of electricity. This would mean the construction of the dams and embankments, and the waters of the Glasslyn which now foam and tumble down the Cwm Dyli ravine will in future, if this project is sanctioned, flow decorously through iron pipes. Since the mountain will not come to us, we are to go to the mountain—not indeed on our feet (that would be too absurd) but riding on the upholstered seat of a railway carriage. It is bad enough that people should want a railway on Snowdon at all, but it will be worse if the enterprise of the speculator is allowed to spoil the mountain scenery for those who are content to visit it on foot. In spite of Mr. Seton-Karr's remarkable statement that "scenery is all very well, but the greatness of this country depends on its material prosperity," a prompt and vigorous expression of public opinion would still be in time to stop this assault on the most famous mountain in England and Wales.

The week's history of the war records 48 Boers killed, 19 wounded, 220 prisoners, and 57 surrenders. There has been more fighting than usual, but it has been in widely scattered districts, and no change worth recording in the strategic situation has taken place. A point worth noting, however, has arisen in connection with Kritzinger's outrage (for it was nothing else) in shooting a native scout employed by us. At the beginning of the war there was an understanding that neither belligerent should employ natives as combatants. But on both sides natives have been systematically employed as guides or scouts, sometimes armed, sometimes unarmed, and both sides should take the consequences. Kritzinger has no more right to shoot a native scout as a spy than we have to claim exemption for him as a non-combatant. He is a very vital element in the composition of an aggressive force, and is certainly liable to be treated as a combatant—shot, that is to say, but not in cold blood. It is sheer cruelty to deprive him of a rifle for the sake of upholding a quibble in military law. Moreover, the *Times* was misinformed when it said that "it is only lately that we have learned from the enemy what excellent scouts the natives are." We were employing them as scouts as far back as May, 1900, and possibly before that date.

Foreign. ANOTHER stoppage began on Tuesday in the negotiations between China and the Powers, owing to the refusal of Sir Ernest Satow, under instructions from our Foreign Office, to sign the protocol of results. No reasons are yet published, but Lord Lansdowne's statement in the House of Lords on the same evening suggests that the hitch may be connected with some of the details as to the indemnity—possibly as to the respite to be allowed China for payment of the first instalment—and intimates that the negotations may be ultimately conducted outside China. In any case, we cannot afford to be as eager as most of the Continental Powers to get through the negotiations anyhow. Lord Lansdowne's statement further divested the Anglo-German agreement of the significance originally attached to it by hopeful critics, maintained British friendliness to Japan, and pointed out that British commerce will henceforth have to contend in China unsubsidised with the subsidised enterprise of competitors. Apart from his speech there is little positive news.

While we wait we have to register various gloomy, and not intrinsically improbable statements as to the great preparations now being made in China to come more creditably out of the recent conflict with the foreigner, and as to the eagerness of the Chinese Government to establish good relations with Russia. The Peking population is said to be as hostile as ever, the Nationalist bands who call themselves "Allied Villagers" are increasing in numbers and activity, and there is clearly abundant cause for disquiet as to the future. It is, perhaps, fortunate for all concerned that the lamented death of the Empress Frederick has deprived Count Waldersee of the full glories which, under happier circumstances, would have attended his reception on Thursday. That he has played his part well under very difficult circumstances nobody denies. The misfortune is that the action of the Powers, though it has cleared up their relations to each other in regard to the Far East, should have done so little to attain its primary end. Congratulations to Count von Waldersee would have brought this fact into unduly high relief.

The prospects of a successful resistance to the new German tariff do not appear to be very hopeful. The governments of Bremen, Hamburg, and probably some South German States will oppose it in the Federal Council, but, of course, without success; the Catholic Centre, whose strength is largely in agricultural districts, is not sorry to get further protection for their produce; and as this party holds the balance in the Reichstag, its assent ensures success. In an interview he has accorded to a representative of the *Pester Lloyd*, Count von Bülow has been throwing some light on the motives of the scheme. Its real object, he intimates, is to encourage agriculture and strengthen the rural population, the best

source of recruits for the army and of demand for the products of industry. The duties on agricultural produce, therefore, are practically final; those on manufactured goods are subject to modification. But the commercial treaties with Austria-Hungary and with Russia were so eulogised by the Kaiser when they were first concluded that it is absurd, Count von Bülow maintains, to suppose that the German Government can possibly want to get rid of them. How far the other parties to them may be conciliated by a modification of the duties on goods of which they send little to Germany remains to be seen; the Russian Government has one effective means of punishing the promoters of the tariff, which rumour says it means to exercise. The East Prussian landowners cannot keep their native labour from "going to Saxony" as it is locally called—in other words, seeking better wages in the industries of central and western Germany. So they depend largely on Russian and Polish harvesters, who make a great figure in the Russian emigration statistics as temporary emigrants, "avec permis de séjour à courte terme." The Russian Government threatens unofficially to limit the issue of these permits. The Agrarians say they do not care, because the existing industrial depression will give them all the labour they want. No reply could better illustrate the limitations of the Agrarian mind.

The "partial crisis" in the Italian Ministry chiefly due to the collapse of Signor Wollemborg's grandiose plan of financial reform and the retirement of its author, seems likely to be settled in a manner consonant with the policy of the Zanardelli Ministry hitherto. The portfolio of agriculture, which has been at their disposal some little time, has been given to Signor Guido Baccelli, who is well known as an archæologist, and has served as Minister of Finance. He promises to do great things by examining the exact causes of pellagra, malaria, and other diseases traceable to the low standard of life of the peasantry, by a scheme of tree planting, by a system of home colonisation, by instituting adequate tests (as in Denmark) of the quality of agricultural exports, and by the promotion of agricultural education—all among Italy's most urgent needs. The Minister of Finance is to be Signor Carcano, who is known as a financial reformer. The Ministry, in short, declines to "broaden its basis" by looking for new members outside its own following, and sticks to its promises of some sort of financial and economic reform.

Signor Crispi, who is gradually passing away as we write, has been for the last fifteen years by far the most conspicuous figure in Italian politics. A revolutionist turned Premier is naturally a partisan of coercion, and Signor Crispi, knowing the character of his opponents and the dangers besetting the Italian kingdom which he had helped to establish, was no exception to the rule. True, he was not the maker of the Triple Alliance nor the originator of Italian megalomania, but he fell in with the tendencies expressed in both, and neglected the financial considerations which might have laid the foundation for the success of a similar policy in the future. An honest and consistent patriot, of limited views, but whose honesty was gravely compromised by his loyalty to questionable associates, and a persistent enemy of Italy's nearest and natural ally, he failed to avert disaster from his country, and he had no remedy for revolution but repression. If he ever helped to save the monarchy—which is doubtful—it is clear that its rising popularity is due to a break with the traditions of his domestic policy.

The maintenance of the Triple Alliance will not be made easier by the warfare between the Austrian and Italian Press. The dull season and the disturbances in Albania have naturally sent the journalists of Vienna nd Pesth to look for copy in the Balkans, and to attack alike Russian intrigues in Servia and Italian machinations in Albania, while the movements of the Austrian and Italian squadrons in the Adriatic are treated as naval demonstrations. It seems a silly proceeding, especially as the former squadron appears to consist of one cruiser, but it has been followed by the announcement, which as yet only comes from Vienna, that Venice is to be made a great naval station, and that new fortifications are to be erected at Ancona, Bari, and Brindisi. Servia, backed by Russia, has taken up the cause of the Serbs expelled from the Kolashin district in old Serbia; Turkey has held back Servian despatches; and so there are abundant materials for an international incident which may even yet pass beyond control.

The gloom in Vienna is, not unnaturally, deepened by the result of the Servian General Election. The so-called Radicals, who are Russophil—party names in Servia are derived from the terminology of Western Europe, but have a connotation peculiar to the country—will have more than a two-thirds majority in the Skuptschina; the so-called Liberals, the ex-King Milan's party, who for many years have had no following to speak of except what official pressure has given them, have returned seven members out of a total of 130. There are four Progressists, with whom the Radicals are now in accord, and a few dissentient Radicals, who do not seem likely to count for much. The impartial foreign observer can hardly regret that the Servian electorate have at last been free to follow their normal bent without the adverse pressure, or the bloodshed, which have been conspicuous features of Servian elections under the Milan *régime*, or that their views are now in accordance with the tendencies of their sovereign. Nevertheless, the result does not make for peace in Eastern Europe. A more immediate cause of disturbance, indeed, is presented by the dispute between the Porte and the French Government, partly about the rights of the French company which owns the quay at Constantinople, and partly as to other claims of French subjects which the Porte is unwilling, and probably unable, to meet. A suspension of diplomatic relations has been talked of, but the dispute is being officially minimised as far as possible—a clear proof, if any were needed, that Russia is determined that the peace shall be kept if possible. Still, the restiveness of the Sultan gives good reason for anxiety in Vienna, especially as he is more anxious than ever to make terms with Russia.

The great steel strike in the United States has not been averted after all. What has happened exactly it is hard to say, but it would seem that the terms on which we commented last week were only mooted and not formally proposed, and that the extremists among the men's delegates overrode the inclination of the leaders to accept them. At any rate, the Trust has invited the men to return to their work at last year's scale of wages, "the only offer yet made by the Steel Corporation;" a section of the men were called out on Tuesday, and the rest will cease work on Saturday next. New hands, it is said, are now being collected for the factories and organised under non-union leadership, and it seems clear that the strike will be bitterly fought out with the weapons both of law and of war. Very little news as to the position has reached England—indeed, the English reader has seldom been worse served in the matter of American news, which was far more plentiful and intelligible in the pre-cable era—and it is not clear on which side public sympathy lies. Still we know enough of the forces which made Bryanism a power, as well as of those which dominate the sources of most of the news sent to England from the other side, to be sure that the strikers will not find their support in yellow journalism alone. And a period of Pinkerton police and injunctions will scarcely turn the public feeling towards the Trust, even in individualist America.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

Readers are requested to bear in mind that the opinions of The Pilot are expressed only in unsigned matter, and that the opinions expressed in articles to which is attached a signature (real or fictitious), or an initial, or which are marked "Communicated," or "From a Correspondent," are those of the writers, and not necessarily those of the Editor.

**** There will be four of Canon Gore's articles on "New Testament Criticism and the Faith," instead of three, as originally announced.*

The Pilot.

Saturday, August 10, 1901.

THE EMPRESS FREDERICK.

To-day England and Germany are alike in mourning for one who may well take rank hereafter among the noblest of royal heroines and the most innocent of royal sufferers. Few consorts of princes can have been happier in their education, their tastes, or their marriage than the late Princess Royal of England; fewer still, perhaps, have had to contend so undeservedly with such unkindly surroundings as those which she entered as Crown Princess of Prussia. Accustomed to the training and companionship of a father whose abilities she inherited, and to the free life of a family which has always exhibited the best qualities of the English home, she was transferred to a society in which intellectual and artistic tastes were accounted vulgar, and Liberalism of any sort improper and even wicked. German official politicians, who are nothing if not suspicious, saw in the young Princess an instrument designed to set the Prussian Court against a dangerous neighbour with whom friendship was indispensable, but who was regarded as England's inevitable foe. Liberalism to the Prussian Court was then a dangerous enemy but lately vanquished, and as the years went on, new causes arose to intensify the suspicion. Prince Bismarck's long struggle with the Prussian Parliament defied all the principles of Liberalism. Yet it ended gloriously after two wars, in both of which the Crown Prince and Princess notoriously sympathised with the losing side. In the war which consummated German unity it was known that her influence on her husband, whose conjugal devotion was of a kind supremely rare in Courts, retarded for a time the drastic measure of the bombardment of Paris, "the Mecca of civilisation," which was thought by the Chancellor and the generals to be the sole method of bringing hostilities to a speedy end.

We know now, thanks to his ingenuous Boswell, that Prince Bismarck spoke of "dear Augusta," and even of the master whom a popular German history has exalted into "the wisest and greatest of monarchs" with even less respect than he paid to the "Englishwoman" whom he regarded as an obstacle to his aims. But his hostility to her grew more marked in his later years of office, and it was reproduced by his adherents and creatures in a ruder form. Her own native vigour in expressing her views to her husband secured for him the suspicions of the partisans of autocracy, and for her a life which for a time was torture. Her sufferings were intensified during his last illness. Then she was mixed up with bitter controversies between the doctors, in which scientific partisanship was embittered by national pride, and her own participation in his sufferings was intensified by vile charges against her of increasing them for political reasons, or even in her own interest as prospective Empress Dowager. Her eldest son was carefully diverted from the course marked out for him by his parents, and for years past the world has been on the watch for the most trifling signs that the estrangement has been healed. Her husband's death was followed by a kind of clamour of triumph over her in high society at Berlin. Count Herbert Bismarck himself exclaimed, "We shall have no more petticoats in politics now!" She was compelled to give up the Crown Prince's papers; she was suspected of intriguing to misrepresent his career; she was even at one time reported to be under arrest. Her own and her mother's views for the happiness of her eldest daughter had already been thwarted on the ground that they would promote English influence in the Balkans at the expense of the relations of Germany and Russia. Her son now went his own way, and the only satisfaction it brought her was that he proved too strong for his instructors. But she was driven into private life. Only once again did she try to help her country, and then she was repelled. When in 1891 she paid a brief visit to Paris, partly to gratify her own artistic tastes and partly to induce French painters to exhibit in Berlin, the French patriots regarded her as a German emissary, and she had to withdraw or to be recalled. Since then she has lived, practically in retirement, the healthy life of an English lady, until two years ago she was overtaken by a terrible disease in perhaps its worst form. She has borne her sufferings with heroism, and has gone bravely and uncomplainingly to her end.

It is a sad story of a noble life, unappreciated by a society which has no sympathy for any feminine type except the simple *Hausfrau*. Had German ideals suffered it she might have, without interfering in politics, at least have helped to better the condition of German women. Not many years ago it befel that a well-known University College for Women in London acquired new buildings and laboratories, and invited the Empress to open them. Nobody who was present will forget her kindly, homely, and almost motherly interest in the students and their surroundings; the entirely informal way in which she put the deliverer of a Latin address at her ease again by the smiling question, "And can you talk Greek too?" and the eagerness with which she inspected the domestic and educational arrangements, summing up her impressions with "We have nothing like this for our girls in Germany; I only wish we had." Here, as in other matters, she was before her age.

It is interesting to speculate on what might have been if Germany had been gradually federated under Liberal auspices, and if its industries, which rest on the intelligence of its people, had been allowed to run their

natural course. We might not yet have had a German Empire, but we should not have had Europe converted into an armed camp, with the Press drums, during a whole generation, constantly beating the call to arms. And we should have had German prosperity placed on too firm a foundation to be at the mercy of a class of landowners whose position can only be maintained at the expense of that commercial future which is the ideal of the German Emperor. It is curious that the mother whose ideals have been frustrated should die just as the more mundane ideals of her son and her chief opponent, his first political teacher, should be in danger of being overtaken by their natural Nemesis.

THE THIRD STAGE OF THE WAR.

ALTHOUGH at the beginning of this session of Parliament the poignancy of disappointment with the South African war was already dropping into the dulness of long-borne distress, few of us expected that the session would end with no brightening of the prospect. The general impression was that two or three months more would open a view into a complete collapse of the Boer resistance. The end of the session is near, and though the expectation of collapse is more reasonable than ever, all immediate prospect of it is still denied to vision. There are some days yet before the Houses of Parliament close their doors and Ministers retire into their several bureaus again, or seek forgetfulness in sylvan places. If by that time there is still no improvement in the outlook, and if meanwhile the fear is confirmed that Lord Kitchener, proved diplomatist as well as trusted general, is to leave South Africa, our November days will begin this year on or about the 17th instant.

When in such a matter as this even conjecture is constantly baffled, why then, of course, even conjecture is given up; and that is the condition which the country has fallen into now. Substantially, it is of unaltered mind and intention as to South Africa, but, while plodding on, it tires of looking for the beginning of the end of its purpose, which will not come in sight. Yet there was a speech in the House of Commons a few days since which should have revived speculation as to the course and probable ending of the war; for the speaker was the Colonial Secretary, and the speech has all the appearance of being intended to convey frankly his own understanding of the war at its present stage of development, and of the turn which he partly expects and partly means it to take. Partly expects and partly means, we say, because of course the control of events is not entirely in his hands.

From this speech it may be gathered that, to Mr. Chamberlain's view, what promised to be a war in one act though perhaps in many scenes, was first transformed into a war in two acts, and now evolves into a war in three. Each act presents the war in a different character — a degenerating character, but not less difficult to deal with. Fighting should have been over when, Pretoria being occupied, Prinsloo surrendered, and the annexation of the Transvaal State was proclaimed. According to all the newspapers, the Government announced soon afterwards that the war *was* over; but in the speech to which we refer Mr. Chamberlain could not quite admit that. He certainly seems to have used the word himself; but "I do not think," he says, "that we ever did make positive statements" to that effect. "I do not attach very much importance to this point, but I think it is incorrect to say, at all events, that any member of the Government made any positive statement, either at the General Election or at any other time, as to the conclusion of the war. I think so—I do not feel positive. What I think we said was that we hoped the war was coming to a termination." But whatever was said was said on the authority of Lord Roberts; and Lord Roberts's statement was that the war was "practically over," in which Mr. Chamberlain agreed. "It was a correct statement. The war was over, as a war, when Lord Roberts came home." If it began again, it began as a guerilla war; and Mr. Chamberlain might have added, on Lord Milner's high authority, that its reappearance in that guise was quite unexpected by official observers at the Cape. The Colonial Secretary was entirely borne out, therefore, when he went on to say that then began "a second stage of this campaign," and a very troublesome one. However, we have worn through it successfully; but in coming to an end it brings on "a third stage, which is neither ordinary war nor guerilla war as properly understood, but which is a stage of brigandage and outrage."

Of course there is nothing in the nature of things against these distinctions. Such a war, fought "to a finish," would naturally pass through scenes that were witnessed in South Africa a year and a half ago to what is called guerilla warfare, and from that to what Mr. Chamberlain describes as "brigandage" when the guerilla companies are cut down to mere scores and hundreds of men. It might be difficult, perhaps, to decide at what point of reduction a guerilla company becomes a band of brigands were numbers the only test; but there are others which are too likely to come into the matter as a "fight to the finish," such as this in South Africa, nears its close. And Mr. Chamberlain gave some rather strong evidence on that point. He said "When a force attacks us which is under proper military command, and consists of a considerable number of men, there is no doubt whatever that they are entitled to the privileges of belligerents. But if there is to be a series of petty assaults, shooting from behind hedges at individual soldiers, and sometimes, as has already happened, at women—— !" It was needless to finish the sentence. The Colonial Secretary afterwards declared that "in Cape Colony especially we have to recognise that the war is a war of absolute ruffianism," though sometimes entered into because "they have found that rebellion is a cheap and amusing performance."

Since these statements were set forth as the justification of a new policy which Mr. Chamberlain went on to announce, they take a very serious character, of course. He explained that the changes from regular warfare to guerilla warfare, and again from guerilla-fighting to a war of absolute ruffianism, "involve necessary changes in our policy. They involve, in the first place, a change in the policy of our military operations, and, secondly, a change in our attitude towards the belligerents still in the field." No doubt. The one thing follows the other as a matter of course. It is only necessary to observe two precautionary considerations, which are less likely to be underrated now, perhaps, than they were when the first stage of the war ended and the second began. The Imperial Government should be sure that the change from guerilla fighting to a war of ruffianism is not hastily assumed from a few cases of outrage (as to which we ourselves say neither yea nor nay), and the

effect of any given scheme of reprisals should be examined with politic circumspection. It is admitted on all hands that when a change of policy followed upon the change to guerilla warfare some grave mistakes were made. Similar errors, committed in the naturally austere business of putting down a war of ruffianism, might be more serious still; and certainly would be if the ruffianism happened to be over-calculated in character or amount. In making that remark, however, we take full account of the unlikelihood that the Government or its servants will forget that it is in Cape Colony where these new and severer methods of repression are to be employed. It is there more than anywhere else that the war is believed to be running into absolute ruffianism. If it be so it is so, "and there's an end on't." But, whether in its milder or more outrageous form, the war in Cape Colony is civil war downright—civil war as much as if the Irish in England were to break out into similar manifestations of rebellion. And therefore, while it certainly will not do to underrate the strangely belated ferment in Cape Colony, neither will it do to invest this outbreak with an atrocitarian character exceeding the truth, dealing out punishment accordingly. But that, of course, must be well understood at the Colonial Office, and, being understood, need not be feared much.

We now see, however, by this speech of Mr. Chamberlain's, in what courses run the thought, the expectation, the speculation of his Majesty's Government at what they take to be a new stage of the South African war. It evidently seems to them a more pronounced new stage than it did to less well-informed persons till Mr. Chamberlain spoke. On several occasions lately he took pains to declare himself an unconquerable optimist; speaking with so much intention, apparently, that Tadpole immediately agreed with Taper that it looked d—l—sh bad. What it meant was that affairs in South Africa were preparing a great strain upon patience and confidence, and that the country was to understand betimes that nevertheless he must be a poor creature of a pessimist who doubted that all would come splendidly right. No intelligent person gives the least attention to Taper, neither to Tadpole. Yet it is noticeable that in this speech of Mr. Chamberlain's, which, as we have said, revealed so much of the Government's thoughts, doubts, plans, there is not a word significant of hopefulness: not one. On the contrary, Mr. Chamberlain imported a great deal of new matter about the employment of the blacks at this stage of the war, which, though perfectly well meant, floated on an undercurrent of very disturbing suggestion. That, however, he did not perceive—certainly did not intend; and our own conclusion is that the optimism he commends may be fairly called in to correct the pessimism of a speech which at some points is almost alarming.

HIGH CHURCHMEN AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

The letter from Mr. Talbot which will be found in another column raises a question which has an interest outside the region to which it immediately relates. When Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman said at Pontypridd that "Church schools ought long ago to have disappeared," he probably thought with Mr. Caine that most Liberals are Nonconformists. It is the fashion with these last to treat High Churchmen as the natural enemies of the Liberal party. Throughout the controversies which arose out of "the crisis" the attitude of the Liberal press towards High Churchmen was almost uniformly hostile, and more than once lately prominent Liberals who also happen to be Nonconformists have declared that the distinctive doctrines of High Church theology are inconsistent with Liberal principles. High Churchmen may vote for Progressive candidates at municipal elections, or be foremost in trying experiments in municipal socialism, without shaking in the least degree the rooted distrust which Nonconformist Liberals entertain of them. That distrust rests on an assumption which is superior to fact and argument– the assumption that to proclaim yourself a Liberal and a High Churchman is to seek to combine two incompatible parts.

Two considerations might have been expected to modify this estimate of the High Church position. The first is that it argues a strange ingratitude. If there be one man to whom the Liberal party owes more than to any other, it is Mr. Gladstone. Some of its greatest victories were gained under his guidance, and no Liberal leader has ever exerted so absolute an influence over his followers. Yet Mr. Gladstone was throughout a High Churchman first and a Liberal afterwards. The doctrines that have lately been denounced as subversive of English freedom were his doctrines. The schools which in the opinion of his successor on the Front Opposition Bench ought long ago to have disappeared are the schools which he did all in his power to keep in being. While he lived he never concealed or minimised his religious convictions or admitted that they interfered in the least degree with his political independence. It may suit some party purpose to forget all this, but its historical truth is beyond question. The second consideration is that in order to rule High Churchmen out of the Liberal party it is necessary to deny what was once a cardinal principle of Liberalism —the separation of religion and politics. No one, it used to be said by every Liberal speaker, has any right to think the worse of another because his creed is this or that, or even to ask him what his creed is. That is a matter between him and his Maker. These commonplaces, which once filled so large a place in Liberal oratory, are now contemptuously thrown aside. Doctrines and practices which are bound up with the very existence of the High Church party are the favourite objects of Liberal reprobation, and Liberal politicians are found echoing the catchwords of the narrowest type of Toryism, the Orangeman of Ulster and Lancashire.

So far as this change in the Liberal temper is the result of political calculation it is an instance of the common error of confounding organisation with voting strength. No doubt organisation is a large element of voting strength. Where one section of a party is enthusiastic and has its electoral machinery well in hand, it may outvote a much larger section which, being indifferent and unorganised, is likely to yield at election time a large crop of abstentions. This is the Liberal position to-day. The Nonconformists are still, it may be, the strongest section of the party. But their strength lies in their enthusiasm and in their organisation rather than in their numbers. Their present influence is really a survival from the time when the middle class was supreme

in the House of Commons. When under the later Reform Acts power passed to the working class, it passed away from the Nonconformists. But the enthusiasm and the organisation remained, and where the new holders of power were apathetic, as in matters connected with religion they usually were, the Nonconformist array seemed no less imposing than before. To many, perhaps to most, Liberals it seems so still; indeed, we suspect that with not a few of them Mr. Gladstone's removal has been regarded as a party gain because it left the Nonconformist supremacy unchallenged—which so long as he lived it never was and never could have been. They are so far right that if Mr. Gladstone were leading the Opposition Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would, we doubt not, have avoided all mention of the disappearance of Church schools. But notwithstanding this the voting strength has been transferred to an element in the electorate for which the old Nonconformist watchwords have no meaning; and this is a circumstance which must tend to grow in significance.

Speaking as ignorant outsiders, we should not have thought the present a specially suitable moment for a Liberal declaration of war against High Churchmen. The Liberal party is not so strong in numbers that it can afford to ignore the present trend of a section of High Churchmen in the direction of Liberalism. The chief barrier between High Churchmen and Liberals used to be the question of Disestablishment. But a large number of High Churchmen are now, if not in favour of Disestablishment, at least so equally balanced in regard to it that they will do nothing either to hasten it on or to avert it. Is there any other reason except this fast-disappearing one which need prevent a High Churchman who is a Liberal in politics from actively associating himself with the party? We know of none, unless the Nonconformists are allowed to create one by proclaiming that it is inconsistent with Liberal principles to hold High Church doctrines or to value religious education. It is for the Party managers to consider whether it suits their purpose to reject such adherents, especially when the Conservative party seems inclined to allow its policy to be determined by its Protestant wing. When we have the Lord Chancellor giving as a reason for making the King declare his disbelief of certain doctrines that they are held by High Churchmen as well as by Roman Catholics it looks as though the Conservative leaders might shortly have to choose between their Protestant and their High Church supporters, and might not impossibly think the former the more valuable of the two. That the Liberal leaders should think this a convenient opportunity for writing up over the Party gates, "No High Churchmen need apply," does not say much for their cleverness as recruiting agents.

THE RELIEF OF PICCADILLY.

It is notoriously impossible for a body which has the population of London for its clients to please everyone, and the London County Council and the Office of Works are probably both pretty well hardened against the criticism of "the man in the street." But if this many-tongued person has any jurisdiction at all, surely it is in the street, in the public thoroughfare with which he is somewhat contemptuously associated. Even the Office of Works would probably admit this, and therefore we hope that it will give ear to the cry with which the latest proposal to tamper with his territory has been greeted. Every Londoner knows that it is impossible during twelve hours out of the twenty-four to drive through Piccadilly without encountering at least two serious blocks. The congestion of traffic in this thoroughfare has been becoming more serious every year, until at last the County Council and the Commissioners of Works have laid their heads together and decided to cut a slice off the Green Park and so widen the roadway there. In other words (to use the simile that everyone who has written about this subject has employed), Piccadilly is a bottle, with its neck and mouth pointing towards the Circus, and because the contents cannot at present be poured out fast enough, it is proposed to enlarge the body of the bottle, increase its capacity, and leave the neck the same width as before.

The objections to this plan are so many and so obvious that it seems at first sight as though it must involve some advantage great enough to outweigh the objections. But we have not been able to discover one single benefit which the public could hope to enjoy if this scheme were carried out. To begin with, there is hardly ever a block in this part of Piccadilly—quite the freest and most open part of the thoroughfare; and if there were blocks, they would, if this strip were made twice its present width, only be transferred to the points at which the street grows narrow again. Moreover, the serious obstructions in Piccadilly are due not to the drawing up of conveyances beside the kerb and the lack of space left for the stream of traffic to flow in, but to the great cross streams which enter from Bond Street, from St. James's Street, and from Hamilton Place. It is in the part of Piccadilly lying between Walsingham House and the Circus that the traffic is so badly congested, and no scheme would relieve that congestion which did not provide either for the pulling down of all the buildings on the south side, or for the diversion of the traffic along some other thoroughfare. The first of these schemes no one has been bold enough to propose; the second, in some form or other, will be found to be the only practical method of solving the present difficulty. We say nothing about the more sentimental objections, strong though they are—the pulling down of fine old trees, the sacrifice of even a scrap of London's precious area of green grass, the broken alignment of the south side of Piccadilly. These sacrifices would have had to be made if there had been any practical advantage to be gained by them; but, since there are apparently no such advantages, these sentimental considerations stand as serious objections to the scheme.

Naturally enough, in the case of a proposal which has aroused such widespread indignation, the objectors have shown more readiness than wisdom in proposing their remedies. We have every sympathy with the difficulties of the County Council's work, and a very high appreciation of the many ways in which that work has been of value to the community, and we think that, if they can be brought to realise the serious dissatisfaction which would certainly be caused if their proposal was carried out, it may be left to them and Lord Esher to propose some practical alternative. Among the many suggestions already offered, one which proposes that an avenue should be cut clean

through the Green Park from Hyde Park Corner to Pall Mall would certainly relieve Piccadilly of the great bulk of west-going traffic from Charing Cross and Whitehall. But the advice, given in a leader in the *Times*, that nothing be done until next autumn is the best. In a few months certain works connected with the Victoria Memorial will be taken in hand, and among the first will be the extension of the Mall into Charing Cross, thus opening up a westward avenue *viâ* Constitution Hill. It would then be seen by how much this avenue relieved Piccadilly; it might possibly solve a great part of the difficulty. The great thing to bear in mind at present, however, is that things as they are now are better than they would be if the threatened alteration in Piccadilly were carried out.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.—II.

WE have seen that a period of forty years at the most from the death of Jesus Christ sufficed for the formation of the common matter of our Gospels. Now it is plain that a period of forty years may witness a great deterioration in an historical tradition. Somewhat less than forty years intervened between the death of St. Francis of Assisi and the publication of St. Bonaventura's official "Legend." And M. Sabatier, in his fascinating study of the sources of St. Francis's life, has shown us how the divergent tendencies in his Order during this period, and the subsequent desire to harmonise and conceal them, have been allowed to colour the official narrative. The suppression of characteristic but risky elements, and the enlargement of the miraculous and conventional, have resulted in a vapid and at best only half-historical portrait. A similar process might conceivably have had a similar result in the case of our Lord. On the other hand, a narrative dating from forty years after the events recorded, based upon a living and continuous witness of a serious character, may give us first-rate history.

Suppose that John Mark, having been the companion and interpreter of St. Peter—having his master's teaching of what our Lord said and did engraved on his memory by frequent reiteration, and with the memories of many other persons and Churches to support and test his own—wrote down after Peter's death our second Gospel with unimportant exceptions; the supposition has all external and internal evidence in its favour, and gives us a document which *may have* first-rate historical value, especially when we recall that the Jews, from whom the record comes, were accustomed to cultivate an accurate memory in their rabbinical schools.

Again, St. Paul bears unmistakable witness that the Christian Churches in the earliest period held in highest veneration, as an end of all controversy, the words of the Lord; and it was therefore almost inevitable that believers should begin very soon to make collections of His sayings with the necessary accompaniment of narrative. Suppose, then, that St. Matthew, one of the Twelve, made such a record in Aramaic, and that this, in a Greek reproduction, with perhaps another similar document, is the source of the matter common only to the first and third Gospels; while here, again, the written document would have had round about it in every Church the careful memories of multitudes of persons; on this hypothesis, which modern criticism approves, and which is but a revised version of the ancient tradition, our Gospels are plainly capable of supplying us with accurate information.

How, then, has it been in fact? Plainly, we must arrive at our answer by no other tests than those of historical criticism. No question of inspiration is here in place. Mr. Moffatt has complained that both Dr. Driver and the present writer, while "conceding the rights of criticism within the province of the Old Testament, decline to admit the legitimacy of similar historical research in the New Testament literature, upon the ground either that the latter collection possesses certain qualities of finality and authority which except it from being judged by the canons of ordinary treatment, or that it was 'produced under very different historical conditions.'"* The passages to which Mr. Moffatt refers to prove his charge against us show it, in fact, to be an amazing misrepresentation. We both plainly assume that the same criticism must be applied to the New Testament as is applied to the Old, but that, because the historical and literary conditions in the two cases are in general very different, the result also will be in general very different, just as, of course, within the area of the Old Testament, the same criticism yields very different results when applied to the Book of Genesis and when applied to Amos or Nehemiah.

Moreover, in applying historical tests, it is necessary to repudiate the "all or nothing" spirit so common to controversialists on both sides. It blinds the eyes of the rigidly conservative to the indisputable inaccuracies of detail which the comparison of the Gospels brings to light; and, on the other hand, it inspires such an utterly unhistorical remark as the following from Goldwin Smith: "We cannot pick and choose. The evidence upon which the miraculous darkness and the apparition of the dead rest is the same as that upon which all the other miracles rest, and must be accepted or rejected in all cases alike." Now, there may or may not be good enough historical evidence for the apparition of the dead (St. Matt. xxvii., 52-53); there may or may not be grounds other than historical for accepting it; but no one who knows anything about the historical conditions of the Gospel narrative could fail to perceive that it rests on grounds of evidence immensely weaker than the common matter of the Gospels, or, indeed, than the most of what is not common.

Our opportunity of applying an external test to the Gospel history comes from the rest of the New Testament. The Epistles, especially St. Paul's, and the Acts make us alive to the movements and tendencies of the first forty years of the Christian society. If the speeches in the Acts are really representative of the truth—and nothing could be much more certain—we know what points preoccupied the minds of the first preachers of the Gospel. We trace the rise of the great controversy on the status of the Gentiles, and discover all that it gave rise to in St. Paul's doctrine of justification. We trace the intensification of theological interest in the Person of Christ and the developments of Church organisation. Then, with all this in our minds, we can go back to the common matter of the Gospels and ask: Have we here an original memory indeed of Jesus of Nazareth but seriously coloured by later developments, like Bonaventura's history of Francis? The answer is an emphatic negative. And the evidence on which it rests may be briefly indicated thus:—

1. It lies, as no one has pointed out so forcibly as Dr. Sanday, in the phraseology of the Gospels. In the Epistles Christians are called "the brethren," or "the saints." These are titles which describe their relation to the community. But in the Gospels, as in the early history of the Acts, they are "the disciples." In the Epistles "Christ" has become almost a proper name of Jesus, and "the Son of man" is no longer in use. But the latter is the characteristic title of the Gospels. "The Christ" is still the Jewish Messiah. The phraseology of justification, sanctification, and election do not appear, or appear quite untechnically. The style of our Lord's teaching, whether by parables or otherwise, is quite unlike anything in the rest of the New Testament. Here is strong evidence that the memory of what "Jesus began both to do and teach" was suffered to live

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* Moffatt, "Historical New Testament," p. 71, referring to "Lux Mundi," pp. xvii. f. xxix., and Driver, "Introduction to Old Testament," pp. xvii. f.

distinct and untouched by later ideas and phrases in the mind of the apostles and the Church.

2. The early Church was busied from the first in finding in Christ the fulfilment of prophecy. He Himself set His disciples upon this line of thought. Can we then see reason to believe that in the "common matter" the real events are distorted to the exigencies of required fulfilments, or moulded by the prophecies? It is remarkable that upon the second and third Gospels this pre-occupation of mind with prophecy or fulfilment has left very little trace. In St. Matthew there are three passages in which, if we compare his record with that of the other synoptists, we shall see reason to believe that a detail of the narrative has been moulded (so to speak) by the presence of the Old Testament language. In Matthew xxi. 2 the "ass" is added to the "colt"; in xxvi. 15 (cp. xxvii. 3-10) the *thirty pieces* of silver are specified; in xxvii. 34 "gall" is substituted for "myrrh." I, at least, feel bound to admit modification of details in these cases, though I think it may very well have occurred without deliberate intention. But there is really no excuse at all for suggesting that the influence of Old Testament prophecy or type has been allowed to mould any event of importance in the portion of the Gospels which we are now considering. The influence, had it existed, would have been more or less apparent, as in the cases of detail mentioned above.

3. As the *strata* of the Gospels are compared there is no gradual growth of the miraculous element apparent. Miracle, and that of the kind that yields to no naturalistic interpretation, is at its maximum in the Petrine record. It is associated inextricably throughout the earliest matter with scenes and sayings of our Lord the most indisputably authentic. For instance, nothing seems more certain than that the account of the Temptation is the record of a real spiritual experience of our Lord communicated by Himself in outward imagery to the disciples. Yet this experience presupposes throughout on our Lord's own part a consciousness of strictly miraculous powers over nature.

4. The ideas of incarnation and divine sonship are presupposed in St. Paul's Epistles as the common beliefs of the Church. But at least they had not been the first points emphasised. The early speeches of the Acts are occupied only with the assertion of the Messiahship and heavenly exaltation of Jesus. And this preoccupation with the question of Messiahship was a survival of the mental struggle of the period before the death and resurrection. It is therefore very noticeable that when the phraseology of divine sonship occurs in the Gospels it is either in an ambiguous sense, or else is embedded in passages which the most hardy scepticism can hardly suppose unauthentic, such as the assertion of the exclusive mutual knowledge of the Father and the Son, or the declaration that the day and hour of the end are known neither to men, nor to angels, nor to the Son. This phrase, for obvious reasons, tended to be modified in the later transmission; but as it stands it puts the assertion of a super-angelic sonship in the most unassailable context. Again, in the Parable of the Vinedressers the Son is contrasted, quite plainly, yet quite incidentally, with the messengers of God. It is evident that the later theology was not pushed back to colour the Gospel language. The evidence of divine sonship is there in a form which excludes the idea of interpolation.

5. The evidence of the Acts and of the Epistles, especially 1 Cor. xv., shows the preoccupation of the minds of the Church with the resurrection of our Lord. The fact and its meaning were the basis of the Gospel message. The witness of those who had seen the risen Lord (omitting the women) was tabulated, as St. Paul gives it us in the tradition, that it might be engraved in the faithful memory of all Christians. How, then, is it that the records of the Appearances in the Gospels are so casual? St. Paul's language proves that it was not because the Appearances had not been tabulated, and the record of the central event made secure. It is, we must suppose, because "the Gospel" served a non-doctrinal purpose. After the disciples had been taught the fact and meaning of the Resurrection and the other rudiments of necessary knowledge, they were suffered to go on to satisfy their natural desire to know more of what Jesus said and did. The evangelical record, unwritten or written, satisfied their desire. But the account of the experiences of Easter Day and the days that followed was allowed to remain somewhat casual and incoherent, because there was already in the minds of learners a formal register of the apostolic witness on the subject. They did not go to the Gospel for that.*

I have been compelled to compress these heads of evidence, almost, I fear, beyond the point of intelligibility. But when we reflect on them, their combined effect is almost irresistible. They assure us that at least the common matter of the Gospels has been practically untouched by the influences and phraseology of the apostolic age. We must recognise on merely historical grounds that the record of what Jesus said and did was faithfully preserved, and that we are through it in contact with the Christ Himself.

Of course there are pleas urged to the contrary. In two more articles I propose to examine some select specimens of them, and to seek also to arrive at some theory of the relation in which faith or security of conviction stands to what must always remain the merely probable and more or less insecure result of historical criticism, taken by itself. CHARLES GORE.

* I am assuming that Mark xvi. 9 ff. is a sub-apostolic summary, and not part of the original Gospel.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

I.

I ONCE relieved my mind on this subject, and was told that I "howled." I am wiser now, less dogmatic, and more reticent. I shall not "howl." If, after at least a quarter of a century of experience as an examiner in English literature, I drop a few hints which are the outcome of much suffering, I fear that my confession will please nobody, and will even be regarded as a proof of my own incompetence. For I have to acknowledge that, in a very large number of instances, the candidates to whom, perhaps from an incidental remark, or even a turn of phrase, I should be inclined to attribute taste and insight and a real enjoyment of the authors set them, are those whom I cannot bring to the front upon any system of marking which I could justify to others or to myself.

I have before me at this moment a case in point. I have been examining competitors for a Shakespeare prize at a well-known grammar school; and rewards of this kind, let me say, which stimulate voluntary effort, and are only sought by those in whom a little interest in literature exists to begin with, are a valuable opportunity to the schoolmaster, and often yield the examiner really interesting work. In this instance the most remarkable candidate comes out easily last in the race. As I mention no names, I am violating no confidence; he will never know that he has been praised in THE PILOT; even if he should chance to see this article, he is little likely to read it, and perhaps has already forgotten the things that "slipped idly by him."

He cannot spell. This, according to Mr. Artemus Ward, is a fatal drawback. "Mr. Chaucer," says that authority, himself eccentric in the matter, "is the wust speller I ever see; and no man, in my opinion, oughter set up for a littery caracter that can't spell." But Shakespeare himself falls under this ban, and my young friend would have been quite at his ease in the Elizabethan era. To a rightly-constituted mind this apparent defect adds piquancy, especially to criticism; it is the sauce, for instance, to the wholesome meat served up by the immortal Yellowplush. This delightful boy might revive for the world an almost forgotten pleasure, if we pedagogues would let him alone; but we shall improve away his spelling, we shall reduce his

phraseology to commonplace, and deprive him of the best part of his fascination.

He is himself alive to the value of education and the prestige which belongs to it, for he most justly remarks, "Many people try to show Shakespeare an uncultivated genius, but this is an entirely erronius idear, for in adition to his genius, there is no doubt he was well educated, as his plays shew." This is sound sense; but in the analysis of character my young man is on a higher plane. He contrasts most ably Macbeth and his wife. "Before the murder," he says, "we see Macbeth a weak vacilating character who wants the Regal Power, but who is so poor a villain that fears the actual deed its self, and has a sentimental feeling against the *messyness* and unpleasantness of it, but has little or no real hatred of doing such a villanous deed. In fact, a weak man, and left alone he would certainly not have dared the deed, but gon on wishing it just as much." "Would he have been any the better?" adds this young casuist; and replies, "not much any way." "But in little Lady Macbeth," he proceeds, "we see a weak woman, whos spirit is so far above its fleshley mould that it can controle it in a way Marvelous to behold." (Here emotion unconsciously clothes itself in rhyme.) Further, "She has the same feelings as Macbeth, and being a woman one would think her far less fit to grappel with them. But no; her spirit rules her flesh. When she has made up her Mind what to do, she does it in a cruel and cold-blooded way one could never have thought Possible in a woman. . . . She says, 'It must not be thought on this wise, it would make us mad,' and she has the strength of mind to force the thoughts from her mind and be mearly practical. It is she with a grizley pun on the word guild, can go back into the Camber of Horrors, doun the long dark corridor and finish the deed, the weak-minded Macbeth could not. . . . But now the deed is done, is Macbeth full of remorse? No, not at all, he finishes off the grooms without a pang. It is broad daylight, and so his sentimental fears are quelled. But the lady faints at the death of the Grooms, a horror she had not expected. Which shows how her spirit only had kept her up through the night; it is sheer force of will power. But when she sleeps and her will power is absent, then her boddy and feminine mind resume their normal aspect, and She is Conquered by a nauseating horror and the look and smell of blood on her hand. But Macbeth, unless faced by the Bloody Ghost of Banquo, is not disturbed by his past deeds in the least. It is remorse or any way horror at the deed that kills Lady Macbeth, not Macbeth. No, the two characters stand thus. Before the deed we have Macbeth, who fears the punishment, not the Crime, and who tries to work on his own better feelings, as a sort of excuse of not doing the deed which involves the punishment. But Lady Macbeth who quells all her fears absolutly, and fears neither man nor God, till the deed is done. Then we see her killed by remorse or something very like it, and Macbeth goes on with a Career of Crime as happily as possible. Now he can Murdur from a safe position, Murdur is nothing to him. Surely of the two Lady Macbeth is the better?"

Undoubtedly, our critic has stretched a point here and there—as we all do—betrayed by a love for strong antithesis. But he is eminently suggestive. "Macbeth," he says, "has a sentimental feeling against the *messyness* and unpleasantness of the deed." Maturer critics call this "physical repulsion," and reply to those who wonder with Lady Macbeth that a "soldier" should be "afeard"—that it is one thing to slay in the heat of battle, and quite another to murder in cold blood. But how much more expressive and definite this boy is! He gives us not a truism, but a very clear conception of a distinct and perhaps exceptional type. I think it is George Sand who tells us that her father—a brave officer under Murat—could not endure to see her nursery-floor strewed with broken dolls—it was too like the scene after the battle in "the messyness and unpleasantness of it." I myself knew a brave old general who had been through all the horrors of the Indian Mutiny, who could not visit more than once the interesting collection of a friend and neighbour, a mighty African hunter—could not face again those evidences of slaughter and suffering. Fielding, that true Shakespearian, somewhere (I am glad I am not an examinee) attributes to soldiers whom he has known in private life that "milk of human kindness" of which Macbeth, by his wife's account, was too full. Perhaps, if we could summon Fielding up, he would agree that this boy had revealed a point in Macbeth's soul. And at any rate, I am sure that I am not reading into my candidate's text half so much as many of his elders read into Shakespeare's.

This boy is a wag, too. He can never become that dullest of all dull creatures—the critic without a sense of humour. He is asked to comment on the words—

> The near in blood
> The nearer bloody.

One part of his answer should be some illustration of Shakespeare's use of "near" for "nearer." But the sensible fellow scouts all that, contented to seize the meaning. "This passage," says he, "means that to be Near to the King in blood was the way to Come Near a bloody End. *There is no way so sure to the block, as to be a Chip of an old one.*"

But I do him much injustice in citing this merely as evidence of his waggishness; for (unless he is here indebted to the maturer wisdom of Gilbert à Becket), he has generalised, in his own native manner, a tragic truth from English and French history. And I am quite sorry to take leave of him; for I know him almost at first hand; whereas the next example that occurs to me is in a far more remote corner of my memory; it is that of a child who (probably in the Cambridge "Locals") described the Jaques of "As You Like It." "Jaques," said she (I am nearly certain it was "she"), "was a melancholy man, and *liked to.*" The varieties of melancholy are a most interesting study; Jaques himself tells us how many they are; Shakespeare and Ben Jonson (the original of Jaques, as I think can almost be proved) offer us several types; Burton analyses them; Milton, La Fontaine, and Gray describe each in his own gracious fashion the milder aspects of the character. But when we shall have forgotten all these, and ceased to care for minute sub-divisions, we shall fall back upon a generalisation which this child philosopher would doubtless state with simple and beautiful conciseness, and a noble scorn of the distinctions between noun and verb, something in this wise—"Some people *melancholy* because they *must*, and others because they *like to.*" It is the conclusion of the whole matter, and—

> Further readeth no man, make he what striving he will.

Set against this instance another. The question, if I remember right, was the character of Hamlet, or some point in his character (whichever it was, I did not set it, though I looked over the answers). I came across one answer very mature in thought and expression. "What a remarkable child!" I said to myself. Then I came across another, identical with it in thought and expression, but with a hideous blunder towards the close. This was enough. The same passage came under my eyes over and over again, sometimes with a hideous blunder, sometimes without. It was our old friend *Gervinus*, whom the astute teacher of a seminary for young ladies, anticipating the question, had made these candidates learn by heart. The results of such methods are not merely negative; at the best they beget an aversion to literature, or a misconception of what literature means; at the worst they teach young minds to vent opinions in mangled forms, instead of gathering impressions for themselves. Much of our criticism is simply epidemic, a moral and intellectual cholera, and I deprecate the cultivation of its *bacteria* in the young.

EMERITUS.

AT THE WHITE GATE.—I.

THIS garden is an epitome of peace; sun and wind, rain, flowers, and birds gather me into the blessedness of their active harmony. The world holds no wish for me now that I have come home to die with my own people, for verily I think that the sap of grass and trees must run in my veins, so steady is their pull upon my heart-strings. London claimed all my philosophy, but the country gives all, and asks of me only the warm receptivity of a child in its mother's arms.

When I lie in my cool light room on the garden level, I look across the bright grass—*il verde smalto*—to a great red rose bush in lavish disarray against the dark cypress. Near by, amid a tangle of many-hued cornflowers I see the promise of coming lilies, the sudden crimson of a solitary pæony, and in lowlier state against the poor parched earth glow the golden cups of the escholtzias. Beyond the low hedge lies pasture bright with buttercups where the cattle feed. Farther off, where the scythe has been busy, are sheep, clean and shorn, with merry, well-grown lambs; and in the farthest field I can see the great horses moving in slow steady pace as the farmer turns his furrow.

The birds are noisy comrades and old friends, from the lark which chants the dew-steeped morning, to the nightingale that breaks the silence of the most wonderful nights. I hear the wisdom of the rooks in the great elms; the lifting lilt of the linnet, and the robin's quaint little summer song. The starlings chatter ceaselessly, their queer strident voices harsh against the melodious gossip of the other birds; the martins shrill softly as they swoop to and fro busied with their nesting under the eaves; thrush and blackbird vie in friendly rivalry like the Meister-singer of old; sometimes I hear the drawling cry of a peacock strayed from the great house, or the laugh of the woodpecker; and at night the hunting note of the owl reaches me as he sweeps by in search of prey.

To-day I am out again; and the great sycamore showers honey and flowers on me as I lie beneath it. Sometimes a bee falls like an over-ripe fruit, and waits awhile to clean his pollen-coated legs ere he flies home to discharge his burden. He is too busy to be friendly, but his great velvety cousin is much more sociable, and stays for a gentle rub between his noisy shimmering wings, and a nap in the hollow of my hand, for he is an idle friendly soul with plenty of time at his own disposal and no responsibilities. Looking across I can watch the martins at work; they have a starling and a sparrow for near neighbours in the wooden gutter. One nest is already complete all but the coping, the other two are a-building: I wonder whether I or they will be first to go south through the mist.

This great tree is a world in itself, and the denizens appear full of curiosity as to the Gulliver who has taken up his abode beneath it. Pale green caterpillars and spiders of all sizes come spinning down to visit me, and have to be persuaded with infinite difficulty to ascend their threads again. There are flies with beautiful iridescent wings, beetles of all shapes, some of them like tiny jewels in the sunlight. Their nomenclature is a sealed book to me; of their life and habits I know nothing; yet this is but a little corner of the cosmos I am leaving, and I feel not so much desire for the beauty to come, as a great longing to open my eyes a little wider during the time which remains to me in this beautiful world of God's making, where each moment tells its own tale of active, progressive life in which there is no undoing. Nature knows nought of the web of Penelope, that acme of anxious pathetic waiting, but goes steadily on in ever widening circle towards the fulfilment of the mystery of God.

There are, I take it, two master-keys to the secrets of the universe, viewed *sub specie æternitatis*, the Incarnation of God, and the Personality of Man; with these it is true for us as for that strange, pantheistic little man of contemptible speech—all things are ours, yea, even unto the third heaven.

I have lost my voracious appetite for books; their language is less plain than scent and song and the wind in the trees; and for me the clue to the next world lies in the wisdom of earth rather than in the learning of men. *Libera me ab fuscina Hophni*, prayed the good Bishop fearful of religious greed. I know too much, not too little; it is realisation that I lack, wherefore I desire these last days to confirm in myself the sustaining goodness of God, the love which is our continuing city, the new Jerusalem whose length, breadth, and height are all one. It is a time of exceeding peace. There is a place waiting for me under the firs in the quiet cemetery; thanks to my poverty I have no worldly anxieties or personal dispositions; and I am rich in friends, many of them unknown to me, who lavishly supply my needs and make it ideal to live on the charity of one's fellow-men. I am most gladly in debt to all the world; and to Earth, my mother, for her great beauty.

I can never remember the time when I did not love her, this mother of mine with her wonderful garments and ordered loveliness, her tender care and patient bearing of man's burden. In the earliest days of my lonely childhood I used to lie chin on hand amid the milkmaids, red sorrel, and heavy spear-grass listening to her many voices, and above all to the voice of the little brook which ran through the meadows where I used to play: I think it has run through my whole life also, to lose itself at last, not in the great sea but in the river that maketh glad the City of God. Valley and plain, mountain and fruitful field; the lark's song and the speedwell in the grass; surely a man need not sigh for greater loveliness until he has read something more of this living letter, and knelt before that earth of which he is the only confusion.

It is a grave matter that the word religion holds such sway among us, making the very gap to yawn again which the Incarnation once and for ever filled full. We have banished the protecting gods that ruled in river and mountain, tree and grove; we have gainsayed for the most part folk-lore and myth, superstition and fairy-tale, evil only in their abuse. We have done away with mystery, or named it deceit. All this we have done in an enlightened age, and yet we have, despite this policy of destruction, left ourselves a belief, the grandest and most simple the world has ever known, which sanctifies the water that is shed by every passing cloud, and gathers up in its great central act vineyard and cornfield, proclaiming them to be that Life of the world without which a man is dead while he liveth. Further, it is a belief whose foundations are the most heavenly mystery of the Trinity, but whose centre is a little Child: it sets a price upon the head of the sparrow, and reckons the riches of this world at their true value; it points to a way of holiness where the fool shall not err, and the sage may find the realisation of his far-seeking; and yet, despite its inclusiveness, it is a belief which cannot save the birds from destruction, the silent mountains from advertisement, or the stream from pollution, in an avowedly Christian land. John Ruskin scolded and fought and did yeoman service, somewhat hindered by his over-good conceit of himself; but it is not the worship of beauty we need so much as the beauty of holiness. Little by little the barrier grows and "religion" becomes a *rule* of life, not life itself, although the Bride stands ready to interpret, likened in her loveliness to the chief treasures of her handmaid—Earth. There is more truth in the believing cry, "Come from thy white cliffs, O Pan!" than in the religion that measures a man's life by the letter of the Ten Commandments, and erects itself as judge and ruler over him instead of throwing open the gate of the garden where God walks with man from morning until morning.

As I write the sun is setting; in the pale radiance of the sky above his glory there dawns the evening star; and earth like a tired child turns her face to the bosom of the night.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

DR. WESTCOTT AS A TEACHER: A RECOLLECTION.

A FRESHMAN who went up to Cambridge in the latter half of the seventies, if he had a senior friend to guide him to his privileges, might have found himself a member of a little class which met on one evening of the week in the rooms of the Regius Professor of Divinity in Trinity College to study a portion of the Gospel or of the Epistles of St. John. A small, spare frame was bent over a desk, the head covered with a hand so that nothing was visible but the dark, wavy hair; at length the hand was removed and a face was seen, not unlike Huxley's with the deep-set eyes; the class stood, and scarcely audible at first, but with a growing vehemence, one by one, each with its emphasis, the words came, never so heard before and never to be forgotten afterwards, "Merciful Lord, we beseech Thee to cast Thy bright beams of light upon Thy Church."

These were not professorial lectures; and they were largely attended by students of other subjects than divinity, some of whom felt that the kind of teaching which they there received was a stimulus to all their work and a call to make it an offering of their full powers to God. The first lesson that they learned was an intense reverence for the letter of Holy Scripture. "The apostolic words" were fitting, more than any others which could be substituted for them, as the expression of divine truths. This became evident, for example, wherever in the course of its transmission the text had been modified either by careless transcription or by a well-meant effort to remove what seemed a flaw, and had at length been restored by the process of criticism. "We can all feel how it must have been thus, and not otherwise, that the Apostle must have written." To convince themselves of this superiority of the apostolic words to any substitutes that could be offered students were constantly urged to translate some passage from the Greek into English, and lay it aside for a few days, and then, returning to it, retranslate their English into Greek, and compare the result with the original text, asking themselves at every point of difference what they had missed of the fulness of the apostolic meaning.

A minute study of every word, every particle, and of the order in which the words occurred, illustrated by a comparison of alternative orders which might at first sight be thought preferable; long digressions to trace the history of great words or conceptions, often by the aid of the Greek version of the Old Testament; an occasional excursus into the evidence of manuscripts and versions; a reminder that the Latin Vulgate could not safely be neglected, and was instructive not least when it was seriously wrong; a selection of noteworthy interpretations, from Origen to Rupert of Deutz: it was no wonder that a verse was not always finished in an evening, nor more than a short chapter in the term. The process was slow, but it was not tedious; it was a continuous revelation of what the study of Scripture meant. The indelible impression was made that the apostolic words were fruitful for all time; that we were now only beginners in the understanding of them; that the sacred duty of investigation and interpretation was laid afresh upon each age of the Church, and must be fulfilled on her behalf by the Christian student, who would find scope for his fullest powers in this absorbing task. Impatience was irreverence; the promise was, "In your patience ye shall win your souls."

The private rooms were crowded out: the class was perforce transferred to a lecture-room; something of the first glamour was gone. But throughout the eighties these Monday evenings remained a rallying-point of eager disciples, and senior men sat side by side with undergraduates filling notebooks with materials then inaccessible elsewhere, but now for the most part given to all in published works of the master. The subject indeed was not always the text of Holy Scripture. Introduction to the study of Christian doctrine formed another course, in which the methods and limitations of knowledge were philosophically considered, and præ-Christian religions were investigated as illustrating the common needs of the human soul to which Christianity alone—and herein lay the most convincing evidence of its truth—offered a complete and final satisfaction.*

But it is as an exponent of New Testament truth, and in particular of the Incarnation as interpreted by St. John, that the teacher will be remembered by his immediate disciples. It could not surprise them that he spent infinite labour on the minutiæ of textual criticism, for he had made them feel that the light of life was waiting to shine out from the inspired records with increasing clearness as men studied them more carefully, that it was worth any pains to remove one smallest obstruction which, through human mistake or neglect, had come in course of time to impair the original effectiveness of the medium of divine revelation. In his lectures, however, textual criticism held a very subordinate place. Interpretation was his chosen task; and when difficulty after difficulty had been faced, and at last the true meaning of a passage was established, his face, so deeply furrowed and so sad when at rest, lighted with a smile of peculiar beauty, as though he saw and greeted truth itself.

As a teacher he was never obscure; his thoughts were well arranged and well expressed. Of course, there were those who were impatient of his method, and who fancied that a Nasmyth hammer was being used to crack a nut; who wished for results, and could not be interested in the processes by which results were to be reached; who failed to see that the lesson consisted largely in the method, and in the assiduity and intensity with which it was applied. Such impatience was disqualified for understanding, but serious students who followed the master with sympathy never complained of his obscurity. That his written work is sometimes called obscure, even by thoughtful persons, is probably due in part to the difficulty of harmonising the thoughts he offers with thoughts of a different order. A further reason may be found in his preference for abstract rather than concrete modes of expression, as fitter vehicles for the fulness and universality of the truth. And, further, the rapidity with which one clearly but succinctly offered thought succeeds another makes an unusual demand upon the attention. As a matter of fact, he used singularly pure and unaffected language; but he had much to say, and for many it was unaccustomed hearing. He was rapid as a thinker, and men could not keep the pace; they could not learn so fast. He needs accordingly a generation of interpreters, who will be content—as they must needs be content—to say what he said less well but more slowly.

The denial of his obscurity will seem to some a paradox. For obscurity is frequently confounded with indefiniteness; and indefiniteness is a charge which is often brought without discrimination against the whole of his teaching. A distinction, however, needs to be drawn. Indefiniteness did not mark his exposition of biblical theology and his statement of the master-truths of the Christian revelation. On the other hand, in dealing with deductions from these truths, which at various periods had been made to meet the demands of different ages and races for a practical embodiment of the eternal principles, he did not always speak with a like definiteness, because he did not always feel the same security. Questions had of necessity been raised which often admitted of more than one answer; the answers given were not final. Elements of truth were contained in divergent answers; a complete answer which should combine these elements was to be waited for. "To suspend judgment" was a

* This course was afterwards published under the title "The Gospel of Life."

counsel which he gave afresh to the last gathering of the Auckland students a few weeks ago. He was indefinite where he believed that definiteness could only be reached at present at the cost of a limitation which excluded some element of the truth.

But no man was ever more certain as to the facts of the Christian creed, and the interpretation of those facts as revealed in the writings of the first age. It was this certainty, this unshaken belief in the absolute character of the facts and in the divine inspiration of their apostolic expounders, together with the conviction that every problem of our life was illuminated when confronted with the teaching of the New Testament, that qualified him to be the foremost interpreter of Scripture to our age.

J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

A DAY'S MARCH.

VERY early on a summer morning Lord Roberts's army began its march from Poplar Grove, and many a man who grumbled at having to rise before the sun was up was dead and buried under the hill at Driefontein before the same sun had run its day's course. But that was in the evening, after weary plodding and a bloody fight; such things were not thought of in the early morning. Poplar Grove! A name of blessed association for most of us, a place of rest and refreshment, an Elim on the dusty, desert march; where we washed and were clean again after days of defilement, ate and were filled after long fastings. Men went to bed with full bellies and thankful hearts on the night before Driefontein.

But it is morning now, and an inexorable servant has turned you out of the bed you stand eyeing sleepily as it is rolled up and packed on the cart. Breakfast is a hasty affair, eaten by lamplight in the dim fragrance under the trees. Night dews hover in the air, filling it with the perfume of herbs and grasses that in daylight seem dead and dry. The slow commotion of the camp sends clouds of dust floating, a light pall that the first coming of the sun flushes into amber. This pillar of cloud is always with the marching army, by day or night. How often has one seen it rising, grey and solemn, in the ghostly, dead light of a winter dawn; how often choked in it under the burning noon; how often watched it fade and sink, glorified by all the colours of the dying sun, until it has vanished in the orange light of a hundred twinkling camp fires. It is Nature's one spectacle in that bare part of Africa.

But the dust was amber long before the sun was up, and on this morning the scouts and advance guards had all started before the east began to burn, or the Kaffir whips to crack, or the endless stream of ox waggons to pour forth from the seemingly inexhaustible transport park. The Guards Brigade, ranks of grand men clad in soiled yellow, and brushing the dewy scrub with mire-caked boots, headed the column on this march, and had formed up and started before the violet and rose-pink lights began to flood the veldt. Ah, that sunrise on the veldt! How many have tried to describe it, some with the painter's vocabulary, some with the poet's, some with both. But who has succeeded? It is unknowable, unfathomable in its glory for those who have never stood on some ridge and watched the heavenly panorama unfolding itself, the dayspring in the east spouting light and colour that dyes the cloud fleeces, bathes the earth, spreads in sheets of celestial fire, kindles at last into the awful flame of the sun. Men and beasts alike stand worshipping when day comes on those silent, empty spaces.

At last the camp has emptied itself, and the Kaffir followers, huddled in their gaudy blankets, are poking about to see what has been left behind. Now for a gallop to the front of the column. You pass miles of army service corps waggons, cape carts, Scotch carts, ox waggons, each with its driver and *voorloeper*. Perhaps there were five miles of these marching with Lord Roberts's army; then you began to come upon regimental transport waggons, piled with great-coats and blankets, then a mile of jingling guns—howitzers, naval guns, field guns, mountain guns—and then the army itself. Only rows and rows and ranks and ranks of men, with the same torn tunics, the same worn boots, the same untidy putties, with a difference in the coloured patches of the helmets to help you to distinguish fusilier from rifleman—only that, but how much that means! The electric neighbourhood of so vast a company, all intent on one business, the rhythm of their feet treading the grass, the vast harmony of movement and intention combined in a kind of hypnotic effect on the spectator. For the first hour the feeling was absent, but afterwards, when the dusty and trodden region of the camp was left behind, and the myriad feet brushed virgin ground, the army fell into a magic rhythm that smote the senses like a sequence of changing pictures. Now it was like an engine, swallowing up the miles before it at an even pace; now like a Juggernaut car, bruising the delicate veldt flowers, scaring the little songless birds, scattering the buck like cloud shadows before the wind; now like a great ship sailing over wide rolling seas; now like a blight, now like a benediction on the ground. But always it was like some one thing, and always the rhythmic pulse beat throughout the movement of its seven-mile body. Those delicate flowers, still holding in their petals the jewel of night, that your feet crushed into the earth, they shall rise again and refresh themselves when the world has turned another cheek to the sun; that city of ants that your horse's hoof laid low will be rebuilt and extended, perhaps of his very dust; the buck that flee before your hosts, they will return when this wrathful invasion is past; all things will remain and continue, crush them or waste them as you may. Some marches were too full of suffering and dismay for this frame of mind to be possible, but to-day it was different. The damage passed easily over the face of the veldt; it was a light affliction, it was but for a moment; and thoughts flew back to revisit the stages of the march, to the silent, hot, sun-filled spaces where the creatures of the earth raised their heads again. For all the burning heat and inevitable fatigue, it was the pure joy of being alive that most men will remember as having been the essence of that march.

At midday the army halted, and bunched itself up, and got entangled round a hospitable farmhouse and a dam, and the ground was covered by the prone figures of sleeping men; but an hour later the great serpentine line had stretched itself abroad over the country again, and once more the army marched. Shoulder to shoulder the men stepped, perspiring, not talking much, but keeping up an exchange of interjections. This one will have earned a V.C. to-night, that one will have been laid in the grave, that other one will go to sleep unhurt, thinking the same thoughts and swearing the same oaths as he thought and swore last night. And to-morrow the army will march again, and to-morrow, and through all the long campaign; will it be unchanged by to-night's work? Not quite. For every gap out of which its life has leaked will let in an accession of spirit, every missing number in its ranks will mean a little spot leavened, not by humanity, for war does not nourish that, but by human experience, and by influences that work for the growth and expansion of the mind. Men who march long miles with their eyes on the ground learn to think, although they may not have had the habit before, and a comrade lost may mean an idea born and won.

Was that thunder? Eyes strain forward, only to see the veldt stretching empty to the skyline. But those with glasses could see a line of kopjes barring the horizon. At intervals we thought we heard the sound

of guns; gradually the suspicion became a certainty, and after an hour's marching we could see the clouds of smoke, like white mushrooms, hanging against the hillside. French, spreading his wings while we slept, flying while we plodded, had alighted there to find a grim resistance. Men asked the name of the place. Driefontein. There was a fight going on, and we were wanted for it. The pace increased a little; men who had seemed tired showed no more sign of it, faces became serious, a kind of galvanic thrill ran through the army. Several miles yet, each step three feet nearer to the little palls of smoke and the echoing guns. Those last miles were done in a kind of dream; the long blue line of hills seemed to get no nearer; only the guns spoke louder for every step taken. Thus, while the sun slanted lower, the army marched over the last few miles towards the goal that drew and drew and compelled us all, eyes grimly fixed on the barrier chain, thoughts busy with wonder of what might be seen from it. But not to all of us was given the morning view beyond it.

FILSON YOUNG.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

THE subject which was handled in last week's "Comments" has disclosed the fact that the Bystander received his education, such as it is, at a Public School. It may be presumed that he is proud of the fact, and an admirer of what is called the "Public School System," with all its unnatural restraints, and scarcely more reasonable indulgences. Now, if a Public School man can claim any advantage over him who has been unfortunate enough to receive his education at a private seminary, it will be in the associations of the place to which he looks back as the cradle of his dawning faculties; in the recollection of the great and good men who flourished there before him; in the aspirations which will thus be fostered within him; in the determination not to disgrace that great training-place which others have adorned by their talent or exalted by their piety. If he must be constantly talking and boasting about Harrow or Eton or Winchester, let his boast be founded on considerations such as these.. The Private School boys, having no *quid pro quo* to offer, have manifestly the worst of it, and can no more exalt their festival of fireworks and currant wine on the Fifth of November into a *Domum* or a "Fourth of June," than they can venture to term Dr. Jones or the Rev. Mr. Robinson a rival Moberly or a second Vaughan.

But when the alumnus of the Private School finds himself in a party of Public School men, on what will the conversation for the most part turn? Let us suppose that they are Etonians—what will form the theme of their discourse? The eloquence of Canning? The poetry of Gray? Will they entertain you with picturesque descriptions of the old "Montem," or talk pleasantly and sensibly about the historical associations of Windsor or the Thames? Not at all. They will gabble about Cotherstone major—how he licked a bargee; or about Bogglinton, who was six feet high, and had fags when he himself was in the Lower School. If they are Harrovians, they will have nothing to tell you about the precocious genius of Byron, or the boyish waywardness of Sheridan; about Peel's early maturity, or the scene which led Lord Shaftesbury to dedicate his life to the service of the poor. Their anecdotes will be of "Bottles" and "Noggs"; of Brown who made a hundred at Lords, or Jones who kicked a football into the next parish; of Robinson who kept a whisky-bottle under his bed, or Smith who got out of his tutor's house at night and cycled up to London.

I wish I could think that any of my readers would detect a trace of plagiarism in these opening paragraphs. For then I should know that one of the cleverest sketches of University life, though published in 1849, still had its admirers in the critical world. I was reminded of the passage by "The Harrow School Register"—a portly volume which has just reached me with the compliments of the editor of THE PILOT. Here we have more than eight hundred closely-printed pages, narrating the names, dates, and fates of all the boys entered at Harrow between 1801 and 1901. The book is not privately printed for the special delectation of Old Harrovians, but is sent forth to the world with a fine apparatus of prefaces and introductions. It challenges the attention of the public, and justifies, even if it does not demand, some comment. And the point which strikes the dispassionate onlooker is the marked subordination, so far as school-life is concerned, of intellect to athletics. When we follow the Harrovian's career as a man, we find his intellectual performances, if any, duly recorded; but during the period of boyhood they are swamped in the athletic morass.

Those who are curious about the early development of great intellects would like to know whether Isaac Williams or Cardinal Manning was in any way distinguished from his fellows; whether St. George Mivart as a boy had a bent towards physical science, or Sir George Trevelyan towards literature; whether Lord Ridley or Mr. Long was a precocious debater; whether Mr. F. C. Burkitt early manifested a taste for criticism, or Canon Gore for exposition, or the Bishop of Winchester for diplomacy. Not a trace of all this is disclosed by the record; but we find the most minute and circumstantial account of every athletic distinction. Surely "C. S. C." had a genius so brilliant and so unique that one would like to know something of its early manifestations. Yet all the "Harrow School Register" has to say about him as a boy is that "he jumped from the top to the bottom of the Old School steps." Mr. F. M. Balfour was one of the most distinguished men of science ever produced by a Public School; but his boyish record is dismissed in a word, whereas line is added to line in setting forth the fame of a gentleman who was in the "Cricket XI. 1883-5; Acting Capt., 1884; Capt., 1885; Elected Capt. Football XI., 1884; Winner of Public Schools Rackets, 1884 and 1885," and of whom only a very select few have heard from that day to this.

Now all this is symptomatic; and symptomatic, to my mind, of a very grave complaint. Surely every friend of real education must admit that, not alone at Harrow but at almost every school, the glorification of athletics has been perilously overdone. At Harrow the vice of athlete-worship was for many years partially counteracted by the intellectual zeal and voluntary self-culture of many of the boys, stimulated by such teachers as Dr. Butler, Bishop Westcott, Dean Farrar, and Canon Young. But of late years athletics have attained an overweening and overwhelming predominance. A sumptuous book on Harrow, published by the authorities three years ago, gave, out of its twenty-seven chapters, six to games, and one (the twenty-sixth) to "the intellectual life of the school." This proportion fairly represents the relation between athletics and culture in the scheme of a Public School boy's life. On this point we may with profit listen to Sydney Smith, himself the product of a Public School, for after some struggles for the light, we seem to be returning to the darkness of the eighteenth century.

"There is a manliness in the athletic exercises of Public Schools which is as seductive to the imagination as it is utterly unimportant in itself. Of what importance is it in after life whether a boy can play well or ill at cricket or row a boat with the skill and precision of a waterman? If our young lords and esquires were hereafter to wrestle together in public, or the gentlemen of the Bar to exhibit Olympic games in Hilary term, the glory attached to these exercises at Public Schools would be rational and important. But of what use is the body of an athlete when we have good laws over our heads, or when a pistol, a postchaise, or a porter can be hired for a few shillings?"

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE RAMPARTS OF AVIGNON.

(From our French Correspondent.)

My friends make fun of me because of all things I love old roads and old walls. My friends are fools. They go to Switzerland to climb, to be starved, to be cheated, and occasionally to break their necks. I go there to sit on a warm rock with blue gentians in its crannies, and watch the dear old roads down below, now white like dusty old tramps, now blue like upward rivers, and wonder where they go winding and winding, but looking so intent on their purposes. And were it not for the old walls, tall, frowning and awful like those at the entrance of Montélimar, or mild, odoriferous, full of the eternal sunshine, and persuasive like those you see lounging round every *mas*, I would never dream of daring the chalky dust and glare of the South of France. I would go to Brittany, where the sky is lower and more milky, where there are also plenty of stones, and where the leisured people have preserved the same childlike taste for playing with them. The elves who flit about you in the breeze when you go round the *chemin de ronde* on the top of the ramparts at St. Malo, and those who whisper behind the convent walls at St. Pol-de-Léon, tell you secrets just like those in the divine cypresses.

Not quite the same though. Brittany is pensive and melancholy, the South is sad and lyrical, and the brighter its sun, the more piercing its wonderful sadness. But you should not be mistaken and imagine that you know the South of France because you know the Riviera. The beauteous coast has a charm of its own just as new to people from Aix or Arles as to us Parisians. The rich growth of palm-trees, bamboos, eucalyptuses, and creepers of every description, is as foreign to the genuine South as the fanciful dwellings to which they give quiet and shade. The real South you will find on the other side of the Estérel and the Maures, in the lonely vales where the sour *mistral* is at home, and its voice is the eternal dialogue of the sun and the stones. The grey olives and vine-stocks and the black cypresses are the dry ornament of this hard soil; you will hate it if you have not for the stones the love which all children have, if you do not care as much for the great rocky glens opening on the Rhône as for a fresh Scottish gorge, and if you will look for architecture instead of being content with the quaint little cities which have naturally grown out of the mountain. They too have architecture, but it is more like the architecture of the forest than of the architect; the stones, like the trees, are born of the soil, and the garland of walls undulates with the motions of the hills. Most of the monuments are, in consequence, more picturesque than artistic in the ordinary sense of the word, but so much more harmonious, so much more in keeping with the earth and sky around and above. Who that has seen the cathedral at Narbonne would wish its tall arches to be completed? Who that has seen the Avignon ramparts would pronounce them monotonous? They are, though, and probably they would have been just as impressive had they been more various, but the very sameness of their battlemented curtains and turrets is part of their charm. If it were not so, the announcement that a section of them, *only* (as M. Pourguery de Boisserin says) seven hundred yards, is to be pulled down, would not cause so much sorrow to lovers of our old cities. I have never seen many foreigners at any of the Rhône towns, not even at Arles and Avignon. Italy and the Riviera are too near, and you do not appreciate the pleasure of going to your bedroom across a bridge over two buttresses of an old church till you have experienced it. Still, there must be few Englishmen who do not remember with delight the first appearance in the clear, frosty morning of the wonderful wreath of walls round the Pope's city and its unique, soft tone of old china. Perhaps next winter you will find an army of Italian labourers at work against them, and in a year or two a horrible row of immense, dazzling plastered *façades*, like the so-called boulevards at Narbonne and Montpellier, will stand in their place. The past generations of *provençaux* were artists, like the bees, without knowing it; the women have still a general lightness, a remoteness from vulgarity, which suggests the artist at once, but the modern male southerner, like the modern Italian, is a utilitarian, and his loud verbosity his bragging, his taste for politics of the lowest order, render him an unpleasant one. He is under the impression that circumstances, and above all stupid political prejudices, have kept his fathers in a state of inferiority, and he thinks he rivals the northern man by pushing to the extreme the methods of a title manufacturer. That is why he does away not with geometrical puzzles like the forts of Vauban, which, however, had their poetry for Madame Desbordes-Valmore, but with perfect jewels.

M. Pourguery de Boisserin is one of those. He typifies the ideal Southern mayor, a red radical, totally devoid of æsthetical and sentimental prejudices, a champion of bull-fights, a puller down of useless walls, a believer in the civilising virtue of suburbs, docks, factories, and tramways. The majority of his municipal council consists probably of strong men of the same kind, who, flushed by the idea they are resisting the government, are ready to dismantle everything. They will some day give free play to their destructive rage, and then a collection of pious photographs in a keepsake will be all that is left of the old rampart. They plead at present that the section of it they will clear away is only the work of Viollet-le-Duc. But in a few years they will maintain that the unknown papal architect was inferior to the great restorer. Viollet-le-Duc did not do at Avignon what he did at Vézelay, Coucy, or even at Carcassonne. At Coucy especially most of his work was conjectural. It was less so in the Carcassonne Cité. At Avignon he only repaired an existing and complete fabric, the solidity of which had been imperilled by the great inundations of 1862. The part of the wall which he thus restored belongs to the State like the rest, and not at all to the Corporation: two decrees of the Convention, shortly after the taking of the town, are sufficient proof of this ownership. If the State releases its right on a part, it will be difficult for it to keep it on the whole.

The real motive of the lenient course adopted for Avignon lies in politics. A few months ago not only the Commission of Historical Monuments, but the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres, hearing of the impending destruction, had sent in to the Ministry of Fine Arts an earnest petition deprecating a weakness on the part of Government. M. Leygues had vowed that not one stone would be touched. If the Mayor of Avignon had not been a Radical, or if he had been an archpriest wanting to replace a worm-eaten door in a sacristy, the rights of the State would have been (and rightly, whatever the occasional inconvenience) indignantly maintained. Being a powerful electoral magnate, he is more dreaded than forty antiquarians.

The pity is that many smaller cities which have more rights on their walls than Avignon will quickly follow suit, and the remnants of military architecture will disappear everywhere. In half a century it may be that mankind will have lost a special sort of beauty which all the poets keenly enjoyed. We must submit to the unavoidable, and as artistic pleasure is something absolutely personal, we must take refuge in selfish considerations. Our nephews will curse M. Pourguery de Boisserin when they read in the then forgotten Barrès his description of Aigues-Mortes, and try to realise the charm which permeates it. This thought doubles it for us who know exactly the associations of which it consists, and makes up for many other past beauties which we desiderate when thinking of Athens and Nineveh. Change is the law of the surface as it was once of the bowels of the earth, and perhaps it is not right because we love a certain town to insist on keeping it motionless like a sultana in a harem. The descendants of the Vandals will be artists in their turn; some successor of M. Pourguery may lay out enchanting gardens on the site of the cheerless barracks which will soon stand in the place of the white dreamy rampart.

THE CONTEMPLATIVE.

SHE moves in tumult : round her lies
  The silence of the world of grace ;
The twilight of our mysteries
  Shines like high noonday on her face ;
Our piteous guesses, dim with fears,
She touches, handles, sees, and hears.

In her all longings mix and meet,
  Dumb souls through her are eloquent ;
She feels the world beneath her feet
  Thrill in a passionate intent ;
Through her our tides of feeling roll
And find their God within her soul.

Her faith the awful Face of God
  Brightens and blinds with utter light ;
Her footsteps fail where late she trod ;
  She sinks in roaring voids of night ;
Cries to her Lord in black despair,
And knows, yet knows not, He is there.

A willing sacrifice, she takes
  The burden of our Fall within ;
Holy she stands ; while on her breaks
  The lightning of the wrath of sin ;
She drinks her Saviour's Cup of pain,
And, one with Jesus, thirsts again.

H. B.

REVIEWS.

A CENTURY OF SCOTTISH HISTORY. By Sir Henry Craik, K.C.B. 2 vols. Blackwood.

IT was a happy idea which prompted Sir Henry Craik to select for special treatment the century of Scottish history which lies between 1745 and 1845. No doubt the restriction to a definite epoch has its disadvantages. One is almost sure to ignore the sources of some powerful currents of national life or to lose proportion in estimating them. In the case before us the danger has not been wholly escaped. It is impossible, for example, rightly to appreciate Scottish religion in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, apart from the great movements which centre round such names as John Knox and Andrew Melville and Alexander Henderson. But the hundred years to which the author confines himself are of first-rate importance as a formative epoch of Scottish life and thought.

We miss the references to authorities which we have a right to expect in a work of this magnitude and importance. Their absence cannot fail to give a sense of insecurity. There is also an irritating repetition of certain hackneyed phrases which a writer of Sir Henry Craik's ability could have easily avoided (*e.g.*, "dramatic" and cognate expressions). But the book as a whole is written in a firm, lucid style, with a tone of cool, if not cold, judiciousness.

Readers of this journal will remember the contest of wits between Sir Henry Craik and Mr. Andrew Lang on the subject of "Disruption Principles." Without entering into the merits of that contest, we may say that in this notice we propose to scrutinise the book with special reference to its treatment of those principles which shaped or retarded the progress of Church life in Scotland during the century which is passed under review. It is reasonable to take such a standpoint, for the author, with right instinct, places these principles in the foreground of his discussion. Perhaps our object cannot be better attained than by briefly examining in the light of Sir Henry Craik's pages the origins and progress of that movement which culminated in the Disruption of 1843.

Near the beginning of his "History" the author justly lays emphasis on the far-reaching influence of the Act for restoring Patronage in the Church of Scotland which was passed by the Tory Government in 1712. He is perfectly candid as to the primary intention of the measure.

> In its inception it was certainly planned to increase the influence of the landed gentry, who were well disposed to the Jacobite interest, and might be counted on to favour that interest in the nomination of incumbents.

He displays insight into the meaning of the opposition which this Act provoked in Scotland.

> Since the Reformation all the fiercest struggles in the Scottish Church turned—as they were to turn down to a far later day—upon the question of the selection of her ministers, as was only natural where religion penetrated so deeply into the heart of the people. But as the question presented itself to the Scottish people, it was not one of popular against territorial influence ; it was in truth one involving the maintenance of what was believed to be purity of doctrine.

And yet from this point onward he strives to show that the Patronage Act was a good thing for Scotland.

> Had the choice of their ministers remained with the congregations, the ecclesiastical establishment would probably have retained its iron discipline, and its stern rigidity of doctrine would have endured, and would have kept Scotland fundamentally divided from English feeling and English thought.

It is difficult to understand such reasoning. It springs, we believe, from an erroneous conception of what religion meant to the Scottish people. Doctrines, indeed, they clung to, and a strict discipline, highly needful in a lax age, but behind both lay their experience of spiritual power and their religious earnestness. These were the tests they were wont to apply to their ministers, and can anyone deny that they were valid tests? To imagine that the privilege of choosing their own clergy must have isolated Scotland from English feeling and English thought is surely to contradict the teaching of facts. We are not aware that those branches of the Scottish Church which clung to this privilege and maintained it have shown any tendency to undervalue the splendid heritage of English culture or English religion. But it is easy to discover that Sir Henry's appreciation of the Patronage Act, which was to be the source of so much bitterness and controversy in the Church of Scotland, is intimately connected with his strenuous championship of the "Moderate" party. All unprejudiced minds will be ready to acknowledge the good side of Moderatism, its versatile culture, its genial bearing, its sensible humanity. But the alternative he contrasts with this phase of religious life is an unfair picture. The party which preserved what he would call the Covenanting spirit was far from being composed of gloomy fanatics. They were the genuine successors of the great theologians and preachers of an earlier age, of men like John Livingstone and Durham and William Guthrie and John Welsh, men who were anything but narrow and rigid, men who appreciated learning, who penetrated deep into the foundations of religion, who exulted in the liberty of Christ. This spiritual freedom they had learnt to value as life itself. No wonder that they could not brook easy compromises between Church and State.

There was sure to arise sooner or later a sharp conflict between those who held a high conception of the Church and those whose type of religion is characterised by Sir Henry Craik in the following terms :—

> There was an almost undue readiness to strip away from religious ethics any distinctive principle which seemed to mark them off from natural rectitude. There was a predominating desire to adapt religion to the maxims of the world, and to deny any feature of the religious character which stood in striking contrast to the models which human nature adopts for itself without religious guidance.

This was certainly the prevailing spirit of Moderatism as exemplified in such leaders as Dr. Alexander Carlyle and Principal Robertson. It was a preacher of this school whom David Hume could rally "upon the parallel between his sermon and one of Cicero's Academics, and regret that 'such heathen morality should pass in East Lothian.'" It is not difficult to discern the correspondence between such a type of religion and that view of the Church prevalent among the

Moderates in the eighteenth century. Sir Henry speaks of the "arrogance" of the claims of the Church to spiritual authority. And that was precisely the Moderate position.

> Its ideal [he says] was that of a Church which, abandoning the fantastic theocratic notions of a previous age, should conceive its best independence and freedom to be based on the law.

Unfortunately for this simple theory, there has always been another ideal of the Church present in human history which has for its motto the ancient words, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's." The Patronage Act brought these ideals into conflict. The anti-Patronage party stood for religious liberty. But they would not have accepted the author's definition of that for which they strove as "liberty for the fanatic to trample on the law," nor would they have admitted that their action was "sectarian caprice," over which the law ought to reign supreme.

It is impossible in a few paragraphs to trace even in outline the varying struggle between the "Evangelical" and Moderate parties. But there were definite crises in the history of the Scottish Church which are of special significance. The first of these is the Secession of 1733. The beginning of this movement was the campaign waged against patronage by the Erskines. Sir Henry admits that—

> the exercise of these rights (*i.e.*, the rights of patrons)—frequently, perhaps, their abuse—had given rise to wide-spread discontent.

The General Assembly deposed the men who refused at the bidding of the Moderate party to ordain ministers utterly obnoxious to their parishioners. Sir Henry approves of the action.

> The Church, as a State establishment, was the custodian of the law, and had no alternative but to cast out from the pale those who defied that law.

In expelling the Erskines and their associates, she cast out some of the noblest spiritual forces within her borders. Perhaps too dear a price can be paid even for the privilege of being "an Establishment based upon the law of the land." The conflict which resulted in the Secession was to continue with little interruption for a century longer. The fortunes of the contending parties would vary, but a compromise was almost impossible.

As the eighteenth century draws near its close, the author reviews the conditions of Scottish thought and life.

> It is hard [he says] to conceive an atmosphere more inspiring for the generation then growing up (II. 124). Religion was regarded only as a safe and decent appurtenance of life (*Ib*). The ordinary discourses of the pulpit resembled moral prelections rather than doctrinal expositions of religious faith (II. 122).

But such a phase of religious life could never satisfy the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum*. And the reaction gave power and opportunity to the "Evangelical" party.

> The predominating influence in the Scotland of the new generation was that of Thomas Chalmers.

Sir Henry gives a true estimate of the position and personality of Chalmers. It is only when he comes to describe his actual breach with the Moderate party that his delineation becomes vague and undefined. The cause of this breach he attributes to the "religious enthusiasm" of Chalmers, but there is no attempt to trace its genesis. Chalmers himself would have called it his conversion. It was a revolution in his whole conception of Christianity and the Christian life, reaching to the very depths of his strong nature. From that time he was destined to be the leader of the "Evangelical" section of the Church. His ideal for the Church is accurately sketched.

> She was to be a missionary Church, working mainly for the poor, taking upon herself the burden and charge of poor relief, dominating all political movements by maintaining the supremacy of character and religious conviction as the engines by which the lot of the poor was to be bettered.

But once more the Patronage controversy was to play havoc in the Church. Sir Henry admits, as he approaches the Disruption period, that the Act of 1712 already referred to—

> was contrary to the whole theory of ecclesiastical independence which had been apparently secured by the most binding pledges.

He admits that—

> there was not a little ground for the irritation aroused . . . by the mental and theological attitude of the average patron's nominee.

The "obtrusive latitudinarianism" of many of the clergy—

> and their aping of philosophical rationalism were redeemed by none of the intellectual vigour which belonged to the party which they pretended to represent. . . . Occasionally the nominee was, it is to be feared, guilty of some laxity of conduct which the fervour of the more zealous religionists was not likely to extenuate.

These are significant admissions. And no less significant is his statement that—

> the question at issue was too often treated by English politicians with an impatient and contemptuous arrogance.

The quotations just made reveal the whole situation, and explain the crisis which was its issue.

We cannot think that Sir Henry Craik has formed a fair estimate of the momentous step taken by the "Evangelical" party in 1843. He attempts to minimise the tremendous sacrifice which was so bravely made, by hinting that the outgoing ministers had the best of the bargain from a material point of view. He must have a meagre acquaintance with the early history of the Free Church. "Suffering and privation," he allows, "were the lot of some." If he had said "of large numbers," he would have been nearer the mark. He emphasises the trying position occupied by the ministers who remained in the Established Church owing to ridicule and other causes. But what of the other side of the picture? Time would fail to give instances of the petty tyranny and social ostracism brought to bear upon those who seceded. The evidence laid before the Committee of the House of Commons appointed to investigate the refusal of sites (for churches, etc.), is most suggestive reading. Further, we fail utterly to understand how the formation of the Free Church "helped to destroy the high position which Scotland had won for herself as a literary centre." As a matter of fact, it is noteworthy that the Free Church has had far more than her share of the literary and theological activity of the country. Our closing criticism must be a protest against Sir Henry's strictures on the laymen who rallied round what they believed to be the cause of spiritual liberty. For, as those who knew them can cordially testify, a finer body of Christian men has never adorned a religious society.

[We have thought it well to entrust this review to a member of the Scottish Free Church, but with all the principles which it enunciates English High Church will be in hearty and complete agreement.]

MAGIC AND RELIGION. By Andrew Lang. Longmans.

OF the fifteen essays which make up this volume, eight are directed against the theories put forward in Mr. J. G. Frazer's "Golden Bough," while only two are entirely unconnected with them. Mr. Lang, as may be expected, cannot away with Mr. Frazer's wild hypothesis as to the Crucifixion and its supposed prototype, the Babylonian Sucaea, but we have recently dealt too fully with this [see THE PILOT for May 4th, 1901] to again go through the objections to it. It may be more profitable to study Mr. Lang's remarks on the relations of Magic and Religion, which go, in fact, to the origin of all religions whatever. According to Mr. Frazer's last theory—he started, it should be noticed, by declaring religion to be a branch of magic—religion and magic are opposed in principle, although he still considers that magic has everywhere preceded religion. To this Mr. Lang replies in effect that Mr. Frazer can show no case of a people so primitive as to possess only magic and no religion, the Australians, whom

he gives as an instance, being really the most religious of mortals. The difference between them seems to lie in the various meanings which the two authors attach to the word "religion," Mr. Frazer defining it as "a propitiation or conciliation of powers superior to man which are believed to control the course of nature and of human life," while Mr. Lang remarks that this "does not include all that we usually mean by religion." Of this truth there can be no doubt, but Mr. Lang would have refuted Mr. Frazer more thoroughly had he adduced an instance where magic followed instead of preceding religion than by showing, as he does, that the somewhat misty belief of the Australians in a Supreme Being may be the germ of religious ideas. He could have found such an instance ready to his hand in Ancient Egypt, where the sublime monotheism to which the worship of Amen seems at one time to have risen degenerated into what has often been called a "systematised sorcery." This is exactly the opposite of what should have happened had Mr. Frazer's dogma as to the earlier appearance in the world of magic been well founded.

Mr. Lang appears, however, to have been in some sort forced into this fallacy by his own theory, here stated by no means for the first time, that man, in his most savage state, yet possesses the knowledge of a "relatively supreme, moral, and benevolent Creator, unborn, undying, omniscient, and omnipresent," although this sublime belief afterwards becomes obscured by the worship of ancestors and of ghosts. As he does not tell us how this idea comes into the heads of savages, we might almost assume him to be here putting forward the claim, at one time dear to (among others) Mr. Gladstone, of a primitive revelation. All such theories have fallen into discredit with those who study the subject by scientific methods because it seems impossible to hold, consistently with the known facts of evolution, the view that as man's mental powers grow stronger and his stock of facts from which to generalise larger, his conclusions as to the unseen world pass literally from the sublime to the ridiculous. It is easier to explain such traces of monotheism —or, rather, monarchism—as may be found in primitive creeds, by the theory of Aristotle that man is apt to model the supposed government of the unseen world on the form of rule which he sees in this, and that the savage idea of a first cause is really derived from nothing but the unfettered sway of his own chief. Much support for the Aristotelian view can be found in the religious history of countries like Egypt and Babylonia, where the different nomes or provinces always retained a certain autonomy under a local chief, and where the supreme god for the time being was in consequence nothing higher than first among his peers. Both Mr. Lang and Mr. Frazer practically ignore the notion of Sir Alfred Lyall that magic or the compulsion of the spirit world has always existed by the side of religion or its propitiation. Such a theory seems to be based on ascertained facts and to satisfy all the requirements of the case.

The two essays in the book mentioned above as not directly connected with its title are concerned with the cups and rings found chiselled on rocks in most parts of the world, and the power of walking unburnt over red-hot stones which certain religious ceremonies in Polynesia, Japan, and elsewhere, are said to confer. The first of these phenomena Mr. Lang connects with the *churinga* of his favourite Australians; the second he makes no attempt to explain.

VIES DES SAINTS DE LA BRETAGNE ARMORIQUE, PAR ALBERT LE GRAND. New edition by A. M. Thomas, I. M. Abgrall, and P. Peyron. Quimper (Salaun). 1901.

A NEW edition of Albert le Grand's work on the saints of Brittany has been long desired. His book was published originally at Nantes in 1636. He drew his information from the Breviaries of the dioceses and collegiate churches of Brittany, and from a collection made by his great-uncle, Yves le Grand, Chancellor of the Cathedral of Léon, about 1472. Many of the sources whence he drew are dried up. With the Revolution the libraries were scattered, and MSS. were ruthlessly destroyed. Thus, for the diocese of Quimper, one single imperfect MS. Breviary of the fifteenth century alone remains of its liturgical works prior to the seventeenth century, and that belongs to the *fabrique* of Landerneau, and is now for sale. Of the diocese of Léon but a single incomplete Breviary, that was printed in Paris in 1526, exists in the possession of the congregation of the Frères Lamennais at Ploermel. The Cartulary of Quimperlé, that contains the lives of two Welsh saints who migrated to Brittany, disappeared at the Revolution, and it has turned up in the library of Lord Beaumont, of Carlton Towers. It was from this unique book that Albert le Grand drew the life of one of them, but passed the other over in silence.

The work of Le Grand had become exceedingly rare, when it was republished in 1837, at Paris and Brest, by Mionce de Kerdanet and M. Gaveran, with notes of some value. This has also become scarce, and the new edition, under the auspices of Canons Thomas and Peyron, who deal with the history, and Canon Abgrall, who treats of the archæology of the subject is a most welcome acquisition.

The book is of interest because the saints named in it, whose lives and legends are recorded, are for the most part British or Irish in origin. Owing to the raid made upon Ossory by Ængus MacNadfraich, King of Munster, who swept the Ossorians out of a third part of their territories, to give it up to be repeopled by the Deisi in the second half of the fifth century, a great migration of Ossorians took place, and they seem to have settled in Western Cornwall and Western Brittany. The same result was produced by Enna Cinnselach sweeping the Hy Bairrche out of their land between the Slaney and the Barrow. Moreover, the advance westward of the Saxon arms rolled back the Britons, and crowds of them took ship and escaped to Armorica, giving tc it a new name and a new language. From the fifth and sixth centuries Armorica came to be called Lesser Britain, and the language spoken was changed from a Latinised Gaulish to Welsh.

Of the ninety lives given by Albert le Grand, some twenty-eight are of saints who were either Welsh emigrants or sons of such born just after the arrival of these colonists. Of the former we knew something from Welsh sources, and what the Breton records supply is the after history of these settlers Some seven are of Irish saints. But this by no means exhausts the number of those who came over from Britain or from Ireland to organise the Church and minister to the spiritual requirements of their countrymen who had been expelled from their native land.

The value of the double records is apparent in the case of Gildas, the acrimonious historian of the British. We have a life attributed to Caradoc, of Llancarvan, but certainly the work of a monk of Glastonbury. This life tells us nothing of the career of Gildas out of Britain. But Gildas founded no monasteries or churches there, whereas in Brittany he became a great founder; and a life written by a monk of Rhuys, whilst passing over much of his early history, is very full relative to his acts in Armorica. Procopius says that in the sixth century swarms of immigrants arrived from Britain, men bringing with them their wives and families. These migrations assumed large dimensions in 450, 512-4, and between 561 and 566. So early as 461 we hear of a "Bishop of the Britons" attending the Council of Tours. In 469 the British settlers were in sufficient numbers on the north of the Loire to be able to send a force of valuable auxiliaries against the invading Visigoths. They formed three kingdoms in Armorica, that of Domnonia, that of Leon, and that of Cornonaille, as well as a large county of Bro-Weroc, the present department of Morbihan, where these new arrivals enveloped the old Gallo-Roman city of Vannes, so that in 590, Regalis, Bishop of Vannes, in an address to Ebracair, who had been sent at the head of Frank soldiers from King Guntram, complained that he and his clergy were as though held prisoners within their walls by the multitude of British settlers who occupied the country.

It was natural and reasonable that the ecclesiastics from Britain should follow the refugees, and labour among them to maintain them in the Christain faith, and to organise the Church according to Celtic models. It does not seem that the Gallo-Roman prelates of Rennes, Nantes, and Vannes had laboured with much energy and success to convert the natives. That was done almost wholly, if not entirely, by the missioners from Britain.

At the outset, the colonists in Armorica considered themselves as under the British Crown, but as the Saxons advanced, and the unity of the insular Britons was dissolved, they formed themselves into independent kingdoms.

As in Wales, so in Brittany, the death of a prince meant the outbreak of fratricidal war. A principality or a tribe was broken up among the brothers, and the most masterful expelled his brothers or cut their throats. The consequence was that members of the royal families were incessantly escaping to Wales, and only returning when they saw their way clear to recovering their rights. Thus we obtain glimpses of these Brittany chiefs and saints in Wales, and indeed also in Cornwall.

The early history of Brittany is full of interest, and a study of it conduces greatly to clear up obscurities in the history of the British in the fifth and sixth centuries. Unhappily, it is only through the lives of the saints that we obtain any acquaintance with the political condition of the times, and that the secular history has to be constructed ; for it was not deemed worth while to preserve records of any save of saintly personages.

THE STORY OF ASSISI. By Lina Duff Gordon. Dent.

MISS DUFF GORDON'S Guide to Assisi, while it will be invaluable to those who spend more than the usual hurried day on the slopes of Monte Subasio, should interest a far wider circle of readers. For it is not only an ideal guide-book; it is much besides. The author has lived among the scenes of St. Francis's life, talked with the priests and people, invited and absorbed the influence of the Franciscan spirit which yet lingers round the saint's birthplace, and by a rare gift of sympathetic imagination has succeeded in the difficult task of telling again in a quite personal and fresh manner the often told story of the lives of St. Francis and St. Clare. Even more interesting than the life itself, which must naturally derive its chief charm from the copious extracts from the early Franciscan lives, is the description of the pardon of St. Francis, a festa which, coming as it does at the end of July, is not often seen by English tourists. Her description of the orgies of religious frenzy in which the southern Italian pilgrims indulge is as vivid as it is painful, and should be read in order to realise how much of the Mediæval temper of mind still survives in the remoter parts of Italy. Enthusiastic as she is about the life of St. Francis, the author writes without any suspicion of sentimental exaggeration. She can even spare a word in defence of Brother Elias, who, if he interrupted one of the few serious attempts to put the Christian ideal rigorously into practice, must at least be thanked for the monument which now brings the saint's memory most vividly before us, the Church of St. Francesco.

The account of the frescoes in the church itself is minute and accurate. The whole problem of the origins of Italian painting, of the personality of Cimabue and Giotto, is involved in the almost insoluble problems of art criticism to which these give rise. Miss Duff Gordon very wisely confines herself to stating the most recent theories clearly and concisely, leaving on one side the discussions and rivalries of specialists and connoisseurs. She affords the utmost assistance to the student who wishes to formulate a working hypothesis, without encumbering the more casual visitor with superfluous matter.

The author has, however, studied thoroughly the works of the little-known later Umbrian masters such as Matteo da Gualdo and Mezzastris, whose works are so well seen at Assisi. She has not only chronicled all the known remains of frescoes in remote corners of the town, but her industry has been rewarded by the discovery of one or two frescoes by Matteo da Gualdo which were entirely unknown.

It is no small pleasure and something of a surprise to find a book written in an easy and unassuming style which forbids the very thought of pedantry inspired by so serious and scholarly an ideal of research.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) HISTORY OF INTELLECTUAL DEVELOPMENT ON THE LINES OF MODERN EVOLUTION. By John Beattie Crozier. Vol. III. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

(2) Three Books on Commercial Education :—EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATIONS OF TRADE AND INDUSTRY. By Fabian Ware. Harpers.—COMMERCIAL EDUCATION AT HOME AND ABROAD. By Frederick Hooper and James Graham. Macmillan. 6s.—COMMERCIAL EDUCATION IN THEORY AND PRACTICE. By E. E. Whitfield. Methuen. 5s.

(1) Students of history will regret, both for their own sake and the author's, that weakened eyesight has obliged Mr. Crozier to bring out the third volume of his *History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution* in advance of the second, for which a greater amount of minute research was required. In his first volume he brought his subject down to the closing of the Schools of Athens by Justinian, and from the year 529 down to the French Revolution, which may be taken as the starting-point of the present volume, is so large a gap that his new work must be treated on its own merits. It is rather a curious commentary on Mr. Crozier's theories that the greatness of this gap does not, in his opinion, seriously affect his arguments. Had it been filled up he admits that the present volume, which is full of suggestions for what should be done in the twentieth century, would have had "a more systematic basis," but he is not sure that the particular arguments here used would have been materially strengthened, or that he would have drawn on it for more historical illustrations than are here given. What makes these doubts curious is that the chief instrument by which alike in England, France, and the United States, the three countries with which he specially deals, politics are to be reconstructed, is the adoption of some exposition of the evolution of civilisation as a kind of Bible, which is to be taught universally in schools and made the subject of examinations on which all Civil Service appointments are to depend. If sound conclusions can be reached notwithstanding a gap of some thirteen centuries, we are tempted to ask how the history of social evolution during this period can be so immensely helpful? The question seems to us a pertinent one as against Mr. Crozier ; for ourselves, we can regret the loss of his second volume merely for its own sake, because we doubt whether the history of the Evolution of Civilisation has any such talismanic properties as he assigns to it. Everyone agrees that social evolution moves in curves rather than in straight lines, and though it is possible to trace the course of the curves in the past, it is not possible, it seems to us, for any observer, however philosophical, to divine the depth or height of the curve through which contemporary civilisation is passing at any given moment. If this be so, the use of evolution to the practical statesman can only be insignificant, even if he takes it for granted that his highest aim must be to assist its movement. This brings us to one of the puzzles of Mr. Crozier's book, the strangely unphilosophical way in which he uses teleological language without stating on what his teleology rests. Thus he tells us that Abstract Ideals such as those of Rousseauism or Christianity, "were never intended to be ends in themselves, but means only which Civilisation uses for her steady advance and ascent," and it is said of "further instalments of justice" for the great masses of men, that "this is the very end of Nature herself, and she will stick at nothing that will help her progressively to realise it." On p. 136 a most unwieldly parenthesis, apologised for as a "by the way," justifies the use of the word Providence by

the interesting argument that just as if one of two factors of a definite number is itself definite, the other factor must be definite also, so the evolution of the civilisation and that of the Human Spirit being both definite, "the other factor, namely Fate, which unites with the human mind in the production of this orderly movement of civilisation," cannot be blind or chaotic. Whether the argument be good or bad, we need not stop to inquire, but we are quite certain that the conclusion is far too important to be slipped in parenthetically. The truth seems to us to be that in mapping out the twentieth century in the name of philosophy Mr. Crozier has made no allowance for that personal bias which as the historian comes down to his own day becomes increasingly important, and, when he deals in forecasts, is overwhelming. A passing reference (we omitted to make a note of it, and the index affords no help) to the domestic servant question made us smilingly suspect that, like other philosophers, Mr. Crozier is capable of having his theories influenced by unconscious considerations of his own comfort, and throughout his book the evolution of civilisation seems to us the quarry from which he fetches stones to prop up his personal opinions rather than their natural foundation. He belongs to the educated classes, therefore, in the name of evolution, he would disfranchise the uneducated; he is intellectual and the fellow-townsman of Lee of the Lee-Metford rifle, therefore intellect in general, and inventors of improved rifles in particular, should be rewarded; he has made social evolution his special study, therefore some history of the Evolution of Civilisation is to be erected into a Bible, and as the French clergy are not likely to adopt it, their schools, "although the necessity is a painful one," are practically to be suppressed. We cannot help remarking that if a Bible of Evolution is to be written we hope that it may have fewer split infinitives and fewer amorphous sentences, of half a page apiece, than Mr. Crozier himself employs, and yet we cannot take leave of his book with a gibe, even though an innocent one. We believe that it is fundamentally unsound, and that in particular its otherwise neatly constructed engines, which are to reform three civilisations, will never run a yard, because there is no provision for any motor power to work them; and yet the whole book is the work of a most acute observer, and abounds in valuable criticisms both of the immediate past and of the present. To take a single instance, the account of the great blots in American life, the spoils system, municipal corruption and lobbying, is the sanest and the best proportioned we have ever read, and explains with real lucidity how and why the nation acquiesces in them. The criticism of the effects of Rousseauism on American statesmanship is equally good, and the book would be worth reading through if only for these final chapters. But it is full of interesting suggestions throughout, and while we make no account of Mr. Crozier's own programme for the century, we are sure that any politician who reads his book will be helped by it to a more statesmanlike view of the problems with which he has to deal.

(2) While Mr. Crozier maps out the fundamental changes which he desires to see in English society during the present century, English publishers seem to have made up their minds that better commercial education is the want of the immediate present. Three books on the subject lie before us, covering different ground, but all written with the same aim. In *Educational Foundations of Trade and Industry* Mr. Fabian Ware gives a lucid and comprehensive account of the attempts (the word is significant) of the English Government to lay educational foundations, and of the more successful, because much more carefully thought out, efforts of Germany, France, and the United States in the same direction. Almost a third of the book (some ninety pages) is occupied with the German system, and Mr. Ware's narrative deserves the attentive perusal of everyone interested in education, if only as a corrective against the premature specialisation which is the greatest danger of the immediate future. The German Government has shown no desire to build up a secondary system of commercial education which will "turn clever boys into cheap clerks." It has devised a system which ensures absolute continuity of instruction, and has laid its foundation on the broadest lines and with unsparing liberality. When the British Royal Commissioners on Technical Instruction visited in 1884 the magnificent new buildings in progress at Charlottenburg, they remarked, with some scorn, that since the number of students had fallen from 1,400 to 800, the object of the vast outlay (£450,000) "is difficult to understand." The new school opened with 887 pupils; in 1899 it numbered 3,428; and the "vast outlay" is probably one of the best investments a Government ever made. Even the devotees of a purely classical education may learn much from the German system, for the postponement of Latin in all schools until about the age of twelve, when French has already been studied three years, while providing an invaluable common basis for both classical and modern schools, has certainly done no harm to German scholarship. Messrs. Frederick Hooper and James Graham, the authors of the second of our three, books, that entitled *Commercial Education at Home and Abroad*, give a briefer account of foreign systems than Mr. Ware's, while furnishing special information as to the experiment begun in 1892 by the County Council of the West Riding of Yorkshire, of the working of which they write with personal knowledge. Their book deals less with general principles than Mr. Ware's, but is even fuller of detailed information as to syllabuses and methods of work, is illustrated, and contains a useful appendix of examination papers. Our third volume, *Commercial Education in Theory and Practice*, by Mr. E. E. Whitfield, is intended as a general introduction to "Methuen's Commercial Series," and will be especially useful to teachers of commercial classes. It contains a rapid survey of the whole field of instruction, with reference to the books in each section likely to be of use respectively to pupils and teachers, and links the educational aspects of the subjects to the practical uses to which the education will be put. This book also contains a useful appendix of examination papers. All three works seem to us thoroughly good in their respective fields, and are full of promise for the future. If Government or County Councils will provide and support a well-considered system of commercial education there will certainly be no lack of competent teachers to carry it out.

FICTION.

Sister Teresa. By George Moore. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.—To all who have read "Evelyn Innes," Mr. Moore's explanation that *Sister Teresa* is to be taken as the second volume of the earlier novel is superfluous. The question that really wants answering is one that haunts the reader's mind when the last page of *Sister Teresa* is turned: "Is this really the end? Is there not in the nature of things a third volume, in which Evelyn comes out of the convent and makes an experiment in matrimony?" Somehow, in spite of her declaration, we do not believe that the convent is her "last stage," or, indeed, that there is any "last stage" this side of the grave for the type of character she represents. This is not to say that for the sin of which Evelyn was guilty there is no repentance, or for the woman who has so sinned no new life possible. Evelyn never repented. She was an actress and an adventuress from first to last, always self-conscious, always more deeply interested in herself than in anything else in earth or heaven or hell. And the measure of her unreality is given, with a deadly simplicity of truth, in the letter she writes to her father while she is still only a boarder in the convent:—

As you did not want me I came here to help those who did want me, and I am helping them. My singing brings crowds to Benediction every day. I am not in the least vain about my singing now. But I am praising myself. So I will tell you instead of the Prioress, who is certainly a wonderful woman. I see a great deal of her, and she seems to read me through and through, and to see things in me which I do not know myself, but which are, nevertheless, quite true. The other day, when I told her I had never been happy until I came here, and that it seemed to me I had found out

my life at last, she said, "My dear Evelyn, you have hardly any perception of what our life is, you know it only from the outside, you are still an actress, you are acting on a different stage, that is all." I could not answer her, for I felt I had adapted myself to the convent as I might to a new part; I do not say that the new part is not the part I shall play to the end, but now and again I catch myself playing a part. . . . One example will explain what I mean. The little penitential exercises such as kissing the floor, as a sign of contrition for some petty fault, or kneeling for permission to pass to one's place in choir or refectory if one should chance to be late, are much more distasteful to the other nuns than to me. The other novices run from the furthest end of the convent at the first sound of the bell, to avoid what seems to them a humiliating ordeal. I look upon these things as the etiquette of the convent, just as it is the etiquette of the stage to allow a man to kiss you whom you do not care for in the least. The Prioress did not suspect how true her remark was, and I did not tell her that in the first week I was deliberately late for dinner in order to test the sensation of kneeling before the entire community on the bare refectory floor.

This passage is not only good as an illustration of the defect in the heroine of the book, but it may serve as an illustration of the whole mistake of the book itself. *Sister Teresa* is a microscopic study of conventual life and character from without. And convent life and character, studied from without, are "Hamlet" with the part of Hamlet left out. Evelyn, having become weary of her life in the world as the mistress of Sir Owen Asher, takes a fancy to the life of the convent. It is a more artistic "pose" than the other. But she has no vocation. She recognises that the real nuns have a "divine something," and so does Mr. Moore who writes about her. But he does not profess to know that "divine something," either by experience or by the observation that passes through his note-books into his novels, and so he does not attempt to show it to us. Accordingly we get from him a picture of convent life that is only to be compared in effect to a sacred play staged with all the magnificence and elaboration of modern art, so as to enhance to the utmost every material point, and by so doing make the spiritual part conspicuous only by its absence. To write without vivid spiritual realisation of a state which is of its essence supremely spiritual, is at least as great a mistake as to write about music, painting, or marriage, without possessing the instincts that belong to these departments of life; and it marks a very arbitrary limitation of the philosophy of a writer like Mr. Moore that he should set this truth at naught. It is, moreover, a mistake that cannot be deliberately made without very mischievous and unfair results. The wonderful faithfulness of all the material detail in Mr. Moore's novels so impresses the great majority of readers that they become convinced that he must know everything that is known—almost that everything he does not succeed in reproducing is really non-existent. For it requires much more than average independence and average imagination to read through a closely-printed three-volume novel all about a woman who went into a convent, to recognise the marvellous truth of almost every word that is said, and yet when one lays down the book to remain satisfied that the essential points of the subject have been omitted altogether, and that this omission makes the book, as a whole, a thoroughly untrustworthy and untrue picture. It is in this sense that *Sister Teresa* may be said to be an unfair book. But it is mischievous in another sense. The besetting sin of Evelyn Innes is the sin as to which wise people have been long agreed that it is best to keep silence. Not because it is desirable or possible that any grown person should be entirely ignorant of its existence, but because familiar discussion of it violates the instinctive modesty which is the soul's natural defence against the sins of the flesh. The analysis of Evelyn's moods before and after her religious profession offend very seriously against this modesty: all the more seriously that they are made in cold blood, so as to appeal to curiosity rather than to passion. And the whole tendency of the book is to break down the barriers that formerly divided the topics that may from those that may not be discussed in mixed companies. Yet with a strange irony one of the truest points of the story is made by the declaration of Sister Mary John that the presence of Evelyn in the convent is a danger to the "vocations" of the other sisters. They have discovered her unspirituality; they note the restlessness that comes from her "instinctive interest in men"; they feel in themselves "the disintegrating influence" of her personal fascination. That is what the wiser guardians of society have always thought about women of Evelyn's type. They disturb the moral and spiritual atmosphere of every circle they come into, absorbing into themselves all the interest that should be given to the practical duties and wholesome affections which are the vocations of men and women not shut up in convents. Precisely the same objection holds against the books that give disproportionate prominence to the characters and histories of such women. We have remarked upon the wonderful truth of much of the detail of this novel. At the same time, we are inclined to doubt the possibility of the situation. We should be surprised to hear that any convent—Roman or Anglican—would have admitted Evelyn in any character but that of a penitent.

King's End. By Alice Brown. Constable. 6s.—Miss Alice Brown, like her fellow-workers, Miss Jewett and Miss Wilkins, has the rare art of drawing beauty and significance from homely and trivial material. Her story of the little New England community at King's End is instinct with sympathy, spiritual insight, and a most winsome blending of humour and pathos. We close the volume with a sense of having actually shared in the quaint neighbourhood life, so remote and rustic in externals, so akin to all in its human vicissitudes Nancy Eliot, the maiden dedicated to God's service and her her own self-will; her delightful wooer, Martin, and his even more delightful mother; Luke Evans, the village outlaw, with his grotesquely pitiful tragedy, are all undeniably living. But perhaps the finest studies are those of the wandering old mystic, Elder Kent, and his sister Julia—a true creation—who, after a life of self-devotion and service to her brother's faith, flames out in a final claim of her own woman's love and pain at the close of an unfulfilled life. Miss Brown has marred the simplicity of her style by an occasional incongruous classical allusion. But these form the only flaws in a pretty and appealing story.

MAGAZINES.

THE seventh number of the *New Liberal Review*—the first of the second volume—is a very good one. Mr. E. T. Cook treats Lord Rosebery's letter as merely stating a truism. He will have nothing to say to any reunion of the Liberal party after the war, except on condition that the Imperialist section "should definitely and unequivocally prevail." Mr. Greenwood takes the opposite, and, as we think, the truer view that as regards the future Lord Rosebery has exaggerated the importance of the division between the two sections. As regards the past, it is very great, so great as to make agreement impossible until history has shown which was in the right. But politically the vast majority of Liberals are agreed that the trouble "can only be cleared in one way now, whatever its causes and origins." They recognise the obligations that the war has laid upon Englishmen, but among these obligations "is the duty of so conducting the war, and so ending it, that the hate of the Boers to the rule they will be compelled to endure shall have the least justification." There is an excellent paper by Mr. Yoxall on travelling in France, still perhaps the least known of tourist countries; and an interesting account of a curious tribe known as the "Sea Gypsies," who "smell their way about in an uncanny fashion, and at any hour of any season can find fish."

The course of events during the past month has somewhat reduced the actuality of the history of Lord Rosebery's career as Foreign Secretary of which the second instalment appears in the *Contemporary Review*. However, it is even more eulogistic than the first. Lord Rosebery secured our establishment in Uganda; he thrice quelled attempts by the Khedive

to begin the work of getting us out of Egypt; his failure to secure the lease of the Bahr-el-Gazal from the Congo State was merely due to the slovenly methods of the Foreign Office in failing to index treaties with cross-references; he was firm enough to bring the Franco-Siamese difficulty of 1893 to a settlement which would have been more satisfactory if he had completed it, and to run risks which were not realised by the organs of his own party at the time; and as to Armenia, there is reason to suppose that the Liberal Government would have taken action if it had not been unexpectedly exploded by the cordite vote. We find no allusion to Lord Rosebery's present position, though Mr. J. A. Spender's admirable article on "The Liberal Party and the War" suggests that he may by-and-by return to his old place. This article points out, with perfect justice, that except in very rare cases a war must weaken any Opposition, and exhorts the party—we are afraid in vain—to put aside recriminations, overlook the outcry of the extremists on each flank, and draw together to support a settlement on Liberal principles when peace is made in South Africa. It concludes with some sympathetic words on the pathos of the correspondence between Reitz and Steyn, which we earnestly hope will be taken to heart by all Englishmen who are not blinded by pseudo-patriotic passion. A most valuable account of the Steel Trust, by Messrs. H. W. Macrosty and S. G. Hobson, shows that the combination aims not merely at that primitive kind of monopoly which depends on raising prices and reducing wages, but at reducing subsidiary expenses, concentrating highly-paid labour, and decentralising management by emphasising the personal responsibility of the managers set over its various establishments, and by encouraging competition in efficiency between them. The effect on the steel trade of the world will be dealt with in a later article. In "Sifting the Atmosphere" the Rev. J. M. Bacon, of aëronautic fame, deals with the probability of the existence of dust-clouds of different densities in the air as inferable from the minor air-currents of whose action he gives an interesting account. Mr. Arnold Haultain writes pleasantly on golf—chiefly on its psychology.

In the *National Review* an "Old Parliamentary Hand" foreshadows a Unionist revolt against the ineptitude of Ministers, whose last offence is the appointment of "a lot of women to inquire into the methods of carrying on the war"—a sufficiently amusing description of the result of Miss Hobhouse's labours. They are saved only by the presence of Mr. Chamberlain and one or two other important office-holders, such as Mr. Arnold Forster. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is especially objectionable, for he censured Sir Bartle Frere in 1879; and so we want an Opposition, led by Lord Rosebery, "whose policy shall not be anti-English," and which when it comes in shall reform the Army, the Navy, and higher education, adding other reforms in the future, including what (we suppose) is veiled Protection, and heavier taxation on the irresponsible rich. We confess the impression left on us is that the "opportunity" is not so much Lord Rosebery's as Mr. Chamberlain's. Mr. Arnold White is an alarmist, of course, as to the Mediterranean fleet, but he tells the Navy League that they hardly know a ship's bow from her stern, and so estranges his most vociferous auxiliaries. Mr. A. H. Sinnett gives us the very newest Bacon cipher theory. Bacon was the son of Queen Elizabeth by a secret marriage with the Earl of Leicester, and the typography of the folio Shakespeare of 1623 gives the cypher—somewhat on the principle of the Morse alphabet—under which his claims and hopes are concealed. But the ordinary public is entrenched against this theory behind a vast mass of irresponsible ignorance. We confess that without the aid of superhuman powers we do not feel inclined to study it further.

In the *Fortnightly Review* the place of honour is given to a couple of articles on the political crisis. The author of "The Cry for Men" may be regarded as a pessimist by some readers, but there is a great deal of truth in the picture he draws of an invertebrate public life, in which an insincere cant has on both sides taken the place of strenuous political conviction. The chief arguments in political circles lately have been epithets, but we cannot agree with the writer's condemnation of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's "hyper-sensitive protest against nicknames." Our author calls them abbreviated arguments, and defends them, but it is precisely this cheap method of warfare, a mere bandying of abuse, that has caused our political life recently to suffer so much loss of dignity. In casting about for a suitable alternative to the present Government, the writer sees nothing for it but the appointment of Mr. Chamberlain to be Premier. Certainly that, as he says, would create a solid Opposition. "And," he adds, "the worst of our fate is that Mr. Chamberlain is our best." There are three well-informed articles on the Navy by "Excubitor," Mr. H. W. Wilson, and Mr. F. T. Jane; and Mr. Richard Davey contributes a note on the Count du Rois, whom he calls "a new French poet." Mr. William Watson has a poem, and Mr. H. G. Wells continues his "anticipations," which in this chapter have to do with the political conditions of the future. Altogether this is an unusually full and interesting number.

Mr. Sidney Low contributes a well-thought-out article to the *Nineteenth Century and After* on "The Danger of the War Office Report." The War Office may have many faults, says Mr. Low, and the excellent report of the Committee on War Office organisation has laid them bare in a very workmanlike fashion, but we must be careful not to delude ourselves with the notion that by reforming the War Office we shall necessarily reform the Army. He quotes as characteristic of commercial England instances of many industrial concerns which, while their actual work is admirably turned out, are monuments of clumsy and defective administration. Even if one grants that these two qualities can be combined, it only proves that good workmanship may sometimes exist in spite of bad organisation—surely rather a feeble argument. It is true, of course, that the public, wearied of the long financial drain of the war, may forget its first desire to reorganise the Army at any cost, and simply accept the proposals of the committee as embodying all that need be done. It is true, as Mr. Low points out, that the Army must be reformed as well as the War Office, but surely there is no harm in beginning at headquarters. Mr. Perceval Landon has an article on "A Remnant of Buddha's Body," in which he traces the possible political importance of the possession of the flake of bone recently discovered at Bhattiproulu. The proposal to present it to the King of Siam he regards as unwise, and suggests that it should be offered to the Grand Lama of Thibet, when it might be the means of safeguarding one of the last available avenues that lead to our Indian dominions. Mr. Henniker Heaton contributes an article on "Postal Pettifogging," and the inevitable comment on the Liberal crisis is supplied by Sir Wemyss Reid.

Blackwood's.—"Martyrs to hepatic troubles" are, unfortunately for them, by no means rare, though we doubt if many will be inclined to follow the "cure" Mr. Nugent Bankes seems to have found paramount—viz., to adopt the profession of fireman. His account of his three years with the Metropolitan Fire Brigade is lively and full of incident; he obviously, too, possesses a sense of humour which would lighten most situations, but that the cure was drastic is undeniable. The Earl of Ronaldshay tells a stirring tale of midwinter peril in the Himalayas, peril into which he was led by his love of sport, and which he owns he would unwillingly experience a second time. Mr. Buchan's "Fountainblue" is a clever and original character sketch of the man who, by reason of greater strength and breadth of character, stands lonely and alone, on a higher level than his fellow-men. "Linesman" in "A Side Show" gives, as usual, a brilliant picture of war at the front as it really is, and pleads incidentally, as he has done before, for recognition of what virtue is to be found in the enemy. It is *a propos* of the seizing of "farms containing supplies, forage, and possibly women—all three munitions of war to the enemy, the latter perhaps the most valuable. These stout-hearted daughters of far-away Friesland, uncouth shrews for the most part, with something . . . of heroism in them which has spurred their fathers and brothers to the conflict more than all the mere concrete cooking, comfort, and information they have been able to supply. British arms have had no more powerful insidious

enemy than this herd of unenlightened, one-ideaed, treacherous women, wherein, not only from the Boer point of view, but from that of all surveyors of mankind, they are to be thanked as contributing to history something very much better than Carlyle's 'flat nothing.'" The writer of the "Musings" deplores the new worship of speed, which in various forms threatens to destroy true sport, true literature, and most of the things which to those outside the great body of "hustlers" constitute the good in life. Touching political matters, Maga attributes the languid session and the little interest taken within and without the walls of Parliament in the progress of public affairs to the fact that both Government and people are suffering from the inevitable reaction consequent upon the great strain on emotion felt in the early part of the year. It reviews the three chief measures of the "Queen's Speech" (*sic*)—the reconstruction of the army, the Secondary Education Bill, and the promised measures for the prevention of drunkenness. Commenting with regard to the latter on Lord Salisbury's opinion that the country is not ripe for temperance legislation, it holds that "if we wait till it is, legislation will no longer be required. Legislation intended to repress a prevailing vice to which half the nation is addicted, must be undertaken, if it is to do any good, while the disease is still at the height." Maga holds Lord Rosebery's letter to the City Liberal Club to be the most important political paper which has been published in this country since the Tamworth Manifesto, and that, read together with Mr. Asquith's letter, it lays the foundation of a new party.

Macmillan's.—"The Letters of Elizabeth" (Macmillan)—a real Elizabeth, whom the Elizabeth we have all lately made acquaintance with would despise, but who is, nevertheless, a lively, quick-witted young person—were written between 1798 and 1805. Elizabeth Girling was the daughter of a well-to-do yeoman, and her letters are mainly full of accounts of little festivities, junketings, beaux, and little bits of village gossip. She is what in her day was known as "a quiz," and she is unkindly frank in her judgments. A butler, for instance, who played on the organ, violin, and German flute, and who said he frequently took his flute and stretched himself under a spreading tree and played himself into sweet oblivion, is rewarded for his sentiments and accomplishments by the comment, "He is the silliest man I ever saw in my life." Mr. Hannay's essay, "Invasion or Raid," has been suggested by the controversy on the vexed question of the relative importance of fleet and home army. Having defined the difference between invasion and raid, he considers that while the former is inconceivable till our fleet has been routed, the navy cannot be wholly relied on as a defence against the latter. He recalls the many more or less successful raids made on our shores in days when the navy was undoubtedly superior, and draws the conclusion that an efficient force on shore makes an indispensable part of our home defences. That the imperfectly drilled volunteers supply such a force, or that it will be obtained by virtue of Mr. Brodrick's scheme, Mr. Hannay does not believe; that we ought to and could have it, he is clear. "In the Evening of Her Days" is a pathetic study of dock life; "The Great Invitation," another short story, describes a boy's first perception of the mystery and fascination of life with nature.

In the *Cornhill*, Mr. Austin Dobson sings a roundel in celebration of the magazine having reached with the present month its five hundredth number. Mrs. Archibald Little describes "Peking revisited" in terms which give a curiously vivid impression of the desolation in the temples and high places which prevails there, desolation which, however much it is to be regretted on the æsthetic side, it is impossible entirely to deplore when one reads side by side with the account of it, that of Christian priests killed by having arms and legs cut to the bone, the cuts then being filled with petroleum and set alight, or of others "sliced to death, some of them, by those big fixed shears the Chinese use. They just put the bodies between and ——." Mr. Seccombe contributes an interesting appreciation of Smollett's "Travels in France and Italy," a book which he considers to have suffered more than is just from Sterne's cruelly clever depreciation of "Smelfungus," and his travels and the contempt it also met with from the Strawberry Hill *dilettanti*. Mrs. Woods writes amusingly of a mangrove swamp, and the ways of the folk, including Mr. and Mrs. Alligator, who live in or around it. The most striking article for the month is one on "The French Press," which points out the curious tendency of all minor French newspapers to become the specialised organs of a very definite little body of doctrine, the consequent effect of each, and the undue importance given to them abroad by sensational or insufficiently instructed correspondents. The writer wishes in especial to make clear the fact that, without losing any of the literary excellence which has always distinguished the best French journals, the Press is now fulfilling more and more satisfactorily the true mission of any press, viz., the accurate information of its readers.

Longman's.—Mr. Beeching, who has recently been amicably tilting against Mr. Lang on the field of instruction in English literature, contributes to *Longman's Magazine* some interesting notes on an examination in the subject. His quotations are amusing, as such quotations generally are—a statement that "Swift was the author of 'Gulliver's Travels' and 'Three Men in a Tub'" is perhaps the gem of the collection—but the trail of the crammer is painfully obvious, and in the interest of real education it is to be hoped that Mr. Beeching's closing suggestion may some day be adopted. Mr. Whishaw has a fascinating paper on "Autumn by the Sea." He seems to have discovered, by the way, an unexpected sense of humour in the gulls, if one may judge from his story of their bullying of a certain swan. Mr. Sumner's "Recollections of a Tenderfoot" must be pleasanter in the recollection than they were in experience. His sketches of one or two hopelessly incapable ranchers may be found instructive by would-be emigrants.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.

SIR,—I am not aware that any public notice has been taken of the following remarks by Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman in his speech at Pontypridd, reported in the *Times* of July 13th; but you will agree with me that they are worthy of the attention of Churchmen.

"Legislation," said Sir Henry, criticising the educational proposals of the Government, "was to follow next year that would supersede School Boards altogether. Now, whatever effect this might have, it was meant in the interests of Church schools. More public money—no public control; that was the motto the Government had on their banner. Church schools ought long ago to have disappeared, and to have been superseded by a healthy national system. But they had the Church schools now, and they could not get rid of them, but they would keep them in check and under control."

Now, whatever may be said—and a great deal might be said—upon the accuracy of this description of Government policy, and of the strange forecast of the educational future, probably your readers would not care to dwell upon that. What they should dwell upon is this avowed attitude of what I must call unreasoning hostility against "Church schools," avowed not by an irresponsible man, but by the acknowledged leader of the Opposition. I should be prepared to hear that many of your readers are amongst the supporters of the Opposition; but I would appeal to any such, if (as I assume) they value the work which the schools connected with the Church of England have done and are doing, that a man who says "Church schools ought long ago to have disappeared" is in danger of forfeiting whatever support they might otherwise have given him.

And upon all Churchmen, of whatever political complexion they may be, I am sure these words will have the effect of strengthening them in the determination to uphold the schools for which sacrifices so large and so continuous have been freely given. JOHN G. TALBOT.

August 1st, 1901.

SIR,—In your note on the Education Bill, which has now passed the House of Commons, you say, "If the present (Voluntary) School system be open to objection in regard to its connection with the clergy, it is rather that they exercise too little control over (the) religious instruction than too much." If you would omit the words which I have bracketed, there are many who, whilst prefering State to Church education, would cordially support your dictum. The experience of many of us, whether as school-managers, school-fund trustees, or merely as observant travellers, must have shown to us the "insular" attitude which the clergy of this country as a rule adopt towards education. I am not wishing to open the wide question of how much or how little the clergy of the Church of England have done to advance or retain the question of education generally. I wish only to point out that their position with regard to it is absolutely without parallel in other Churches—Catholic and Protestant. My experience almost leads me to the conclusion that the clergy do not know what they really want to give in

the way of religious instruction, unless it be that which should be given by others than themselves. Their idea seems to be that their duty in this respect is limited to the five or six weeks during which they undertake the preparation of candidates for confirmation. In the Catholic and Protestant Churches of the Continent a very different system prevails, and consequently this constant whining about irreligious instruction is only heard where some political purpose is involved. In those Churches the clergy do not consider three years too long for the preparation of their catechumens, and they trust that in that time the seeds of religious instruction can be both sown and watered. Will not some of your readers who are earnest in the cause of religious instruction explain how it happens that, except in isolated cases, the clergy of the Church of England wish to throw upon others a duty which the clergy of other Churches regard as falling upon them? If they would condescend to follow the example set by men of religious convictions, outside their own special Church, they might find that even free-thinking laymen would not complain that the clergy was exercising too much control over the minds of pupils in either voluntary or board schools, and that the supposed difficulties of time and place for religious instruction would prove to be wholly imaginary. L. G. R.

BISHOP WESTCOTT.

SIR,—It may be of interest to the readers of Bystander's article in your last issue to record a sentence of Bishop Westcott's in a letter to me of a few months ago. He was sending me the sermon on the "Disciplined Life" for republication, and he referred to it as describing "a ghost of my early life which I have never been able to lay." I have not his letter before me, but I think these are the words he used. Those who knew the truly ascetic life which the Bishop led will understand the significance of the sentence.

JAMES ADDERLEY.

Hams, Birmingham.

COMPULSORY SERVICE.

SIR,—May I draw attention to the serious mistake into which your correspondent "W. W. K." appears to have fallen on the subject of compulsory service? It is evident from his letter published in your issue of the 3rd inst. that he supposes the strength of the yearly contingent of conscripts must be identical with the number of males who annually reach the age of twenty, minus the physically or morally disqualified. But, as a fact, where the system is in force, the numbers of the annual contingent are determined solely by the requirements of the country as estimated by the Government. So it would be here; and to say that we should want a yearly contingent of 240,000 conscripts is to show a complete misunderstanding of the matter. I do not deny that, looking to our present military weakness, the immense trained forces at the disposal of foreign governments, the explosive condition of the political atmosphere, and the general ill-will which it is always our fate to endure, it might be prudent to raise our Home Army to the needful strength in a shorter time than six years, and therefore to increase the annual contingent much above the strength I have suggested; but the extra pressure of the military burden would not last longer than three or four years, and we should have to thank for it not the system of compulsory service which ought to have been introduced a generation ago, but our own foolish prejudices so long mistaken for virtues, and the shortsightedness and timidity of successive Governments. Let us suppose our requirements in the case of the Home Service Army to be ten army corps available for home defence and five for foreign service in special emergencies, an estimate much in excess of anything as yet proposed. Taking the Army Corps at 40,000 men, we should need a total of 600,000 men, a force which might be provided in a period of little more than six years, if the strength with the colours were kept at only 120,000, and the period of first training were fixed at one year. In this calculation allowance is made for a proportion of non-commissioned officers retained for longer periods with the colours, for recruits kept back as a penal measure, for losses by death, etc.

May I add that I think your correspondent's comparison with Colonel Swayne's performance in Somaliland—admirable as that was—is hardly in point? If British troops are to encounter no more formidable enemy than the Mad Mullah, they will do well enough with a sixth part of the period of training that Colonel Swayne gave to his men.

M. R. H.

DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER BILL.

SIR,—I shall be much obliged if you will allow me to make it known through your columns that, although the Bill is dropped for this year, the large majority obtained on the second reading will no doubt encourage its friends to renew their efforts next session, and I am therefore instructed by my committee to urge the question upon the attention of Churchmen, with a view to its discussion at Ruri-Decanal, Diocesan, and other Conferences during the ensuing autumn and winter. E. H. BLACKETT-ORD,

Secretary, Marriage Law Defence Union.

Church House, Westminster, August 5th, 1901.

THE COUNTRY CLERGY HOLIDAY FUND.

SIR,—The applications which we are receiving from all parts from clergymen in rural districts and provincial towns for holiday grants are so numerous that I venture again to ask you to be so kind as to allow me to draw the attention of your readers to the advertisement in your columns, giving full particulars of the fund which is now being administered to afford a little rest to those who sorely need it, but through their poverty cannot, without our help, obtain it.

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THE WEEK.

Home. Mr. Chamberlain's Proclamation, for we suspect that Lord Kitchener had very little hand in originating it, is unfortunate alike in phrase and in substance. So long as we have to maintain over 200,000 men in South Africa the less we say about the collapse of regular warfare and organised resistance the better. The Boers are still able to give us a good deal of trouble, and to make the recall of our troops impossible. That being so, it would have been more dignified to go on fighting silently until we have finally subdued them. No doubt it is very provoking for Mr. Chamberlain that he cannot get us out of war as easily as he got us into it. But his countrymen have shown no disposition to be hard with him on this score, and we do not see why he need try to put any better face on the facts than they naturally bear. We have annexed the Republics, we are in possession of the seats of government, we have captured the principal towns and the whole of the railways. Having done all this, we may reasonably look forward to the completion of our conquest. But to say that it is complete already is to play with words. The burghers still in arms may be few in numbers; they may have lost almost all their guns; they may be unable to carry on regular warfare. Mr. Chamberlain's military vocabulary may be technically correct, but, so far as appears, the kind of resistance which the Boers are still offering only differs from organised resistance in being very much more inconvenient. No doubt, if the account of a visit paid by a French sympathiser to the Hague which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday is at all accurate, the Boer leaders, with the exception of Mr. Kruger, are becoming convinced of the uselessness of resistance. Indeed, in so far as they build their hopes on foreign intervention they must see that the time for it has passed. If any European Power had ever contemplated taking part in the war it would not have waited until Lord Kitchener's work was almost done. It is possible, of course, that this new threat of banishment may hasten surrenders which are already imminent. But it is also possible that the use of any threat at this moment may be taken by the Boers as indicating a belief on Lord Kitchener's part that he cannot yet compel surrender where the will is wanting.

The Bill to change the King's title, or, rather, to enable His Majesty to change his title by Order in Council within the next six months, has been read a second time in the Commons. The form suggested by the Government is open to the grave objection that it treats the "British dominions beyond seas" as though they belonged to some sovereignty which has only a personal link with that of the United Kingdom. The suggested substitute "of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and of the Colonies and Dependencies thereof Beyond Seas," is open to no such criticism, nor does it expressly associate the Colonies with only two parts out of the three which make up the United Kingdom. The form in which the Bill is cast makes the introduction of this amendment in Committee almost impossible, but it would be a graceful concession on the part of the Prime Minister if he would at least undertake to submit to the King this alternative form of words.

The debates on the deceased Royal Declaration Bill have borne so little fruit in the way of rational conclusion that we welcome the breath of common sense which comes to us in the shape of the Protest entered on the Journals of the House of Lords by Lord Stanmore and Lord Llandaff. That any such Declaration is superfluous so long as the Act of Settlement remains law, and unnecessary now that the executive acts of the Sovereign are really the acts of his responsible Ministers; that the proposed Declaration demanded from the Sovereign a profession of faith "altogether novel and incapable of definition"; and that, supposing such a Declaration to be necessary, it should, if it is to be inoffensive to the King's Roman Catholic subjects, "bear an affirmative rather than a negative character"—ought

to rank among mere commonplaces, instead of being, as they are, hotly-disputed statements. The Liberal party in particular has, in a great measure, abandoned the position it maintained in the first thirty years of the last century. Peter Plymley's letters would find but partial acceptance from the political heirs of Sydney Smith. As the question is not likely to recur for some time, we will make one more contribution to it in the shape of a formula designed to be "affirmative rather than negative," and, at the same time, to meet Lord Tweedmouth's dislike to any undue limitation of the Sovereign's belief. The Declaration might run thus: "I unfeignedly declare that I am a *bonâ fide* member of the Church of England as by law established, or of some one of the Protestant denominations enumerated in the Almanack of my Trusty and Well-Beloved Joseph Whitaker, but I decline to say of which."

There is no good reason for exempting laundries worked by conventual institutions from the inspection to which other laundries are subjected, provided that the inspectors are women and of the same religion as the community inspected. The fact that the money the women earn goes to the support of religious or charitable objects is, unfortunately, no security against the women themselves being over-worked. But Mr. Ritchie was quite right in refusing to risk the defeat of the Bill rather than omit from it the clause designed to bring conventual laundries under the Act. Mr. Asquith's attempted distinction between Mr. Ritchie's surrender and his own was ingenious but unconvincing. In both cases persistence would have wrecked the Bill. The opponents of the clause might not have been able to ensure its rejection, but they could have compelled the Government to choose between withdrawing the Bill and prolonging the session. It might have been heroic to take the latter course, but we question whether even those who urged its adoption really wished to be listened to.

A party meeting, composed of representatives of political associations in all parts of the United Kingdom, is not likely to be negligent in the way of self praise. At Blenheim, on Saturday, everybody was contented, everybody was agreed, everybody was ready to attribute their happiness to the best of all possible Governments. Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain entered thoroughly into the spirit of the scene. Mr. Chamberlain, however, had the advantage over Mr. Balfour in that whenever he was at a loss for words—and the greatest orator is liable to find his store of compliments to his own party running short—he could always say uncivil things of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, an indulgence which Mr. Balfour denied himself. Some trace of recent annoyance was visible, perhaps, in his foreshadowing of a Parliamentary campaign which shall lessen yet more the diminished power of annoyance possessed by the Irish party. This may be tried, we suppose, in the way either of fresh rules of procedure or of limitation of their number. Neither course, however, is without its drawbacks. The restriction of debate can hardly be carried much further without opening out a rather dismal prospect for the present majority when they find themselves in opposition, and may be anxious to place some effective obstacles in the triumphant path of Liberal legislation. The reduction in the number of the Irish Representatives, though so far as population goes there is a good case for it, will raise some awkward questions as to the character of the Act of Union, and originate a demand for redistribution which it may not be easy to limit to Ireland. The Irish members can hardly be described as sleeping dogs, but as regards the invention of new expedients for restraining them it may be wiser to let them lie.

There is some hope that a Royal Commission on the prevention of tuberculosis will escape the rock on which such inquiries have so often made shipwreck. It will not be representative. Those who refuse to interpose any obstacles to the spread of consumption will not, as in the case of vaccination, insist on having their proper proportion of seats. But while all manner of obscure points connected with tuberculosis are receiving the attention of scientific experts, one fact which is not in the least obscure has been pointed out by Dr. J. H. Bridges. London is gradually being converted into a city of flats, and a great number of these flats are built round an inner well in which the air is never changed, and consequently the tuberculosis bacilli are never disturbed. In the beautiful words of Messrs. Tate and Brady—

> Securely there they build, and there
> Securely rear their young.

The County Council, so ingenious in devising regulations which hit intending builders in all manner of unexpected places, does not interfere here. Block after block of the most costly character is erected, and no precautions are taken to protect the space upon which the inferior rooms of each flat, including nearly all the sleeping rooms, open from becoming inevitably and incurably a source of possible disease to all the inmates. There is no need to wait for the report of a Royal Commission to prevent this for the future, but until it is prevented, we can only recommend any of our readers who are looking out for flats to eschew those which back upon an airless air shaft.

The solemn ceremony with which the remains described as those of St. Edmond, King and Martyr, were brought from France and laid in the chapel at Arundel to await their enshrinement in the new Roman Cathedral at Westminster has not served to satisfy hard-headed students of history. Ever since the ceremony took place a controversy has been waged in the columns of the *Times* as to whether or not the remains are really those of St. Edmond. To the mere outsider weighing the evidence on both sides the case against the genuineness of the relics seems very strong, and Bishop Wilkinson's long letter of August 9th is almost convincing. In a case like this one would much rather accept the statements of people who go to such pains to bestow what they regard as a very great treasure upon English Roman Catholics. It would be very interesting to everyone, and to people who have an instinctive reverence for relics highly inspiring, to believe that the ashes of the saint were really to repose at Westminster. But all the pious aspiration in the world should not blind us to the evidence of history, which in this case shows a disappointing tendency to deprive us of a valuable possession. Bishop Wilkinson says that "Westminster must have its shrines—spurious or not, it does not much matter; the rest can be left to credulity." But surely it is possible to disagree with the view that these bones are genuine without accusing those who brought them of wilful

deceit. When one is very anxious to believe a thing, evidence is apt to group itself in a very convincing way, and it argues both want of logic and want of courtesy to doubt the good faith of the Roman authorities in this matter.

At all the railway shareholders' meetings held last week the same tale was told of decreased profits and increased expenses. The London and North-Western, the premier railway company of England, has to record an increased expenditure of £236,000, and a decrease in receipts of £71,509. The increase in the prices of coal during last year (in the case of the North-Western Company amounting to £156,000) has had a great deal to do with the general fall in profits; and the other principal loss has been in local passenger traffic, which has inevitably suffered through the great activity lately manifested in electric tramways and light railways. The first of these adverse conditions has already been removed, but the second is likely to become more, rather than less, formidable than it has hitherto been. With vigilant and painstaking management the railway companies should be able to adjust themselves to the new conditions involved in a loss of local traffic, but heavy demands will have to be made on the ability of directors if this difficulty is to be successfully faced. There is a general tendency to blame the existing boards, but shareholders should beware of making any changes until they have had opportunities of judging their directors' ability to adapt themselves to the new conditions.

On Tuesday last the Rev. J. M. Bacon began a series of experiments in ballooning, which are certainly interesting, and will probably turn out to be extremely valuable. Accompanied by Sir H. Trueman Wood, secretary to the Society of Arts, Mr. Bacon made an ascent from Fulham and crossed the metropolis in a north-easterly direction, finally landing at Woodford, Essex, after a highly successful trip. Already some important experiments have been made. Pigeons were released at an altitude of 2,500 feet, and in every case succeeded in reaching their homes safely. Detonating bombs were successfully exploded from the car in the balloon. An ingenious invention, whereby the æronaut can speak to persons on the ground, and direct his voice so that it can be heard only by the group towards which it is directed, was also tried with favourable results. Mr. Bacon calls this instrument a "parabolic megaphone." Other experiments in his programme have to do with the record of atmospheric conditions at high altitudes, the use of various-coloured lights, and the efficiency of service rockets as methods of signalling.

Hardly a week passes at this time of year without its record of some accident among Alpine climbers, and the frequency of such accidents lately has tended to bring into a kind of disgrace one of the noblest and most exhilarating of pastimes. The Matterhorn, the most difficult and impressive of the mountains, has claimed thirteen victims since it was first scaled by the Whymper party in 1865, and it continues to exact at intervals a toll of life from those who are intrepid enough to climb it. Like all sports, mountaineering has suffered less from even the most daring among its experienced devotees than from the inexperienced and the foolhardy, who care less for the credit of the pastime than for the notoriety they hope to gain. It is generally admitted that there is only one serious danger against which care and prudence will not avail, and that is the fall of avalanches. With the proper use of the rope (which the true climber never disdains), good training on easy peaks, the use of proper boots and clothing, knowledge of the effects of cold, the employment of experienced guides, and proper readiness to submit to their judgment, the pastime is not a very dangerous one. But people who, either through ignorance or sheer foolhardiness, disregard common precautions are the bane of every sport; and, although they sometimes incur an awful punishment, their folly, in Alpine climbing especially, not infrequently involves others in its fatal consequences.

If the week's operations of the Volunteer Cyclist force at Aldershot have proved anything, they have proved that without further trials, followed by exhaustive and carefully analysed reports, it is impossible to obtain any very satisfactory data with regard to the employment of the cycle as a means of transport for infantry in home defence. All that seems to be established so far is that the cycle has great possibilities as a military vehicle. There are many elements, however, that must enter into a trial which can be regarded as at all conclusive. The make of cycle, the kind of tyre, the formation of columns on the march, the use of the cycle in retreat or in following a retreating enemy—information on points such as these can only be obtained by means of comprehensive experiments. And there will always be two serious, uncertain factors to be reckoned with—the state of the weather and the character of the roads. In the hilly part of Derbyshire, for example, cycles could operate freely in fine weather, but a few showers of rain would render the limestone surface so heavy and treacherous as to be almost impassable for heavily-equipped machines with ordinary tyres. Last week's manœuvres consisted chiefly of marches, but no doubt General Douglas, who had charge of the operations, will make further experiments as to the value of the cycle in patrolling and in field work. It is certainly an important question.

The news from the seat of war last week was unusually encouraging, and this, since our successes were purely military successes and in no way traceable to Lord Kitchener's Proclamation, makes the issue of that Proclamation the more to be regretted. A definite announcement has been made in several of the morning papers to the effect that Lord Kitchener intends to come home in September, and that General Lyttelton is to succeed him. We hope this is not true, for, greatly as he must be in need of a rest, Lord Kitchener has distinguished himself in South Africa by a steadily neutral political attitude, for which we cannot be too grateful to him. Mr. Chamberlain's emphatic denial is comforting, but it is still possible that Lord Kitchener, having provided for the remainder of the campaign in South Africa, may consider that he can be now of more use in the Indian command. Still, although, according to its terms, the war will be at an end in September, we fear that the need for a large army and an able general will be no more at an end then than it was last September, when Lord Roberts declared the war to be "practically over." It is of no use to cry "Peace" so long as there is no peace.

The weekly record of figures shows thirty-nine Boers killed, twenty wounded, 685 prisoners, and eighty-five surrenders. The remarkable proportion of killed to wounded is evidence of how severe the fighting is, and at what close quarters. There has been great activity in the Free State, the Boers having rushed and captured one of our blockhouses at Brandfort, near Bloemfontein. In the neighbourhood of Boshof and Modder River General Plumer and General Elliot have been making a very successful clearing movement, with the result that that district is for the present clear of the enemy. They made only one stand, at Palmietfontein, where they attacked our columns and inflicted some loss upon us, but were driven off. Near Fish River there was a sharp fight between 300 Boers and an equal force of our men, with the result that the 9th Lancers and the Cape Mounted Rifles drove the enemy from their positions. As we go to press news comes of severe fighting in Cape Colony, in which Kritzinger's force was defeated and two Boer commandants wounded. Our casualty lists are lighter than usual this month.

Foreign. An otherwise uneventful week in foreign affairs has been marked by two notable deaths. Signor Crispi's changeful career is finished, and has left to the historian a large field for speculation as to his character and motives. The contrast between his earlier and later life was more apparent than real. In temper and method Crispi was a Jacobin from first to last. He was equally indifferent as to the means he used, whether he was playing the part of a Revolutionist or of a Monarchist. There is no reason, however, to doubt his sincerity in either phase. He saw that his dream of Italian unity could be fairly realised under the House of Savoy, and not realised at all under an Italian Republic. Mazzini possibly came to the same conclusion, but then Mazzini was above all things an idealist. He was ready to go on scheming and waiting for what he might never get, rather than put up with anything less. Crispi's temperament was of a more practical order. He was willing to take what was within his reach, no matter how far it might fall short of what he had originally wanted. As was natural in a man of this character, what he most valued was an opportunity for the exercise of the methods he loved. He was as severe with Socialist conspirators when he was the First Minister of the King as he would have been with Royalist conspirators had he been the First Minister of a Republic. There was a touch of the Jacobin, too, about his foreign policy. He wanted to see Italy great, and in order to make her great he was willing to put her happiness and her prosperity in the background. The burdens imposed on her by the Triple Alliance had no terrors for him, and the suspicion which, whether with or without cause, he entertained for France left him little choice in the matter. An alliance had to be secured, and secured at the price which those who had the disposal of it chose to ask. Crispi's good fortune did not keep pace with his intellectual deserts. In the course of his varied and eventful life he had made many enemies, and there were weak places in his history which gave his foes more than one opportunity of taking vengeance. But in the end his really great qualities secured him a place in the affections of his countrymen. They recognised the sincerity, if not the wisdom, of his love for Italy, and the promptness with which he sacrificed every personal or political consideration which stood in the way of what he held to be the measures which Italy needed. There have been many better men than Crispi and not a few greater. But in point of singleness and persistence of purpose he has had few superiors.

Prince Henry of Orleans is set down, perhaps rightly, as being nothing better than a Pretender. But even if this description be correct, there is one point in which he differed very materially from the majority of his class. He had the wisdom to see, or to allow others to see for him, that his purpose as a Pretender might be better furthered by worthy means than by unworthy. Dying when he was not yet thirty-four, he had in the course of the last fourteen years visited India, Japan, Tibet, Abyssinia, China, and Siam, and turned his travels to real scientific account. He disliked England, abandoning thereby the tradition of his family, and this fact has, no doubt, disposed us to take the harsher view of his character and purpose. What has possibly influenced us even more is the fact that he was disliked by the Paris correspondent of the *Times*, who for a generation has been the most active force in shaping English opinion on French affairs. But he was a favourite with his own countrymen—as may be seen by the estimate given of him to-day by our French correspondent, who is certainly not a Royalist—and even as a Pretender he showed to great advantage by the side of his cousin, the Duke of Orleans. Moreover, he frankly recognised and made his own the new part that all Pretenders who wish to succeed must play in France. They may rise to the highest place in the Republic, but they will not be able to overthrow the Republic. We may see a Prince President again, but we greatly doubt that we shall again see him blossom into an Emperor.

The same correspondent again preaches caution in accepting the recurrent rumours of an irreparable breach between the French Government and the Vatican. The one point in the new Associations Law which, if it were pressed, must to all appearance give rise to such a breach is the provision which places the congregations under the control of the Bishops. It is obvious that really to carry this into effect would be fatal to the very life of the great Orders. The Benedictines, the Dominicans, the Franciscans have their houses all over the world. They can be under one chief, the Pope, but they cannot be under twelve hundred, or whatever is the precise number of the Roman Catholic Episcopate, each conceivably pulling a different way and holding a different view of what the policy of the Order should be. But though the Pope and the Orders would have no choice but to resist the effective application of the principle which the Law of Associations professedly seeks to establish, we find it very hard to believe that M. Waldeck-Rousseau contemplates anything of the kind. To do so would be to run counter to the policy of every cabinet that the Third Republic has seen. In regard to the Church that policy has always aimed at concentrating the whole strength of the Government on the legislative bark, and taking corresponding care to lessen the force of the executive bite. This is the more likely to prove true in the present instance, since even the most autocratic Prefect might find it difficult to compel the French Bishops to make an effective use of powers which they do not wish to possess, which the Pope would forbid them to exercise, and which the congregations would obey only so far as they told them to do what they had intended to do without being told. We do not think that M. Waldeck-Rousseau is quite the man to embark on such an enterprise as this.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, August 17, 1901.

GOVERNMENT AND THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

AN old young man, a bald youth, his bearing feeble, his gait uncertain, his features telling of the habitually weak and the fitfully obstinate—such a figure, standing with lifted cane in Palace Yard to hail a hansom cab, might very well represent the last departure of the House of Commons for the session of 1901. A more surprising or a more disappointing House has never come together in the memory of man. Enlisted at a time of robust popular sentiment—a time when the whole country, hopeful of immediate conquest in South Africa, was yet resolute for great reforms of the War Office, the fighting services, and all that encourages the "panoplied hate" of our allies abroad, a particularly vigorous House of Commons might have been expected, and in fact was. As soon as it assembled at Westminster a particular feebleness was observed in it, a something that looked strangely like lassitude and the outworn; the look, not of a new broom as expected, but of an old and a very old broom. However, since lassitude and the outworn could not be accepted as a natural explanation of the aspect of the House, it was put down to extraordinary shyness. The House was unusually slow in becoming accustomed, it was thought; a fault which a little time would remedy. Time passed, and brought no remedy. The original suspicion then returned, and presently congealed to the conclusion that, like the children of aged parents, the House was born old and born tired.

Perhaps for those reasons—but the wise will keep an open mind on that point for a while—it soon showed itself a rather fretful, discontented House; generally obedient to the rod, but with sulks manifest and occasional freaks of recalcitrancy. This in its first session: a temper unaltered and unmellowed to this day. It is dismissed; Ministers, we may be sure, being no less curious than other students of the times as to what appearance it will make next session. In the regular order of things, this House of Commons is to go on with the Government for some years, and perhaps is destined to last them for the rest of their lives; a serious reflection for the Government, considering their somewhat dubious experience of the House so far. It goes forth from Westminster after its first year unformed, unsettled, darkling altogether. Next year will probably show what its temper this year really portends; and what if, after all, the peevishness, the discontent, are not so much what they look like as tokens of rebellion against a state of things, ministerial and parliamentary, which it is disinclined to endure? Why not, we may ask, remembering the story of the Ugly Duckling.

Most certainly the ministerial and parliamentary state of things is not what it should be. The relations of Ministers and Parliament are not what they should be. They are much too confident and slighting on the one hand, much too humbled and servile on the other. The whole history of the House of Commons this session is the history of a Legislative Chamber, once the most august in the world, which is expected to do nothing but vote as and when it is wanted, and can offer to do little else without impertinence. It is called as late as possible, dismissed for intervals of play as long as possible, and then practically ordered to vote so many scores of millions of money in so many hours and say good-bye. There was a time not long since when Ministers took pride in acknowledging the deference due to Parliament, obviously feeling that they enhanced their own dignity in doing so. That sentiment is entirely gone; and being replaced by another of a precisely different description, Parliament—the House of Commons rather—submits to its arrogances. It is said, we know, that this is merely an accidental change, accounted for by the dwindled numbers and the weakening distractions of the Opposition. And so indeed it may be accounted for; but in no very charming way. Ministers who may do as they please in the House of Commons can, if they please, maintain the old forms of respect for that House which are still theoretically, its due. They do nothing of the kind; but, instead, speak of it as if it were a duty to themselves as well as a pleasure to inform the House of Commons that its day is over. Of course that is not done in mere wantonness, but neither is it done upon warrant of having a superfluously great majority at their backs and a ridiculously weak Opposition before them. No doubt these conditions count for much, especially as they seem unlikely to change for years to come. But such conditions have existed more than once before in English politics, and have changed as if by a miracle almost; a lesson not likely to be lost on the party managers of to-day. We see no reason to doubt that far more dependence is placed on a belief that the House of Commons *is* a superannuated institution; or at any rate that it has lived into times when it may be readily turned into what the Americans call a "back number." In these days of quick communication by road, rail, and telegraph, and especially by means of an immensely enlarged newspaper-press, the democracy has no further use for its middleman,

the House of Commons. Not that the democracy itself was the first to find it out. That was the discovery of the Statesman of the day, who were no less apt than its manufacturers to take advantage of a very great change in the conditions of doing business. No doubt the business of Government differs largely from the demand and supply of ordinary trade. The difference is so great, indeed, that whereas the manufacturer justified his own profit in pushing aside the middleman by improving the whole conditions of commerce, the similar operations of the pushing politician lacked any corresponding recommendation. Consideration for the common trade interests of the country alone should have determined its manufacturer to get rid of the old intervening machinery of the city warehouses. Consideration for the political good of the country should have resolved its statesmen not to undermine the intervening authority of Parliament, whatever their belief in their own sufficing wisdom and unselfishness. The generations of statesmen change as do others; some are indeed great, some exceeding small; and they that are great should be unwilling, by doing away with an authority which, once destroyed, cannot be readily restored, to leave a half-instructed and emotional people in the hands of whatever tribe of political *commerçants* and enterprisers may come after them.

We are under no necessity to make these things clear to the readers of The Pilot, but it does seem necessary to point with some insistence to the fact that what no wise generation of statesmen would do is being done with intention and without scruple. The process can be carried on out of the House of Commons and in the House. Naturally, it began out of the House, in what we call "the country." Some little time passed before operations commenced within the House itself; but, once begun, it made quick play, and has never gone so far in any session as in this last. Strong, therefore, must be the hope in every sensible mind that the fretfulness of the unregarded, depreciated, and sometimes insulted members of the new House of Commons has more meaning than is commonly found in it, or, (to tell truth) than it really seems to bear. Nor, if we read the signs of the times aright, is that any sufficient reason for discouragement should the House of Commons be moved to re-assert its claim to respect an authority. The calculation of the politicians who believe that they have nothing to do in future but to go straight to the country with their legislative projects, their imperial and other programmes, above all with their knowledge of "the great heart of the people," and the right ways of warming it up, are founded upon an experience limited as yet and of a somewhat peculiar character. They are certainly very attractive calculations; much can be said for them upon such grounds as clever minds derive from a general study of the proclivities and passions of mankind in the mass. But yet these calculations are not independent of the evolution of circumstance. They are no safe reliance except for politicians of genuine merit — men who make no bad mistakes, raise no false expectations, and, upon the whole, prove themselves thorough men of judgment. There is much significance in this exception; and we even go so far as to think that no set of men in the Kingdom are more sensible of it, as Parliament breaks up for the year, than his Majesty's Ministers.

WAR BY PROCLAMATION.

Nearly a month has yet to elapse before the Proclamation issued by Lord Kitchener on August 6th will take effect, and in the meantime Englishmen are asking themselves what that effect is likely to be. The terms of the Proclamation are so grave, and the measures threatened in it so drastic, that people unversed in the letter of military law are in some bewilderment to know what development has recently taken place in the war that such startling changes should be advisable or even possible. In the long preamble of the Proclamation many reasons are stated; but the gist of them is to be found in the sentence which accuses the enemy of being "devoid of regular military organisation, and therefore unable to carry on regular warfare." The document proclaims that "All commandants, field-cornets, and leaders of armed bands, being burghers of the late Republics, still engaged in resisting His Majesty's forces, whether in the Orange River Colony and the Transvaal, or in any other portion of His Majesty's South African dominions, and all members of the Governments of the late Orange Free State and the late South African Republic, shall, unless they surrender before the 15th of September next, be permanently banished from South Africa; the cost of the maintenance of the families of all burghers in the field who shall not have surrendered by the 15th September shall be recoverable from such burghers and shall be a charge upon their property movable and immovable in the two Colonies." In other words, after September 15th the Boers are to be denied belligerent rights, and treated as rebels. With regard to the burghers the threat means nothing; we have been repeatedly told (what is quite true) that they have nothing to lose; their property does not consist in banking accounts, but in farms and stock; and as these have long ago been destroyed or commandeered the men who have lost them in defence of a patriotic ideal will not likely be affected by the prospect of an account for their families' board and lodging to be presented hereafter by the British Government. But for the leaders the threat is a very serious one, and can be justified only by the proving of grave offences on the enemy's part against the rules of civilised warfare. Let us examine the grounds upon which the threat is made.

We are in occupation of the country, says the Government, and regular warfare is at an end. The War Office Red Book on Military Law defines military occupation as applying to "so much of a country as is wholly abandoned by the forces of the enemy." But the Boers are opposing us over a greater area of the country than they have covered since hostilities began, so, clearly, the war is not "irregular" in that sense. The size of the enemy's separate commands has nothing to do, as Lord Stanley admitted, with their right to be considered as belligerents, so the fact that they are small and scattered does not justify our action. Only a general demoralisation of method, and a general resort to barbarous practices, and a general disregard of the conventions of war render an enemy liable to the treatment threatened by us; but no responsible person has ever accused the Boers as a body of inhumanity in warfare; on the contrary, our generals have consistently credited them with the greatest humanity. It is not allowable to punish an enemy for outrages committed by individuals within his ranks, and

therefore the isolated cases of outrage that have been recorded do not enter into this matter, but are subject to special rules for the punishment of the offenders. On that count also, then, the legality of the Proclamation falls through. And what have we left? Simply the accusation that the enemy is "devoid of military organisation, and therefore unable to carry on regular warfare." "You have no War Office," this might be taken to mean, "and are therefore at an unfair advantage; you are out of the game." But when had the Boers any military organisation which they have not now? The commando has been throughout the war their one unit of organisation, and the commando still remains. A more ridiculous accusation than this was surely never brought against an enemy by a country which is itself trying to get rid of the incubus of a defective military organisation. As for the enemy's inability to "carry on regular warfare," that is, unhappily, a total misrepresentation of the position of affairs. The Boers are, in proportion to their numbers, as active as they ever were, the only difference between their methods now and eighteen months ago being that whereas then they were content to defend themselves, they now repeatedly attack us, and are still capable of inflicting serious mischief upon us. No one referred to the war as "over" or "irregular" between the dates of the occupation of Bloemfontein and the relief of Mafeking; yet the number of men killed in action last month was 120, while in April and July of last year the numbers were only 91 and 97 respectively. Thus the last position on which the Proclamation is based is obviously untenable.

We have dwelt at some length on the rights of the case because, although political morality has not been much in evidence of late, we believe that the majority of Englishmen would wish to consider right first and expediency afterwards. But is this measure even expedient? We have two difficult tasks immediately before us in South Africa; to end the war and to establish peace after the war. The first difficulty will not be got rid of by a Proclamation; De Wet and Botha may not unreasonably laugh at a proposal to put salt on their tails. Nor, however weary we may be of the war (and who is not?), can we end it by proclaiming that it must be over by a certain date. The second difficulty, already formidable enough, will be infinitely increased if the present threat is carried out. It will affect the very men of whom we wish to make friends in the future. Louis and Christian Botha, Viljoen, Wessels, Steyn, De Wet, Delarey—these are a few of the leaders in the field, and they are the men of real influence among the Boers, the men who have held together the remnants of the nation and inspired them with a sad and desperate heroism. If they are banished and disgraced, the nucleus from which the more optimistic among us hope to reconstruct the ruined prosperity of the country will be destroyed. We are profoundly convinced that the Proclamation is morally unjustifiable and politically inexpedient. We are at war with the Boers, and in the absence of any other solution of the quarrel we must continue to war against them until their leaders are taken prisoners or make formal surrender. Then, perhaps, such a Proclamation as has now been issued might have a wholesome effect, but in the meantime there is nothing for it but to go on as decently as may be with the dismal task we have imposed on ourselves.

THE NEW FACTORY ACT.

As compared with the scientific quality of industrial legislation in Germany, our factory laws, doubtless, are, and will probably long remain, somewhat *arriérés*. There the principle is recognised that in engaging a man or woman, to say nothing of a young person or child, to render service in a factory or workshop, the employer implicitly contracts to supply the essential conditions of safe and wholesome work. There also the whole subject is treated legislatively with a thoroughness, a comprehensiveness, and an expert certainty of touch to which it cannot be claimed that the Home Secretary's Bill has attained. Yet it is pleasant to be able to recognise that that measure marks, in important respects, an advance upon, besides being a valuable consolidation of, previous Acts on the same subject, and that its consideration in the Grand Committee on Trade was remarkably business-like and exempt from partisan feeling. When we reflect how such feeling has been exhibited, and is almost certain to be exhibited again, in connection with the Education question, notwithstanding the large amount of substantial agreement which really exists among friends of educational reform on both sides in politics, we cannot but feel that there is much ground for congratulation in the different temper in which, in the main, the amendment and consolidation of the Factory Laws have been discussed in the present Parliament. There is something quite refreshing in the frequency with which, in the record of the proceedings of the Grand Committee, names are found together which, in ordinary Parliamentary division lists, almost invariably appear in opposite lobbies. Members, it is plain, spoke and voted generally in accordance with their judgment of the merits of the particular questions under consideration. In fact—with the important exception of the treatment of institution-laundries—the provisions of our factory laws were, for the most part, considered and determined in the light of reason, so far as it shone in the minds of the members of the Committee.

Speaking broadly, the outstanding effect of the Bill is two-fold. It consolidates into a single code a mass of previous enactments in regard to factories and workshops, thus greatly increasing their intelligibility, and saving a large amount of time and trouble to very many persons engaged in and affected by their administration. It increases in various ways the powers possessed by the Home Secretary for the time being as regards both the actual enforcement of the general factory law and the framing of special regulations for the conduct of particular trades and processes. In the case of Part I. of the new Bill, for example, which deals with questions of health in ordinary factories and workshops, nothing is done to disturb the jurisdiction of the local authorities in regard to the enforcement of due sanitary conditions, so long as those authorities evince a disposition to discharge that responsibility. But, as appears from passages in the very valuable Annual Report on Factories and Workshops for 1900 lately issued, the consciences of local authorities as concerns the sanitation of factories are of very uncertain though, in the main, of improving quality. If, therefore, the Secretary of State is satisfied that the sanitary provisions of the factory law, or of the general law relating to public health in so far as it affects factories and workshops,

have not been carried out by any District Council, he may, under clause 4 of the new Act, authorise an inspector to take the necessary steps for enforcing those provisions, and the inspector may recover from the District Council any expenses he may incur in so doing, which he cannot recover from any other person. This very judicious clause, which was adopted *nem. con.* by the Grand Committee, ought to exercise a powerful influence toward the levelling-up of the sanitary arrangements under which large numbers of work-people suffer, in respect both of health and, as appears from extracts quoted by Miss Anderson, the Chief Lady Inspector of Factories, from her assistants, of decency also. Another clause (7) in the same part of the Bill gives the Home Secretary the important power to "prescribe a standard of sufficient ventilation for any class of factories or workshops." How needful it is that serious action should be taken of this description is well shown in Miss Anderson's present, as it has also been in some of her earlier reports. The fact is that when the air of factories is *only* polluted by human exhalations and gas-jets, the law, as it has hitherto stood, has concerned itself much less than when dust or vapours more or less noxious in quality or excessive in quantity, or both, are given off by the actual processes carried on. In the latter case fans are increasingly insisted on, but never, hitherto, in the former. The result is that, as Miss Tracey observes, "the atmosphere is often simply horrible," and not only horrible but very dangerous. One such factory, even though several steps have been taken to ventilate it by ordinary means, is still charged with such impure and, indeed, infected air, that the certifying surgeon considers it to be "a main origin of the phthisis found among women and girls in the neighbourhood." The power now to be given to the Home Secretary will surely be used by the present holder of that office with energy to put a stop to the maintenance of such *foci* of deadly disease.

In regard to what are known as the "dangerous trades," the Home Secretary's power appears also to be appreciably enhanced. Hitherto, as our readers are aware, the coming into operation of the "special regulations" prepared from time to time by the Home Secretary, in accordance with the best expert advice available to him, for the conduct of these trades has been liable to indefinite delay through the working of the system of arbitration, on which manufacturers who felt aggrieved by the proposed regulations might insist. These arbitrations not seldom resulted in a whittling down of the regulations below the standard which the Home Secretary deemed prudent, but he has been unable to insist on his view of the requirements of safety for the workers. Now, however, in accordance with the principle which has been advocated in THE PILOT, the responsibility of framing and putting special regulations for specially perilous industries into force will be placed on the Home Secretary alone, subject to the provision that the regulations shall lie forty days before Parliament and be liable during that period to annulment, in whole or in part, by a vote of either House. It is true that by clauses 81 and 82, when objection is taken to any draft regulation, the Secretary of State is instructed to "appoint a competent person to hold an inquiry with regard to such draft regulation, and to report to him thereon," and we gather that in view of a statement of Mr. Ritchie that he should consider that the "competent person" should be one independent of the Home Office, Sir Charles Dilke and some other members specially interested in the welfare of workpeople fear that the practical evils of the arbitration system, or something like them, are reintroduced. Mr. Ritchie, however, evidently did not think so, and strongly deprecated an amendment which he held would have that effect, and which was rejected by the Grand Committee. In these circumstances, we hope that the Bill may be fairly regarded as giving the Home Secretary all really necessary powers for the regulation of the dangerous trades.

Happily, Mr. Ritchie is an administrator who enjoys a large measure of confidence on the part of those who concern themselves with social questions. His reputation, however, has, it must be allowed, sustained some, at least temporary, injury from his treatment of the important subject of laundries in connection with the new Act. In the first place, in Grand Committee, he agreed, contrary to his own original intention, as embodied in what is now Clause 103, to continue the existing exemption of institution-laundries from all inspection. Secondly, when that capitulation to Irish pressure had led to the prospect of a prolonged discussion on the clause, and possibly on other clauses, at the Report stage in the House of Commons, he withdrew the laundry provisions altogether, thus leaving the law as regards all laundries in what is admitted to be an inadequate and unsatisfactory condition. Apparently he did not believe that the country would have supported the Government in keeping Parliament together for the time necessary to prevent this unsatisfactory close of a long, and otherwise creditable, chapter of legislation. As conspicuously appears from the strong speeches made in the House of Lords on Thursday by the Primate and the Bishop of Rochester, as well as from Mr. Talbot's action in the Commons, it is not from the Church of England that difficulties arise in this matter. Nor, as Mr. Fitzalan Hope's speech on Tuesday showed, would the best Roman Catholic opinion in England support what the Bishop of Rochester calls the demand for secrecy. A compromise such as that which stood in the name of Mr. Talbot, with possibly some additions, might very properly have been insisted on with regard to the inspection of institution-laundries. That the devoted ladies in charge of them should be treated with every possible consideration will be admitted by all reasonable people, but their case cannot for ever be allowed to block the way to the general improvement of the law affecting a growing industry.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.—III.

IN the previous article we reached this point. The common matter of the first three Gospels—that is, the matter of the second Gospel reproduced by the others, and what is common to St. Matthew and St. Luke—appears to have been preserved untouched by the ideas, terms, and special interests of the Apostolic Age. It contains, of course, these interests in germ. It can account for their development. But they were not allowed to react upon it and re-fashion it. Here we have a very strong ground for security that the great Memory was preserved pure for succeeding generations, that we really know "what manner of man" the Son of Man was, what words He spoke, what deeds He did, by what "signs" He gradually made evident, through His manhood, His divine mission and nature.

I cannot but feel that the "layman," as opposed to the critic, if he is not already so fully prejudiced against the idea of a revelation of God in manhood and its accompanying signs, as to be really bound to find a way out of the evidence—will feel the force of this kind of

argument. Perhaps even more he will feel that any continuous study of the Gospel narratives leaves him with the conviction that such narratives could not have been due to invention or imagination. And this conviction a glance at Apochryphal Gospels—which are really the product of Christian imagination and prejudice—speedily confirms. He reads, for example, in the Gospel of Peter (which seems to be the most respectable example of this class of literature), how there came forth from the opened tomb "three men, and the two supporting the One, and a cross following them. And of the two the head reached unto the heavens, but the head of Him who was led by them overpassed the heavens. And they heard a voice from the heavens, saying, Hast thou preached to them that sleep? And an answer was heard from the Cross, Yea." Apparently, whenever Christians have sought to imagine Evangelical narrative, they have betrayed themselves. The thing could not be done.

But contemporary criticism teems with suggestions that it has been done, and that the result of this imagination, conscious or unconscious, occupies a large space in our Gospels. The suggestion is by this time an old one. What we have to consider is whether it has recently been gaining any new force.

The miracles, such as cannot be explained as faith-healings, are supposed to be largely due to the action of Christian imagination transforming some parabolic saying into an event. "The story" of the raising of the widow's son, says Dr. Abbott, "suggests a misunderstanding of a metaphor. In 2 Esdras ix., 43 ff., there is a vision of a woman (Sion) sorrowing for the death of her 'only son' (the city or temple). Christians would assert that Christ raised up the temple, or, in the language of Christian psalms and hymns,* that 'He raised up the only son of the sorrowing widow?' Thus the possible influence of symbolism combines with other causes (the absence of the narrative from the other Gospels) to oblige us to reject as non-historical Luke's account of the raising of the widow's son." Now we are not here properly concerned with this narrative; for it does not belong to the common matter. I have introduced Dr. Abbott's explanation of it only because it is a good example of his postulates. He postulates in the Christian society, and in that responsible part of it which overlooked the Evangelic tradition, a complete indifference as to the source of a story, and a power of constructive imagination to fashion a symbolic narrative of marvellous beauty and naturalness which betrays no signs of the symbolic motive. But both postulates seem to be quite unjustified. For first, the Christian Church knew the value of testimony. The Evangelic tradition rested upon the testimony of eye-witnesses, especially the Apostles. The supposed event belongs to the period of the public ministry, the period covered by the full apostolic witness. And, secondly, we should at least expect that if the suggested symbol had been in common Christian use and had become a story, it would have betrayed some traces of symbolic motive or parabolic character. It would not have been so wholly transformed into matter of fact.

But to return to the common matter. Dr. Cheyne gives us this account of the miracle of the withering of the fig tree: "Parables and history are easily confounded, so that even Sir Philip Sidney speaks with mild surprise of theologians of his time who denied the historicity of the Parable of the Good Samaritan. In just the same way some early Christian must have misunderstood the parable preserved in St. Luke xiii., 6-9 (the parable of the Barren Fig Tree), and transformed it into a narrative of an act of Jesus, giving the circumstance a somewhat different form in order to bring the story as near as possible to the death of Jesus, but forgetting that the Passover season was not the time of figs." Now, of course, this hypothesis (and it is, I believe, common amongst the advanced critics) involves the complete abandonment of the tradition that St. Mark's narrative represents as faithfully as was possible the preaching of Peter; yet this tradition comes, Papias assures us, from the Apostolic circle itself; it was universally believed in the second century; and it agrees admirably with the character of the Gospel. Moreover, it requires some courage to attribute the "forgetting" of the proper period for figs to the inventive Christian, seeing that where his narrative first appears it is in immediate connection with the statement that "the time of figs was not yet." The special point of the miracle appears to be that whereas, where leaves are on the fig-tree, fruit ought to be also, on the particular tree which came under our Lord's notice there was a premature leaf-bearing without any corresponding fruitfulness. It is not mere unfruitfulness that is cursed, but unfruitfulness which prematurely exhibits the evidences of fruit. It is the cursing, not of mere barrenness, but of hollow appearance or hypocrisy. There is, I think, no great difficulty in imagining why St. Luke, restricted as he was for space, should have omitted the severer and already familiar miracle, and inserted the less known parable, with more of the evidences of mercy about it. For he loved the gentler aspect of truth. On the other hand we see in the miracle of the first two Gospels the penetrating moral judgment of our Lord exhibited in consciously symbolic action in a most convincing form. It harmonises admirably with the whole body of his judicial teaching. And we see such subtle and manifold marks of difference between the lessons of the parable and the miracle respectively as may well fill us with astonishment, that a reasonable man can be found to say that the one "must have" been copied from the other; the earlier (in publication) from the later.

Another point which is becoming a commonplace of the advanced critics is that the judicial intention ascribed to our Lord Himself in teaching by parables, "that seeing they may not see, and hearing they may not understand," was manifestly *not*, in matter of fact, His intention, but embodied the conclusions of the later Church drawn from the rejection of Christ by the Jews. "According to Jülicher (and to many others now) there was no intention to conceal at all, and nothing to conceal if there had been. The parables were meant to be a help only, and not a stumbling-block, and rightly regarded they were so clear that he who ran might read."* Now, what courage of assertion is here. For, surely, what ought to give pause to such confidence of denial is the subtle and undesigned evidence of truth which belongs to the Gospel account of the purpose the parabolic method was meant to serve. It is attached, in all three Gospels, to the parable of the Sower, and that is a parable of reflection upon the results of preaching. It belongs to a stage when "the word" has been some time in preaching, and the way in which it has been commonly received can be reflected upon. The earlier preaching, we therefore judge, was such as is given in the Sermon on the Mount. It was explicit. It was not parabolic. But it was hard to flesh and blood, even in spite of its divine attractiveness. It was only the few who would give it free course in their hearts. Then comes the period of parabolic teaching. The parable may be attractive; more, perhaps, than the plain teaching. But the mass of men accept the story, and, though they dimly recognise that it is intended to "mean something," they are never at pains to think what it may mean. "Thus hearing, they hear not." Thus, "from those that have not is taken away even that which they seem to

* Of such language, needless to say, there is no known example. It is purely a conjecture of Dr. Abbott's. In fact, the parabolic style does not appear to have been used in the apostolic age.

* Not having Jülicher accessible, I am obliged to take Dr. Sanday's summary, "Journal of Theological Studies," January, 1900, p. 163. But the point of view is repeated in Schmiedel and others. See below.

have." Meanwhile, the disciples try to understand (as men since have done, not always successfully), and our Lord helps them by explanations. But, to the rest, the parables become, and that by the Lord's own intention, an instrument of judgment, though that judgment not necessarily final. For we may believe with St. Paul that a purpose of mercy exists beyond the hardening of the Jews. "God shut up all unto disobedience that he might" (if men would only but allow Him) "have mercy upon all." That our Lord did most deliberately teach that every offered boon is also a judgment we know. That He saw the Jewish race as destined for judgment, and Himself as the occasion of their judgment, we know. What extraordinary, what most misplaced hardihood, then, to deny that He can have used His parabolic teaching deliberately as an instrument of such judgment.

These, of course, are only samples of the critical method which gradually dissolves the *prima facie* impression of veracity which the Gospels make upon us. If we had space at our command we should have to consider the hypothesis of a "little apocalypse" issued about A.D. 67, when the destruction of Jerusalem was imminent, with which St. Mark xiii. has been interpolated, so as to produce the appearance that our Lord presented Himself as an apocalyptic prophet, and definitely predicted the destruction of Jerusalem. And attention would have to be called to the arbitrariness of this hypothesis in the light of the fact that the anticipation of speedy judgment on the Jews and the larger eschatological outlook are recurrent elements in our Lord's teaching, both parabolic and explicit, and only find in this passage their most prominent expression. Again, we should have to consider the tendency among critics to represent similar incidents and similar sayings, in the same Gospel or in different Gospels, as only "doublets" or double literary expressions, more or less diversified, of the same incident or utterance; an hypothesis which ignores the probability, which almost amounts to a certainty, that any teacher, who taught exclusively by word of mouth, would have frequently repeated the same central idea or action in similar but varied forms, and in different connections, as the only certain means of rooting it in the attention and memory of his disciples.

But we must be content with having examined a few samples of the solvent method. With Prof. Schmiedel it is so drastically applied that he is reduced to observing that "the foregoing sections may have sometimes seemed to raise a doubt whether any credible elements were to be found in the Gospels at all." Other critics, without going nearly so great a length, yet leave us an image of Christ as seen only through a deep haze of uncertainty. And almost all the destructive critics somewhat arrogantly insist that the conservative position involves a simple refusal of historical method.

I think, then, that the time has come to tell this class of critics, with very considerable plainness, that their methods and its results, on the one hand, inspire us, as far as our convictions are concerned, with no kind of alarm, and, on the other, give us no real assistance. Their explanations of the miracles are quite improbable. They do not really emerge out of the historical situation. They are due, not to properly historical considerations at all, but to dogmatic presuppositions as to the incredibility of miracles. To say, with Schmiedel, that the statement of the judicial purpose of the parables is "impossible in the mouth of Jesus" is simply arbitrary and unconvincing. At the best the method in question seems to be such that no permanent fabric of knowledge can be expected to arise out of it. No historical incidents, dependent on various documents for their evidence, and those documents naïve and popular, would admit of being examined, and cross-questioned, and tortured, as the Gospel incidents have been, without betraying features of untrustworthiness. No doubt it is the case that the mere raising of innumerable objections—the mere suggestion of innumerable rival possibilities—produces a certain effect upon the mind. Everything seems to be dissolved in uncertainty. But this effect is only produced where the real relation of criticism to religious conviction has not been properly considered. And to this subject I propose to devote a fourth and concluding article. CHARLES GORE.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

HAVE all the books of the last three years brought us to an agreement about Cromwell, or near to one? It cannot be said that they have. Mr. Firth's sanity of judgment, Mr. Gardiner's unwearied candour in partisanship, Mr. Morley's vigour and eloquence, all accept in the main the same standing-point. Cromwell was a great, strong man, a great Puritan, a man whose ideals on the whole they accept. To Mr. Gardiner he is the typical Englishman, the truest representative of the greatness of the race. Mr. Morley sees the moral limitations, Mr. Firth sees those of the intellect. Yet still, in the main, their view is the same. It is not Carlyle's or Macaulay's, but it is developed on the same lines. It differs not in minute facts but in principle from the judgment which comes from another side, the judgment that was in old days Clarendon's, and in our time modified by a more distant view, was the judgment of Dean Church. "He will be looked upon by posterity," wrote Clarendon, "as a brave, bad man"; and Dean Church, when he paid due respect to the ideal of Thomas Carlyle, added—

> but he must match his ideal with something better than Cromwell's distorted and unreal character, his repulsive energy, his dreary and ferocious faith, his overmastering selfishness.

We do not think that it is possible to find a mean between these views; but we can get nearer to the truth about the man, as we learn more, and also we can, when the facts are discovered and the interpretation is disputed, "agree to differ." We retain our conviction: we seek the truth and speak it. So spoke Bishop Stubbs—

> The royalist partisan, historically trained, will not regard Cromwell as a monster; the republican partisan, historically trained, will not sneer at Charles as a liar or as a pseudo-martyr; both, abhorring falsehood, will refrain from judging seventeenth century diplomacy by the standards of that ideal which the nineteenth century with all its aspirations has as yet found it impossible to realise. I may like Charles, and believe that he died for a cause which I ought to die for if I were called on to die for any, and yet not believe him faultless: you may honour Cromwell, and yet not believe him to have been a free and far-sighted politician. And, further on, I may be thankful for the results of a contest in which I should have taken, and indeed would even now take, the losing side; you may regret the loss of some things that were lost as a part of the price that had to be paid for the liberating and developing of the national life.

So the sober voice of history speaks. It is far from the glowing words of that "Pindarick Ode" in which the great Protector's death was mourned—

> Thou fought'st not to be high or great,
> Not for a sceptre or a crown,
> Or ermine, purple, or the throne;
> But as the vestal heat
> Thy fire was kindled from above alone.
> Religion putting on thy shield
> Brought thee victorious to the field:
> Thy arms, like those which ancient heroes wore
> Were given by the God thou did'st adore:
> And all the swords thy armies had
> Were on an heavenly anvil made.
> Not interest or any weak desire
> Of rule, or empire, did thy mind inspire:
> Thy valour, like the holy fire
> Which did before the Persian armies go,
> Liv'd in the camp, and yet was sacred too.
> Thy mighty sword anticipates
> What was reserved for heaven, and those blest seats,
> And makes the Church triumphant here below.

And yet, far as that language of unrestrained eulogy is from our view—little as we can echo Waller's tribute "to him that gave us peace and empire too"—we may say, with the third of those poets whose verses on his death (issued together in a tract by William Wilson at the Well Yard, near little St. Bartholomew's Hospital, in 1659) so little anticipated the subsequent opinions of their authors—

> No winter could his laurels fade.

He belongs indeed, if it were but for his military genius and his strength alone, to the glories of England.

Dr. Gardiner's republication of his biographical sketch comes at the close of a long procession of Cromwell literature to remind us of the real greatness of the man. We shall not forget how it was his indomitable will that coerced Ireland, as no man could do before or since, that lashed Scotland into submission—

> And treacherous Scotland, to no int'rest true,
> Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
> Her land to civilise as to subdue,

was the poet's halting historical judgment; that forced on a bewildered nation the crime and blunder of regicide, and dragooned England into a sullen quiet, disturbed only by scurrilous lampoons. It was his strength to conquer not only his foes but the best of his own party, to make even Milton silent, it may be convinced, though he had nobly challenged the suppression of a free press.

Cromwell, says the familiar epigram, "could neither rule with Parliaments nor without them": yet rule he could, though it was with an armed force. And this, at least, he left behind, the knowledge that such rule as his, though it be undertaken with the highest motive and with an outlook liberal for his days, contains the seed of inevitable disaster. The misery of Ireland, the bitterness of later Scottish wars, the political profligacy of the Restoration and the Revolution, came as of course from the iron rule of the great Protector.

There is a summary judgment of his work which the most complete student of his life has given us which may go very far towards winning the adhesion of even those who are most opposed to his principles.

> "Cromwell," says Mr. Firth, when he concludes his survey, "remained throughout his life too much the champion of a party to be accepted as a national hero by later generations, but in serving his Cause he served his country too. No English ruler did more to shape the future of the land he governed, none showed more clearly in his acts the 'plain heroic magnitude of mind.'"

We will not stay to demur to words here and there, or to emphasise the fact that he placed "his Cause" above "his country." We accept what is, on the whole, a just judgment, and we feel ourselves free to take our part with those who are "thankful for the results" of a contest in which we should even now take the losing side.

Whatever may be felt as to Ireland—and for our own part our judgment is entirely with Mr. Morley—whatever may be said as to the claims of a hero of tolerance who forbade the Mass and the Common Prayer, there is one point, we may conclude from all the literature of the last three years, on which Englishmen are agreed. Cromwell gave us the one example in our history of a military rule, and he stamped on our memory the picture, which foreign nations may show us again to-day, of the real nature and consequence of such rule. Cromwell was no Republican or Parliamentary theorist. The whole interest in his career after Charles's death belongs to his efforts to throw off the incubus of the interference of the Army in politics: it may be so. Insecure at home, he long hesitated between France and Spain, with a diplomacy that Elizabeth might have envied. And the result was that while it has been said that he made England respected in Europe, it is more true to say that he made her feared. He could demean himself, if it be only on one occasion, to act in the spirit of a pettifogging attorney. When it was hopeless to expect a condemnatory verdict from a London jury on a charge of plotting against his life, when a judge refused to sit without a jury, he could constitute a high court of justice that was certain to condemn. When a Royalist plot was declared to exist in the last year of his rule, he could, "with his usual clemency," content himself with two executions. (Read what Clarendon says on that.) All this comes to us from Dr. Gardiner's words, and the conclusion comes also. At home a military rule means, as it meant then, that the opponents of the ruler, whether the ruler be Protector or Army, are not men to be conciliated, but "enemies to be crushed, or at least to be reduced to impotence"; and for foreign affairs it is true of others as it was of Oliver—

> He seems to have regarded the victorious fleet bequeathed to him by the Commonwealth, and the victorious army, which he had done more than any other man to forge into an instrument of dominion, as inviting him to choose an enemy to be the object of his defiance, rather than sure guards for the country which he ruled.

Indeed, all this means not respect, but fear.

W.H.H.

LOVE-LETTERS AND LOVE.

ONE danger at least arises from the present attitude towards love-letters. Admitted that we are to some extent justifiably nauseated; admitted that certain famous, or infamous, collections of love-letters present in certain places an aspect of love which might more seemly be discussed in manuals of physiology: it would appear that we are drifting into a kind of Philistinism towards love itself. Browning's love may be far different from ours, Keats and Bismarck and an English or even an Irishwoman may express their sentiments in what appears to us to be gush; but the danger is that in ridding life of "gush" we also rid our hearts of that sentiment which is next in power and equal in holiness to religion itself.

Already the danger has manifested itself in various circles of society. The duke who marries an American wife; the heiress in pork who sighs for Belgravia; the baronet who smiles upon coal; the *bourgeois* who needs a little capital for a small enterprise; the woman who desires a home; the artizan who demands a housekeeper and a mother of children—these are revolutionaries against "gush." They would scorn the sentiment of love had they the courage to fit their thoughts into words. Any reason is good enough for marriage, save the only good one. The town man settles down; the country farmer settles up; the duke secures the ancestral acres, and the artizan provides for the enjoyment of his meals. But who will tell the world that he marries because he loves one woman, and life without her would not be tolerable?

It is the English habit of reticence, replies the Philistine. Then the question arises why a false reason should be given, for reticence would imply not falsehood but silence. The cold fact comes home like a steel to the breast. We are ashamed of love. By some mysterious means we have cajoled ourselves, our male selves especially, into the idea that love is a matter for shame, an effeminate characteristic, a sign of weakness, a token of surrender to another power. Anything but surrender, says the Englishman, in the fair conquests of love and war. He must dominate; at least, he must declare his domination, and to speak of love would be hoisting that coward thing, the white flag.

Herein may be found an additional reason for the common desire to read other people's love-letters. As for ourselves, we do not write them, since we are not minor poets. But something deep down in our hearts tells us that they are natural literature, that the warm geysers of the human breast spring spontaneously into love-letters. Convention has held our proud pens from the apparent folly; others have found courage—and publishers; hence we read their letters again and again. In discussion we object to them; in the drawing-room

we point out the veins of impropriety which traverse the fine marble of sentiment; in reviews we declare our scorn. All the same, in the whispering of our own hearts we are jealous. The laughter that echoes from the walls of the Breach of Promise Court is a laughter that hides a sympathy of which even the barrister for the defence is ashamed, though he is paid for sympathy.

There is nothing more ludicrously and hopelessly wrong than the current male idea that a great personal passion is a sign of effeminacy. True, it means surrender. And there is room for regret that in modern life love has become rather greed of possession, if not even worse, and that it has ceased to be surrender of self, selfish aims, and selfish purposes. The French philosopher who accused English churchgoing of being indifferentism to God, rather than bold Atheism, might have added that English marriage-going is largely indifferent coldness towards the absorbing self-abnegation which is the only love worth the loving. The Jacob who waited in patience for fourteen years for the woman he loved has been thrust into the neglected realm of a mere Biblical character; the Dante who lived and thought and toiled year in and year out, with Beatrice as his inspiration, is now a mere master of letters, as neglected as his brother classicals; the level-headed Browning, if a poet, is as obscure in life as in art, because we fail to comprehend his love for one Elizabeth Barrett. Just as the modern conception of marriage is confused with the founding of a domestic establishment, the purchase of furniture, and the settlement of a dowry, so is love confounded with choice. As if love could bear the thought of choosing, with its deliberative implication.

Not that we condone the love-letters. We condone the love—a very different matter. We regret that true love should apparently have become so unimportant an influence in modern life. Occasional phrases, ultra-physical in intent, may irk and distress us, but though one extreme may be objectionable, there is another extreme which is not unexceptional—the extreme of coldness, of deliberate estimation, of apparent modesty that hides the dead bones of mere convenience and utilitarianism. Somewhere, doubtless, there is a golden mean, where common life is glorified by affectionate ideals, where passion and practicability can walk hand in hand. But if we are to choose one of the extremes, if the ultimate choice is on the one hand love, with all its dangers, on the other hand, lack-love with all its prudence and self-possession, who can doubt which of the stern alternatives offers an earnest of happiness for our human race? J. G. L.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
II.

WHEN we invite opinions, what is it we are trying to arrive at—the mind of the candidate or his memory? I should like to be sure that he has read his books and formed his own judgment about them, however crude and unconvincing it might be to me. But in practice I must regard his criticism objectively; I have no right to assume that, because it is good, it is—as it often is—secondhand. And if it *is* secondhand, it may be a valuable property for him, provided he has really made acquaintance at first hand with the author to whom it applies; for that, of course, is the main thing. A candidate in a very important examination made a brilliant comparison between two well-known poets. Fortunately he revealed the fact that he attributed some poems of the one to the other, and *vice versa*, and had read neither. But I am sure that much crime of this sort passes undetected, and I am not surprised that we prefer to be philological, historical, biographical—anything except literary—in our questions upon literature.

But I suppose our ultimate aim in all these efforts is the diffusion of a healthy taste, and our ultimate hope a generation which will not find pleasure in rubbish or encourage its production. Meanwhile well-educated people are by no means agreed on the question what is rubbish and what is not; the one thing certain is that the production of what we call "light" literature is enormous, and that it seems to be practically impossible to control or guide the choice of the young in the spacious and varied sweet-shop in which they can roam at large and take what they please. The homœopathic dose of "English Literature" which we administer is no antidote whatever. Young people will fall into temptation as long as the temptation exists; and it is their elders that supply it. I once mentioned in an article on this subject a purely imaginary story, "The Blue-nosed Bandit, a Tale of Blood," as typical of the young scholar's favourite reading. A venerable clergyman thereupon wrote to me of his own early days (1830):—

"*I should have revelled in 'The Blue-nosed Bandit,' but not being in possession of that priceless volume*, had to put up with all Gray's Letters, which I quite remember did then incense me to long to see Italy. It was forty years before I could do that, but when I did, I certainly had much of Gray in my head still."

The italics (mine) speak for themselves. It is manifest that he was an extremely intelligent boy, but he lays claim to no premature intuition or discernment; there were certainly some blue-nosed ones about in 1830, and he would have followed any of these bandits into the Robbers' Cave; but they were not conspicuous; they did not make him stand and deliver his ready shilling or sixpence at every bookstall. A very charming characteristic of this delightful correspondent of mine is his frank admission that it was only by old experience that he knew how much more the half is than the whole, and what great profit lay in the meagre classic fare of mallows and asphodel to which he was restricted. He goes on to say:—

"In the spring of 1885 I made the periplus of the Peloponnesus, and though I had the Greek Odyssey in my hand all the way, my mind went back to the supremely happy half-hours which I spent, sitting in a certain back staircase at Bedford (which must have been in 1827) absorbed in Pope's Odyssey. Surely I had more enjoyment in this than I should have had, had my poor little brain-pan been worried to death with examinations and marks when I was a boy."

And here is a pretty picture:—

"I owe more than I can tell to the fact that my father, an excellent reader, read Scott—poems and novels—aloud to us. I venture to say that when I, a very thread-paper little mortal, on my Welsh pony, rode through a certain little six-inch deep brook, shouting at the top of my voice (sixty years ago)—

> Never heavier man nor horse
> Stemmed a midnight torrent's force,

I had learned something better than Grimm's Law." I have lost, I am sorry to say, a part of his letter in which he speaks of a whole long poem, I think of Scott's, transcribed from a first edition (too expensive to buy) in the beautiful handwriting of his mother or his aunt. I have seen such manuscript volumes, and they set one thinking of the happy limitations which fenced round the study of literature in many a country vicarage or grange. It was under such conditions, I imagine, that the quiet genius of Jane Austen was matured.

My correspondent sent me also a list of "the books which were read, *out of school*, by a certain number of us boys first at the grammar school at Bedford, and afterwards at Winchester, between 1824 and 1830, when I was fifteen."

"Akenside's Poems, Arabian Nights, Baron Munchausen, Boswell's Johnson, Pilgrim's Progress, Burke on the Sublime, Citizen of the World, Collins, Gray, Beattie, Cowper's Poems, Dodd's Beauties of Shakespeare (this is the only Shakespeare in my list, but we read Shakespeare, too; Macbeth we knew well), Dryden's

Virgil, Evelina, Falconer's Shipwreck, Somerville's Chase, Goldsmith's Poems and Plays, Gil Blas."

And here the list breaks off, only because I have lost the rest of it. He says of his Winchester life, "We were expected to know something of English literature, and I am sure that dear old Dr. Williams would have looked with some indignation on a boy who knew nothing of Shakespeare, Milton, or Pope, or Dryden." He says apologetically of his list, "Some of the books look odd, but then they were cheaper than most books. Of course, we should have read all the modern trash had it existed."

Now that my paper draws to a close, I feel that I have only supplied material for my betters to comment on. I am really quite unable to take a side, and I suspect that those excellent critics, Mr. Andrew Lang, Canon Ainger, and Professor Beeching are not really much at variance. And I refuse to declaim against the editors of such English classics as need a commentary in order to be understood. I think that Dr. Aldis Wright has done more than any man living to promote the intelligent study of Shakespeare, and his scepticism and reticence, if they are faults, are faults on the right side. How can he be responsible for the unintelligent use which teachers or examiners make of his books? But whatever use we make of them, we ought not to imagine that we can do much by direct methods to encourage taste or even knowledge in these things. The very quality that we should like best to reward too often escapes our search. Of two children in whom I am much interested, the elder is far the more capable in her schoolwork. But she has an appetite for rubbish which is not shared by her younger sister, who reads and even appreciates "Pride and Prejudice." Nevertheless, I do not know which of the two I should back in an examination on the writings on Jane Austen. The elder, I expect, would "get up" the subject best.

Surely, if the children's teeth are set on edge, it is because the fathers will eat sour grapes. If—I do not say it is so—but *if* we prefer the sensational and inartistic, if we have so little taste, or so much, and most of it "so very bad," it is highly probable that they will resemble us in these respects. We must ourselves write, or read, better books. Their minds will really be fed on the literature of their own time, whatever correctives we may apply at school; and the best corrective in or out of school is guidance and example rather than discipline.

EMERITUS.

THE CHIEF MOUNTAIN GROUPS IN THE ALPS.

IV.—THE GRAIAN ALPS.

THE Graian Alps resemble in one respect both the Cottian and the Dauphiné Alps. Like the former, the Graians have a long backbone, forming the political frontier as well as the crest of the main chain, while from this backbone stretches to the west a great mountain mass connected with it (as the Dauphiné Alps with the main Cottian range) by a sort of long sinew or isthmus. But the Graians, unlike the Cottians, have a second curiously similar mountain mass to the east of the great backbone, and connected with it by another sinew or isthmus. In short, the Graians are, so to speak, more symmetrically built than the Cottians coupled with the Dauphiné Alps. Thus they naturally form three practically distinct ranges, the backbone being best distinguished by the name of the Central Graians, while the range to its west is the Western Graians or Tarentaise Group, and that to the east the Eastern Graians, or the Mountains of Cogne.

The long line of the Central Graians stretches without any considerable or well-marked depression (save the Col du Carro, of which anon) from the Mont Cenis Pass (6,893 ft.) on the south to the Little St. Bernard Pass (7,179 ft.) on the north—this latter pass being the "Alpis Graia" of the Romans, to whom the Mont Cenis seems to have been wholly unknown. Now as the line of the Cottians, in its course northwards, makes at the Mont Thabor a bend from a due north and south to a due north-east direction, so the Central Graians first continue the latter line in the same direction as far as the Levanna, above the Col du Carro (10,302 ft.), and then bend sharply in a north-west direction, which is maintained as far as the Little St. Bernard. Thus the mass of the Levanna (11,943 ft.) and the neighbouring Col du Carro practically divide it into two unequal halves, and it is at points but a little further to the north that the two great wings of the Western and Eastern Graians part from the main mass. The two halves of the Central Graians present two very striking parallelisms. On the French or western side they are each clearly cut off from the western wing by the deep-cut upper valley formed by the headwaters of two streams (divided by the narrow isthmus already mentioned), that ultimately meet far to the west, after having served as limits to the Western Graians—the Arc in the case of the southern half of the Central Graians, and the Isère in the case of the northern half, the two streams joining near Montmélian, not far from Chambéry. On the eastern or Italian side the likeness is still more marked, for in each case there flow down, so to speak, towards the Italian plain, three narrow and parallel picturesque glens. In the case of the southern half these bear the name of the Three Valleys of Lanzo, the torrents of which (all called Stura) unite near the little town of Lanzo, and some way beyond are merged in the Po; while in the case of the northern half the three glens are known as the Val Savaranche, the Val de Rhèmes, and the Val Grisanche, the torrents from all joining the Dora Baltea, not far above Aosta. It might almost be added that each set of three valleys is very nearly unknown to any but a few Italian travellers, the Val Savaranche forming a partial exception, since through it lies the easy and usual route up the Grand Paradis (13,324 ft.), the highest peak in the entire Graian chain, and surpassed in the region between the Mont Blanc chain and the Mediterranean only by that of the Ecrins (13,362 ft.), in the Dauphiné Alps. Another point of likeness between the two halves of the Central Graians is that herein a tendency which is more and more marked in the Cottians as they extend northwards becomes the rule, and continues such for a very long distance towards the east—I refer to the fact which must at once strike every visitor to the central portion of the Alpine chain that the Italian slope is at once far steeper and far shorter than that on the French or Swiss side.

The Central Graians, however, differ in its two halves in a very curious respect. One expects somehow to find that the highest peaks of any range rise on the very crest of that range. Now in the case of the Maritimes the Argentera, in the case of the Cottians Monte Viso and the Aiguille de Chambeyron, in the case of the Dauphiné Alps the Ecrins and the Pelvoux, all rise on spurs of the main chain, though in some cases close to its crest; but in the more northerly districts of the Cottians (*e.g.*, the Scolette and Ambin groups, as well as the Aiguille d'Arves and Grandes Rousses groups) the highest summits are getting more attached as it were to the main chain. But the southern half of the Central Graians seems to revel in contradicting this growing attachment, as four of its six loftiest points obstinately stand aloof from the main backbone, the Pointe de Charbonel (12,336 ft.), the Albaron (12,015 ft.), and the Pointe de Ronce (11,871 ft.), on the French slope, and the Ciamarella (12,061 ft.) on the Italian slope. This aloofness is not shared by the Levanna (11,943 ft.)—which therefore often gives its name to the whole district—by the Bessanese (11,917 ft.)—the Matterhorn of the district—and by the Rochemelon (11,605 ft.). In the northern half of the Central Graians the great peaks are less rebellious, for, with two exceptions, both on the Italian side, the Bec de l'Invergnan

(11,838 ft.) and the Rutor (11,438 ft.), all the principal summits crown, as they ought, the main crest—the Pointe de la Galise (10,975 ft.), the Tsanteleina (11,831 ft.), the Aiguille de la Sassière (12,323 ft.), and the Ormelune (10,771 ft.), though it will be noticed that the height of the Graian peaks on the central chain steadily decreases as it advances northwards.

The Central Graians are most conveniently explored from the west or French side, for not only are the best stopping places (Bonneval-sur-Arc for the south half and Val d'Isère for the north half—each now boasts of a modest little Alpine inn) at a higher elevation than those on the Italian side, and the mountain slope there less inclined, but also the accommodation is far better ; on the other slope the six lateral valleys (save Balme in the Val d'Ala) offer very poor quarters indeed, while Ceresole (excellent hotel) is too far from any peaks save the Galise and the Levanna to be used as head quarters for the Central Graians. Indeed, in the most northerly of the three valleys of Lanzo there used to be (perhaps things have altered now) the very worst inn I have ever come across in the Alps, while in the Val de Rhèmes enterprising travellers must seek quarters quite in the old fashion with the curé of Nôtre Dame ; and in the Val Grisanche they will find a quaint little inn at Fornet, kept by an ex-gamekeeper, who once assured me that he always set his clock by a Swiss almanack which he showed me, and so remained a long time behind the world, for it was in the days before Central European time was invented. Bonneval (6,021 ft.) now has a good little inn, which is about twenty-nine miles by carriage road from Modane, at the mouth of the Mont Cenis Tunnel, while Val d'Isère (6,066 ft.) is similarly favoured, and is twenty and a-half miles by road from Bourg St. Maurice, at the foot of the Little St. Bernard. But the old inn at Bonneval was delightfully quaint, for the landlady had a head which never ceased rolling round, despite which she could produce most excellent soups, though it was not always easy to appreciate them, as the usual *salle à manger* was underground in a stable. Val d'Isère has now superseded Tignes of ill-fame, where everything was pervaded by the smell of cow-dung, so that, though the position of the village is enchanting, a short stay was enough for most travellers.

The most famous summit in the Central Graians is certainly the Rochemelon (11,605 ft.), which was the very first snow peak in the Alps to be climbed, since it seems quite certain that one Bonifacio Rotario, of Asti, on September 1st, 1358, really ascended it, perhaps in fulfilment of a vow made when prisoner in the Holy Land. In any case, a small and ancient chapel exists on the very summit, and is much resorted to annually on August 5th (the fête of Nôtre Dame de la Neige), when many come up from both sides: on the Italian side there is practically no snow, but a fair zigzag path, while I myself once climbed up by the pilgrims' path (on the French side), which skirts the edge of a great icefall in a most surprising fashion. Should the traveller (as has happened to me) reach the summit in mist, he will be startled by the sudden emergence of a huge plaster bust of Victor Emmanuel II., which had lost its nose ! Of the other peaks in the Central Graians, the Ciamarella remains in my memory as having set before me the very finest view I ever enjoyed in the Alps, especially towards the Italian plain, and a view nearly as fine is to be obtained from the eastern summit of the Levanna, which likewise stands like a bastion projecting towards Italy. The Bessanese, despite its air of inaccessibility, is not a difficult climb, though the last bit is not always easy, while the Charbonel and Albaron offer no difficulties to climbers, but, *en revanche*, lovely panoramas, though mainly confined to the French slope. One is surprised by the great number of glacier passes in the Central Graians that have been known to the natives for over two hundred years. In the northern half of the Central Graians *the* panoramic point is the extremely easy Pointe de la Galise, which in most respects is to be preferred to the higher Sassière or Tsanteleina, both of which, however, offer magnificent views, especially towards the Mont Blanc chain, which is seen from its steepest and most impressive side. I am told that the Rutor is an even better point from which to admire the monarch of mountains, but on my visit mist hid everything save the strange, cage-like wire tower on the summit, the object of which cost us much fruitless thought. The very striking rock pinnacles of the Dôme de Val Isère (9,951 ft.), above that village, and of the Rocher de Franchet (9,246 ft.), above Tignes, are simple frauds from the climbing point of view, but long exercised a spell of terror over my mind, till I went and, with profane hands, tore the veil of mystery aside. One of the most striking valley views in the Central Graians is that of the gaunt, black precipices of the Invergnan, towering above the hamlet of Notre Dame de Rhèmes. It is a formidable-looking peak, but not really difficult once the right way is discovered, though a shaky turret on the really easy final ridge was the cause why, long ago, an English party allowed an Italian party the honour of making the first ascent of this grand peak.

W. A. B. Coolidge.

NOTES ON FRIENDSHIP.

From an Ancestor's Day-book.

THEY say that princes in the Indies promise in token of alliance to be friend to such an one's friends and enemy to his enemies. But in private conversation to quarrel with a friend's enemies is ill policy, for it profits nothing and may lose occasions of reconcilement and good offices.

To discern between acquaintance and friendship is the beginning of wisdom ; to know the worth of a true friend is the end thereof.

Denial of pure friendship between man and woman is bred either of a raw conceit or of a corrupt imagination. 'Tis true that this is a matter fitting for ripe judgments and too precious to be lightly handled, and hath in it somewhat of excellent mystery, as it was wisely said : *Omnia præclara tam difficilia quam rara sunt.*

Some say that love and friendship are incongruous, but they say most falsely, for true marriage contains both ; and therefore I like not well of great disparity in years between man and wife, seeing if they do not at first setting forth take counsel as equals (which is the highest and most indefeasible part of friendship), they shall scarce come to do so later.

Great ships are for adventures on the high seas, and friends for service at great needs. To squander friendship in petty favours is to send the great ship a-fishing.

It is a vulgar error to confound the liberty of friends, which is a law unto itself, with the lack of common observance among gross boon companions.

As it is lost labour among friends to be curious in terms of affection, so it is best in writing to use the common course of civility, or at the most to add some little familiar token not open to strangers ; for these forms on which many do set a point of honour are of themselves nothing. To name oneself a man's servant is, according to the persons, time, and respects, no less than an avowal of troth-plight, or no more than the honesty of daily traffic, or no better than a defiance.

In common acquaintance we talk for learning or diversion, and judge by a man's relation that talk fell on such and such matters, among such persons, whether he were well entertained or no. But in friendship it is

otherwise, for there is no need to seek matter of discourse, and words are but the symbol of that harmony of minds which, to speak with reverence, is an earthly pledge and foretaste of the soul's union with God. A certain Persian* saith—

> Felices vitam quibus experientibus aequam
> Mens una atque eadem corpora bina regit :

speaking as it were in one breath, as their manner is, of things human and divine. II.

DRAMA.

THE OLD ADELPHI.

THE term may be used in a general sense now, need no longer be confined to the house which came down in 1858 or 1859, for advertisements tell us that the historic name is to disappear altogether from under the clock and that the theatre shortly to open is to be called "The Century." It is well that this should be so, since the kind of entertainment promised will by no means be in accordance with Adelphi traditions. Yet it is impossible to see a change like this without regret. One more link with the past is rudely snapped. It looks as though managers had no longer faith in melodrama at a medium-sized house, as though they were afraid to compete with the vast resources of Drury Lane. But may it not rather be that melodrama is nowadays not taken the right way, and that therefore the stage of Drury Lane is required to make it attractive? When a fairly good piece is put on, and adequately acted, success is still assured.

My recollections of the real "Old Adelphi" are vague. The first visit to it was also my introduction to the London stage. It was a "mixed bill" night, possibly on account of the heat, for we were in full summer. I remember that Webster, Leigh Murray, and Mrs. Stirling played in a version of *Livre III., Chapitre I.*, that Mr. and Mrs. Keeley (and I think one of their daughters) kept everyone in roars with *A Moving Tale*, and that there was an interlude in which a Frenchman in uniform gave us a description of the battle of Inkerman on eleven drums! The Crimean War was scarcely over, and we were the best of friends with the pleasant people who have now been misled into hating us. I must have been present at other performances also, but they made no deep impression on me. With the "New Adelphi" it is another story. I saw many plays there, some of the highest quality in their own departments of art, and remember them well.

Undoubtedly the most remarkable of these was *The Dead Heart.* Writing away from London and without books of reference, I make a guess at 1860 as the year. It was a story of the French Revolution by Watts Philipps, the central idea being the same as that in *A Tale of Two Cities*, though I think the play was written before the novel. The mounting would probably have ill compared with the mounting of *Robespierre* or *The Only Way*, to cite modern plays dealing with the same period, nay would probably have been poor by the side of the reproduction at the Lyceum in 1889, but who thought of scenery or dresses (provided they were reasonably sufficient) when a highly dramatic story was interpreted by such actors? I did not see the Lyceum reproduction, but it is certain Sir Henry Irving could play Robert Landry as well as Webster, wonderful though the latter was in the part. So far good: but the other characters? The Adelphi had David Fisher for the Abbé Latour, and among the half dozen finest pieces of acting I have seen in my life that has an undisputed place. David Fisher was not a *great* actor as I understand the term, he did not deal with the passions and emotions that convulse humanity (the highest branch of the art), but short of that he was of the rarest excellence. He had great distinction, savouring of the Regency or the *ancien régime*, and it did not always suit the characters for which he was cast, though I think this defect was only observable in the short comediettas or farces with which it was then the custom to begin and end the evening. In real plays, where there was time to develop a character, he was safe to be in the picture. The Abbé Latour suited him exactly; no actor I have ever seen, not even Bressant or Le Bargy, could have approached him. He was the Abbé of the bad type, dissolute, unscrupulous, cruel, doing the foulest wrong to men and women of the class beneath him without a shadow of compunction, almost without a suspicion that his actions were blameable, a being with two good qualities—irreproachable manners and undaunted physical bravery. In his cynical, evil face you could read the whole why and wherefore of the Revolution. I can see him now on his way to the Conciergie, ordering on one side the crowd as though he were still their master instead of their prey, game to the last; again, after an unsuccessful attempt at the vilest treachery, I can see him receive his death wound, and with a half leap into the air fall forward flat on his face. And Miss Woolgar, how admirable; an actress thoroughly versed in her art, equally capable of drawing tears as the heroine of melodrama and of ruffling it with the best as the hero of fairy-tale. She had opportunity, too, for the exercise of these contrary gifts, for was not the play followed by Byron's *Nymph of the Lurleyberg*, in which she played Sir Rupert? And Toole! Those who have never seen that last of the low comedians in his prime can scarcely imagine how droll he could be. Of course low comedy is not a thing to argue about or criticise. Strictly speaking it is not acting, for the low comedian does not attempt to represent a certain man; he simply puts himself in the position of that man as imagined by the author and then delivers himself of his own peculiar drolleries. If they happen to fit the character, so much the better; if they do not, no matter, they excite laughter just the same. That is, they excite laughter in those who find the particular actor funny, but there was never yet low comedian who appealed to all tastes. Some roared at Buckstone, others found him dull; some rated Widdicombe first, others could find nothing in him to smile at; and, similarly, there were many who could gaze unmoved at Toole. To me he was inimitable, his unhappy patriot in *The Dead Heart* being matched by his seneschal in the burlesque. Nor should Kate Kelly be forgotten, an actress full of fun.

The other great success of the theatre at that time was *The Colleen Bawn.* How good the performance was can only be estimated by those who later on had the opportunity of comparing it with some of the numerous revivals. Dion Boucicault was an immense power on the stage; he not only acted the idealised Irish "boy" as no one since him has done, but he filled the other members of the company with his own spirit. Edmund Falconer appeared in many other Irish pieces, but he never came near Danny Man. Miss Woolgar and Mrs. Billington did not disdain to play comparatively small parts, knowing well that they would not sink in the estimation of anyone whose good opinion was worth having. The water scene was the first of a long series of "sensations," not one of which has rivalled it. Why? Because that scene fell into its place naturally, and was not hauled in neck and crop. It was a highly dramatic situation, a natural outcome of events, and therefore possessed an interest far above and beyond the mere spectacle of a water-cave and a man taking a header to save a woman from drowning. It is because the sensation scenes of to-day are commonly wanting in dramatic effect, and convey the impression of having been introduced without reference to probability, that they fail to produce any real effect.

Janet Pride, with its great sleep-walking scene, *The*

* Khunuk án dam ki nishastím dar aiwán man u tu
Ba du naqsh u ba du súrat ba yakí ján man u tu.—Jalál-ud-dín Rúmí.

Willow Copse, The Flowers of the Forest, these and many more, some of them revivals from older days, were favourites in the later fifties and earlier sixties, but after *The Colleen Bawn* I do not think they saw the footlights. Boucicault came to stay, and with *The Octoroon, Grimaldi*, and others superseded the stock pieces till he, in turn, made way for Miss Bateman and *Leah*. Practically, therefore, the old style of Adelphi drama went out forty years ago, and was in due course replaced by that newer style with which the names of Terriss and Warner are associated. Which was the better style? That is matter of opinion, but I do not think there can be any doubt as to which made the most impression on the audience. Watching a modern melodrama, it seems to me that the actors feel themselves subordinated to the scenery and mechanical effects, with the almost inevitable result that they go through their business more or less perfunctorily. There are exceptions, notably Mr. Warner's Coupeau, a performance of the highest earnestness and truth, but they are exceptions. Webster and his circle were happier in having to depend upon themselves and their art. W. HUGHES HALLETT.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

I WAS writing a week or two ago about that subjection of the Liberal Party to Nonconformity, which had just been proclaimed and glorified by Mr. Caine, M.P. I recognise the fact of the subjugation as one of the phenomena of the present day. But is it to become permanent? And, if so, will Liberalism be the gainer?

It is matter of common observation that, wherever the Church is properly worked in any large centre of population, there springs up round it a band of energetic, capable, and enthusiastic young men, who care very much for their religion and for humanity, and very little for any political party. A quarter of a century ago such young men were, as a rule, Radicals. Then, as now, their religion had the first place in their affections; but, if they were Churchmen first, they were Radicals afterwards. The Catholic idea, with its high contempt for the world's authority, its faith in human equality, and its devotion to the poor, led its adherents to the Radical side. They were "Christian Socialists" before, or after, their time. Young men are naturally hero-worshippers, and Mr. Gladstone's splendid personality, with his romantic devotion to the Church, attracted to his cause great numbers who cared not a jot for his views on Free Trade or the Income-tax. The Disestablishment of the Irish Church, by driving men to first principles and forcing them to consider the essential nature of a Church as distinct from the State, made a powerful appeal to all who believed in their own Church as a spiritual mother. The P. W. R. Act, which, passed by a Tory Government, set an ex-judge of the divorce court to settle Eucharistic ritual, was a deliberate insult to all that Churchmen hold sacred, and it brought its own reward. The Eastern Question of 1876-9, when Lord Beaconsfield did his best to force us into war on behalf of the great anti-Christian power, awoke a counter-feeling which was nothing less than a passion. Young Churchmen who took their religion seriously rose everywhere in honest indignation against the godless old cynic who had joked about "Mass in Masquerade," and had scoffed at the red horrors of Bulgaria.

But all this is now ancient history. The two great antagonists of that day are dead. We have been informed by Mr. Balfour that Lord Beaconsfield's policy is buried; and Mr. Gladstone, in spite of all his personal power, signally failed to form a school or found a tradition. The P. W. R. Act is forgotten, and the Sultan has no apologist left among responsible politicians. Thus many of the forces which tended to make Churchmen Liberals have ceased to operate, and meanwhile the Church of England is every day developing fresh strength. In the new districts of great towns the Church is practically a voluntary agency, and it is just in those places where she relies least on legal privilege that her most signal victories are won. The Catholic religion has an immortal charm. Both on its moral and on its æsthetic side it appeals with irresistible force to the young, the ardent, and the hopeful; to minds that can imagine and hearts that can sympathise; to natures which believe in, and long to prove, their own high capacities. And so it is found, as a matter of practical experience, that wherever the Church of England is efficiently worked on popular lines and in a sympathetic spirit, the young men crowd round her. In that respect, what was true five and twenty years ago is only more conspicuously true to-day. But the striking difference is this—that whereas then the young Churchman was a Radical, to-day he either is a Tory, or else is absolutely indifferent to all political issues.

Now, do those who are responsible for the management of the Liberal Party really desire the permanent estrangement of the class which I have described? The Liberal Party is just now not so numerous or so influential that it can prudently refuse any section of possible adherents; and, least of all, one would have thought, can it afford to despise the help of men who are dominated, not by sordid self-interest, but by enthusiasm for a cause. Did not Mill tell us that one man who has a belief is worth a dozen who have only interests? But it may be said that it would be impossible for the Liberal leaders to win support by professing a religious or ecclesiastical zeal which they do not feel, and which their Nonconformist supporters would regard with suspicion. No one asks them to make the attempt. If the class which I have been describing, and of which I have known something ever since I grew up, is to be recovered for Liberalism, the Liberal leaders must declare unmistakably for two great principles, both of which have lately been allowed to lapse strangely out of sight—I mean Social Reform and Religious Liberty. It is my firm belief that there is a great mass of Churchmen, at present hostile or indifferent to Liberalism, who are ready to make common cause with any political party which will give the Church fair play, and carry out her teaching in the social service of humanity. In this respect they are the true successors of the Radical Churchmen with whom I was associated in my early manhood. Then we were taught by Dr. Pusey, with a searching solemnity which seemed to anticipate the disclosures of the Great Day, to weigh the bearing of our Lord's teaching on our own social conduct and on the lives and miseries of the poor. And what Dr. Pusey taught us we saw translated into beneficent fact in the working of the Church in Holborn and Shoreditch, and at the London Docks, at Oxford and Leeds, and Cardiff and Plymouth. "To lessen the social pressure on labour" was the Christ-like effort which then enlisted the best workers, and made them Radicals in spite of themselves; and as long as human nature lasts, and the Church witnesses for Christ and His poor, that spell will not lose its power. If, then, when the present tyranny of war is overpast, the Liberal leaders will seriously take in hand a policy of social reform, and will show their followers that Politics, rightly understood, is the science of human happiness, I believe that they may yet gain a great accession of support from earnest Churchmen. But, if we are to serve the Liberal party, we must demand fair play for our religious beliefs. No expediences of electioneering, no necessities of the Nonconformist alliance, must be allowed to invade our spiritual freedom. We must claim our right to worship God in the Church of England according to our own conviction of truth, and of the system which He has appointed. And surely this claim should not sound unreasonable in the ears of a political party which has been proclaiming for a century past that "the true spirit is to search after God and for another life in lowliness of heart; to fling down no man's altar, to punish no man's prayer."

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CONGREGATIONS: TWO REMARKABLE FRENCHMEN.

(From our French Correspondent.)

The prospective action of the congregations is still the main object of interest, and the rumours about it daily fill a good half-column even of papers usually indifferent to religious questions. I need scarcely add that those rumours should be taken for what they are—that is, in most cases, idle gossip. If you read in a Ministerial paper that a religious has just returned from Rome with private directions of the highest importance, do not believe it. And if you read in a Monarchist organ like *La Verite*, or in a so-called Catholic paper of the *Libre Parole* type, that the Carthusians or the Benedictines have bought a ruined convent in Tyrol or Hungary, do not believe it either. I am especially sceptical in the case of the Benedictines. Anybody who has visited the new buildings at Solesmes, and knows what sacrifices have been necessary to make them a noble counterpart of Mont Saint Michel, and that it is for want of money they are left unfinished, will not easily take it for granted that the monks are going to leave them once more deserted and settle abroad. Those two words are soon said, but the journalists who write them with a light pen do not know what settling abroad means for about a hundred monks engaged in contemplation and study, with no other means than a moderately prosperous printing business. It amounts to impossible distress on one hand and speedy dying out on the other. All that is known for certain is that the Jesuits will spare themselves the useless trouble of asking for authorisation, that all their colleges have already been made over to secular priests, who will conduct them on the same lines, as they did for a few years after 1880, that their novitiates will be removed to Belgium and Holland, where they have many establishments, whilst most of the professed religious seem disposed to wait, in comparative isolation and hopefully enough, for better times which may not be very far. The decree from the *Conseil d'Etat*, which you will probably read before this letter, and on which I may not have to comment, will decide the course to be taken by many congregations still wisely hesitating. Their ordinary counsels in a public letter to the superioress of a convent seem to dwell rather on the possible difficulties involved in submission, but it may be tactics, and only a way of impressing Government with the necessity of great leniency in applying the law. Only a dozen orders have so far sent in their petitions for authorisation, immediately made public by official notes.

Two men worthy of notice, though from totally different points of view, have disappeared in the course of last week. One is the Bishop of Annecy, the other the Prince Henri d'Orléans. Monseigneur Isoard was a remarkable character. No other member of the French episcopate since Cardinal Pie viewed so much his dignity and duty through what may be called the Athanasian ideal. He was an ultramontane of the ultramontanes, but he would not subordinate his action as a bishop even to that of the Pope, and in a recent circumstance showed himself more an ultramontane than Leo XIII. himself. He had been a decided, almost a fierce opponent to the Clerical Congress at Bourges last year. The Archbishop of Bourges, considering himself insulted by some remarks made by him on that assembly, complained in Rome, and Monseigneur Isoard had to apologise. He did so, but maintained his view of the case in terms nearly bordering on the flippant. His responsibility as a bishop was evidently the mainspring of his life, and whilst he untiringly upheld the privileges of the hierarchy, he fearlessly discharged the duties attending them. He was the first to follow Cardinal Lavigerie in his acceptation of the Republican constitution, but his language was never such as might suggest the flatterer of power; he never lost an opportunity of distinguishing between the Republic and her transient representatives, and was several times punished (in fact fined, since fining is the miserable retaliation imposed on bishops in this country) for his outspokenness. He was a man of deep but austere and unsentimental piety, and a sound theologian. His books are marked by both characters. They also betray literary culture, but of the stiff character prevalent among the best educated clergy about 1850. Some of his theological doctrines were rather startling, as coming from a man who was looked upon as traditionalism itself. Only a few months ago he advocated a complete transformation of the breviary. His want of apprehension of the necessity for the clergy of a new and more democratic action is strange in a man capable of writing such lines as the following sent to the *Gaulois* in 1898:—

> I repeat to-day, what I said long ago, a hereditary monarchy is no longer possible in France. The era of monarchical government is ended for this country. I may add that, in my opinion, it has ended for the nations of Europe as well. The crisis may be quite near for certain states, and more distant for others, but the monarchical sentiment is gone. It was very powerful in France, and it still has force in England and Russia, but for all countries a new period has commenced.

In this very same country in which the Bishop of Annecy rightly said that the monarchial spirit is a thing of the past, the death of Prince Henri d'Orléans causes universal sorrow. And I may be mistaken, but it seems to me that for all the young man thought himself bound as an explorer to say against the colonial policy of England, he had more sympathy with English people than his cousin who has once or twice solemnly professed to be a friend of Britain. Henri and Philippe have both had their shares of the Duke of Aumale's inheritance, but the gift of sympathy fell to the lot of one, while the other had only rich Sicilian vineyards. Philippe had also his hour of popularity fifteen years ago when the French thought he wanted above all to be a *conscrit* like everybody else, but since that time all we have heard about him or from him suggests only the Pretender, a character which even the Comte de Chambord did not always succeed in sustaining. The latter, whilst waiting at Frohsdorf for the *heure de Dieu* spoke a little too often of *monter à cheval et tirer l'épée*. At Twickenham they wait for the *saute de vent* which is a less Christian metaphor, and they speak of their willingness to *se faire cassen la tête*, a desperate course which fortunately they never take.

Prince Henri also said an historical word when he declared that he would do his best to make people forget he was a prince. But he acted up to it, and even the cunning ones had to confess on his return from Thibet that he did more than amateurish exploring, and when he repeatedly visited Abyssinia, that if he was a prig or a wonderfully long-sighted politician, he was so in a grand style. That petty slandering had nearly ceased since two or three years, and now that the gallant young man is in his coffin one is glad to hear no jarring tone from any quarter. The name of the Prince Henri will be coupled in history with that of the Prince Imperial, the unfortunate son of Napoleon III., but those who will understand the changes brought about by the last twenty years will know that Henri set a better example to the young men of his generation by being an independent explorer than an obedient soldier.

Prince Henri leaves in print or in MS. sufficient matter for about two volumes, which are pretty sure to tempt more than one publisher. Those travelling notes gradually diverged more and more, as their author realised the usefulness of his work, from literature to become like brief full consular *mémoires*. Some have appeared in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes*.

A TRANSLATION.

He first deceased; she for a little tried
To live without him, liked it not, and died.

Sir Henry Wotton.

τὸν μὲν ἀωρὶ μόρος πρότερον λάβεν· ἡ δ' ἔτι βαιὸν
χηρεύειν ἐθέλουσ' ἤχθετο, κἀπέθανεν.

E. D. S.

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF THE BEE. By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alfred Sutro. Allen. 5s.

M. MAETERLINCK'S "Life of the Bee" is "a book"—in that sense of the word which we imply negatively when, looking at the heaps of volumes pouring hourly from the press, we yet complain that the season has been singularly poor in "books." It is "a book" in that warm human sense that was in the mind of Milton when he wrote—

As well burn a man as burn a book.

It is something more than a "criticism of life"; it is a contribution *from* life *to* life—a typically interesting department of the natural world marvellously mirrored in the mind of a mystic, and beautifully incarnated in one of the most exquisitely delicate of living styles. That we do not entirely agree with M. Maeterlinck's philosophy when it is most explicit does not lessen our enjoyment of the bulk of his work. He is never so untrue to himself as when he bursts into a bold moral—or immoral—conclusion. Summing up is not his forte, and when he attempts it he is invariably feeble and unsatisfactory. To this rule the present book makes no exception. On the last page but one, it suddenly turns into an announcement to the whole human race that the one clear lesson man is to carry away from this deeply moving and fascinating study of the bee, is—

That just as it is written in the tongue, the stomach, and mouth of the bee that it must make honey, so it is written in our eyes, our ears, our nerves, our marrow, in every lobe of our head, that we must make cerebral substance; nor is there need that we should divine the purpose this substance shall serve. The bees know not whether they will eat the honey they harvest, as we know not who it is shall reap the profit of the cerebral substance we shall have formed, or of the intelligent fluid that issues therefrom and spreads over the universe, perishing when our life ceases or persisting after death. As they go from flower to flower, collecting more honey than themselves and their offspring can need, let us go from reality to reality, seeking food for the incomprehensible flame, and certain of having fulfilled our organic duty, prepare ourselves thus for whatever befall.

We find a lesson much more proportionate and congruous to the width and subtlety of the book's whole motive in passages immediately preceding this summing-up. The advice not to let "the possibility of general annihilation blur our perception of the task before us" is good, whatever we conceive that task to be. And good also is the exhortation not to "count on the miraculous aid of chance." We only demur to the denials implied in certain simple phrases unobtrusively slipped in about "our being left to our own resources," and all progress being so far due to our humble unaided efforts. M. Maeterlinck guards himself, however, against being suspected of denying that "supernatural intervention" may come some day in the affairs of man, as super-apiarian intervention has already come in the affairs of the hive. Moreover, he imagines that should it come, then with man, as with the bee, it will be the better for those who have been, in the waiting time, faithful to the law of duty written in their organism. Readers of "Le Trésor des Humbles" remember the chapter on the "Awakening of the Soul," in which it is said that there are signs in the art, the literature, the music of our day of a spiritual Revelation close at hand—indications that the veil concealing the "Invisible Principle" is about to be rent. To understand M. Maeterlinck aright it is necessary to bear this passage in mind. He denies that a Revelation *has* happened; but he believes that one is to happen shortly. And he holds his mind in a state of preparation for the miracle. "Il faut être prudent; ce n'est pas sans raison que notre âme s'agite." This state of expectancy, prudent yet alert, is the not uncommon phase through which the mind of the born mystic passes to conviction. The organisation of the mystic is somehow incapable of learning anything by means of the formulated teaching of any school or church. He must grope in his own way through the obscure places of his sub-consciousness to the most elementary truths, and when he has found them, it generally takes him a long time to digest and assimilate them. But though the process is slow, the result is apt to be good enough to justify the time spent on it. When the mystic has got his conviction at last, he holds it with the strength of all his emotions, and expresses it with that fulness and freshness of discovery that makes the oldest truth new and the tritest commonplace poignant.

That which gives the peculiar and exquisite character to this study of the "Life of the Bee" is precisely this mystical attitude of mind. M. Maeterlinck is an agnostic, but he is not a materialist, he is hardly a sceptic. He approaches the problems of life—natural or spiritual—as one newly arrived in a strange world, knowing nothing of what others have experienced and recorded, ignorant of the current language; but, dowered with quick and delicate instincts, physical, spiritual, and emotional, he sports like a child—or a fawn—among the facts of existence "agitated" by every breath of influence that touches him, yet too "prudent," too modest to surrender himself hurriedly to any. To the mystic there is in life "no great or small." All the mystery of the universe may be revealed in the bee as likely as in man, and M. Maeterlinck has chosen to think his deepest thoughts on life at the threshold of the hive.

It has been said of this book that, apart from its mysticism, it would still be an invaluable work; so wonderful is the delicacy of observation it reveals, so irresistible the charm of the style in which the observation is recorded. But, in truth, the supreme charm of the book lies in the inseparable blending of thought, fact, and style. It is science, and literature, and music all in one. Doubtless many people could have told us all the facts about the bee that M. Maeterlinck has put down; how the male bee has twenty-six thousand eyes in his splendid cranium; how the queen bee's skull is "somewhat empty"; how "the little careworn head of the virgin worker" contains not only the vastest and most magnificent brain of the hive," but "the most beautiful and complex, the most perfect [brain] that is found in nature after man,' etc., etc. Many writers have described the structure of the hive and the marvellous economy of the community. But the mystical mind of M. Maeterlinck has invested all these facts with a poetry and a significance that haunt the soul of the reader with such an infinite array of beautiful and pregnant suggestions that it is not too much to say that this "Life of the Bee" will live as long as literature lives, and there are ever so few real readers in the world who like to take down an old book from the shelf, and muse from truth to truth in company with a genuine thinker.

We have spoken already of the arbitrary conclusion of the book. Except in the conclusion, there is nothing arbitrary and nothing confused. Point by point the economy of the hive is compared, rather by suggestion than by close-pressed analogy, to the economy of man, and the whole argument moves with the harmonious measure of a stately poem. Let us part from M. Maeterlinck with the lovely description of the garden in which he first loved bees:—

It was many years ago in a large village of Dutch Flanders, the sweet and pleasant country whose love for brilliant colour rivals that of Zealand even, the concave mirror of Holland; a country that gladly spreads out before us, as so many pretty, thoughtful toys, her illuminated gables and waggons and towers; her cupboards and clocks that gleam at the end of the passage; her little trees marshalled in line along quays and canal banks, waiting, one almost might think, for some quiet, beneficent ceremony; her boats and her barges with sculptured poops, her flower-like doors and windows, immaculate dams, and elaborate, many-coloured drawbridges, and her little varnished houses, bright as new pottery, from which bell-shaped dames come forth, all a-glitter with silver and gold, to milk the cows in the white-hedged fields, or spread the linen on flowery lawns, cut into patterns of oval and lozenge, and most astoundingly green. To this spot, where life would seem more restricted than elsewhere—if it be possible for life, indeed, to become restricted—a sort of aged philosopher had retired. . . . Here had he built his refuge, being a little weary of interrogating

men, whose answers to the only interesting questions one can put concerning nature and her veritable laws are far less simple than those that are given by animals and plants. His happiness . . . lay all in the beauties of his garden ; and best-loved and visited most often was the apiary, composed of twelve domes of straw, some of which he had painted a bright pink and some a clear yellow, but most of all a tender blue, having noticed, long before Sir John Lubbock's demonstrations, the bees' fondness for this colour. These hives stood against the wall of the house, in the angle formed by one of those pleasant and graceful Dutch kitchens, whose earthenware dresser, all bright with copper and tin, reflected itself through the open door on to the peaceful canal. And the water, bordered with these familiar images beneath its curtain of poplars, led one's eyes to a calm horizon of mills and of meadows.

A Leader of Light Horse : Hodson of Hodson's Horse. By Captain L. J. Trotter. Blackwood.

In these warlike days a new biography of Hodson of Hodson's Horse is opportune ; for he possessed all the qualities of a soldier which Englishmen most admire, and some in which recent events have shown them to be deficient. The most prominent events of his career, and especially, of course, his services in the Indian Mutiny, are so well known that it is unnecessary to enumerate them again here: his name is blazoned large in the scroll of the Empire's heroes. Yet his many successes went without all outward reward save the consciousness of duty done, and a perpetual place in the mouths of men; his life was full of bitterness, and calumny has pursued him even in the grave. It is unfortunate that a biography of him cannot pass over in silence the charges which have been brought against his moral character, especially as Mr. Bosworth Smith has, in the excess of his zeal to establish them, only succeeded in once for all destroying their credibility in the eyes of all fairminded men. Yet it is interesting to inquire what it was in Hodson's character and history which lent so much material to hostile tongues.

We note, first of all, that though he won the devotion of the rank and file, native and British, of the army, and the life-long love of those who knew him intimately, he was never widely and generally popular with his colleagues and superiors; and it is curious to observe in this respect that his tastes and instincts at Rugby already point in the same direction. He was a great athlete ; but his athleticism was of the solitary rather than of the gregarious type : "he was rather an isolated boy, for though a great athlete he did not play much at cricket or football, and was rather given to hare-and-hounds, long runs in the country, jumps over hedges, and so on." And when in 1845 he proeeeded to India to join his regiment the circumstanees in which he found himself, an "eighth second-lieutenant" among boys who though ten years his junior in age were his seniors in the service, tended to confirm this instinct of aloofness. "A Cambridge graduate of twenty-five would naturally have little in common with boys of sixteen and seventeen fresh from school, free from all home restraints, and launched without warning into a strange new world of moral and social complexities." His letters of this period show how strongly he felt his isolation, and when, as very soon happened, his great qualities made their mark, and he was singled out to perform tasks of which the youths his seniors were incapable, it is easy to understand how this somewhat reserved man, who withal was "naturally sarcastic and fearless, and would say and do things which galled men to the quick," beeame an object of envy and dislike to many of his immediate colleagues.

Again, Hodson was by nature and training a ruler. Already at Rugby he had been sent as head prepositor to restore discipline in a house which had got out of hand. In India similar tasks awaited him—as a civil administrator, the control of a newly aequired and turbulent district ; as a soldier, the command of the recently formed regiment of Guides. To both these tasks he brought what was rare in an offieer so junior in the service, a strong and fully developed character ; but in both cases the event, we believe, showed that he was the right man in the right place. John Lawrence, it is true, heard tales of discontent in the Guides, and Mr. Smith has accused Hodson of "arbitrary and oppressive conduct" ; but both tales and accusation are inconsistent with the known devotion of the Guides to him, as evidenced by the greeting which they gave their old commandant (who had left them in disgrace) before Delhi. That Hodson was severe, there can be no doubt ; but, to use a famous epigram, if he was a beast, he was a just beast, and his men, like all Orientals, reverenced and even loved that combination of qualities. That he was autocratic there can also be no doubt, and autocracy is not popular in Anglo-Indian mutual admiration society, where so many susceptibilities have to be considered at every turn. These susceptibilities Hodson brushed aside, and his reputation in the bureaucracy suffered accordingly. In any crisis he acted with a single eye to what he believed to be his duty (of which he took no narrow view), and acted promptly as the occasion required. That he soon got into trouble with his superiors was only natural. Quite early in his career his ardour was damped by the snubs with which he had to put up, and which were probably due to his doubtless excessive inclination to think and act for himself. The climax was reached when his summary arrest of Kadir Khan brought him into collision with Lord Dalhousie, who, being an autocrat himself, was resolved to tolerate no autocracy in others. "There are more than Major Edwardes," his lordship had written to Henry Lawrence during the second Sikh War, "who appear to consider themselves nowadays as Governor-General at least. . . . For my part, I will not stand it in quieter times for half an hour, and will come down unmistakably upon any of them who may 'try it on,' from Major Edwardes, C.B., down to the latest enlisted general-ensign-plenipotentiary on the establishment." If Herbert Edwardes shocked the Governor-General, it is easy to understand the view he took of Hodson's independent action.

Reynell Taylor's report (now published for the first time) on his investigation of the Guides' accounts, which Hodson was charged with having falsified, will, we hope, finally dispose of that baseless accusation. That the accounts were not well kept was not only possible but probable, for Hodson (who vexed his chief by not answering his letters) was not of the stuff of which good clerks (and good assistant-masters) are made in piping times of peace. That there was any fraud, was shown as long ago as 1856 to be without the shadow of a foundation. We need not pursue the subject further here, for the fact that the accusation has since been constantly repeated is evidence against those who have repeated it rather than against the unhappy victim. The point is that, if our view of the general feeling aroused by Hodson's disposition is correct, the readiness shown in certain quarters to believe even the most wildly improbable charges against him is sufficiently explained. He had his defects, no doubt—"impetuosity and excess of self-reliance," as Henry Lawrence characterised them as early as 1849—and, as is usually the case in strong characters, they were strongly marked. But whatever they were, dishonesty was not one of them, and they were, in fact, only the excess of his virtues. Captain Trotter's book, in which the facts are clearly and impartially stated without any special pleading, will, we hope, finally dispel the cloud which has too long rested upon the character of a brilliant soldier and a lovable man.

Bungalows and Country Residences. By R. A. Briggs. B. T. Batsford. 12s. 6d.

The success of Mr. Briggs's book shows that he has marehed with the times. To have a bungalow or country house of some kind is the ambition of most people, and it is interesting to analyse the motive that has brought it about. As a rule it is not a simple love of country life itself. A week-end residence is not one which developes any real country tastes. There may be a certain amount of talk about the joys of gardening, but a real lover of a garden is chafed by having constantly to leave it, and it is not the week-ender that really

cares for the leisure and retirement which are at the root of country life. Of course, pressure of work may in some cases develop the need for perfect rest on two days of the week, if it can be obtained, but rest is not the motive of those who if they have no house of their own go to anyone whom they can induce to invite them; and even those who really need the rest and change of week-ends in the country are very few compared to the number of people who cannot plead any hard work as an excuse, and yet cannot bear to be alone at home when the rest of their acquaintances are out of town.

There are, if we look a little deeper, probably two feelings which produce this new desire of having two homes. One is fashion, and the other is discontent. The increasing need of amusement is at least as exhausting to the mental condition as hard work. Indeed, it is doubly exhausting in that it fatigues without the pleasurable reaction which really active work produces. Simple rest to such people is simple *ennui*. To sit still and read is no amusement to them, for if it were, people devoted to amusement would have read until they were tired. It is necessary also for amusement seekers to keep abreast with amusement providers. Pleasure seeking is a great trade, with supply and demand incessantly balancing each other, and it is a most exigent occupation, for to drop out of the game is not readily to get into it again. Therefore, if it is usual for those occupied in pleasure-seeking to have two homes through their wealth or their position, the smaller members of the community must do likewise, or be cut off from a large part of the general life of amusement. The constant restlessness of modern fashionable life which arises from an absence of real work calls for some fresh form of sensation wherever it can be got. The only ingredient which can keep a life wholesome and happy is the presence of real duties of some kind. If we take the lives which are not restless, we shall see that they have a hobby of some kind running through them. This hobby may be a real duty, or it may be a pursuit which has become, at least so far as purpose is concerned, a reality which is worth spending time and money upon. But if we take the lives of the ordinary smart young couple, to be met with every evening of the week at dinner or theatre parties, can it be said that either duty or pursuit has any strong hold upon them? Can it be conceived they should say "No" to any invitation which promises amusement, because some real hobby—be it duty or pleasure—would suffer thereby? Those whose hobby is their garden would not willingly be away from it in the planting months of the year. Those to whom music is a reality will sacrifice much to study abroad, or pay visits to Bayreuth and other places which cost both money and time. But the humming birds of society must be in the fashion of the time being, or they are nothing, and just now it is the fashion to add a fresh excitement to life in "Week-ends" spent at their own or their neighbours' houses—anywhere, in fact, except at what these dutyless people consider their home. Naturally, therefore, the demand has called forth a supply, and it is not to be denied that country houses, from hall to cottage, are very delectable things. Charming in themselves they take the place of children so far as adorning and completing them is concerned. The fact, too, that they can be improved and developed satisfies the craving for a certain sort of speculation. We buy to-day for a thousand pounds what to-morrow may, in fancy at all events, be sold for two thousand. Surely in this wisdom and pleasure go hand in hand.

To meet this desire the architects of the day are turning their attention to bungalows and country residences which shall meet all needs. Mr. R. A. Briggs has published no fewer than forty-seven illustrations of country houses, ranging in price from £400 to £11,000, and to each of these Mr. Briggs has given care and thought. Indeed, it would seem that he rather favoured the smaller folk, for there are more illustrations of cottages and bungalows to be built under £2,000 than over, and some of his most attractive ones are under £1,200. In an interesting preface he distinguishes between bungalow and country house in that a bungalow is supposed to need less reception rooms, for it is primarily intended for those who desire the exciting change of perfect rest for their week-ends before returning to the onerous duties of London society. A bungalow, to Mr. Briggs, "is essentially a little 'nook' or 'retreat.'" It may be two storied—which of course is a development of the real bungalow of India—and it should consist largely of verandahs and balconies, though to our mind upstairs balconies are a luxury often purchased too dearly at the cost of space in the upstairs room. A bay-window is probably more often used for reading and writing than a balcony in a climate such as ours, and the use of an upstairs balcony is not the same as the downstairs verandah, which is a place for sociable talk and smoking combined. Our own experience is that an upstairs balcony is but rarely used, but it adds, no doubt, to the interest of the design, and in a fair-sized house may well be indulged in. One great advantage to people of small means is that bungalows can be built of cheaper materials than those ordinarily used for houses. Wood can be supplied freely, and it is a strange prejudice which has kept this material so long out of fashion. If creepers are cleverly grown, the wood background is a charm in itself. What is more beautiful than an old black barn covered with well-chosen creepers? Against such a building any herbaceous border is bound to look well. It is the staring red walls and roof of the modern villa that casts a blight over the surrounding acre of ground. How can roses be planted near an aggressive red house with any hope of their condescending to look well, and what comfort does a jessamine or honeysuckle find in being nailed against a six-inch brick wall? They may grow, no doubt, but they look all wrong, and are like wild birds in captivity. Of course, as it is not given to most people to possess old houses they must do the best they can, and for this purpose the volume by Mr. Briggs will be of the greatest use. He manages to put an air of graciousness over the newest creations, and even in his use of Boer designs there is an up-to-dateness which argues well for the ultimate union of the two races in South Africa. If we frankly say we have something to learn from the Boers, they will be the more likely to learn from us the larger lessons which we hope to teach them. That the volume has already gone through five editions, shows how cleverly Mr. Briggs has read the signs of the times.

PREPARATORY SCHOOLS FOR BOYS; THEIR PLACE IN ENGLISH SECONDARY EDUCATION. Board of Education. Special Reports on Educational Subjects. Volume VII. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 2s. 3½d.

THE preparatory school is as much an English product as the public school, which it is the fashion to praise with so much pride and so little discrimination. It is, indeed, the offspring of the public school, and quite modern, for the earliest preparatory school on record dates from the first year of Queen Victoria. Mr. Cottrill, who has investigated the subject ascribes the growth of these schools to Arnold's initiative who by fixing an age limit for Rugby, made a precedent which has since been followed by nearly all the other public schools. Obviously, if a boy cannot enter such a school before the age of twelve or thirteen, and if there is an entrance examination, the boy must be prepared somewhere and somehow for it. Hence preparatory schools grew up to meet this new need; and since the era of open scholarships set in, it has become almost indispensable to send a boy to one of these schools if he is intended to compete for one. Not only the schools themselves, but their curriculum is decided for them by the public schools which they prepare for; and an examination of the curriculum will lead us to pass some severe criticism on the parent establishments.

We note first that here, as in all secondary schools with perhaps half a dozen exceptions, the condition of the assistant is lamentable. His salary is very low, his prospects are poor, and still growing worse. As these schools are private ventures, they are bought and sold like any other business firm; so

that the assistant cannot hope by merit and long service to be promoted to the headship of one of them. For the headmasters themselves, if there is no longer the chance of making a great fortune (which, by the way, we doubt), there is at least a comfortable living; but the assistant is so poor that he can practically never marry without the gravest imprudence. He is also on duty from morn to long past dewy eve, and is expected to assist in the games; so that we are led to the conclusion that the preparatory school is no place for any but a young man. And so it happens, by our usual English perversity, that the most difficult and delicate part of teaching must be entrusted to those who have least experience. They gain experience, it is true, and if their mental attainments are high enough (which is not always the case) they make most valuable masters in public schools. But the process ought to be reversed. As it is, no man will take a post at a preparatory school if he can get into a public school; hence the former have to content themselves with those whose university degree is not good enough for what is regarded as the more important post.

As to the methods of teaching, we have not so much information as we could wish. Probably these schools, with the others, care little about methods, so long as they attain the result which they want. As this result is success in a written examination, a successful school is not necessarily satisfactory in its methods. But succeed they must; it is a matter of life or death; hence good preparatory schools are practically free of incompetent men, and in this respect compare well with the public schools. But the implication is that not only must incompetents be got rid of forthwith, a desirable thing, but, since it is found that men grow less useful in certain directions after middle age, there must be a tendency to get rid of these also. We should have liked some statistics as to the age of masters in these schools, and we are much mistaken if they would not be instructive. A good point in preparatory schools is that the classes are small. The business man has found out that it is ridiculous to think that forms of thirty to forty boys can be properly taught; the public schools, with their contempt for principles, continue to measure the form by the utmost capacity of the room it inhabits, precisely as they measure the numbers in each house and in the school itself. It is most significant that we have in this book no examination of the necessary apparatus in maps, pictures, models, blackboards, or any such aids to teaching; and no recognition of the fact that buildings properly designed are a help to good discipline as well as health.

As regards the curriculum, there is already a tendency to specialise, classics and mathematics taking the lion's share of the time. This is directly due to the object for which these schools exist. How can they afford to teach English, for example, when English is only a pass subject in the scholarship examinations, and lamentably easy to pass in? Of three typical time-tables here given, one (a Scotch school) gives three hours a week to English language, literature, grammar, and composition. An English school, which does not prepare for scholarships, gives 3¾ hours in the lowest form and 1½ in the highest; a school which does prepare for scholarships gives in the lowest form two hours, in the highest not a single minute. Drawing and singing are, we hope, compulsory on all, but we feel sure that more might be made of them.

As a general result, it appears that the preparatory schools are well managed within their limits, and taught by competent persons. But those limits are in some respects vicious. The neglect of English is preposterous; and, in particular, that essential of all culture, correct and distinct speech, is not so much as thought of. Probably not a lesson passes in a public school but the master has again and again to tell some one to "speak out." Slang is bad enough, but that can be eradicated more easily than vulgar clipping of words, and the meaningless mumble or drawl which we hear in every drawing-room is the final result of faulty education. The preparatory school is the place to teach the elements of voice production, which, with its forms of eight or ten boys, it could easily do; and exercises in breathing and filling the whole lungs are directly beneficial to health. The other faults of the curriculum must be laid at the door of the system of open scholarships, which has turned our schools into big trading shops. The evil influence of the system has been shown with irresistible force in a previous volume of these reports, and it is taken up again in the present volume by Canon Lyttelton. It becomes more and more clear that we need a strong organiser, who fears not man, to set our house in order; and clearer and clearer that, whatever be the reason, the headmasters of our chief schools are not doing their duty. Such bodies as the Headmasters' Conference exist to deal with general principles; but they dare not or will not see what everyone else can see. It suggests a thought whether we have managed to get the right men in these responsible posts, and warns us to see whether the ultimate fault be not in the method by which they have been elected. If the fault be not that, and if there are really no men in the profession capable of doing more than administer a routine, the outlook is dark indeed.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature. By George Brandes. Vol. I.: The Emigrant Literature. Heinemann. 6s.

(2) A Book Bound for Mary Queen of Scots. By G. F. Barwick. Transactions of the Bibliographical Society. Vol. V. Part 2. Printed for the Bibliographical Society.

(3) A Journey to Nature. By J. P. Mowbray. Constable. 7s. 6d.

(4) The Book of the Horace Club. 1898-1901. Oxford. Blackwell. 5s.

(5) Anni Fugaces: A Book of Verse with Cambridge Interludes. By R. C. Lehmann. Lane.

(1) Dr. Brandes has planned his work on *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature* to consist of six volumes, and devotes the first, under the defensible rather than illuminative title, "The Emigrant Literature," to the chief French writers of the Napoleonic period, who wrote under the influence of Rousseau and of Goethe's "Werther," and were all of them, at one time or another, in exile. His second volume is to deal with the semi-Catholic Romantic school in Germany, his third with the Reaction in France, as represented by such men as Joseph de Maistre, Lamennais, Lamartine, and Victor Hugo, while they were still mainstays of the Legitimist party. Byron and his English contemporaries are the subject of the fourth volume, to which another rather cryptic title is given, that of "Naturalism in England." Vol. V. will deal with the Romantic School in France, Vol. VI. with "Young Germany," as typified by Heine, Gutzkow, Feuerbach and others. It will be noted that the *Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature* lead us no farther than 1848, and an English professor of literature would certainly have mapped out his subject differently. Dr. Brandes, who is favourably known to English readers by his study of Shakespeare, may be trusted to do fair justice to other English writers besides Byron, "this one man who produces the revulsion in the great drama"; but it is evident that his book will be written from a distinctly continental standpoint, and this should make it all the more interesting and refreshing to educated readers in England. In this first volume he has certainly made a good beginning. A desire to plunge at once into his subject has made him start with a chapter on Chateaubriand, and then hark back to Rousseau and "Werther," but his book is otherwise well arranged, the style is clear (we presume, as no translator's name is given, that this English version is made by, or with the aid of, Dr. Brandes himself), and he interweaves biographical sketches, summaries of novels, and critical narrative with considerable picturesqueness and skill. Chateaubriand's "Atala" and René," Sénancour's "Obermann," Constant's "Adolphe," and Madame de Stael's "Delphine," "Corinne," and "De l'Allemagne," are the chief books with which he deals, and he duly brings out their respective degrees of interest. Probably few modern readers will feel any keen desire awakened in them to read, or to read again, "Atala" or "René," but we do not know that it was

any part of Dr. Brandes's business to evoke such a wish. Certainly, no one can accuse him of any lack of enthusiasm for his subject, least of all (though he recognises the influence of personal pique in her relations with Napoleon) when he is dealing with Madame de Stael and her works. He sympathises with every cry for emancipation, and records rather gloomily any symptoms of the coming reaction. We have said that the title Dr. Brandes has chosen for this instalment of his work is rather defensible than illuminating, and the criticism seems just, inasmuch as the term "Émigré" is so exclusively associated with the aristocratic fugitives from the Revolution. And yet Dr. Brandes is assuredly right in emphasising the fact that it was the enforced travels of these French men and women of letters that brought this new influence into European literature. Chateaubriand from Niagara, Constant from Scotland and Germany, Madame de Stael from Germany and Italy, gained as much as from the study of Rousseau or Goethe, and this part of their gain is perhaps of the more permanent interest. The Italian and classical elements in Madame de Stael's "Corinne" are particularly well treated by Dr. Brandes, and his "Chapter on the New Conception of the Antique," with its suggestion that the Greece of Winckelmann, Goethe (in his later development), and Thorvaldsen, is almost as un-Greek as that of Racine, or of Barthélemy in "Le Jeune Anacharse," may be welcomed with enthusiasm. Altogether he has made a very interesting beginning, and we hope that his second volume will not be long delayed.

(2) Mr. G. F. Barwick, of the British Museum, has compiled for the Bibliographical Society an attractive and exhaustive monograph on *A Book Bound for Mary Queen of Scots*, the subtitle further explaining its contents as "a description of the binding of a copy of the 'Geographia' of Ptolemy, printed at Rome, 1490, with notes of other books bearing Queen Mary's insignia." The fine book thus honoured with a special treatise is at present in the possession of Mr. C. H. Read, who inherited it from his predecessor in the keepership of the Department of Mediæval Antiquities at the British Museum, Sir Augustus Wollaston Franks. Nothing is known of its pedigree before 1856, when Franks saw it at Blenheim, and fell so much in love with it that he acquired it at the Sunderland sale for £450, plus £50 to Quaritch for giving it up. Its attractions are manifold—good printing, brightly coloured maps, illuminated initials, and a border to the first page (here excellently reproduced in colours), bearing the arms of the Frescobaldi family of Florence and Lyons, a fine French binding made up of sprays of leaves and other ornaments artfully combined, and in the centre the monogram of Mary Queen of Scots and Francis II., surrounded by one of the numerous anagrams of "Marie Stewart," the motto *Sa vertu m'atire*. By the kindness of Mr. Read this splendid book has been exhibited for some little time among the English Royal Bindings at the British Museum, and it is perhaps worth while to put on record a doubt, which occurred to us the last time we looked at it there, as to whether it was ever in the possession of the Queen whose monogram it bears. Our doubt arose from two points, the style of the binding, and the different appearance on one of the covers (on the other it has been slightly rubbed) of the gilding of the central device compared with that of the rest of the ornament. Whether or no this "fanfare" style of binding should be associated with the name of Nicolas Eve (a point on which Mr. Barwick rightly refuses to dogmatise), we have not been able to discover any instance of it indisputably earlier than 1570. A fine binding in this style of a "Poetæ Græci," printed in 1566, bearing the arms of J. A. de Thou, seems a claimant for this honour, but as De Thou was only born in 1553, and inherited his uncle's library in 1570, it really tells the other way. Now if bound for Mary and Francis II. the binding of this Ptolemy must date from about 1558-1560, and this is inconveniently early. In the second place, the device appears to be later than the binding; the panel has obviously not been made specially to hold it, the device itself is cut in a stiff mechanical fashion not like sixteenth century work, and the gold it is printed with is of a paler and poorer quality. Taken by themselves, these doubts might not amount to much, but they are powerfully supported by the fact that the same device is found on a "Histoire de Saint Quentin," printed in 1627, and bound, probably, a century later. We owe this information to Mr. Barwick's monograph, where it is quoted from an article by M. Jadart in the "Travaux de l'Académie Nationale de Rheims." The "Histoire de Saint Quentin," it seems, came from the Abbey of St. Pierre-les-Dames, of which Queen Mary's aunt, Renée de Lorraine, was abbess, so that the stamp of the device, if really cut in the sixteenth century, may well have remained in the abbey. But if it could be impressed on one volume in the seventeenth or eighteenth century, it could be impressed on two, and in our own judgment the evidence points to the Ptolemy having been stamped at some later date rather than during the years when Mary was Queen of France. Presumably, as Mr. Barwick records the existence of the 1627 book, he has considered and rejected this possibility, and, indeed, to hint a doubt of the authenticity of a relic accepted by so experienced a collector as Sir Wollaston Franks may seem superfluous enough. If we must own to the doubt, it leaves untouched our admiration for the other attractions of this fine book, and Mr. Barwick's monograph, with its fine colour-plates and sedulously gathered information, is an excellent piece of work. Vol. V., part 2, of the Bibliographical Society's Transactions which has come to us with it is chiefly notable for the second and final instalment of Sir Edward Maunde Thompson's paper on the "History of English Handwriting in the Middle Ages," and for some carefully tabulated information by Mr. Robert Proctor as to editions of the Statutes of Henry VIII. Most of these bear the name of the King's printer, Thomas Berthelet, but Mr. Proctor proves that in several cases this was merely reprinted from previous editions, and that some of the issues were not printed till after Berthelet's death.

(3) There is a delusive touch of Thoreau about the beginning of Mr. J. P. Mowbray's *Journey to Nature*, but it soon wears off, and we are left in no doubt that we are reading the experiences of one who is both by nature and education a city man, accustomed to hold converse with his fellows in the stock-market, theatre or café, but to whom Nature will never reveal her secrets. This point of view once accepted, there is much to be gathered from Mr. Mowbray's book,—little glimpses of the surface of things as they appear to a city man sent to expiate his overwork by a year's sojourn in the woods with his eight-year old son as a companion, sophisticated reflections of a society man compelled to sit for hours with his pipe for sole confidant over the evening fire in his log-cabin. Then there are the few characters he manages to meet with in occasional excursions within twenty miles or so of his own hut, and, finally, the visits of the fashionable New York doctor, who throws off his conventional attire and manners when he comes to see how his prescription works. Altogether, Mr. Mowbray has collected material for a very pleasant little sketch, and whether he really was suffering from heart-failure, and actually took his rest-cure in the manner he describes, or whether he is merely piecing into a book by the light of a city lamp (electric, no doubt) the notes of some two or three pleasant summer trips to the woods, matters little.

(4) *The Book of the Horace Club* will hardly bring on the little society of Oxford poets the reproach of overproductiveness, as its sixty or seventy short pieces represent the output of three or four years. As befits a University club, a handful of the verse is in the classical languages, the Greek poems, to our thinking, being a good deal happier than the Latin. If the aim of the club be to encourage young poets, it has hardly as yet been very successful, for the best pieces in all the three languages seem to us those which stand over such familiar initials as F. Y. P., A. D. G., and H. C. B. Professor York Powell's sonnet, "An Impression," which gives the very atmosphere of the warm rain of May, pleases us best among the serious English poems; we would give Mr. Godley first prize for his pleasant Greek apology for absence (while examining) from some club festivity; and Mr. Beeching's

"The Sixth of March"—the day appointed for the annual parish meeting in England and Wales—is a good example of gentle humour. Altogether the "Book" is a pleasant rather than a very inspiriting production, and we hope that in the next volume the younger men will come nearer to the front. But perhaps they are writing epics, and pending their production must not be called upon for lighter verse.

(5) With the "Book of the Horace Club" we may join a volume from the sister university, Mr. R. C. Lehmann's *Anni Fugaces*, "a book of verse with Cambridge interludes." Mr. Lehmann is no great poet. When he tries to be serious he becomes sentimental, and his humour is too much employed on the stock subjects of university verse to be very refreshing. He is much more at home with athletics, and we would give up much of his book for a few more half stanzas such as:—

They cannot know, who lounge and loaf, the fierce exultant glow,
That warms the heart and stirs the pulse when eight men really row,
When the banks go wild with roaring, and the roar becomes a yell,
And the bowmen feel her dancing as she lifts up on the swell.

No one but a genuine oarsman would have hit on that "really row," and a few such phrases (there are a good many of them in "April," a poem rather foolishly printed as prose) are the saving of Mr. Lehmann's book.

OLD TESTAMENT LITERATURE.

(1) The Life and Literature of the Ancient Hebrews. By Lyman Abbott. James Clarke and Co.

(2) A New Translation of Isaiah. By E. Flecker, M.A. Elliot Stock.

(3) The Book of the Psalms. By C. G. Montefiore. Macmillan. 1s.

(4) Ezra and Nehemiah. By P. W. H. Kettlewell, M.A.; and Joshua, by F. W. Spurling, M.A. 1s. 6d. each.

(1) The name of Dr. Lyman Abbott is not so well known in this country as it is in America, where he is justly regarded as one of the most eloquent preachers and writers of the day; but it is probable that his series of books on "Evolution and Religion," of which the volume before us is the first, will introduce him to many English readers. There are probably many points on which we should find ourselves unable to accept Dr. Abbott's views, and more particularly we suspect that his view of the Christian Church (if not of its founder) differs widely from ours. But this book on the Old Testament contains much valuable teaching, and we are glad to welcome it, on the same grounds that we lately gave a welcome to Dr. George Adam Smith's work on modern preaching and the criticism of the Old Testament. Both courageously face the position to which the study of the sacred literature of the Hebrews has brought our best scholars, and in both an earnest effort is made to apply the teachings of that literature, interpreted in accordance with modern critical methods, to religious life to-day. Dr. Abbott gives an eloquent and brilliant account of the development of Hebrew literature, and a survey of the various phases of Hebrew national life. But while he explains, in lucid and untechnical fashion, the conclusions which are now widely adopted as to the genesis of the Law, the functions of the prophets, and the growth of the Psalms, he does much more. For he endeavours to indicate the general view which he takes of the Bible as a whole, and he explains frankly his own beliefs as to the nature of its inspiration. "The old theology," he writes, "laid emphasis on what is called the transcendence of God; the new theology on His immanence. . . . . The Bible is, therefore, to be conceived, not as an unnaturally divine book, nor as a book partly divine and partly human; it is a divine-in-human book, and to us all the more divine because human." These sentences seem to us to illustrate at once the strength and the weakness of Dr. Abbott's position, and of the position which is taken up by many modern students of the Bible. We needed to be recalled to the truth of God's immanence, that "God is in His world," and to the cognate truth that the *naturalness* of any phenomenon, whether in history or in literature, does not exclude the Providence which over-ruled it. But there is a tendency in many minds to set aside the complementary principle of the Divine transcendence. If God really transcends nature—and if He does not, He is not the Being whom human hearts seek in their unrest—we must not conceive of Him as strictly bound by the laws and the limitations of the natural order. There is then nothing inconceivable in the thought that He may really have granted to Israel some special and entirely unique revelation of His mind and purpose, which was in part recorded in Israel's literature. But if we understand Dr. Abbott aright, he would not claim for the books of the Bible more than this: that they are the greatest books about religion that have ever been written; that Israel's special gift was its genius for religion, and that thus its contribution to the enrichment of human life is to be found in the religious teaching of its prophets and poets. He would say, further, that the insight into great spiritual and moral principles possessed by Israel's saints was such that their utterances are of permanent value for all humanity, in a degree which is not approached by the literature of other nations. But if this means negatively that the difference between the Hebrew religious literature and other religious literature is only a difference of *degree*, and not of *kind*, we feel that we have reached a conclusion which is something short of the Christian faith as to the Bible. And we notice signs, not only in Dr. Abbott's book, but in some other recent publications about the Bible, that there is a similar unwillingness to speak of our Lord in terms which imply that He was *more* than the best, and noblest, and purest, and wisest of the sons of men, coupled with a failure to recognise that if He was not more than this He was not even this. Again, let us admit that the Church needed to be recalled to a sense of our Lord's perfect humanity; but that is not the whole truth about Him. In Him, too, we have to recognise the transcendence as well as the immanence of God. And we cannot but suspect that the source of some "naturalistic" views both of the Word Incarnate and of the Word Written is to be found in the neglect of the dogma of the Divine transcendence, while the Divine immanence is, to the great benefit of our religious life, being more clearly taught.

(2) We cannot say anything in praise of Mr. Flecker's book, "Isaiah." He has worked diligently with grammar and lexicon, but we fear that in attempting a new translation he has essayed a task which is beyond his powers. His rendering is not only inelegant in many places where it departs from the R.V., but it is often obscure and sometimes inaccurate. To translate ix. 3, "Thou hast multiplied the nation which thou hast not exalted," is no improvement on the A.V., and the R.V. here gives excellent sense. We do not know the meaning of "his instruction to discretion his God teacheth him" (xxviii. 26). Nor do we think that "the righteous shall justify my servant to many" (liii. 2) will commend itself to scholars. To the translation is prefixed a "Life of Isaiah," which Mr. Flecker believes to be written "from a fresh point of view." He identifies Amoz, Isaiah's father, with Amos the prophet; and he assures us that Isaiah must have "given considerable attention to the medical cult," because he records the ends "make the heart of this people fat" (vi. 10)! That the author of Ps. cxix. (*see* ver. 70) could be proved to be a physician by a similar argument does not seem to have occurred to him. He also believes Isaiah to have been skilled in astronomy and geography. Mr. Flecker does not tell us whether he accepts the unity of the Book of Isaiah, or whether he regards cc., xl.-lxvi. to be the work of a prophet of the exile; indeed, he leaves the question open. But it is impossible for anyone to write satisfactory notes on these later chapters without having his mind made up about their date. The truth is that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," when it tempts a man to write books. And while we recognise the industry and reverence which are conspicuous throughout this volume, we cannot see that it is likely to serve any

useful purpose. A sentence from the preface will give some idea of the writer's sense of English grammar: "Finally the author's historical explanations have been compared with the recently discovered ancient records of Assyria, and found that they were not only not at variance with them, but also were confirmed by them." When a man can print such a sentence in his own language we cannot feel much confidence in his judgment as to delicate points of Hebrew linguistic.

(3) The next book on our list is a reprint of the portion of Mr. Montefiore's *Bible for Home Reading* which is concerned with the Psalter, and it is wonderfully good value for a shilling. Mr. Montefiore is a Jew and writes for Jews, but his analysis of the Psalms and his comments are worthy of the attention of Christian readers as well. We do not agree with all his conclusions. We have not yet been persuaded by modern critics that Ps. xlv. more probably points to Ptolemy Philadelphus than to any other royal hero, nor do we concur in Mr. Montefiore's opinion that Psalm cx., like Ps. ii., is now of little worth from a religious point of view. And we do not know how he justifies all omission of the word "God" from his text of Ps. xlv. 8. But, except when he is dealing with the Messianic Psalms, we have found his work both interesting and suggestive.

(4) The two new volumes of Rivington's "Books of the Bible" are carefully edited, and are quite up to the standard of the series. The short introductions supply just the information that an intelligent boy needs, and the notes are commendably brief and terse. We observe one or two omissions that ought to be made good. Mr. Spurling does not explain whether he holds that the words "the sun stood still in the midst of heaven" (Josh. x. 12) express a literal fact or not; and his note at p. 106 on "the nature of a miracle" does not enable us to decide what his belief is as to the circumstances of the battle of Bethhoron. This is exactly the kind of question which ought not to be shirked in a handbook for boys.

J. H. BERNARD.

FICTION.

The Skirts of Happy Chance By H. B. Marriott Watson. Methuen. 6s.—A novel of distinction is so rare a thing nowadays that we are inclined to welcome with open arms one that, while it perhaps falls short of distinction, is yet obviously the work of an author who sets for himself a high standard. Mr. Watson is a far from inexperienced writer, yet such faults as he has seem to be faults of inexperience; in this story they lie in the conception, while his good qualities are revealed in the execution. This is as it should be, if there are to be faults at all. There is so much stuff written at a dead low level of bad style, so many stories told by people who have not mastered the first rules of story telling, so many books written by people who do not dream that the mere putting together of words can be moulded to the forms of a beautiful art, that the work of a man who sees to it that what he has to say is said with point and grace compels our attention and approval. There are two things in the making of a novel—the matter and the manner. It is hard to say which is the more important; but below a certain limit, which is only passed by writers of great genius, we are inclined to think that manner tells for most. The book before us is a striking example of the way in which a studious aim at grace and charm of style may produce a kind of solid merit that adds to the substance and does not count merely as ornament. Mr. Marriott Watson, picking his steps among the gins and pitfalls of a very risky plan of story, valuing his words and placing them with precision, stumbles here and there upon a little treasure of excellent characterisation or humorous observance that would have escaped the careless writer. The plan of the book is not a good one, or, rather, it is not quite the best means of displaying what the author has to show. He invents a whimsical young nobleman with a taste for social adventure, equips him with all the charms and graces of a fairy prince, and then launches him forth upon a series of frolics and adventures that very soon exhaust our credulity, and leave us merely smiling at the author's fertility of resource in rescuing his hero from these dilemmas. Stevenson's "New Arabian Nights" have, we fancy, had their influence on this book and its author, but whereas Prince Florizel's thread of adventure becomes entangled and woven and knotted in the true Arabian manner, leading us to follow all sorts of false scents and side issues, Lord Francis Charmian's runs straight through the nine dilemmas which the author creates for it, so that we are never relieved from his company nor from the contemplation of his character nor from the desire, we must confess, to box his ears. We think the author has failed in that the interest of Lord Francis Charmian's character does not sustain us through nine stories, each excellent in itself, of which he is the chief figure; after about the sixth we know exactly what he is going to do and say, and wish that we could prevent him from doing and saying it. We have already indicated the more important respects in which we think Mr. Marriott Watson has succeeded; and his light touch, his genuine sense of humour, his ingenuity, and, above all, his polished and clean-cut style will provide a few hours of genuine entertainment for people who are able to discriminate between good and bad in literature.

The Country I Come From (Blackwood, 6s.), by Henry Lawson, is a searching laying bare of the life of the colonist and his mates in Australia. There is in these men's hearts a consciousness of their pasts—of the year 'Fifty-Nine, perhaps, when they worked at shafts now deserted, and were confident of finding gold: likely enough they have a second past in the years before they lost their missus, or their self-respect, and were left alone to tread the downward path. There are plenty of such downward paths among these men, but one becomes charitable as one reads how cruel Nature, always in extremes, has been to them. The soil, the animals, the river, and the interminable droughts are alike heartbreaking. Through it all the human creature works and tramps, swears and drinks, and cheats for the price of a drink to carry him along, but he is in general ruggedly faithful to a mate. The tales are interesting and well done, with plenty of humour and are well worth taking up. We might pick out "The Hero of Redclay" and "The Bush Undertaker" for stories of men with hearts, and the "Steelman and Smith" chronicles for those who could not afford to keep that luxury.

My Brilliant Career. By Miles Franklin. Blackwood. 6s.—Mr. Henry Lawson also contributes a preface to an Australian story, *My Brilliant Career.* Its "descriptions of bush life and scenery come startlingly, painfully real to me," he writes, "and I know that, as far as they are concerned, the book is true to Australia, the truest I ever read. Miles Franklin is just a little bush girl, barely twenty-one yet, and has scarcely ever been out of the bush in her life." The keynote is intense personality; it reads like an autobiography imaginatively treated. The writer has very little faith in God, and a strong vein of bitterness—at least, of fierce discontent with a life spent in miserable drudgery on a ruined dairy-farm. "The weariness, the fever, and the fret" of the poorer squatters' existence is painted with remorseless fidelity. There is a heartrending description of the great drought of 1895, when "scorching furnace-breath winds shrivelled every blade of grass, when dust and the moan of starving stock filled the air." The heroine's visit to her well-to-do relations, and consequent love-affair are less interesting, and her introspection degenerates at times into unpleasantly morbid egotism. The end finds her relegated to the farm, but life at twenty-one holds boundless possibilities, and she, or her creator, writes with real force and originality.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE current number of *The English Historical Review* contains an appreciation of Bishop Stubbs as an historian by Professor Maitland. To some readers it will come as a surprise. They are accustomed to regard the Bishop as a constitutional historian, and "the large knows or guesses that constitutional

history is arid." When they hear of "well-told stories and life-like portraits" they will not know at first what Professor Maitland is talking about. But the Professor knows. He is thinking of "the sketch of Henry II.'s foreign policy and its consequences," of "the quarrel between John and Innocent," of the picture of "the age of Dunstan or the age of Edward II.," of "the gallery of portraits in which the statesmen and the prelates and the men of letters of the twelfth century stand before us real, solid, and living." Dr. Stubbs "was a narrator of first-rate power," but his achievements in this way must be sought in the prefaces to the seventeen volumes of chronicles which he edited for the Rolls series. "Under the pretext of introducing chronicles, Dr. Stubbs was writing excellent history on a large scale." Is it too much to hope that these introductions will be detached from the volumes which contain them and given us in a separate form? Mr. W. Miller gives an interesting and encouraging view of the gradual decline of the Turkish power. "In 1801 it measured 238,000 square miles and contained 8,000,000 inhabitants. Their present area . . . is calculated at 62,744 square miles, with a population of 5,711,000 souls." Among the "Notes and Documents" are a curious fourteenth century list of English towns and their chief characteristics, and a report "addressed to Metternich by the Austrian Chargé d'Affaires in Paris late in November, 1812," which gives a vivid picture of the fears for the safety of the army which were entertained, coupled with an increased sense of the importance of Napoleon's life and the incalculable evils which his loss would entail upon France.

The Church Quarterly Review contains "A Study of our Lord," dwelling chiefly upon the Baptism, Temptation, and Transfiguration. In spite of its title, which sounds scarcely reverent, and its language, which is baffling, it contains much original and helpful thought. It is a pity that so much excellent work should be made difficult to understand by the use of such impossible words and phrases as "effectuated," "immediacy," "to silver the darkness," "the naked undisguisedness of the criminality." The writer also undertakes "to trichotomize" the history of our Lord. Altogether this study is full of useful suggestion; we are only sorry that the form of it should somewhat cloud the beauty of the thought, and render it occasionally obscure. The next article is a discussion of Cardinal Newman's ideal of a (Roman Catholic) university, in which the writer seems to think the ideal impossible for Ireland, but does not develop any alternative scheme. The first instalment of "The Holy Eucharist: A Historical Inquiry," gives a good epitome of the teaching of the Scriptures and the early Fathers upon points of doctrine with regard to the Eucharist which are so much the subject of controversy at the present time. The reasons suggested for the diminishing number of candidates for Orders in an article on "Recruits for the Church" are apt and convincing, so far as they go. We are inclined to think, however, that "the discomforts which are nowadays connected with the life of a clergyman" are not only financial, but that they also arise from a tendency on the part of certain in authority to distrust and enforce conditions, and from a readiness to suspect which seems to be the misfortune of some of the more uninstructed laity. The rather invidious subject of the "Fatal Opulence of Bishops" is treated with delicacy and moderation, and the conclusions arrived at are, if not new, at least practical. The present number is the first under the new editorship, and, as was to be expected, it shows in the opening article decided traces of a change in the attitude of the *Review* towards the criticism of Holy Scripture. The time has passed for the excessive conservatism which marked it under Mr. Knight Watson, and the transition has been judiciously made.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.

SIR,—In his article in your last issue Canon Gore, referring to various results produced in the general mind by the present trend of New Testament criticism, describes as one of these "a tendency towards a position such as is represented by A. B. Bruce's last thoughts on 'Jesus' in the 'Encyclopædia Biblica,' in which the Divine claim seems to be eliminated, and the reality of miracle left an open question." To Mr. Gore, that is, if I understand him rightly, the article in question seems to betray a belief on the writer's part in a Jesus who was merely human, and who probably did not work miracles. I venture to disagree with such an interpretation.

In the Encyclopædia the life of Jesus (to take outstanding features only) begins with the Baptism and closes with the Crucifixion, the Messiahship embodies an ideal, and the miraculous is left on one side. And this, we are to believe, represents the view of the Church's Lord at which Dr. Bruce finally arrived. The faith which he had so long and so effectively been engaged in building up he in his last days comprehensively destroyed. The article, I submit, shuts no one up to so intolerable a conclusion.

Treating of the Passion-narrative, Dr. Bruce says (§ 31), "with its theological import we have here no concern," and the statement may be taken as furnishing the clue to the purpose of the article generally. Its concern throughout is with history, and with history apart from faith. The facts that lie behind "the reverence of the early Church for her risen and exalted Head" (§ 3) constitute the whole object of the writer's search. "The real man Jesus, without the aureole of faith around his head, yet with a glory of truth, wisdom, and goodness the better seen on that very account,"—this, by aid of a method purely scientific, he seeks to disengage from the materials available, and to set before the reader.

Whether the attempt is really feasible; whether a purely "objective" history of anybody or anything is really possible; and whether, and in what sense, in this case at least, a subjective element enters necessarily into the process, are large questions which cannot be entered on here. The value of much more than one article in this Encyclopædia turns upon the answer given to them. The distinction is, at all events, intelligible. Also it is so far real that certain aspects (and these the main aspects) of One who fulfils a *rôle* essentially spiritual must inevitably be ignored by an apprehension which is to be uninformed by faith. And Dr. Bruce's later work especially is dominated by it. Hence the abridgement which the figure of Jesus seems to undergo, not in the Encyclopædia article only, but elsewhere; and, further, the bare assertion of such and such facts as belonging to the Gospel-story, with regard to which, however, the question remains whether they are to be interpreted as miraculous or not. But whatever is to be said of such procedure on other grounds, it seems entirely irrelevant to suggest on the strength of it that one of the noblest evangelical scholars of our time closed his labours with the abandonment of everything he had laboured to establish. There is not the slightest reason to believe it. Was it in irony that in the opening words of this very article which has offended so many he spoke of Jesus as "the author *and the object* of the Christian faith"? ALEX. MARTIN.

New College, Edinburgh.

DERWENTWATER.

SIR,—Many of your readers will be starting for their summer holidays—some will be coming to the English Lake District, others will be off to Scotch moors, Welsh valley, or British coast. If it chance that at any time they feel the beauty and the freedom of foot in some entrancing scene quicken their pulses and bring the smile to their lips, will they think of the possibility they have of securing just such pleasure for tens of thousands of their fellow countrymen in the generations yet to be, by sending a subscription, or promise of subscription, towards the purchase of a mile of the western shore of Derwentwater for which the National Trust is now raising the necessary funds.

We have only a limited time in which the purchase money, £6,500, can be collected, and we need £2,300 still. Is there anyone who would wish to perpetuate the memory of some dear friend by a gift of an acre of the one hundred and eight acres we are purchasing? If so, the way is open. We spend large sums in costly and perishable monuments to the dead; here on the shore of Derwentwater the gift of £60 would purchase a memorial whose blessing and whose charm for the weary worker on his too short holiday would be perpetual.

We have committees at work in London, in Manchester, in Liverpool, in Birmingham, and in Keswick, but nothing has touched me more than letters enclosing 2s., 2s. 6d., from *bonâ fide* workingmen in our great northern cities who say, "I had a day's outing on Derwentwater five years ago, and in memory of it I send you a small subscription, and I will ask my mates and see what I can do."

One man sent £1 with this short note, "I am blind and I am dying, but I once saw Derwentwater many years ago, and

I beg to send you a sovereign for the good object." It is for the blind and the dying we appeal—men who live in the half darkness of city smoke and whose souls are withering for want of communion with that spirit of Nature whose glory is revealed by just such a shore as the shore of Derwentwater. We ask all holiday-makers in this August season who feel the good of being where hills and woods and lakes can speak in their unfailing language to the heart, to aid us who are resolved to keep this bit of lakeland shore in its loveliness and calm for the rest and refreshment of far off generations.

Since writing the above I learn from the *Spectator* that a kind friend who signs himself "Stroller" has offered £100 on condition that nine others will give a similar sum. One donor has already determined to be of the nine. I trust this generous challenge will be wholly accepted before the middle of October.

Subscriptions should be sent to myself or Miss Octavia Hill, 190, Marylebone Road, London, or to the Secretary, National Trust, 1, Great College Street, Westminister.

Crosthwaite Vicarage, Keswick. H. D. RAWNSLEY.
August 8th, 1901.

SOVRAN, NOT SOVEREIGN.

SIR,—I think Mr. Frere will be obliged, for a time at any rate, to bear with the *g* in *sovereign*, although of course the *g* is well known to be intrusive. The *g* does not seem to be much older than about 1570, when we find "Soveraygne" in Levius. Palsgrave (A.D. 1530) has "Soverayne" (Skeat). Besides, in high places in the Church there is something sacrosanct in a 300 years' prescription, and so *Sovran* may be dissyllabic and concise, and even quite correct, but—you mustn't have it. HERBERT JONES.

Shelford, Cambridge, August 6th, 1901.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Modern Europe. By Thomas Henry Dyer, LL.D. Revised and continued to the end of the nineteenth century by Arthur Hassall, M.A. In six volumes. Vols. I. and II., 6s. each. George Bell & Sons. The third edition of Dr. Dyer's History has been revised and brought up to date by Mr. Hassall, who has not only added a history of the few years left unrecorded by Dr. Dyer, but has also added considerably to the value of the work by enriching it throughout with the prints of the recent great advance in knowledge of the history of modern Europe. The first two volumes cover the period between 1453 and 1585.

Messrs. Gowans and Gray, of Glasgow, send Vol. III. of their charming little edition of the *Complete Works of Miguel de Cervantes*, which forms the first volume of *Don Quixote*. There are notes and an introduction by James Fitzmaurice Kelly; the text is that of Ormsby's translation, and the price is 1s. net. We have also received the following:—

The Book of Church Law. By John Henry Blunt, D.D. Ninth edition. Longmans, Green and Co. 8s.

My Fourth Tour in Western Australia. By Albert F. Calvert, F.R.G.S. Second edition. Dean and Son. 7s. 6d.

Walks in London. By Augustus J. C. Hare. Seventh edition, revised. George Allen. Two vols. 12s.

Kenilworth. With introduction, notes, and index by E. S. Davies, M.A. A. and C. Black. 1s.

The Story of Rob Roy and *The Story of the Fair Maid of Perth.* By Harriet Gassiott. A. and C. Black. 6d. each.

The Chronicles of Count Antonio. By Anthony Hope. Methuen. 6d.

A Letter and two other Papers on the Waters of Sixteen Great Rivers of India as essential to the prosperity of the Nation and the only possible means of preventing Famine. By Major-General F. C. Cotton, C.S.I. Rivingtons. 1s.

Euclid. Books i.—iv., vii. and xi. Smith and Bryant. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

The Witch of Etherleigh. By the Rev. Edward Kust. Consett: Arthur Jackson.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. announce the issue of *The Temple Bible*, in twenty-four volumes, uniform with the "Temple Shakespeare," each edited by a competent scholar, who will supply a full though condensed introduction, notes, and other aids to the student. The text will, in the main, follow the authorised version; and while the correction of serious mistranslations will be made a feature of the notes, great care will be taken that nothing will appear approximating to the expression of sectarian or controversial opinions. The Bishop of Ripon will contribute an additional volume forming an "Introduction to the Study of Scripture." It is also proposed to issue an experimental volume of the *Apocrypha*, viz., *Ecclesiasticus*. The first two volumes—*Genesis*, by Dr. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology in Oxford, and *Exodus*, by Dr. Kennedy, Professor of Hebrew and Semitic Languages at Oxford—will be issued in October.

The De la More Press announces the publication of what should be an unusually interesting volume. Under the title of *Monastic Seals of the XIIIth. Century*, Mr. Gale Pedrick has collected a number of collotype productions of the most famous monastic seals and he is contributing an historical introduction and descriptive notes. The seal-engraver's is a purely mediæval art, which has the distinction of having been degraded rather than revived by the Renaissance. The English office for the reception of monastic seals is added. The book is bound in parchment, with gilt lettering, and there are upwards of fifty plates. The price to subscribers, before publication, is one guinea; afterwards it will be raised to 25s. net. Subscriptions can be sent to the Publisher, 52, High Holborn, W.C.

The authorised biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, by his cousin, Mr. Graham Balfour, will be published by Messrs. Methuen in two volumes in October. It will be uniform in binding and form with the Edinburgh edition.

EDUCATION.—*Commercial Knowledge.* By Algernon Warren. One of Mr. Murray's Text-books of Secondary Education.—*The Sunrise of Revelation.* (New Testament Teachings for Secondary Schools.) By Miss M. Bramston. Being a sequel to "The Dawn of Revelation. Murray: *Higher Mathematics for Students in Chemistry and Physics.* By J. W. Mellor, and *The Mind of a Child.* By Mrs. Wilfrid Richmond. Longmans.

SOUTH AFRICA.—*Arts Under Arms.* By Maurice FitzGibbon, B.A.

MISCELLANEOUS.—*The Old Palace of Whitehall.* By Edgar Sheppard, D.D., Sub-Dean of H.M. Chapels Royal.—Historical Record of the 14th (King's) Hussars, by Col. H. Blackburne Hamilton. —*The Book of the Rifle.* By the Hon. T. F. Freemantle.—*The Epistles of Erasmus.* Translated, with commentary and biography, by Francis M. Nichols.—*The Vicar and his Friends.* By Cunningham Geikie, D.D.—*The Art of Building a Home.* By B. Parker and R. Unwin.—Longmans: *Water-Tube Boilers.* By Leslie S. Robertson. Murray.

PSYCHOLOGY.—*Human Personality and its Survival of Bodily Death.* By F. W. H. Myers.—*Dreams and their Meaning.* By H. G. Hutchinson. —*Intuitive Suggestion.* By J. W. Thomas. Longmans.

FICTION.—*The Traitor's Way.* S. L. Yeats.—*The Man from Blankley's.* By F. Austen. Longmans.—*The Snares of the World.* By Hamilton Aïdé. —*The Wooing of Grey Eyes.* By Ricardo Stephens, M.D.

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THE WEEK.

Home. Parliament was prorogued on Saturday. The King's Speech was an unusually judicious document. Having very little to tell it wasted very little time in telling it. The legislative record of the year must in any circumstance have been brief, but it has been made briefer by Ministerial mismanagement. Putting aside finance and the Army the statute book is richer by three measures—the Education Act, the Factories and Workshops Act, and the Sale of Liquor to Children Act. Of these the first is the most important, since, though small in size, it establishes a new and far-reaching principle. That principle is not religious, but financial; it has to do not with Church Schools or the religious difficulty, but with the expenditure of the rates by the authorities elected to fix and raise them. This is a principle which lies at the very root of all sound finance. It is only hostile to School Boards in so far as it denies them—what is given to no other body local or imperial--the right to spend money without inquiring where the money is to come from. The Factories and Workshops Act introduces many and important improvements into the law besides consolidating what it does not amend. Why so much has been made of the surrender of one of its clauses—a surrender inevitable when a very large Bill comes before the House of Commons at the very end of the session—it is hard to say. The fact that the Home Secretary abandoned the whole clause dealing with laundries, instead of retaining, as he might have done, the part relating to laundries carried on for profit, makes it the more likely that he will take up the question once more in a future session. Of the Sale of Liquor to Children Act, we can only hope that it will justify the hopes entertained of it by its authors, without ministering to the alternative mischiefs which to some of us seem so likely to follow from it. Speaking for ourselves, it is only honest to confess that our expectations of any good that is to come of it are very small. If it closely touches the convenience of the working classes, as we suspect it will, it is not likely to be generally enforced. If it proves not to touch them in this way, and so is enforced, we have very great doubts whether it will not do more harm than good. As the hour of dinner and supper comes round beer will have to be fetched by someone, and if this someone is the father or the mother, their stay at the public-house may be very much longer than the child's would have been, and may lead to the consumption on the premises of a good deal more liquor than the quantity originally sent for. In that case we fear that the value of the Act as a contribution to Temperance Reform will be no greater than that of the Grocers' Licences Act, which was intended to promote the use of light wines by men, and has, in fact, promoted the use of ardent spirits by women.

The Lords have shown some natural irritation at the part which a Conservative Government assigns them in the work of legislation. Never have they been treated with more absolute contempt than during the present session. The accident that the Foreign Secretary is a Peer has, indeed, on one or two occasions secured them an interesting afternoon, and their own good sense enabled them to reject one mischievous little Bill. But for any share that they have had in the shaping of Government measures they might as well be so many county councillors. The important Bills come up in the last days of the session, and then the Minister who has charge of them calmly announces that he cannot accept any amendments. If the Unionist Cabinet were a band of Radicals pledged to the principle of a single chamber, and anxious to convince their countrymen that the Lords are a useless element in a machine which would work better without them, they would do exactly what they do now. Yet as a matter of fact the Lords, when they are allowed the time, give far more care and thought to a measure than it commonly receives in the House of Commons. They are often men of leisure, they are usually men of affairs, they are, as a rule, indisposed to listen to the extravagant suggestions of this or that association.

Such a measure as the Factories and Workshops Act, for example, would probably have greatly benefited by their criticisms. It might be thought that a Conservative Government would have been careful to give these excellent qualities some room in which to show themselves, that they would have arranged their business in such a way as to leave time for its proper consideration in both Houses, that they would have aimed, at least provisionally, at fixing a date—say the 15th of July—after which no important measure should ordinarily be introduced in the Lords. Not one of these expectations has borne any fruit. The one function which the Government seem disposed to leave to the Lords is that of providing the majorities necessary to qualify Ministerial measures for receiving the Royal assent.

Lord George Hamilton was able yesterday week to turn the tables very successfully on those who, like ourselves, advocated a grant from the Imperial exchequer in aid of the Indian Famine Fund. The whole of the relief expenditure has been met out of the ordinary revenue, and yet the accounts for the year ending last April show a surplus of over a million and a-half sterling. The energy which Lord Curzon is imparting to Indian administration seems to have reacted upon the India Office. New inquiries are to be set on foot in all directions. Railway finance, irrigation, the indebtedness of the cultivators, education, are all to be investigated, and as Lord George Hamilton significantly adds, in Lord Curzon's hands there is no fear of any delay in acting upon the results.

The Session ended with an ominous plea put forward by Sir Howard Vincent on behalf of the Volunteers. The usual course in this matter is that the Government suddenly become alive to the fact that they are spending a good deal of money on the Volunteers, and not getting enough in return for it. Remembering the many assurances that have from time to time been given them that the Volunteers will object to nothing that can make them better soldiers, they make the regulations more stringent. Thereupon a cry is at once raised that this new strictness will reduce the numbers of the force. No doubt it will. However low may be the standard of efficiency there will always be a percentage of men who are unable or unwilling to conform to it. In the present case the regulation objected to is that which provides that "no corps or individual volunteer will be exempted from attending camp for two consecutive years"—a rule which seems to us to be of the mildest possible kind. But Sir Howard Vincent pleads that in exceptional cases it will be impossible for men to go into camp. That we can readily believe, but it only amounts to saying that in exceptional cases it will be impossible for men to remain efficient Volunteers. If going into camp is an essential feature of Volunteer training it is not too much to ask that every Volunteer shall submit to it at least once a year. But, argues Sir Howard Vincent, to exact this will give you fewer Volunteers. It would be more accurate to say that it will relieve the force of a percentage of men who, very likely for no fault of their own, cannot satisfy the minimum requirements of the War Office. It is far better to have a hundred thousand Volunteers who are really efficient than to have three times that number if we do not know whether they are efficient or not. That a change involving greater stringency in military requirements will lose us some Volunteers is no argument against it. What has to be considered is whether those that are left will be better fitted for the work they have to do. An inefficient Volunteer is simply a source of weakness, and no rule can be too severe if its purpose and effect is to relieve the force of his presence.

The visit of the Duke and Duchess of York to Natal and Cape Colony has not been the least important event of their tour, although festivities on any very extended scale have been wisely left alone. It was fortunate, however, that an opportunity was given to so many of the native chiefs to pay their respects to the heir-apparent; such ceremonies are pleasing to them, and the maintenance of their goodwill will be a very important element in the success of our future rule in South Africa. Perhaps the most significant feature of the visit was the attendance of the Duke of York at the University at Cape Town, and the conferring upon him by that body of the Doctor of Laws degree. The University is not ancient, of course, but it is among the oldest of the Colonial universities, and it may be said to be the common meeting-ground for the highest intelligence of the English and Dutch races. The two languages are spoken there impartially; the Dutch have as great a stake in it as we, and we may regard it as a most powerful ally in the future development of a country wherein we hope to show our enemies that we can, by helping them to education and the fruits of our own civilisation, become their best friends.

Early on the morning of Thursday, the 15th inst., the Skagway steamer *Islander*, carrying mails and passengers, struck an iceberg near Juineau, Alaska, and foundered in twenty minutes. Sixty-seven lives were lost, including that of the captain, who showed great heroism by jumping into the water when he saw that the raft on which he left the wreck was overcrowded. The circumstances of this disaster are the more deplorable since it is plain from the accounts of many different survivors that the common precautions of navigation were neglected. The captain was not on the bridge, and the ship was in charge of the pilot, who survives, and will no doubt be called upon to give an explanation of his apparent neglect. The ship was going at full speed through a fog, so that even if the iceberg had been sighted it would have been impossible to avoid it. This is the very worst kind of neglect possible at sea, and as the ship was British owned it is to be hoped that a full and searching inquiry into the disaster will be made. There are many points on which a court of inquiry will no doubt wish to be satisfied—among them the instructions of the owners with regard to the time allowed for making the trip, and the condition of the life-saving apparatus. For, apparently, the boats were inadequate, either in condition or capacity, to meet the emergency for which they were provided.

The *Daily Express* deserves hearty gratitude and support in its campaign against the more than doubtful methods practised by many theatrical managers in the engagement of girls for ballets and musical plays.

Unhappily, the number of stage-struck young women is so great that unscrupulous managers are able to impose almost any conditions they please upon candidates for places. It is certain that half of these candidates have no idea of what is before them when they apply to certain managers and syndicates for employment, and the warning given by the *Daily Express* cannot but be of value. The very least evil of this system is that it foists incompetent singers on the public and excludes competent ones who refuse to sacrifice their self-respect. That is a grave evil, but it is not to be named in the same breath with the frightful moral evil of which it is only a result. Great difficulties lie in the way of making the exposures that must come before such a state of affairs can be grappled with; more than one man, whose name is a byword among people who have even a slight knowledge of theatrical affairs, practises his infamies beyond the reach of the law. Only good, however, can come of the present endeavour to put the parents and friends of silly and ambitious young women on their guard.

The interest recently evoked in the science of aerial navigation has during the last week been greatly increased by the announcement that an English inventor, Mr. Buchanan, intends to compete with M. Santos-Dumont for the Deutsch prize at Paris next month. The conditions under which the prize of £4,000 is to be awarded require that the aeronaut shall sail round the Eiffel Tower, a course of twelve miles, in half an hour. M. Santos-Dumont has done it in nine minutes over that time, but Mr. Buchanan is confident that, if he can get his machine finished before the stipulated date, he will be able to perform the journey in much less than half an hour. The principle of his machine is that of a shaped balloon without a car, but with the "works" and a chamber for the operator contained inside. The shape is that of a fat fish with a bird's head, two propellers where the fins should be, and a fish's tail for rudder. It cannot capsize, since all the weight is in the lower part of its body, in which Mr. Buchanan, Jonah-like, will sit, and direct its movements. Like all other inventions of the same kind at the same stage, there seems to be no reason why it should not succeed, although we should be curious to know the effect upon it of a strong wind. We hope that it would not cast out Mr. Buchanan upon the dry land.

The manager of the St. Ermin's Hotel, although he would probably disclaim the intention to uphold any but a sound business principle, really benefited the cause of human charity and good manners when he refused to listen the other day to the threat of two hundred Americans to leave his hotel because nine coloured gentlemen, ministers and bishops of the American Methodist Episcopal Church, were staying there. It does not say much for these citizens of the most democratic country in the world, that they should object to live under the same roof with men of a different colour, who were possibly their superiors in education and culture, and could not well have been their inferiors in good manners. Of all places in the world an hotel, a place contrived so that one may enjoy one's selfish privileges to the full, and not be called upon to share anything with anybody, is the last place from which one would expect the story of such a discreditable episode to come. The colour question, we are aware, is a serious one in the Southern States of America, but we do recognise any "colour line" in England, and we are heartily glad that the manager of the St. Ermin's Hotel refused to consider any such distinctions. It is still more gratifying to learn that the Americans thought better of their threat, and did not persevere in a course which could only have put them in an absurd and unenviable position.

The steam-trawling dispute at Grimsby, which has now lasted for more than seven weeks, is causing a deplorable amount of suffering and famine in the town. Some 10,000 of the population are affected by it, and in only a few departments of labour are there any organised strike funds. The result is that men, women, and children are absolutely destitute, and dependent on the heavily overtaxed charitable resources of the local churches and schools. In the meantime the fleet of four hundred trawlers stands idle, and, worst of all, the fish trade is leaving the port, and the probability is that most of it will not return. How serious this will be is proved by the fact that on one morning, when only twenty trawlers (from other ports) were in harbour, they could not dispose of their fish, nearly all the regular customers and agents having made contracts elsewhere. The men are said to be as determined as the masters, and one of the most ominous features of the affair is that there seems to be no attempt made at mediation or conciliation between the disputants.

The most important and satisfactory item in the week's news of the war is that which records the driving of Kritzinger out of Cape Colony. Although this by no means puts an end to the dangerous Boer invasion, still, since Kritzinger was apparently the ablest and most daring of the commandants in Cape Colony, we may hope that the remaining commandoes may be dealt with one by one. There have been several unsuccessful attacks on the blockhouses, and skirmishing has been steadily carried on in the region of Naauwpoort; there was an attack on an armoured train near Mafeking, and on August 17th there was a severe fight near Bronkurst Spruit, when a party of South African Constabulary and Morley's Scouts came in contact with a force of the enemy estimated at 600 to 800 strong. We were outnumbered and forced to retire, with twenty-one casualties, but at least twenty-three Boer dead are reported to have been left on the field. Lord Kitchener's figures for the week are 64 Boers killed, 20 wounded, 248 prisoners, and 95 surrendered.

Foreign.

The Tsar is to come to France, and to come there in the most conspicuous fashion. He is to be present at naval manœuvres and at army manœuvres, and thus to be enabled to appreciate for himself the support which his ally can render him if the need arise. It is quite natural that the French nation and the French Government should attach immense importance to this visit. Alliances are all the stronger from being occasionally resealed. All speculation as to their permanence is thus laid to rest, and the suspicion that they may have grown weaker with change of circumstances ceases for the time to have any weight. In this case the interest

of both countries in keeping the alliance alive is so strong and so obvious that it might have been thought that the Tsar had no need to give any fresh evidence of his determination to maintain it. But there are politicians in France who are not indisposed to subordinate national to party considerations. Valuable as they know the Russian Alliance to be to France, they are willing to encourage the belief that it has been weakened by the Tsar's dislike either to the Republic, or to those in whose hands the Government of the Republic is at present placed. His visit is an unmistakable answer to all suggestions of this sort. It is an intimation—as plain as he can make it—that it is with France that he has allied himself, and that no question of dynasty, or form of government, or internal administration will have any weight with him by the side of the larger issues of European policy.

The decrees which regulate the application of the Law of Associations tell us very little. The provisions of the law itself are familiar to those who have followed the debates in both Chambers, and the decrees do but carry these provisions into effect. What is really uncertain is the spirit in which the decrees will be enforced, and upon this point nothing certain will be known for some time. The tendency of these recurrent disputes between Church and State in France is to set up a *modus vivendi* which deprives an obnoxious law of its sharpest sting either by placing on it a gloss of unexpected mildness, or, if this is impossible, by omitting to put the law in force. When Governments have not taken this course it has usually been because the Church has been beforehand with them, and discovered a *modus vivendi* for herself. The point on which the opportunities for one or other of these treatments are most numerous does not occur in the text of the law. It has been imported into the Executive commentaries of which the law has already been the object. The decrees now issued, as well as the Ministerial Circular promulgated at the same time as the law, endeavour to regulate the relations between the congregations and the episcopate. But while the circular, which deals with applications for authorisation made before October 1st, simply says that the statutes of the congregation shall be approved by the bishop, the decrees go more into detail and require that every congregation applying for authorisation after the 1st of October shall provide in its statutes for its submission to the authority of the bishop, and shall forward at the same time a declaration on the part of the bishop that he will take the congregation under his jurisdiction. Similar undertakings must be given in the case of each separate establishment set up by a congregation. These provisions are derived from the law of the old monarchy, and their Gallican spirit seems strangely out of place in a law of the Third Republic. Why should the heirs of Gambetta trouble themselves with the relative rights of bishops and religious Orders?

Nor is it easy to see what good the framers of these regulations expect to reap from them. The circumstance that the same Order may have houses in every diocese in France, and may therefore have to submit to the authority of some ninety ordinaries, would alone ensure that the episcopal interference will be of a very limited extent. And when we take into account the further circumstance that the authority in question will be exercised by unwilling bishops over unwilling congregations, and that the spiritual ruler, whose willing subjects both bishops and congregations are, does not intend to let the control of the latter pass out of his own hands, the prospective value of the regulations becomes almost infinitesimal—or, rather, it would become so if rules were meant to do anything more than create an impression among French Radicals that M. Waldeck Rousseau means to make short work of Monasticism in France. Successive Governments have secured their fidelity by this simple expedient, and it does not yet seem to have lost its force. By another clause in the decrees, every free school or college or university must furnish the Government with a detailed account of the antecedents of every teacher employed in it. In this way it is hoped to give effect to the law which forbids any member of a religious congregation to take part in educational work. In future French parents are no longer to be allowed to entrust the training of their children to whom they please. That is an amount of liberty with which Frenchmen, at all events Catholic Frenchmen, cannot safely be trusted. How this prohibition will be evaded—the practical inconvenience entailed by it is so great that it is almost certain, we should think, to be evaded somehow—does not yet appear. On the whole, however, we have little doubt that ecclesiastical ingenuity, quickened by parental irritation, will be equal even to this demand.

We print in another column an account of the growth of the Christian Democratic movement on the Continent. A correspondent of the *Journal des Débats* gives some additional particulars of its progress in Italy. Its foes, as in the case of all new movements, have been largely they of its own household. It required the express intervention of the Pope to get the name "Christian Democracy" accepted, and the publication of its organ, *Il Domani d'Italia*, allowed by the Curia. There are now about 300 Christian Democratic associations in Italy. They and the works set on foot by them take different forms in different provinces. In Rome and in Lombardy "Catholic Leagues" for the defence of workmen's interests find most favour; in Emilia and the Marches mixed associations of employers and workmen. It is the Marches that have furnished Professor Toniolo, the leader of the movement, with a brilliant lieutenant in the person of Don Romolo Murri. These new Catholics have realised the tremendous advantage that the social and economic conditions of Italy give to the Socialist party. To lessen this advantage they have boldly made the Socialist methods their own, in the hope of convincing the peasantry and the artisans that they will find more genuine sympathy and more practical help from a Church which seeks to reform society than from anarchists who seek to destroy it. Such a policy necessarily commits the Christian Democracy to a life-and-death struggle with the Socialists. The two Reformations, the Christian and the Anarchical, cannot work side by side in peace. They must fight, since each aims at occupying the whole of the territory for which they are contending. The whole movement is a strange commentary on the belief so general among Englishmen that religion in Italy is dead, or in a trance from which it can only be awakened by the intervention of a Count Campello.

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Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

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The Pilot.

Saturday, August 24, 1901.

ENGLAND, RUSSIA, CHINA.

THE lately published Blue-books, China, Nos. 6 and 7, 1901, and Lord Lansdowne's demand for the execution of certain high-placed offenders before the British troops are withdrawn from Pekin, show very clearly that we are not at the end of our troubles in China. From the despatches in Blue-book No. 6 it appears that on two points our Government takes these troubles much more to heart than was supposed. One of them is the Russian occupation of Manchuria, the other the missionary murders and the punishment of the high princely and official personages who instigated the Boxer outbreak. Both Blue-books reveal the existence and persistence of an unfriendly Russian spirit; and this unfriendliness is shown not only when Manchuria is the subject of discussion, but whenever our Ministers revert to the necessity of bringing the Chinese Government to book in the matter of the punishments. On the two points which give most concern to the British Government, Russia is either offensive (to use the word in its milder meanings) or obstructive; and there is little evidence that the sympathy of any one of the European Powers inclines from Russia to England in either case, unless in a formal way. They are not disposed to quarrel with the Czar about Manchuria, nor to risk anything in maintaining against the evasions and remonstrances of the Chinese Government that Prince Tuan and some other directors and agents of the Boxer onslaught ought to be put to death. The result is that though in the first-named matter England may be countenanced by America and supported by Japan, she stands alone in Europe against an extremely high-handed and provoking Russia.

The last word of the Czar's Government as to Manchuria seems to be that it will do nothing till "a normal state of things" is re-established in China. "Keeping the present temporary organisation in Manchuria, but remaining absolutely true to their original programme, the Imperial Government will quietly await the further progress of events." We may take it, therefore, that this question (which of course includes the settlement in detail of the Russo-Chinese agreement) is definitely shelved. But in the past discussion of the subject the Russian Government took a tone and displayed a temper which remain of considerable importance; for they have come into play in other matters even more forcibly (see Bluebook, China, No. 7: "Correspondence respecting the Imperial Railway of North China"), and have new opportunities in Lord Lansdowne's little ultimatum lately despatched. It must be confessed that the more recent *pourparlers* about Manchuria did not begin well on our side. Toward the end of January Lord Lansdowne wrote to the British Minister at St. Petersburg, saying that when Parliament reassembled questions were sure to be asked about the alleged agreement between Russia and China as to Manchuria, and therefore Sir Charles Scott was to ascertain from Count Lamsdorff, "whilst avoiding any appearance of demanding an explanation of the Russian proceedings, what answer should be made to such inquiries." Lord Lansdowne was soon to learn that Count Lamsdorff quite understood the weakness of such an opening. He gave Sir Charles Scott a smooth deceptive answer; nothing, he said, beyond "a temporary *modus vivendi* during the period of provisional occupation by Russian troops was being negotiated." A fortnight afterwards he could tell Sir Charles that in giving this reply he understood that "he was not asked for official explanations," but only for an answer that would serve inquirers in Parliament. When Lord Lansdowne got sight of a copy of the Russo-Chinese agreement (as yet in draft), he complained very much of that answer's extreme inaccuracy. But it is evident that while he had plentiful cause for reproaching himself, he might have had better reasons for reproaching the Russian diplomatist; who, as he presently made known in a remarkably emphatic manner, never had any idea of explaining the Russo-Chinese agreement to the British ambassador, nor any intention of discussing the matter with him. As soon as our Government ascertained the extraordinary scope of the proposed convention, and how fatally it aimed at our treaty rights, strong representations were made to China that no such agreement should be signed behind the backs of the other Powers; in which some of the other Powers agreed. The Chinese Government seemed willing enough to act on this advice—if it dared; and hence a deepening imbroglio in which our Ministers (naturally) played a busy part, but not a happy one. Sir Charles Scott suggested that Count Lamsdorff should communicate to the British Government the actual text of the agreement, so as to get rid of the false impressions and the malicious gossip of which the Count complained. The Russian Minister replied that even if the terms of the agreement had been actually fixed, and he had them in his portfolio before him, he should refuse to communicate them to "a third party." He hinted that nothing but English opposition hindered the Chinese from accepting the Russian conditions; pointed to the different conduct of the German Government, which openly declared that arrangements about Manchuria were no concern of theirs; and furthermore said that the violent suspicion of the English Parliament and press was "causing great irritation in the highest quarters in Russia." At another interview Sir Charles offered to show to Count Lamsdorff the versions of the Manchurian agreement which the British Government had received, in order that he might assist that Government in defeating "any malicious attempt to sow dissension between the Powers by pointing out where they were

garbled or incorrect." Count Lamsdorff "positively declined to look at them"; and brought the conversation to an end by saying that "in his opinion, the foreign Governments could only pursue one of two courses: either to meet Russia and the assurances which the Emperor gave in August last with trust or with distrust; and in the latter case it would be quite justifiable for them to take whatever steps they thought were best in order that their own interests might be safeguarded. As for Russia's interests, she would take care to safeguard them herself."

In this temper the Manchurian controversy ends; not, however, by settlement in any shape, but by Russian action in putting the whole matter in suspense. Then what is the feeling and opinion of the Czar's Government, or rather what is its policy, in this affair of the punishments? Strongly unfavourable to us in the one case, how does it incline in the other? The answer is repeated over and over again in the Blue Book "China, No. 6, 1901." A large number of despatches therein contained convey an insistent British opinion that the evasions of the Chinese Government in this particular ought not to be tolerated. No Minister at Pekin protests against them so earnestly as Sir Ernest Satow, and none makes so light of them as M. de Giers. At the beginning of March Count Lamsdorff himself "expressed very serious apprehensions that the Council of Ministers at Pekin were underrating the possible consequences of pressing for further death sentences"; and not many days afterwards he delivered Russia's last word on the subject. This, it seems, is a matter in which the Czar takes a strong personal interest; and "in his Majesty's opinion, sufficient exemplary punishment has already been inflicted, and that chapter ought to be closed." Yet if the other Powers insisted on further punishments the Russian Minister "would not do anything to thwart their efforts." It is even possible that the Russian Minister would not be sorry to see their efforts succeed, or at any rate to see them embroiled with the Chinese Government in a quarrel which, however just, must make them more and more hateful to the people. What other Governments will join with our own in exacting the death-penalties becomes a serious question. In March, and perhaps later, all the Powers excepting Russia were in favour of insistence; but the possible and the practicable were already coming into consideration, and by this time they are probably reinforced by the query, "Is it worth while?" The natural assumption is, of course, that His Majesty's Government, in demanding certain lives as a condition of withdrawing its troops, has the moral support of other Powers, and we shall be glad to know that it is a correct assumption. There was no worse case of outrage than the Chu-Chau murders, which is the justification of our demand. Yet considering the obstinate and of course intelligible objection of the Celestial Government to carrying out these executions, considering also the support it may find in the Czar's dictum that "this chapter ought to be closed," long delay with successful evasion at the end is the more reasonable expectation. In saying that, we wish we could think differently. For there are some obvious inconveniences in keeping our troops at Pekin, amidst a most unfriendly population; and as the Russian Government makes strong objections to anything that is likely to detain the Chinese Court from the capital, it may raise a complaint on that score.

BREACH OF PRIVILEGE.

No one can feel any satisfaction at the proceedings in the Privilege Case last week. The editor and publisher of the *Globe* have indeed escaped with no worse consequences than a reprimand from the Speaker. But we should be sorry to think that any journalist who recognises the responsibility of his position can hear with indifference that he has made a grave accusation of which he has offered neither justification, nor excuse, nor explanation. The accused members are in a better position, in so far as the debate on Mr. Redmond's motion has called forth alike from the Leader of the House and from the acting Leader of the Opposition the strongest expressions of disbelief that there is any shadow of foundation for the charge made. But even they may feel aggrieved that the date at which the breach of privilege was committed should have saved the offenders from what is apparently the one serious penalty which the House has the power to inflict. Those, whether in or out of Parliament, who are anxious to maintain the character and dignity of the House of Commons, cannot but feel with Mr. Balfour that the whole procedure in cases of privilege is "hopelessly antiquated," and that the House is not in a position to deal adequately with a species of assault which is likely to become more frequent as time goes on.

Nor is the fact that the procedure is antiquated and inadequate by any means its worst feature. Make it as effective as you will, enact that the imprisonment shall continue during the recess, and be of the most unpleasant and ignominious kind, and what have you done? Made the House of Commons judge in its own cause, and punished the author of a charge without inquiring whether it be true or false. There is a sentence and there is a penalty, but there is no tribunal and no trial. A newspaper says that the House of Commons, or a section of the House of Commons, is corrupt, and the House is naturally angry. But men may be made angry by true as well as by false charges, and the mischief is not really remedied until the accuser has had the opportunity of defending his words, and has shown himself unable to make them good. In the present case, the editor and publisher of the *Globe* did offer an apology, though, as Colonel Nolan justly remarked, an exceedingly meagre one. But what if they had remained silent? What if they had repeated the charge and declared their belief that it was true? The House of Commons would then have had to reprimand and punish them for doing what may have been only their plain duty. The article out of which the question of privilege arose asserted that "the same spirit, the same motives that have made Tammany a synonym for political obliquity, have made the Nationalist party" (and *a fortiori*, the Parliamentary representatives of the Nationalist party) "what it is." To say this falsely, or to say it rashly, as expressing only a suspicion which you have no means of proving, is a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons. But to say it truly, and with every desire and intention of making it good if opportunity were offered, would equally be a breach of the privileges of the House of Commons. Yet it is easy to imagine circumstances in which it would be the positive duty of a newspaper to bring a charge of this kind. It is conceivable that an editor might accidentally discover that such and such member of the House of Commons, or that some members belonging

to such and such a party in the House of Commons, had made a corrupt use of their Parliamentary powers. If so he would be quite right in saying so in his paper. But however well he might be able to substantiate the charge his position at the bar of the House would be identical with that of the editor of the *Globe* on Friday week. He would have committed a breach of privilege and have become liable to censure and imprisonment. But the censure and the imprisonment would be inflicted, as Mr. Balfour pointed out, with no trial before an impartial tribunal, and no opportunity given to the editor of producing the grounds on which he based his accusations. The House would have exercised a power possessed by its "immemorial constitution," but the charge would not have been sifted, and so would not have been really removed.

It is plain, therefore, that matters ought not to be left in their present state. Either the procedure in cases of privilege should be frankly abandoned, or something really effectual should be substituted. Mr. Balfour apparently has a preference for the former plan. "We are all of us," he said, "subject to attacks—seldom, I admit, as gross as the one of which the honourable gentleman complains—but very few of us, nobody, as far as I am aware of, on this side of the House, have ever thought it worth while to call into play the inherent powers of this House in order to clear their fair fame." Lord Hugh Cecil is of a different opinion. We are dealing, he said, with "what, no doubt, is a gross and seditious libel, calculated to bring the House of Commons into contempt, and impugning the probity of its members." Exactly two centuries ago the House had to deal with a very similar case, and it "directed the Attorney-General to prosecute certain persons, who were convicted on a charge of having accused members of having received money as bribes from France." Of these two suggestions, Lord Hugh Cecil's seems to us very much the better. Mr. Balfour expresses the contempt with which a man who knows that his record is clear naturally regards a charge of corruption. "Let those," he is inclined to say, "who can suspect me in this way, enjoy and publish their suspicions. It gratifies them and it does not injure me." But natural and even tempting as this attitude is, it leaves out of sight one very weighty consideration. The House of Commons is a part, and the most important part, of His Majesty's High Court of Parliament, and it is a matter of the utmost moment that its character for integrity should be recognised and trusted by the nation in the government of which it has a large, perhaps the largest, share. The progress of civilisation makes us more and more dependent upon the probity of our rulers. Legislation, Imperial and local, plays a continually increasing part in our lives, and if this legislation is corrupt the state of the civilised man is worse than that of the savage. He has laid aside his natural weapons, and he finds the weapons he has put in their place turned against himself. From this two things follow. One is that legislators should be protected against random charges since, without such protection, they will be lightly brought and lightly believed. So much mud will be flying about that some of it will certainly stick. The other is that where charges of this kind are deliberately brought there should be proper machinery for their full and impartial investigation. The nation is equally interested in bringing to justice the legislator who is rightly charged with corruption and in clearing the legislator who is wrongly charged with it.

But though Lord Hugh Cecil's suggestion is for these reasons far better than Mr. Balfour's it is open to the objection that it might lead to long delays, and that the serious nature of the trial might be lost sight of in a crowd of private libel cases, coming on perhaps at the winter assizes. What is wanted is rather a separate trial by a specially constituted court—such, for example, as that which tries election petitions. There may be objections to this course which have escaped us, but at all events there is enough to be said in its favour to make it a very proper subject for examination by the Select Committee which, we trust, will be appointed at the beginning of next Session.

LORD KITCHENER AND THE WAR.

LORD KITCHENER is habitually so reticent that any statement he may make with regard to the war outside the bare business of his command deserves our most serious consideration. In a long despatch, dated July 8th, which was published in the *London Gazette* last Tuesday, Lord Kitchener continues his narrative of the campaign from May 8th, the date of his previous despatch; and he adds a general summary of the present condition of affairs, in which he criticises the attitude of the Boers who are still in the field. This criticism is so foreign to his usual habit of reticence that the suggestion has been made in more than one quarter that these remarks may have been made in response to a hint from Downing Street. It is possible, of course; he would be a bold man who would say that anything of the kind was impossible; but we think it is most unlikely, and that anything which Lord Kitchener says on this subject may be taken as an expression of his own opinion. His description of the present condition of the war seems to be a very fair one. "The loss of their ox waggons," he says, "has seriously affected the enemy's mobility and supply arrangements, and though the Boers are still able, in case of emergency, to concentrate a considerable number of men, they are now, in my opinion, unable to undertake any large scheme of operations. Divided up into small parties of three to four hundred men, they are scattered all over the country without plans and without hope, and on the approach of our troops they disperse to reassemble in the same neighbourhood when our men pass on. In this way they continue an obstinate resistance without retaining anything or defending the smallest portion of this vast country."

The last sentence is significant of the hopeless difference between the points of view of a practical soldier like Lord Kitchener and of the average Dutch burgher. The one, with signal commonsense and a prudence that is one of the better parts of bravery, sees no object in continuing a struggle when the retention or defence of a country is no longer possible; the other, having sacrificed literally everything in the fight for his supreme ideal, Independence, sees no reason to surrender while his arm is still strong enough to fight. No one who understands the grim spirit of the Boer religion will need to be told that results do not enter into the considerations of men impelled by a present duty. We do not suppose that any considerable number of the Boers think that England is going to give in to them. They do not look to the end of the war. They are conscious only of the

violation of their independence, and in their idea their immediate duty consists in fighting against that, in resisting it as an affront upon God's ordinances so long as a drop of blood remains to be shed. Foolish or not, that is their idea of duty, and we must admit that they do not fail in the performance of it. We are sorry that Lord Kitchener thought it necessary to say what he did about this "insensate resistance" being "unpatriotic." Insensate it may be, unpatriotic it certainly is not. That word has had many strange applications since the war began, but surely never yet one so strange as this. It may not be the wisest, the farthest-seeing patriotism in the Boer leaders to urge continued resistance; the point is that it is the best they know, and, as such, deserving of our respect. The Boers would need to be much wiser and more highly civilised people than they are to read from our conduct of South African affairs any higher ideals of patriotism or hopes for their race. Another point, the significance of which seems to have escaped Lord Kitchener himself, is raised by his reference to the "leaders who, though originally opposed to the war, are unwilling now to submit." In other words, we have to do with men who, having drawn the sword unwillingly, will accept no other ending of the war than absolute and irretrievable defeat. If the very Boers who opposed it at first are now willing and anxious to fight it to the end, we have nothing to do but to devote all our energies to bringing it to an end.

But what practical bearing, it may be asked, have these considerations on the situation in South Africa? In our opinion they bear very immediately on that situation. Perhaps the most important sentence in Lord Kitchener's despatch is that in which he refers to "the apparently inexhaustible supply of meat and mealies." After all, then, we are unable to starve out the enemy. It was in the hope that we could starve them, as has often been pointed out, that we have gone to the enormous trouble and expense of concentration camps, laid waste the country, inflicted great, if unavoidable, misery on the women and children, and greatly added to the cost of the war. And partly, it appears, in vain; the enemy has still "inexhaustible supplies." Surely, all this has but one moral—that it is not by farm-burning, not by cattle-killing, not by concentration camps, not by proclamations even, that the war can be ended, but by fighting only, and fighting with a sufficient number of men. And this brings us to the last comment we wish to make on Lord Kitchener's despatch. He lays stress on the fact that the mounted troops, the Yeomanry and Colonial contingents sent out to replace casualties and to reinforce the army are by no means ready to take the field when they go out, but require a somewhat prolonged period of training on lines of communication and elsewhere before they can be sent out to do the difficult work of flying columns. Obviously, then, troops should be sent out some time before they are actually required, so that there need be no pauses in our activity of which the enemy can take advantage. It is extremely probable that there are not even now enough troops in South Africa to cope with the difficulties there, and the Government has lately shown a relaxation of its activity in the training and despatching of troops for the front. An idea seems to have been growing up lately that peace can be declared as easily as war when we have grown weary of its opposite, and that an alternative to fighting is to issue proclamations, make speeches at garden parties, and reproach the enemy with being disorganised and unpatriotic. That is a very dangerous fallacy. The only fair way to finish the war, since we cannot give the Boers what they want, is to fight them until their principal leaders are conquered. We used to hear a great deal about putting our hands to the plough; it is not seemly that some of us should remove them for the less fatiguing and more congenial occupation of cracking a whip.

THE AMERICAN STRIKE.

THE steel-workers' strike, of which we have received such confused and biased accounts during the last two weeks, seems destined after all to develop into a great industrial war between capital and labour, or further, to define the antithesis, between American capital and American labour. We are well aware that the contrary has been asserted in nearly all of those British journals which obtain their news of American matters by way of New York; nevertheless, knowing that all information from the industrial capitals of the United States which comes through the chief city of New York State necessarily undergoes a species of filtration in Wall Street, we venture to prophesy that the guerilla warfare between the Trusts and the Trades Unions has assumed a new phase, has become organised and recognised as such. We have good reasons for believing that this inevitable change has already taken place. To begin with, the steel strike did not originate in a question of wages. Though it is probable that barely one in ten of the myriads of skilled workmen and unskilled labourers who went out in prompt obedience to Mr. Shaffer's ultimatum, had any clear notion of the main issue it is certain that the present struggle turns upon a principle, and that the men employed in the associated undertakings of the Steel Corporation and even the employees of independent concerns outside the "theatre of war" are beginning to see that the recognition of the Trade Union as a social check on the Trust must be won at any cost. They now understand that the Steel Corporation has three aims in view, the least important of which is the patriotic policy of obtaining control of all foreign markets in which British-made steel is sold by selling the "surplus product" abroad at cost price or even below it. Their first object is to crush out all competition at home, and then to raise prices as high as the Dingley tariff will permit; the second is to get possession of all sources of suitable coal to be found in or near the Iron Belt—a threefold cincture, by the way—and to seize the whole of the Atlantic shipping trade; and, last, but by no means least, to control the supply of those indispensable machine tools—the steel-workers! Mr. Shaffer, who has long foreseen the last-named extension of Trust policy, and was the first to grasp the difference between a Trust pure and simple and Mr. Morgan's league of commercially paramount combinations, has formed the plan of creating what may be described as a labour monopoly—a Labour Trust, if you will—in order to oppose this scheme of enslaving the steel-workers. In a surprisingly short space of time he has succeeded in organising his army and, to judge by what has already been done in that direction with the help of Mr. Gompers and the American Federation of Labour, he is

likely to be as successful in the work of mobilisation. And, if there is any truth at all in the rumours which have come to us across the Atlantic, it would appear that his policy has been finally approved by the majority of those under his command. That is to say, the attempt to depose him has failed, and left him the stronger by a victory over disloyal subordinates. And so to-day the two militant monopolies stand opposed under competent leaders, both of whom must be wondering which side the American people—if there be an American people—will take in the end.

Mr. Shaffer's policy has now been sufficiently defined; it remains to deal with the policy of the league of Trusts. As might be expected of a corporation of which Mr. Schwab is president and Mr. Morgan managing director, that policy is definite enough. The suggestion—not meant, we think, to be taken seriously except by the spectators of the struggle—that the matters in dispute should be referred to arbitration (where in the length and breadth of the United States could a suitable umpire be found ?) has been dismissed in contemptuous silence. Black labour has been brought in from Alabama, and it would appear that, in the last resort, the Steel Corporation is prepared to open the flood-gates of the Black Belt, which have been closed by common consent of both North and South ever since the close of the Civil War. That a body of capitalists should thus dare to ignore an unwritten law of American society is the strongest possible proof of their confidence. Then the towns which have sympathised with the strikers are to be destroyed at a blow ; even Pittsburg, the metropolis of the iron trade, is overtly threatened with destruction. This is no idle threat, no magniloquent piece of " bluff "; already the great factories, which are the life of certain small towns, are being broken up. It seems incredible to Englishmen, even to those Englishmen who know the United States to be civilised (like the curate's egg) " in parts," that such a barbarous punishment should be possible in a country inhabited by English-speaking people. Yet the thing has been done again and again in America, though never before has a city of the power and importance of Pittsburg been threatened with such a penalty. In several cases the threatened towns have actually paid a bonus towards the cost of constructing the works to be dismantled, and have remitted taxation for a term of years ; so that the steel Corporation is breaking contracts, which are still legally binding, and, if the Dartmouth college case forms a precedent, can be legally enforced by the municipalities. But the Trusts care little or not at all for the decisions of the State courts ; for their very existence is rooted in illegality and they are, moreover, well aware that the weightiest arguments in local courts are those which can be unostentatiously expressed in terms of dollars and cents.

It must not be supposed that the present struggle will be decisive unless, as is by no means likely, the bitter end of the strike should be marked by scenes of riot so serious as to arouse a national feeling of resentment against the Trusts. The probability is that the Steel-workers' Union will be defeated, and that Mr. Morgan *Poliorcetes* will win a victory which will ultimately cost the Steel Corporation more than a defeat. But every such industrial struggle will add to the strength of the Populists, and the time must come when they will hold the balance of power between the two historic parties. Then, and not till then—for who dare hope for a second Lincoln in these degenerate days—will the result of the war between American capital and American labour be seen. Meanwhile, the ironmasters and steelworkers of this country will materially profit by the reduction of the American output, and it will be their own fault if they do not make full use of the opportunity of tightening their half-relaxed grip on the British export trade. Whatever happens before the end of September, the fear of the competition of the American "surplus product" will have vanished into the swift airs.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.—IV.

THE evidence, as we have seen, indicates that the tradition of the words and deeds of Jesus was kept pure during the apostolic age, and (practically) did not suffer deterioration. We have examined supposed methods and cases of deterioration, and have not found them at all convincing. But still the fact remains, that the solvent criticism is being vigorously applied, and that its mere existence has an unsettling effect on men's minds widely beyond the circle of actual students. The mere fact that it is possible to raise so many doubts, and that there are so many possible ways of escape from the conclusion that the Gospel narrative is true, even though the doubts and suggested ways of escape do not convince us of themselves, yet produces on the mind a general impression of uncertainty.

But, in fact, this result is due to the real function and place of criticism in relation to conviction being misunderstood. The Christian conviction of faith is distinctly not the *mere* outcome of historical enquiry, still less of what in the narrower sense we should call the criticism of documents. For " no man can say Jesus is Lord, but in the Holy Spirit." St. Paul's statement in no way deprecates—still less prohibits—exact enquiry and examination of evidence. There is, in fact, no trace in the New Testament of the spirit of obscurantism which regards all free criticism as a disparagement of spiritual authority. But it does mean that no merely critical or logical method can by itself result in faith. There must be an inward work of the Holy Ghost—an inspiration, that is, which results in insight and assurance. And St. Paul's statement is in faithful accordance with all our Lord's deliberate insistence upon faith ; with His deliberate training of the faculty of childlike trust ; with the great thanksgiving, " I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding, and didst reveal them unto babes."

It is perfectly obvious that our attitude towards historical evidence in any particular case depends on our antecedent sense of probability. This sense of what is probable or not is, in part, itself the result of history in the widest sense. But it depends also upon our whole conception of life and man and God. To interpret history, to judge of evidence, requires, not only the critical faculty, but also insight and sympathy with human character ; in many parts of history it requires at least the sort of faith which is the opposite of cynicism. It is now generally admitted, for instance, even by those who are not themselves Christians, that Gibbon's mind disqualified him from interpreting aright the real causes of the spread of the Christian religion ; he could investigate the evidence but not interpret it. When the subject of historical inquiry is the person of Jesus Christ, the mere investigation of documentary evidence takes us a certain way, but lands us very soon in a position in which the real question at issue is whether certain influences, called by a restricted conception of nature " supernatural," are really to us conceivable, or at least probable. And this, again, will depend upon whether

it is natural to us to think of God not only as immanent in the processes of nature but also as moral and personal and independent of nature; whether we think of humanity as ruined by sin; whether we welcome therefore the idea of redemption, the idea of God entering anew, or with a new completeness, into human nature to re-create what was ruined; whether, accordingly, we are prepared for redemptive acts such as witness to the moral sovereignty of God in the physical world, and the greater nearness of God in manhood. To a mind awake to these considerations, the miracles of Christ, the divine claim, the resurrection, appear as credible or probable events, occurring as they do in the context of His whole position as the Divine Redeemer. But of course to one who approaches the Gospels with *only* critical considerations in his mind—still more to one who approaches them with a more or less dogmatic presupposition against the credibleness of "miracle"—they will appear quite improbable. And this general attitude of the inquirer's mind will quite certainly affect his consideration of the evidence.

It is not too much to say that after a certain point, as soon as we approach the heart of the subject, critical considerations become mainly negative and regulative. They show us what cannot be held, rather than what we can and ought to believe. It is of course of the highest importance to emphasise and give the freest scope to this regulative function of criticism. We must acknowledge that comparatively few people, on any subject, exhibit a mind malleable by the pressure of real evidence. The great mass of published enquiry, especially on religious subjects, is fundamentally vitiated by a lack of willing submissiveness to the best evidence. But such submissiveness does exist, and not only among the unorthodox. We have seen recently how inquirers who started from the Christian point of view have taken their traditional beliefs about the Old Testament literature to the test of vigorous inquiry; and at least their beliefs about the dates and authorships of books have been remodelled under the pressure of literary evidence. To persons who really care about truth, and who can find no kind of satisfaction in believing without evidence, or in spite of the evidence, the very fact of the central importance of the Gospels for faith tends to make them sift the evidence there also with the greater care. Accordingly, there, too, they have realised that the later traditional views as to the origin of the Gospels, or as to their infallible accuracy, must be somewhat modified. On the dogmatic side, again, they have realised how constantly and urgently the doctrinal presentation of Christ needs correction by the facts of the Gospel—the usual tendency of theological tradition being, for reasons which we cannot here investigate, to exalt the divine nature of Christ at the expense of the human. All this they recognise; they are not the least disposed to disparage a vigorous criticism of the Gospels, or of theology from the point of view of the Gospels. Certainly, I myself have felt, and feel more and more every year, the importance of the function of criticism; but none the less I would maintain that it is only the Christian point of view—the point of view which has been that of the Christian Church as a whole since before St. Paul began to write his epistles, for he constantly assumes it a matter of common acceptance—it is this Christian point of view alone which enables us to appreciate the evidence of the Gospels; which can admit of our allowing it its true weight as evidence, and, above all, which can hold together all the facts and estimate the evidence as a whole. This Christian point of view has been to some of us a matter of traditional acceptance which we have never been without; but for such it has either degenerated into barren acceptance, or it has been wrought into the substance of our convictions by personal and spiritual experience. For others it has been won by a conversion, or conscious turning and change of mind, at a particular period of their life. Again, to some men, the way to Christ has been the illuminative way, a process mainly intellectual; to others it has been almost entirely moral. But, for all, the conviction that "Jesus is the Lord" has been, and remains, something much more than a result of the examination of documents.

And the primitive Christian point of view means not only a belief about Christ, but a belief about the Spirit Who perpetuates His work in the Church. It means a belief that, as St. Peter says, those who preached the Gospel did so "by the Holy Spirit," and (according to the promise declared to be Christ's own in the fourth Gospel) that one part of this assistance of the Holy Spirit lay in the quickening of the memories of the the Apostles as to what Jesus said to them. This is the belief which has taken shape in the Christian doctrine of the inspiration of the Gospels. St. Luke's preface actually precludes our using this doctrine as a substitute for inquiry into the strictly historical conditions of the evidence for Christ. For St. Luke there rests his claim as an evangelist *only* on opportunity and care. The subsequent history of the Church warns us against the danger of the arbitrary assumption that divine assistance necessarily means such an assistance as excludes possibilities of human error. For there are mistakes of detail in the Gospels. But certainly the divine assistance must have had this for its object—to secure that the true image of the Son of Man should be perpetuated in the Church and for the world. And while it is distrust of God and of reason, which is His gift, to allow this belief in an inspiring and guiding spirit to blind our eyes to any facts; on the other hand, the facts, as they lie before us in the Gospels confirm the belief, and every year of frank familiarity with those pages makes us both more assured of it and more thankful for it.

In almost all this inquiry our attention has been confined to the common matter of the first three Gospels. To the great question of the fourth Gospel I propose to return on some future occasion. In the little space that remains I would say a word on one element in the narrative in the first and third Gospels which lies outside the "common matter."

What belongs only to the first Gospel or the third often carries with it the most conspicuous evidence of authenticity. Thus it includes many of the most indisputable parables. On the other hand, there are a few passages of the first Gospel (which we cannot prove to have belonged to St. Matthew's Aramaic record), such as the account of the death of Judas or the resuscitation of the dead after Christ's resurrection, which, for various reasons, are involved in special doubt, but are not of any primary importance for evidential purposes. But there is one incident of quite primary importance which belongs to both the first and third Gospels, and yet comes to them plainly from no common documentary record, of which a word must be said, arising strictly out of what has been laid down in the earlier part of this article.

In many respects the doubts raised as to the miraculous birth of Christ can be met by an appeal simply to the documentary and other facts. Thus it is quite certain that the apostolic preaching proper was limited by the period of apostolic experience: "From the baptism of John unto the day when He was taken up." The Virgin birth certainly therefore could *not* be included in Peter's preaching (St. Mark's Gospel) or in St. John's personal witness. It was not part of the grounds of belief. It still is not, for those who approach the faith from outside, part of the grounds of belief. But none the less it may be a truth for believers, which comes to them on the highest evidence. Now, in fact, the internal undesigned evidence of the early chapters of St. Matthew and St. Luke makes it a matter of convincing probability that the two strangely independent records come to us from Joseph and Mary respectively. The indications of their sources are such as could hardly have been impressed upon the narratives by subsequent imagination, or, if so, would have certainly betrayed their origin.

Yet there is in our day a very common hesitation to accept the witness of the narratives in this respect; and the main cause of it is probably the existence of a widespread mythical tendency to attribute directly divine origins to human heroes. Thus, the very idea of a divine birth seems legendary. But such legends (of the intercourse of Gods with human women) are utterly alien to the Jewish spirit; utterly repugnant to Jewish religion; and the early narratives of Matthew and Luke are simply Jewish; they are totally without affinity even with the semi-Greek language and spirit of Philo. On the other hand, there is no recorded incident which the Christian point of view renders more probable. Nay, it even requires *some* miracle in the birth of Jesus.

There are two ways of regarding Jesus Christ, which are broadly distinguishable. Thinking of humanity on the whole as progressive and of sin as a survival, gradually to be outgrown, we may view Him as the great representative man, the type of what all men are destined to become. Needless to say there is much truth in this point of view. But taken by itself, it renders the mind averse to the idea of miracle at all, and especially to the miraculous birth of Christ, as seeming to exempt Him from ordinary human conditions. If on the other hand we start in full view of the fact of sin—as the great disorder in human history which there is no tendency in man merely to outgrow—then we shall regard Redemption as the word best descriptive of what God is doing in Christ. We shall think of Him as the second Adam, the result (in some sense) of a new creative act of God, and the source for all other men of a second birth. Thus He must start utterly free (as all the evidence shows that He did), from the old heritage of sin. But such a new birth, exempt from a universal tendency, must have been in some sort miraculous. And the view in the Gospels only corresponds precisely to the requirements of the Christian point of view. It is in the highest degree probable. And the evidence from this point of view is in the highest degree cogent.

Of course, four short articles can enable us but very inadequately to survey a whole highly elaborated critical field. But the impression which it is desired to leave on the mind of readers is this: that there is nothing in the present condition of the evidence to justify alarm: that the evidence external and internal more than justifies our confidence in the trustworthiness of the Gospel narrative, and especially in what is the main basis of all evidential argument, the common matter of the first three Gospels. And it is absolutely no drawback at all to this assertion, but only an acknowledgment of what is involved in any spiritual religion, to recognise that mere examination of documents can never do more than confirm and justify and establish a faith which only the whole moral activity of our being and the inspiration of God can either produce or ultimately maintain.

CHARLES GORE.

AT THE WHITE GATE.—II.

ONCE again I have paid a rare visit to my tree to find many things changed since my last sojourn there. The bees are silent, for the honey-laden flowers of the sycamore are gone and in their place hang dainty two-fold keys. The poplar has lost its metallic shimmer; the chestnuts their tall white candles; and the sound of the wind in the fully-leaved branches is like the sighing of the sea. The martins' nests are finished, and one is occupied by a shrill-voiced brood; but for the most part the birds' parental cares are over, and the nestlings in bold flight no longer flutter on inefficient wings across the lawn with clamorous, open bill. The robins show promise of their ruddy vests, the slim young thrush is diligently practising maturer notes, and soon Maid June will have fled.

It is such a wonderful world that I cannot find it in my heart to sigh for fresh beauty amid these glories of the Lord on which I look, seeing men as trees walking in my material impotence which awaits the final anointing. The marigolds with their orange suns, the lilies' white flame, the corncockle's blue crown of many flowers, the honeysuckle's horn of fragrance—I can paraphrase them, name, class, dissect them; and then, save for the purposes of human intercourse, I stand where I stood before, my world bounded by my capacity, the secret of colour and fragrance still kept. It is difficult to believe that the second lesson will not be the sequence of the first, and death prove a "feast of opening eyes" to all these wonders instead of the heavy-lidded slumber to which we so often liken it. "Earth to earth"? Yes, "dust thou art, and unto dust thou shalt return," but what of the rest? What of the folded grave clothes, and the Forty Days? If the next state be, as it well might, space of four dimensions, and the first veil which will lift for me be the material one, then the "other" world which is hidden from our grosser material organism will lie open, and declare still further to my widening eyes and unstopped ears the glory and purpose of the manifold garment of God. Knowledge will give place to understanding in that second chamber of the House of Wisdom and Love. Revelation is always measured by capacity: "Open thy mouth wide," and it shall be filled with a satisfaction that in itself is desire.

There is a child here, a happy quiet little creature holding gently to its two months of life. Sometimes they lay it beside me, I the more helpless of the two—perhaps the more ignorant—and equally dependent for the supply of my smallest need. I feel indecently large as I survey its minute perfections and the tiny balled fist lying in my great palm. The little creature fixes me with the wise wide stare of a soul in advance of its medium of expression; and I, gazing back at the mystery in those eyes, feel the strange thrill of contact between my worn and sin-stained self and the innocence of a little white child. It is wonderful to watch a woman's rapturous familiarity with these newcomers. A man's love has far more awe in it, just as the passionate animal instinct of defence is wanting in him. "A woman shall be saved through the child-bearing," said St. Paul; not necessarily her own, but by participation in the great act of motherhood which is the crown and glory of her sex. She is the "prisoner of love," caught in a net of her own weaving; held fast by little hands which rule by impotence, pursued by feet the swifter for their faltering.

It seems incredible that this is what a woman will barter for the right to live her own life—surely the most empty of desires. Man—*vir*, woman—*femina*, go to make up *the* man—*homo*. There can be no comparison, no rivalry between them; they are the complement of each other, and a little child shall lead them. It is so easy to understand that desire to shelter under the dear mantle of motherhood which has led to one of the abuses of modern Romanism. I met an old peasant couple at Bornhofen who had tramped many weary miles to the famous shrine of Our Lady to plead for their only son. They had a few pence saved for a candle, and afterwards when they told me their tale the old woman heaved a sigh of relief, "Es wird bald gut gehen: Die da, Sie versteht," and I saw her later paying a farewell visit to the great understanding Mother she could trust. Superstitious misapprehension if you will, but also the recognition of a divine principle.

It was Behmen, I believe, who cried with the breath of inspiration, "Only when I know God shall I know myself"; and so man remains the last of all the riddles, to be solved it may be only in Heaven's perfection and the light of the Beatific Vision. "Know thyself" is a vain legend, the more so when emphasised by a skull; and so I company with a friend and a stranger, and looking across at the white gate I wonder concerning

the quiet pastures and still waters that lie beyond, even as Brother Ambrose wondered long years ago in the monastery by the forest.

The Brother Ambrose was ever a saintly man approved of God and beloved by the brethren. To him one night as he lay abed in the dormitory came the word of the Lord saying, "Come and I will show thee the Bride, the Lamb's wife": and Brother Ambrose arose and was carried to a great and high mountain even as in the vision of Blessed John. 'Twas a still night of many stars; and Brother Ambrose, looking up, saw a radiant path in the Heavens; and lo! the stars gathered themselves together on either side until they stood as walls of light, and the four winds lapped him about as in a mantle and bore him towards the wondrous gleaming roadway. Then between the stars came the Holy City with roof and pinnacle aflame, and walls aglow with such colours as no earthly limner dreams of, and much gold. Brother Ambrose beheld the Gates of Pearl, and by every gate an Angel with wings of fire and snow and a face no man dare look on because of its exceeding radiance.

Then as Brother Ambrose stretched out his arms because of his great longing, a little grey cloud came out of the north and hung between the walls of light, so that he no longer beheld the vision, but only heard a sound as of a great multitude crying "Alleluia"; and suddenly the winds came about him again, and lo! he found himself in his bed in the dormitory, and it was midnight, for the bell was ringing to matins; and he rose and went down with the rest. But when the Brethren left the choir Brother Ambrose stayed fast in his place, hearing and seeing nothing because of the Vision of God, and at Lauds they found him and told the Prior.

He questioned Brother Ambrose of the matter, and when he heard the Vision bade him limn the Holy City even as he had seen it; and the Precentor gave him uterine vellum and much fine gold and what colours he asked for the work. Then Brother Ambrose limned a wondrous fair city of gold with turrets and spires; and he inlaid blue for the sapphire, and green for the emerald, and vermilion where the city seemed a-flame with the glory of God; but the Angels he could not limn, nor could he set the rest of the colours as he saw them, nor the wall of stars on either hand; and Brother Ambrose fell sick because of the exceeding great longing he had to limn the Holy City, and was very sad; but the Prior bade him thank God, and remember the infirmity of the flesh, which, like the grey cloud, veiled Jerusalem from his sight.

As I write the monastery bell hard by rings out across the lark's song. They still have time for visions behind those guarding walls, but for most of us it is not so. We let slip the ideal for what we call the real, and the golden dreams vanish while we clutch at phantoms: we speed along life's pathway, counting to the full the sixty minutes of every hour; yet the race is not to the swift nor the battle to the strong. Lying here in this quiet backwater it is hard to believe that the world without is turbulent with storm and stress and the ebb and flow of uncertain tides. The little yellow cat rolling on its back among the daisies, the staid tortoise making a stately meal off the buttercups near me, these are great events in this haven of peace. And yet looking back to the working days, I know how much real goodness and loving kindness there is under the froth and foam. If we do not know ourselves we most certainly do not know our brethren—that revelation awaits us, it may be, first in Heaven. To have faith is to create; to have hope is to call down blessing; to have love is to work miracles. Above all let us see visions; visions of colour and light, of green fields and broad rivers, of palaces laid with fair colours, and gardens where a place is found for rosemary and rue.

It is our prerogative to be dreamers, but there will always be men ready to offer us death for our dreams. And if it must be so let us choose death; it is gain, not loss, and the gloomy portal when we reach it is but a white gate, the white gate maybe we have known all our lives barred by the tendrils of the woodbine.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

THE TEACHING OF ENGLISH LITERATURE: A REPLY.

"EMERITUS" in the last two numbers of THE PILOT has given us some interesting experiences of his own as an examiner; but he declines to commit himself upon the general question whether English literature is a subject which can or ought to be taught in schools. What he really thinks is, nevertheless, pretty obvious. He takes what may be called the Whiggish view of the matter; that which Mr. Lang and Canon Ainger have already put forward. He considers that there are certain elect souls—"those in whom a little interest in literature exists to begin with"—and these he would allow to be further instructed. But for the common file he has plainly little hope. Now it seems to me, on the contrary, that it is precisely in the interests of the common file that a place should be kept or made for English literature in the school curriculum. The tendency of the present day is, it will be admitted, to simple materialism. The only subjects to which the ordinary middle-class parent attaches importance are modern languages, book-keeping, and natural science—the subjects which are obviously useful in commerce and manufactures. He has got rid of Latin and Greek, because they do not directly translate themselves into bread and cheese. This makes it more than ever necessary that English literature should be retained as nutriment for the reason, imagination, and character; because the human soul must starve if it is kept to a diet of commercial education and applied science.

In the second place, "Emeritus" finds fault with examinations, as many teachers have done before him. His special charge is that it does not bring his elect souls, the original boys, to the top of the list. But that seems a matter of very little consequence. A boy with an original genius for letters is quite able to take care of himself. That he often finds himself nearer the bottom than the top of the examiner's list is unfortunately true; but that is not because he is a genius, but because he is a lazy scamp; who thinks his cleverness can make up for not reading his books. There is a very great public school, which I sometimes examine, where it is quite common for boys to write a brilliant essay but to give in their papers upon set books entirely blank. Such laziness in them, however, gives me little concern; because I know that when the mood comes upon them they will read their Shakespeare and Chaucer for themselves. "Emeritus" prints a letter from an old gentleman which recounts with justifiable pride the authors that Winchester boys used to read sixty years ago, before there was any thought of teaching literature. I have no doubt that the present generation of Winchester boys have as much literary taste as their grandfathers. But there are multitudes of boys at small grammar schools and in our great cities to whom the very idea of literature is strange, to whom it would never occur to read Shakespeare or Chaucer for pleasure, because these authors are not read in their homes. And examinations with all their faults have this great virtue, that they do ensure a certain amount of good literature being read and explained. When persons of culture sneer at examinations in literature, do they consider what would happen if the examination were abolished? Here and there, in aristocratic societies like Eton, or where the headmaster chanced to have a taste for letters, some enthusiast would lead the elect into the flowery meads; but over the length and breadth of England the subject would cease to be taught. In our commercial centres the influence of examination upon curriculum is immediate; every subject that does not pay in an examination is squeezed out. I am informed, for instance, that one of the greatest blows ever struck at the religious education of England was the unconsidered act of the Cambridge Syndicate in striking out the Catechism from the subjects to be offered at the Local examination, merely to shorten it. They did not reflect that, being no longer examined in, the Catechism would no longer be taught.

Upon a further and most important point, the influence exerted by the teacher of literature, "Emeritus" seems to me, in different parts of his paper, to take opposite views. In the first place, he complains that all this teaching and examining "does nothing to guide the choice of the young in the spacious and varied sweet shop in which they can roam at large and take what they please." That is a sweeping statement, and I should like to see the evidence on which it is based. I can give one small piece of evidence that seems to tell on

the opposite side. I once set "Stalky and Co." for the subject of an essay in the Oxford and Cambridge Schools examination; and I can assure "Emeritus" that the large majority of the criticisms would have done his heart good to read. The books that grammar school boys read for amusement are not well represented by the "Blue-nosed Bandit." That fine romance appeals to a different class, the Board-school boy; and I take it that here the fault lies with the teacher, who does not himself know good literature from bad, so that he is helpless to teach his pupils. But even he teaches what he has it in him to teach, and is perhaps not altogether ineffectual. I once saw written up in a school upon a black board the following question and answer to be mastered by the class: "Who is the greatest living novelist? (i.) Male—Hall Caine; (ii.) Female—Marie Corelli."

Having, however, in one place complained of the ineffectualness of teachers, in another "Emeritus" finds them only too effectual. Their pupils, he says, reproduce their criticisms, to the destruction of their own originality, and to the infinite boredom of the examiner, who has to read the same phrases repeated by a whole class. Well, I admit that an examiner's life is not a happy one, but after all, while it lasts, it is fairly well paid, and examinations cannot be considered to exist for his comfort. He may be bored by sixty identical answers (I can well recall the phases of temper through which I once passed between the first and last reading of the sentence, "Macbeth is the typical Highlander"), but the sixty young people are not bored, and, what is more important, their judgment is not permanently atrophied. The teacher's view seems to them the only possible view, and they appropriate it; they see Shakespeare's play through their teacher's eyes. If the teacher's view is a sound one, the pupil is so much the better for it, as long as it sticks in his memory. Presently he will forget it, and so no permanent harm will accrue to his originality. But the fact will have been indelibly impressed on his mind that Shakespeare's "characters" have character and are worth a good deal of study; and when he reads other plays for himself he will come to them with eyes wider open, expecting to find more in what he reads. The originality that lies on the hither side of education is no more worth preserving in literature than it is in morals. I admit, of course, that papers differ from one another in the degree of crudeness with which they reproduce the teacher's view. Girls, as a rule, being so very much in earnest, treat their notebooks with the respect due to inspired prophecy. Boys, having less reverence, allow themselves more play of mind, and they have also generally more skill in expression, which helps to disguise their indebtedness. But I do not believe the girls get less permanent good than the boys.

As to originality, of which "Emeritus" makes so much, I do not think that is what an examiner has to look for. I was once told in a village school that St. Paul's sentence, "We know in part, and we prophesy in part," meant "We know only a little, and what we don't know we prophesy." In the same way originality in examinations mainly comes in when knowledge fails. I have sometimes wondered whether the examination system might not even be extended, because of its marvellous effect, in the absence of knowledge, of stimulating invention. I believe that if our modern poets were collected into a room and set down for two hours to compose on a given subject, they would each and all produce something better and more original than any poem with which they have already obliged their generation. But that suggestion I merely throw out in passing. All I wish to say now is that if, as in my experience is the fact, the comic answers which lighten the work of an examiner, and of which "Emeritus" thinks so highly, because they show originality, become fewer year by year, it is because the subject is being better and better taught. H. C. Beeching.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

DUST AND FLOWERS.

BLOEMFONTEIN was the first breathing place in Lord Roberts's march. It has become a place of great importance in the history of the campaign—the base and starting point of a hundred expeditions; but by us who took part in the famous march of which it was the object, it will always be thought of as a point of attainment, a goal, a resting place. When the brief ceremony of occupation was over those of us who were at liberty galloped our horses back to the region of hotels which we had passed unwillingly by on the march to the Presidency. Bedrooms first; and we fingered the white sheets and quilts like children in a fairyland. Then (for these are faithful records) downstairs to the bar; and what a scene that was! The place packed with soldiers, all clamouring and holding up their money. Remember that they had been drinking mud for weeks; that this moment had been thought of, dreamed of, longed for, discussed, with such eloquence as these simple fellows were capable of, through long dusty marches and sweltering heats; then you may understand with what rapture they gazed upon those handles and levers by means of which the bountiful fountain of Beer was set flowing. Here was their native land, here an occasion for the use of their native tongue. "Wot's yours, Bill? 'Ere, miss, two pints o' bitter and a stone ginger. Good 'ealth, Bill. My word, that's a drop of all right, that is. Wot O! 'Ave another? Righto." And so on. A public-house bar is generally a sordid enough place, but I assure you it was not so on this occasion. Wine (and beer) made glad the heart of man, and did his head no harm; the military regulations saw to that. No man drank alone; each found someone with whom to share his money and his happiness, and to join with him in tasting this wonderful, new experience at a shilling a bottle.

Across the road, at the club, you saw the same thing, translated into terms of a higher civilisation. "That you, Bertie, old chappie? (Bertie was an earl.) Just in time for some fizz. Come on, open another bottle." "Hello, Sonny" (Sonny was a duke), "there's some bottled beer here, rippin' good, by Gad! Here, you Johnny, another bottle of beer! I've found a stunnin' place, with a bedroom and a bath and flowers." And pop went the bottles of bad champagne (Jackson Frères, extra special cuvée) at a guinea a bottle, and merrily clinked the glasses and happily rattled the tongues. "How dreadful!" you say, "all these empty-headed young men carousing in the midst of all the shocking realities of war!" Ah! it was just because we knew those realities that we enjoyed those moments of innocent though expensive relaxation. We shall never again taste such nectar as that bad Jackson Frères; that was no critical sip of an olive-cleansed palate, taste on the defensive and a scrutinising eye on the cork, but a ready, unhesitating draught, the benediction of an appetite long mortified. Into the first tingle of that gooseberry vintage was concentrated all we knew (and some of us knew a good deal) of luxury, of civilisation, of home; for, in a curious way, not by vinous association, but by its quality of superlativeness, the bad champagne stood for home. For the cravings of the heart and the belly thus expressed themselves; and the one first realised stood proxy for the other, so that, on this occasion at least, Jackson Frères provided an element of sacrament.

But this did not last long. The chief staff officer, with one eye on the well-being of his men and the other on the stock of liquid refreshment, shut all the bars in an hour or two; and about twenty thousand idlers were turned loose in the streets. But there were still the shops, real shops, where all sorts of nice things could be bought. When we entered Bloemfontein, we found a a little town of white houses and many coloured gardens asleep in the noonday sunshine, bees humming, fowls croaking; the pretty shops in all their bravery

displaying their wares temptingly. We had not been in Bloemfontein three hours before the whole aspect of the place was changed. The streets rang with the stamp of hoofs and the clump and shuffle of thousands of feet; dust rose in clouds wherever men walked, and spread a grey garment over the flowers in the street gardens; the shops, assaulted and outraged by the strength in which we invaded them, put up their shutters altogether, or else exhibited notices saying what they had *not* for sale, such as "No bread," "No oatmeal," "No corn until to-morrow." Shops that sold boots, clothing, or groceries were packed with a solid crowd of men; one had to wait an hour to be served. Tobacconists and barbers came next in popularity, but when one had bought to one's heart's content of the things one really needed, there still remained the greater charm of buying at the store the things one did not need. The South African store is a compendious establishment; the aim and pride of the owner of a good store is that he should never have to say "No" when you ask him if he keeps any conceivable article of commerce. Oh! the very smell of those stores was like magic, the characteristic odours of boots and sweets, and flour and spices, and tarred rope and saddlery, and groceries and clothes, blending into a kind of stuffy, stupifying essence that enveloped us and our common sense, and made children of us all. Old and young men, privates and lieutenant-generals wandered round the ample counters of such places, pretending to be merely "looking round," but in reality conducting furtive negotiations for the purchase of some ridiculous and useless thing. Major-General Lord Blank, A.D.C., was to be seen trying to make up his mind between the rival charms of a pinchbeck watch and a meat-chopper. Colonel X., of the Guards' Brigade, was walking proudly out with a spade in his hand and a pillow under his arm; and I, entering with a clock ticking in one pocket and the other bulged out by a tin of golden syrup, encountered my friend the correspondent of *Blue and Green*, shuffling about uneasily in a corner of the ironmongery department.

"What are you doing?" I asked, wishing that my clock did not tick so loud.

"Oh, nothing," he replied, uneasily, "just taking stock; you seem to have got a farmyard in your pocket, and what the *devil* is that in your hand?"

I had omitted to hide a bottle of Cough Balsam which I had picked up really very cheap at a neighbouring store. "Have you got a cough?" he continued, relentlessly.

"No," I said, "but thought it might come in useful for cleaning harness or something. Besides, I *might* get a cough."

"I knew you were a fool," he said, "but I didn't think——"

At this moment he was delivered into my hands. An assistant approached, came straight up to my now confused friend and said, "The price is £3, but the boss says you can have it for £2 10s. Where shall we send it?"

"Oh, I didn't really want it, you know," began my friend, now perspiring, "I only thought——." But at the salesman's look of blank astonishment the words died on his lips. I followed the man's glance to where it rested on a small mowing-machine, bright with green and vermilion paint, and with a particularly seductive handle of varnished pitch pine. For a moment nothing broke the silence but the loud ticking of the clock in my pocket. Then my friend said this thing:—

"I thought it would be useful, you know, in case we came to a place where there was grass; we could cut it for the horses and make it last out——." And then he blushed crimson and simply ran out of the shop. I explained matters to the assistant and followed my friend, only pausing to buy a plush-covered workbox on the way out. But when I next saw the culprit he was walking along the street trying to pretend that he had nothing to do with a Kaffir porter who followed him, bearing a clattering array of bright, galvanised buckets and a yard brush.

That was our entertainment indoors on those first days at Bloemfontein; out of doors there were the flowers and gardens, and a welcome for us from the Scotch and English residents. The place that was later to be associated with disease and death and all sorts of dreary squabbles, was at first simply a paradise to us who had come straight from a trying march; the whole place was in festival; one was welcome everywhere. Sweet-faced, sad-voiced nuns gave tea to all comers in their beautiful garden of roses and geraniums and fuschias; and from the dust and glare of the streets there were always a dozen such beautiful sanctuaries into which one could turn for coolness and rest. Wherever one went in Bloemfontein two things were always present: the tramp, tramp, of tireless feet, with the choking atmosphere of dust they raised; and the glint of green and blaze of flowers in gardens bountiful of shade and sweetness.

FILSON YOUNG.

MINOR TRAGEDIES.

A CHAPTER ON FRICTIONS.

THERE was once a Socialist who disapproved of railway companies and walked the whole way to Manchester where he had to lecture. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "there are twenty-nine different kinds of Socialism," and when he had got so far, he fainted away. If any bold spirit were to undertake a lecture on "Frictions," this is much the manner in which it should open, and he would be lucky if he fainted before he began to enumerate the different branches of his subject. There are certainly more than twenty-nine kinds of friction. Some of them are Major Tragedies, and bring about divorce and broken hearts and ruin; but most of them belong to the family of Minor Tragedies, and can be talked of without too much harassment. Yet it is the Minor Tragedies that work the steadiest havoc in daily existence. The uncomfortable way in which John sits by the fire, or Thomas clears his throat, or Robert eats his egg, is more likely than any moral offence to cause discord on the hearth and result in separation from Jane, Lucy, or Maria. It is the shrill tone of Angelina's voice much more than her extravagance that at last wears out Edwin's patience. And while we are on the chapter of voices, we may as well remember how important they are. Miss Smith is an exceedingly literary person: she can talk intelligently on any subject and is anxious to be in touch with her acquaintances. But Nature has endowed her with a voice which damns social success. Her sympathy fatigues you, her cleverness reduces you to nervous prostration; and yet if she had been taught in the nursery to listen to herself and modulate her tones, she might be well received in the circles where she would fain play a part. There are many insignificant habits, quite easy to get rid of, which shut out their owners from popularity, sometimes even from friendship. People are easily put off, and few will take the time to get below the surface by which they judge. A. has an unfortunate taste for telling in detail the plot of every book he reads, B. of making a five-act tragedy out of every domestic worry, C. of knowing more about everything than anybody else. This last is a grave drawback. If you talk of the bottom of the sea, he has lived there for a year; if you soar to the stars, he has seen them through an abnormal telescope only accessible to himself and his family. You have probably started the subject because there is a distinguished astronomer present whom you want to draw out, but C.'s cocksureness puts an extinguisher on the conversation. In despair, you turn from the telescope to the steam engine, but although he is a mere barrister, he knows every valve, every piston, and tells you much more than you want to know; and all for want of a little social self-control.

There are frictions that are worst in *tête-à-têtes* and those that are born of society. Many such have no existence apart from it. Take, for instance, that famous talker, Mr. Lion de Witte, who, as we all know, is the best company in the world, and, as we have thought, the most good-natured. For however dull the party he was asked to, he coruscated as brightly for its benefit as he did on more interesting occasions. But wait till you have seen him at table with Sir Algy Goode-Storey. Poor little Mrs Bungle invited them to meet one another under the conviction that she was thus sure of providing a brilliant evening. They met with a warm handshake and a mutual glare. At De Witte's first *bon mot*, Sir Algy forced a laugh and capped it with a story, followed, amid the laughter of his audience, by a second which illustrated the first. De Witte sat in gloomy silence, nor did he break it, unless spoken to, for the rest of the night. A gloom fell on the dinner; and though, pleading headache, he retired early, the party did not recover itself. Good-nature and the need of being heard are apt to look bewilderingly alike, and it is well to remember that, in society, algebra is reversed, and two affirmatives generally make a negative.

Social catastrophes, however, are not of constant occurrence. Far more subtle and intangible are the frictions that affect daily life, the rubs that arise from differing temperaments. It is superfluous to say that they are best observed in the restricted arena of family life, which includes intimate acquaintance. The fluctuations of health and the clash of nerves have doubtless much to do with the question. But the reasons that lie deeper and are rooted in character have larger and more intricate effects. The critic and the enthusiast, the ascetic and the æsthete, the exuberant and the taciturn, the limp and the energetic, he who commits and he who omits, made, perhaps, to be the friends and complements of one another, are found jangling under one roof, the victims of domestic propinquity. Their minds are created to meet, their habits are not, and yet relationship forces them to hobnob on the material side only.

There are the frictions that spring from sympathy and those that spring from antipathy. The latter are obvious enough and need no comment; but the rubs that arise from affection are a more delicate and interesting theme. They are, it is true, mere spots in the sun, and yet (I do not speak as an astronomer) they sometimes grow into eclipses. It is doubtless nervous anxiety for Mr. Brown to shine that makes Mrs. Brown snub him in public, though she blacks his boots in private; but it is not a pleasant form of tenderness, and the bickering of people who love one another (the result of too minute a knowledge of what either is going to say) frequently stiffens into habit. In the case of married folk, such bickering often comes from the collision of different family temperaments in persons who live in close communion of mind. Kinsmen take these half-conscious constitutional peculiarities as a matter of course. Not so husbands and wives, who regard them with fresh eyes, and formulate things they see in one another of which each hitherto has been almost unaware. Or, if we want more obvious differences, there are the jars that arise from "one person's taking his normal for another person's normal"—to quote a modern philosopher; or those that come from being too near, or too far; or too anxious, or too cool; or the irritations of *celui qui baise*, or of *l'autre qui tend la joue*. The embracer depends on "the other's" good opinion; the presenter of the cheek on the embracer's admiration; and both are put out if they do not get what they expect. Sensitiveness, indeed, can cover a multitude of sins, as well as of virtues. If it can show us all the secret passages of affection, all the watchwords of delicacy, it can also degenerate into sensibility and play us sorry tricks. This, however, is a subject that needs a volume to do it justice, and a great deal of frankness besides. Perhaps it is self-preservation that keeps us from looking hard at the truth. But if we could afford to be brutal to ourselves, we should own that sensibility is a treason of the heart; that it introduces a peevish, bartering spirit into love, and drags in the notion of payments and receipts. When we demand an exact return for our feelings, however grandiose may be our language, we are only making an emotional investment at the expense of the person we care for.

There is, perhaps, only one other quality that plays an equally difficult and important part in the domestic drama. This is the power of expansiveness, with all its infinite gradations. As in different countries there are different standards of weight and measure, so individuals vary in their avoirdupois of enjoyment and their power of expressing it. There is no such mental discomfort in a home as that produced by dissentient attitudes towards pleasure. It is bad enough when it is only a matter of times and seasons: when one person's hour for enjoyment does not tally with the hour of his mate; but it is much more serious where there is a permanent conflict of moods. What is more trying than intercourse between one who is enjoying energetically, and one who only wants to endure his disgust of the moment in peace—between A. who returns home eager to describe her day and B. who has no taste for vivid experiences, and only asks to read his book without interruption? It is this expansiveness and need of expression in elders that so often engender criticism in the young and inarticulate, and give rise to the nameless irritations that divide fathers and sons, mothers and daughters. The horror of seeming absurd is the creed of the rising generation, which is apt to confound conventionality with reserve. But the difficulty is an old one; it has always existed—at all events, between husbands and wives. Who does not remember Mr. and Mrs. Palmer in "Sense and Sensibility"? Mr. Palmer snubs his wife severely. "There now," says Mrs. Palmer, "you see how droll he is. This is always the way with him. Sometimes he won't speak to me for half a day together, and then he comes out with something so droll—all about anything in the world." Mrs. Palmer, at least, did not suffer from sensitiveness.

If we come to the ethics of friction, there is not much to be said. When those who are out of sympathy cannot, or should not, separate, they must grin, or not, according to their capacity, but in any case they must bear it. The only way is to seek for common ground; for fairy-lore holds true in morals, and both agreements and differences increase if we fix our eyes solely on them. If we take our stand on that same common ground, it has a magic knack of stretching its boundaries till it encroaches on the hostile territory. There is another consoling thought about frictions. Without them a Major Tragedy would occur and the world would become very dull. Contrast, as a great artist once observed, is the secret of art and of life; and "the web of our life is a mingled yarn, good and ill together." If there were no disturbances, peace would be practically non-existent, and as long as we want the sparks, the flints must be rubbed together. EPSILON.

DRAMA.

FROM MACREADY TO IRVING.

WRITING last week of the glories of the old Adelphi, I caught the attention of one who asks me, "But what of the other theatres at that time? If the Adelphi gave such good work, what was done elsewhere? Is it or is it not true that the London stage of the fifties and sixties was in a very inartistic and decadent condition?" To which I answer, "No; certainly it is not true. The stage of those days had its weak points, it was far from being ideal, but everything is comparative and on the whole it was quite up to the level of what we have had since. There were virtues and there were defects, the one must be

weighed against the other; in some respects the stage was worse than we see it now, in some better. In brief, it is absurd to suppose that the drama went to sleep on Macready's retirement in 1851, and only woke up again on that November night, just twenty years later, when Henry Irving bewildered and electrified his audience with *The Bells*. Yet many people unquestionably hold this strange belief, and these not only among the general public, who are excusably ignorant, but also among that minority which is interested in things dramatic and has the means of learning the facts. Facts? Yes, facts. It is not even matter of opinion—unless, indeed, one is audacious enough to dispute wholesale the merits of actors who were accepted by an overwhelming preponderance of contemporary critics and playgoers, and who in many cases are happily still with us to confirm that favourable verdict. Here are some of the names from memory, but the company of the Tottenham Court Road playhouse are omitted because everyone allows the excellence of the Bancroft management in its own line, and not a few would go so far as to place the alleged revival of the drama with them instead of at the Lyceum. The Keans, the Keeleys, the Charles Mathews, the Alfred Wigans, James Anderson, Boucicault, G. V. Brooke (generally allowed to have been the greatest, if not the only, Othello since Edmund Kean), Lionel Brough, Buckstone, Compton, Creswick, Dillon, Emery (a wonderful actor, one who seemed to carry about the very smell of the sea with him in Peggotty, and was equally good as a man about town), Farren, Fechter, David Fisher, Harley, Walter Lacy, Henry Marston, Dominick Murray, Henry Neville, Phelps, Robson, Ryder (never allowed his true value, the best Falstaff this half-century till deposed by Mr. Beerbohm Tree, and the only Iago within the same period that has fairly fitted the text), Sothern, Barry Sullivan (an actor with grave faults but also with great merits, a superb Faulconbridge), Hermann Vezin (most correct of elocution), Webster, Widdicomb, Charles Wyndham; Miss Laura Addison, Miss Atkinson, Miss Elsworthy, Miss Helen Faucit, Miss Heath, Miss Carlotta Leclerq, Miss Marriott, Miss Nelly Moore (an *ingénue* never since equalled), Miss Adelaide Neilson, Mrs. Stirling (the original Peg Woffington, and ideal in the part), Mrs. Hermann Vezin (equally good in tragedy and comedy), Mrs. Warner, Miss Woolgar.

A long array of names, but it will repay the reading and will convince the most sceptical that the acting of this twenty years was above suspicion. Then does not that settle the question? Whatever may be said to the contrary, the acting is immeasurably the most important part of the business of the stage, and if that is assured how can there be a possibility of failure? Of failure, no; but there are other factors, and much depends on them; if they are neglected then art becomes by so much deficient or faulty. Here it is that we come to the weak points of this period, for though the actors were there, artistic and capable, they had often to work with common-place material and among common-place surroundings. The two defects against which they had to contend were bad plays and slovenly mounting, and whatever of decadence may be justly charged to the post-Macready years is confined to one of these two departments. In considering this we must remember that the conditions of the stage then were not as they are now. The long run system had scarcely gained a footing, the common practice was to have constant changes of programme and the number of pieces represented nightly was not—as it would be now—just equal to the number of theatres, one play at each house, but was at the rate of two or three to each house. The demand for new pieces, both grave and gay, was large. Where were authors to be found capable of supplying this demand, and from what treasury were they to be paid for their work? Theatres only half-full (for the drama was not then fashionable and the suburbs were still out of range), short runs, frequent changes of performance, these all spelt wretched fees. Was it likely that writers of the first rank would spend their time and talents so unprofitably? Here and there an enthusiast might, but the exceptions would be rare. The result was inevitable. Nothing made its appearance which reached the standard of Bulwer Lytton. That was not wonderful, but nothing made its appearance which even reached the standard of Sheridan Knowles and that was rather surprising. The best of the time was Dr. Westland Marston, but though he wrote with taste and correctness, though he could be poetical—as witness Strathmore's farewell lines to his love—he lacked the dramatic touch. And if we turn from tragedy to comedy, it is the same. *Money* and *London Assurance* had no successors of the same merit. The admirable work of Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones had no counterpart in the fifties, and though Tom Robertson's comedies in the later sixties were in their way almost perfect they did not aim high.

If we turn now to the question of mounting we are confronted with a very mixed-up state of things. The abolition of the patent rights and the consequent power of each manager to produce plays at his pleasure resulted at first in a considerable wildness and want of system. Everyone was feeling his way and making experiments. This, coupled with the sorry encouragement given by the public, naturally led to more or less disaster, and this in turn led with cautious managers to a curtailment of outlay that often became stinginess. In the fifties Charles Kean was producing Shakespeare and melodrama with a magnificence not surpassed even at the present day—save in so far as modern inventions in lighting are concerned—and Phelps was going through his unique course of the classical drama with a greater moderation but not inferior effect; in the sixties Webster was provoking shouts of laughter with a bareness of decoration that was irresistibly funny—as, for example, in *Dora*, where a single exiguous sheaf represented a much-spoken-of harvest. At the Haymarket, again, one could see the old comedies admirably performed by actors who knew every detail of their business, but the houses and furniture of the families of Teazle and Surface and Hardcastle were not quite what one would have expected. Of contemporary comedy it is not easy to speak, for though the drawing-rooms and boudoirs then put upon the stage were poor and stiff and ugly compared with those we now see at the St. James's and other theatres it must be remembered that fashions have greatly changed in these particulars, and that if the stage drawing-room of 1860 was innocent of ornaments, so also was the Belgravian original. On the other hand, it is tolerably certain that contemporary life and manners were not represented with anything like the accuracy they now are. The actors played their parts as they liked and so the individual human beings were true to nature, but truth to Society was often neglected. The general atmosphere of the scene was not necessarily that of the world of real life. The explanation is simple. All actors had been trained under the stock system in classical plays, and *acting* was their first idea. It took some time to introduce that other idea of an exact reproduction of manners.

W. Hughes Hallett.

BOOKS AND MEN.

SACRIFICE AND CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

THERE may be a book, and in German perhaps there is, on the history of capital punishment. The subject, if no such book exists (Beffara's is not confined to this theme), is a good though grim one. Thucydides, in a well-known passage, says that mankind, in the effort to repress crime, tried all sorts of penalties,

and ended in the death penalty, as not being able to go any further. But he was, of course, aware of the efforts to make even death more deterrent, as in the horrible punishments of crucifixion, impalement, and other Oriental devices which Herodotus thought not worthy of narration. The phrase illustrates the mildness of the Greek as compared with the Persian temper. Everyone must have observed that these terrific devices, burning (in the cases of witches, heretics, husband murderers, and others), boiling, hanging, drawing and quartering, and so forth, were not in fact deterrent. Witches still practised, heretics still preached, gallant gentlemen still drew the sword for the Cause; in France political conspirators were not frightened into inaction by the infernal penalty of breaking on the wheel; and thefts of all kinds were more common when the punishment was a hanging. It seems to be the comparative certainty of detection in well policed countries, rather than the awfulness of the penalty, that deters from crime. This, however, is a separate topic.

What is the origin of capital punishment? An ingenious correspondent has suggested to me that it was originally a form of sacrifice. The bodies of the capitally punished, he says, have still in superstition a magical efficacy. Thus, I presume, we may note the mandrake which springs from the ground over which a malefactor is suspended. Jeanne d'Arc was accused of possessing a mandrake, at which she merely scoffed. The Hand of Glory is made of the hand of one who has been hanged, and when lighted it magically reveals treasures. A piece of the rope that hanged a man is regarded as a fetish or lucky amulet by some gamblers. These ideas, however, are all magical, and have no religious connection.

I cannot think that the slaying of criminals was originally a sacrifice to the gods whom they had offended. Murder, for example, is originally an offence, not against the gods of the tribe or against the State, but against the kinsmen of the slain man. They demand a life for a life, and when the State (as distinguished from the kin) assumes the administration of law, the State keeps on the old penalty—death. Among the very rudest races we find capital punishment, but sacrifice we do not find. It appears to be unknown to the Australian tribes, whose gods (if gods they have, as I believe) are not propitiated by any offerings. Yet the tribes used to inflict capital punishment, not for murder (which the kin avenged), nor for theft (which the individual wronged was licensed to punish), but for incest, for the breach of the tribal marriage laws—laws very widely different from our ideas of prohibited degrees. Adultery, at least in the woman, was in some districts capitally punished, not by the injured husband but by the men of the tribe. The exact motive for tribal action in this case is obscure. Incest, however, was probably regarded as apt to bring down ill luck on the tribe at large. It was not left to the automatic action of the infringed taboo, as in most other cases of taboos, when the animal, illegally eaten, seems to be supposed to avenge himself. The old German punishment of certain evildoers, by smothering them in marshes, does not appear to have involved a sacrifice to the earth goddess, but was a mere symbolic expression of supreme disgust. In Polytheisms, the various gods are seldom, if ever, remarkable for morality, so that it is not likely that a man is sacrificed, when he is put to death, as a victim to the god whom he has offended by sin. In African and other barbarous despotic states there is an obvious reason for the frequency of capital punishments. Long terms of imprisonment are impossible from the lack of organisation; exile is not easily imposed; the social condition often does not make fines severe penalties; there remain death and mutilation, the latter being very common in mediæval Europe. The cutting off of a forger's hand, or the hand of a man who drew sword within the court precincts, and the punishment of blinding, are familiar in histories.

On the whole, I perceive no method in which sacrifice of criminals is likely, on a large scale, to have lost the religious significance and glided into mere execution.

Human sacrifice itself is probably rather magical than religious in origin. The blood of the victims and fragments of their flesh were supposed to fertilise the fields. We seldom, if ever, find human sacrifice except among races more or less agricultural. Races which have not developed agriculture have rarely developed rank to any great extent. Thus, having no kings, they do not sacrifice women, warriors, or captives to accompany the dead prince and be his servants or wives in the next world. As civilisation advanced, it was natural, as Mr. Frazer argues, when a human sacrifice was demanded by tradition, to choose a condemned criminal or a war prisoner as the victim. Criminals were not originally sacrificed to gods; on the other hand, it was a criminal already expecting capital punishment who was sacrificed when a human victim was needed. In the late Greek case of the cannibal sacrifice to Zeus Lycæus, we have no hint as to how the victim was chosen. Pausanias prefers not to enter into the disgusting details. But, probably, in late Greece the victim must have been either a criminal or a person so generally unlucky or unpopular that he might as well be cooked and eaten. Negroes in America seem occasionally to be capitally punished (lynched) for mere "unpopularity."

I had supposed that death by hanging was never and nowhere a form of sacrifice. The ingenious correspondent already alluded to has, however, adduced some cases which make this opinion doubtful. For some reason (not likely to be connected with sacrifice, an honourable death) hanging has always in Europe been a death of shame.

> He was not slain by the sword,
> Knight's axe, or the knightly spear;
> I cut away the cord
> From the neck of my brother dear,

says the poet, if I may quote him from memory. The steel, sword, or axe was an honourable, the cord an infamous, instrument of death. The French Revolution, "levelling up," put everybody, gentle or simple, to death by the steel—the steel that had of old executed only nobles, kings, and regents. The rope to which we fondly cling is as obsolete in France as the wheel, expressly intended to add torture to death. Two hours, under Louis XIV., were devoted to killing Roux de Marsilly. Probably the most humane form of capital punishment is the Athenian death by hemlock. The view of a gibbet, on the other hand, rejoiced the mariner, wrecked on an unknown coast, "for now I know," he said, "that I am got into a Christian country." This assurance would no longer be present for his encouragement. In the sixteenth century, and even in the eighteenth, he would have seen heads mouldering on spikes above the gates of towns. In the contemporary drawing of the scene of Darnley's murder (1567) two heads are fixed on the spikes above the Kirk o' Field Port. Their owners cannot even be guessed at, but deterrent effect there was none; people went on forging, coining, robbing, slaying. The Regent Murray drowned a number of men at Hawick in the Teviot, because rope was dear and trees were scarce. As a rule drowning, like burning, was reserved for women; these Elliots and Scotts, bold riders, died a woman's death; but the survivors went on robbing and murdering in pleasant Teviotdale. History shows that capital punishment is best when used in homœopathic doses. The hanging of crowds of Dissenters in the Grass Market, if it paid at all, paid only indirectly. When the Dissenters became the Established Kirk, they were content not to hang Episcopalians as such, and only one Biblical critic was thus put to an infamous death, *pour encourager les autres.*

A. Lang.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

SINCE last I wrote my Comments, Parliament has been prorogued; and I willingly admit that in this respect, at any rate, Lord Salisbury has improved on the practice of Liberal premiers, who habitually kept their unhappy supporters grilling and stewing in the House of Commons till September was well advanced. Now is the moment for the Bystander, on his grouse-moor or in his German bath, or wherever inclination or necessity may have led him, to turn his mental gaze on deserted Westminster, and "take stock," as the phrase is, of the Parliamentary situation. Nobody could say that the session just closed has been interesting or fruitful. But the Conservative party, though it may not have many performances to boast, can, at any rate, be satisfied with its position. Things are well as they are. The Government has not, indeed, displayed administrative or legislative genius; but genius in statesmen has often been found to be an expensive quality; and Ministries composed of very dull men have proved much more durable than combinations of "All the Talents." The characteristic of the present Ministry is not so much that it is dull as that it is stale. It has had so long a tenure of office that freshness and vivacity have given way to jog-trot and humdrum. We know our men and what to expect of them; and what we expect we get. The end of the session leaves the reputations of the Front Bench in the House of Commons pretty much where the beginning found them.

Mr. Balfour is a lithe and rather unscrupulous debater; and, though the style of his speech is unadorned and the substance is argumentative, he is, if the old definition holds good, a rhetorician rather than a logician. For we used to be told that the object of logic is to ascertain truth, and the object of rhetoric to persuade one's hearers. Mr. Balfour's object is to persuade the House of Commons. He excels in making the worse appear the better cause, and, as the Leader of the House generally has the last word in the debate, he has excellent opportunities for exercising his special gift. Mr. Chamberlain is still—as Mr. Gladstone said of him long ago—"like Gambetta, *un homme autoritaire*," looking neither before nor after, living in the events and struggles of each day as it comes, and securing the object of the moment by an irresistible combination of dexterity and force. Strange indeed were the miscalculations and mishandlings which deprived the Liberal party of such a gladiator. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach still plays the part of the strong man armed, whom none dare challenge, and few willingly disturb. His management of the Budget has been the one Ministerial triumph; and it is satisfactory as showing that high character and gentleman-like bearing still have their weight in the House of Commons. Of Mr. Brodrick one might almost say, as Burke said of the fifth Duke of Bedford, that he was "swaddled and rocked and dandled into a legislator" and a Minister. He has those qualities of industry and patience and accuracy and thoroughness which go to make the first-class official; and his stoutest opponents must feel the pathos of the disabling shock which has fallen upon him just at the moment of a supreme demand upon his powers.

Turning to the other side of the House, I see Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman struggling with admirable temper and fortitude against the manifold difficulties of a position which his official friends try to make impossible. Sir William Harcourt has become a less interesting figure in our public life since he abandoned those fields of religious controversy where he used to go gathering flowers hand in hand with the Lady of the League. Mr. Morley, suddenly emerging from the muniment-room of Hawarden, made a speech which lifted him at once into the first rank of Parliamentary speakers, and then as suddenly retired. Mr. Asquith, after two years of more or less dexterous balancing, has cast in his lot with the extreme advocates of coercion in South Africa. Sir Edward Grey gives a judicious and consistent support to the Government, and calls on us to lament that he is out of office; but, as long as the Tories are perfectly competent to do their proper work, there is no special reason to send them reinforcements from the Liberal side.

The Liberal rank and file, paralysed by disagreement on the transcendent topic of the hour, let all their natural work of criticism and opposition pass into the hands of the Irish and the Welsh; who, it must be admitted, perform it with great goodwill. Meanwhile, the Liberal Imperialists look eagerly for a market to which they may carry their inestimable wares, but find it not. They are praised, but repudiated, by their former hero Lord Rosebery, who, in a fine flurry of patriotic zeal, writes letters because he must not make speeches, and then makes speeches to explain his letters. Mr. Chamberlain, at Blenheim, unkindly revives the story of Lord Rosebery's surrender to the Irish after the incident of the Predominant Partner; and plainly tells the Liberal Imperialists that, if they had either more backbone or more conscience, they would join him and his allies. Meanwhile, they stand shivering on the brink, and fear to launch away. They have yet to learn the lesson taught by the history of the Peelites, that there is no room for a third party in English politics. Mr. Gladstone (who had tried all possible combinations) wrote of the Peelites before they were absorbed into Liberalism, that they were like roving icebergs, on which men could not land with safety, but with which ships might come into perilous collision. "Their weight was too great not to count, but it counted first this way and then that. It is not alleged against them that their conduct was dishonourable, but their political action was attended with much public inconvenience." BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE "CHRISTIAN DEMOCRACY."

(FROM A ROMAN CATHOLIC CORRESPONDENT).

A SLIM paper volume, entitled "L'Eglise et la Démocratie Chrétienne," comes to me from Liége to mark the growth of a movement which is still comparatively little understood in England. The volume consists of the recent encyclical of Leo XIII. on the social question "Graves de Communire," together with three commentaries supplied by three leaders of the Christian democratic movement in France, Belgium, and Italy respectively. The three writers who have contributed to its pages are, each in their own country, representative men, held in the highest esteem. Canon Pottier, as Professor of moral theology at Liége, has been in a position to indoctrinate the younger Belgian clergy with a wider understanding of their social responsibilities, and it is he, more than anyone else, who, in relation to social questions, has urged the obligations of justice as distinguished from the obligations of charity. M. Georges Goyau is the literary leader of a little group of ardent Catholics in Paris, an acute student of contemporary social needs. Professor Toniolo, the well-known Pisan economist, is a personal friend of the Pope and the intellectual giant of the Italian movement. All three explain and comment and emphasise the words of Leo XIII., and point out the immediate practical application of the general principles he lays down.

It is difficult for Englishmen, unfamiliar with social conditions in Catholic countries, to understand the strength of the Christian democratic movement. In England our trade unions and our complete liberty of combination on the one hand, and our essential Protestantism on the other, have brought about an entirely different situation. Religious people in England have not troubled themselves much about the economic side of social problems, and the idea of running Raiffeisen banks and co-operative creameries

on a Denominational basis is apt to strike them as absurd and even objectionable. In Belgium and the Rhine Provinces, in France, and in Northern Italy it is quite otherwise. When, just ten years ago, Leo XIII. published the most epoch-making of his many encyclicals, "De Rerum Novarum," he was assuring the foundations of a movement which had already taken root in many places, and which stood in need of some guiding principle. It was a movement founded in the main on a double recognition. In the first place, there was the perception of a democratic spirit abroad among all nations, and of a determination among the people to use to the full the powers conferred on them by their civil enfranchisement—a spirit with which the Church must hasten to place herself in harmony, if she did not wish to find herself in irremediable estrangement; in the second place, there was the tardy recognition that the prevailing conditions of modern industry had created a situation which demanded a more forcible treatment than could be applied by the time-worn methods of Christian charity. Where the conditions of labour were fundamentally unjust, where a day's work did not provide a living wage, and where long hours, night labour, and insanitary conditions prevailed, intelligent Catholics began to realise that mere alms-giving was futile as a remedy, and served only to perpetuate the social injustice. Hence an up-springing in all directions of new *œuvres*—of co-operative societies and village banks, of sick insurance societies and professional syndicates, of hostelries and guilds and clubs in which, while the creative impulse came indeed from the Church, the members themselves were urged to autonomous self-government. Now the new encyclical "Graves de Communire" has come to confirm the work of the last decade, to point out a danger here, a shortcoming there, and to urge forward both clergy and laity to fresh endeavour. The Pope re-affirms the great injunction of his earlier appeal, "Go to the People"; he points out that the first aim of the movement is to render "tolerable" the position of the worker; he protests against divorcing the economic from the moral aspects of the problems before us; he emphasises the superiority of "permanent institutions" for promoting thrift and self-help over purely temporary measures of relief; he asserts that men are not free to assist or neglect the poor at their pleasure, but that all are bound to social service as to a "positive duty," and that little can be accomplished unless all classes work hand in hand. Finally, he deliberately puts his seal to the title of Christian Democracy with which this new movement within the Church has become more and more closely identified, while to appease the fears and bitter hostility it has excited in many orthodox quarters, he explains that no political significance must be attached to the term, neither must the movement be identified with any one political party.

Though the directing hand is thus the hand of Rome, it must not be supposed that this democratic development is due simply to Papal instructions. The Pope cannot create in these matters; he can only wisely foster. The strength of the movement lies just in this, that it has not been imposed from above, but has sprung up from the soil of each separate nation, and that in its diverse forms it corresponds to the needs of each locality. Thus in Venetia and Lombardy Christian democracy has founded innumerable village banks on the Raiffeisen system, saving the peasant from the grasp of the money-lender, and supplying him with that ready money which is essential to his prosperity. Whole villages have been brought from penury to decent comfort by these simple means, in the promotion of which the village priest is usually the leading spirit. In Belgium it has given birth to much-needed factory legislation; it has founded labour syndicates, co-operative associations, sick and old age insurance; it has started a growing agitation in favour of Sunday rest, and it has called into existence the "Aumôniers du Travail"—a congregation of priests pledged to labour among the very poor, and to study all their needs whether economic or moral. In France it has been identified with the great work carried on for the last half-century at Val-des-Bois by M. Léon Harmel, the model employer who has set a new standard of duty before the manufacturers of France; it has sent men like the Abbé Lemire to the French Chamber; on its more spiritual side it has produced a striking revival of the Third Order of St. Francis; and on its controversial side—for the French nation loves controversy—a whole library of literature bearing upon the subject. In the Rhine provinces, where the people are at once so devout and so prosperous, and where the influence of the great Bishop Ketteler still survives, the democratic spirit has given a fresh impulse to good works of every kind, and the Catholic labour congresses there are attended by thousands of delegates. Even in Austria, torn by anti-Semitism and conflicting national claims, some social progress has been made, and in Holland the recent Catholic successes are due not a little to the activity of the democratic wing of the Catholic minority under the able leadership of Dr. Schaepmann. Everywhere a zealous apostolate is carried on by means of the press, and, besides the more popular forms of journalism, there are to be found magazines, such as the *Démocratie Chrétienne* of Lille, edited by the Abbé Six, or the learned *Rivista Internazionale*, directed by Toniolo, wholly devoted to the grave discussion of the economic aspect of social needs.

That these new activities, inspired by a fresh perception of the bearing of Christian ethics on our twentieth century life, have been in turn ignored, opposed, and misrepresented by the great mass of Catholic Conservative opinion, goes without saying. No reforms can be won without fighting, and where an established religion is concerned the forces of Conservatism are always more widely spread than those of progress. The practical importance of the recent encyclical lies in the fact that it will put an end to antagonism and misrepresentation in quarters where to be at one with the Papacy is a first consideration. Already the *Civiltà Cattolica*, perhaps the most reactionary review in Europe, has ranged itself officially on the side of Christian Democracy. And one thing is plain; the hold that the Roman Church will have on the people of Europe and America during the next half century will depend very largely on the extent to which the democratic sympathies within the Church are granted official recognition, and allowed unfettered expansion.

DAYLIGHT AND DREAMLIGHT.

Dim grows the clover
  Down in the meadows.
Is the day over?
  See the deep shadows.
Can the day be done,
When the sun has not shone?

This was my day,
  Mine for the making.
What hopes there lay
  'Twixt close and breaking!
In the dusky night
I had dreamed of the light.

Through a gray dawning
  Noon shone before me.
From a cloud-awning
  It lowered o'er me.
Yet from noon to night
There was room for delight.

Comfort me, Night,
  O Night, my mother!
I crave no light
  Save thine, no other.
Thy moon hath soft beams,
Thy pearl, O sea of dreams!

The day is over;
  See the deep shadows.
Dim grows the clover
  Down in the meadows.
The sun has not shone,
But the day is done.

HELEN CHISHOLM.

REVIEWS.

EXEMPLARY ROMANCE.

Don Quixote himself was never so mad as the editor would be who should expect to revive at the present date that "English enthusiasm for Don Quixote" which produced two editions of Shelton's translation in the course of eight years—1612 to 1620—and which bore fruit later in half a dozen English editions brought out by Carteret, Bowle, Jarvis, and others in the course of the eighteenth century. Don Quixote is as familiar as household words; everyone who can read has heard of the Don himself, his squire, the nurse, the doctor and the barber, Dulcinea, the windmills, and the voyage to the upper regions of the air; but few have read the history of the valorous and witty knight errant, and fewer still have read it through. It is better known than the "Faerie Queene," "Hudibras," and the "Arcadia," perhaps than the writings of Rabelais and Montaigne; but it is no longer a popular book. It has long ago risen—or fallen—to the position of a classic—that is to say, to be the treasure of the few, the hobby of a few more, and to furnish references and commonplaces to the rest of the world. Cervantes himself would not have wished for a better fate. To write for the many, he tells us, is the way to get "good money and means"; he who thinks of "three or four discreet men (if so many are to be found at a play)" will remain "as the tailor that dwells in a corner, without trade or estimation." The "three or four discreet men" will always be found when the ignorant applauders are silenced by time and the incursion of new subjects and new manners. The most ironical of writers discounted all this. He knew that his wisdom would be best presented disguised in a coat of motley. He would have smiled to think that the word "Quixotic" is commonly applied to foolish action lightly undertaken, not to heroism deranged; and that his moral is taken to be that the world is right after all; whereas it is, in fact, just the other way. Lovers of "Don Quixote" read it for the sake of two world-famous characters, Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. They can afford to pass over the minor personages, the Duke and Duchess, the Knights of the looking-glass, the green cassock, and the mournful countenance, Camacho, and all the rest of the interminable *dramatis personæ*; the wearisome stories, the more wearisome practical jokes. The Don may be monotonous, but he is never dull. Sancho is always there to give a point to what he says, or to bring out the wisdom of the hero by contrast with the foolishness of worldly wisdom.

The "Exemplary Novels"* are studies of nobleness, love and sorrow, represented in the character of Spanish hidalgos. The plots are as simple as those of Terence's plays. The artifices by which the story proceeds are simple and conventional. Virtue is rewarded, and vice punished; beauty is helped in distress, lovers part and meet. The grossness of the Italian *novella* and the French *conte* is absent. The language—Cervantes considered the "Novels" his masterpiece of style—is leisurely, fluent, and full of grace, a fitting vehicle for the smooth and dignified progress of the action. The stories are too beautiful to be tedious, though they belong to an art of story-telling and listening which required all the length of the Middle Ages to mature. To be sure, their personages have little originality; we have the noble father and mother, the unscrupulous lover, the distressed damsel, the faithful maiden who follows her lover in the disguise of a page, and all the stock in trade out of which Shakespeare created his Romeos and Violas; for Shakespeare alone breathed life into all his men and women, and his contemporaries have done their best if they raise one or two above the level of the conventional drama. Those who read the "Exemplary Novels" without too high an expectation of vivid character-drawing will not be disappointed. Cervantes seems to have set himself here to show what could be done by pure beauty of style and sentiment, apart from irony and satire. The poet comes out from his coat of motley (he had, as he sadly says, "no cloak"); and strange to say, the world had the sense to accept him in his new character.

Novelists are of two sorts: those who have lived largely in the world and draw their stories from all life, and those who describe intimately a small corner of life which they have made their own. Cervantes combined these two in one; so did Scott; and we do not know where to find a third name, unless it be that of Defoe. Cervantes exceeds the other two, because noble sentiment and poetry are always associated in his writings with the closest knowledge and presentation of details. In Cervantes the scene is always perfectly conceived in all its particulars; the personages stand out clear and definite; he is supreme in narrative; conversation springs naturally out of the situation, and philosophy and romance are never far off.

But a whole number of The Pilot would be too short for an essay on Cervantes. We hope that these few words may induce a reader here and there to spend half a guinea in the purchase of the three beautiful volumes of "Don Quixote" which Messrs. Macmillan have added to their delightful series of English Classics, and help to revive an interest in the "Exemplary Novels," which have suffered an undeserved eclipse in the *longueurs* of the century which succeeded them. Both editors have done their work well, and the books leave nothing to be desired in paper and typography. The type of the "Novels" is particularly clear and good, with something of an Elzevir character.

* The History of Don Quixote. Translated by Thomas Shelton, and edited by Alfred Pollard. Three vols. Macmillan.

Exemplary Novels. By Cervantes. Translated by James Mabbe Gilbings. Two vols. Macmillan.

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* SHAKESPEARE'S GREENWOOD.

Mr. George Morley has collected in this pretty volume certain observations and examples of Warwickshire speech and popular lore still prevalent in the county, some of which may claim to be Shakespearian. He is vastly surprised and pleased at his discoveries. He is surprised, for example, that the Harbury carrier—Harbury is a place which is but six miles from Leamington, where there are High Schools for girls and a college of some eminence—should express himself in terms that befit "William, the lover of Audrey." Three times a week at least does the Harbury carrier visit Leamington, yet has he preserved the purity of his speech. "My ould man," he said, meaning his buxom wife, younger than himself, whom he sometimes brought in "the cart," "hev med a blue biggen for the recklin' yander" (a young child was sitting in the conveyance). "'Tis a nesh 'un, ye see, an' 'canna' goo in closen wi'outin summat's on yed when the dag's a-fallin'." Now here we have Shakespeare's "biggen," a child's cap, as in Henry IV.:—

> Whose brow with homely biggen bound;

"nesh," for delicate or weak; "reckling," the weakling or youngest of the family; "dag" for dew—all still current in Warwickshire speech. Not everyone will regard "dag" as a "picturesque" peculiarity, as Mr. Morley does. Peculiar, but not picturesque, is it in the mouth of the old shepherd who said, "It be as heavy a dag, sir, this marnin' as I 'ood wish to see afore Martimas-day, so it be." One of the most singular examples given by Mr. Morley, new to us, at least, is the use of the word "hedgehog" for "urchin" applied to a boy. A hedgehog is an "urchin," so is a boy; therefore a boy is a "hedgehog." Many of these Warwickshire words are neither Shakespearian nor strictly local. They are widely found in the country south of the Trent, from Norfolk even unto Devon. But not a few are strikingly illustrative, and justify the special aim of the author. We can sympathise with Mr. Morley's delight and surprise at hearing a woman fatigued by a long tramp say she was "fore-wearied." Evidently this woman was not brought up on the dry

* Shakespeare's Greenwood. By George Morley. David Nutt.

husks of the Board school. Among the local flower-names the strangest is "smell-smocks" for lady-smocks. Scent is not their chief characteristic, though they are not absolutely scentless, as Mr. Morley imagines. The scent is, indeed, so delicate and elusive, that it is "felt like an odour within the sense." Shakespeare's exquisite phrase "silver-white" fixes the true distinction of this pretty flower. But Shakespeare's flower-lore has been much more thoroughly treated by others. Nor does Mr. Morley add to our store by his notes on the birds and trees of the district, though he writes pleasantly of those matters.

The popular lore and superstitions cited by Mr. Morley do not strike us as in any sense local. The Warwickshire farmer will not buy a horse with one white foot. He will shake his head, and murmur :—

> One white foot is bad, and two are too many,
> That horse is best that does not have any.

"This," says Mr. Morley, with unnecessary solemnity, "is an example of the folk-lore of Shakespeare's greenwood, an influence which is as tenacious of life in the mind of the Warwickshire countryman as the idiom of his tongue." But the prejudice, or superstition, is common to almost the whole of rural England. Quite as general, also, are the rhymes which Mr. Morley quotes about "A swarm of bees in May," and "Sunday's child is full of grace," and "Rain before seven," and "A red sky in the morning," and many another example. With some slight variations, these are universally known. The well-known prognostics of summer—"When the oak's before the ash"—is varied, it seems, in Warwickshire in an odd and rather unmeaning manner. It runs thus—

> If the oak comes out before the ash,
> We shall have a summer of splash ;
> If the ash comes out before the oak,
> We shall have a summer of smoke.

It is difficult to say how the pastures can "smoke," as Mr. Morley explains, in a hot, dry summer. "Soak" is, of course, the old reading. But as the ash never is before the oak it does not matter very much. The mistake arose through mistaking for the foliage of the ash the bloom, which, as with most deciduous trees, precedes the foliage. A still more curious error is shown in an example of weather-lore connected with the moon. When the new moon "lies like a boat," as Martin Poyser says in "Adam Bede," it is a sign of fine weather. But rain is prognosticated, says Mr. Morley, "when the crescent moon stands downward, when, in fact, the boat figure is reversed." As the crescent moon is never to be seen in this position, it is difficult to understand how "the country dwellers" of whom Mr. Morley speaks can believe in this weather sign. It must be the waning moon in the early morning, which many a rustic must have observed, that is meant. The shepherd and the ploughman do not make these mistakes. It is only in paintings one sees impossible moons, and only in novels one reads of them. The haunted houses, the ghost stories, the customs of the county, of which Mr. Morley writes, are tolerably well known. Mr. Morley discourses agreeably of the Warwickshire poets since Shakespeare—the gentle Shenstone and Richard Jago, Lady Luxborough, and Somerville—and with a final chapter on George Eliot, brings his book to a close. Landor, himself a poet of Warwick, once spoke of certain Shakespearian books as "mushrooms under the oaks of Arden." Mr. Morley's pleasant volume might be likened, in Ben Jonson's phrase, to "a little shrub growing by," green and sunshiny, and not unvocal with bird-song.

APOSTLES OF THE LORD.

THE six lectures which this volume contains are based upon the instructions given by our Lord to his apostles recorded in the tenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. With these as a foundation, they deal with the subjects of the call of the apostles, the apostolic sphere, the apostolic message, apostolic routine, apostolic trials, and apostolic devotion; and treat them as bearing on the aspirations and resolves which may be looked for in candidates for Holy Orders in the circumstances of the present time.

The lectures are marked by the well-known excellences of Canon Newbolt's work. The spiritual force is abundant and intense. There is great insight into the needs and difficulties of clerical life. The power of applying the words and teaching of Holy Scripture in practical ways is very great. It is throughout insisted that the clergy must be faithful men, performing their duty fully and loyally in all parts of their ministry.

Those who are acquainted with *Speculum Sacerdotum* will here recognise many of the thoughts and some of the language of Canon Newbolt's earlier book. In both, the ideal of the ministry is the same ; and the method of treatment is alike, with such necessary differences as are involved in the one being intended primarily for the clergy and the other having been addressed to those not yet ordained.

Canon Newbolt mentions in his preface that "he has not entered into much detail as to preaching, visiting, teaching, and the like." It has evidently been his aim rather to promote the true spirit of clerical life and work than to give instructions on the particular duties of the ministry. Yet the careful reader will find the book full of valuable advice on specific points which may perhaps be the more useful to some because of the way in which it is introduced as springing out of and illustrating the deep principles with which the lectures are, in the first instance, concerned. That here and there the use of metaphor is somewhat excessive or the rhetoric not altogether unstrained will be readily pardoned by those who sympathise with the deep earnestness which marks the writer.

Fears are sometimes expressed by competent observers that there is a tendency among some of the younger clergy to neglect routine work of an ordinary kind through their absorption in what is more distinctively priestly ; that a lack of consistent seriousness about sacred things and a certain want of refinement and reserve occasionally accompany a very strong view of the powers and position of the clergy ; and that the solidity and robustness of those who were immediately influenced by the Tractarian leaders has not always been sufficiently preserved by a later generation. If there is any good ground for such fears, a valuable corrective to the evils which are dreaded might well be found in a careful study of the book before us.

APOSTLES OF THE LORD, being six Lectures on Pastoral Theology, delivered in the Divinity School, Cambridge, Lent Term, 1901. By W. C. E. Newbolt, M.A., Canon and Chancellor of St. Paul's. Longmans. 3s. 6d. net.

THOMAS SYDENHAM.

THOMAS SYDENHAM, physician and reformer of medicine, only died a trifle over two hundred years ago ; yet to our generation he has become but little more than a great name. His family, Dr. Payne tells us, has, so far as is known, died out ; his personality is known only by portraits and a few traditions ; and his writings have become the study of scholars, rather than the common reading of the profession, as they were for nearly a century. The materials for this memoir, especially with regard to Sydenham's personality, are somewhat scanty. Born of a good Dorset family, he served in the Civil War on the side of the Commonwealth, lived in Oxford as a Fellow of All Souls, and then became a London physician with a large and ever-increasing practice. Dr. Payne has filled in this outline with the greatest skill and patience, giving a vivid picture of the condition of the county of Dorset in the long years of the war, and of the Sydenham family, who played so large a part in those now almost forgotten struggles. The chapters dealing with this part of Sydenham's life are perhaps the most interesting in the volume. It is not the fault of the biographer, but of his subject, that the interest somewhat fails when he deals with that part of Sydenham's life which was devoted to his profession. The story of the successful pursuit of a profession,

* THOMAS SYDENHAM. By J. F. Payne, M.D.

even though it includes the story of the reform of the practice of that profession, cannot at this distance of time awake much enthusiasm ; and Sydenham's fame rests rather upon his critical than his creative achievements. He removed by his writings and mode of thought much that stood in the way of real progress in medicine ; but no discovery of his opened new and wide horizons to the medical art. And so, though in a sense every rational physician of the present day is his direct heir, the inspirations which direct and control medical progress have been derived from other sources ; from Harvey and the scientific researchers in physiology and anatomy, whose representatives Sydenham in his day held in low esteem. Dr. Payne treats in his later chapters of Sydenham's works, of his friends, and of the language in which he wrote—a question of very considerable interest. There is not a dull (page in the whole volume, and there is very much that has not been previously published in any life of Sydenham ; and whatever difference of opinion there may be as to Sydenham's place in the history of medicine, no one will lay down Dr. Payne's delightful memoir without an increased feeling of admiration and respect for its subject.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam." By A. C. Bradley. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

(2) A Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames. By the late Charles Wareing Bardsley. Frowde. 21s. net.

(3) The Transit of Civilisation from England to America in the Seventeenth Century. By Edward Eggleston. Hirschfeld. 6s. net.

(4) From Squire to Prince : being a History of the House of Cirksena. By Walter Phelps Dodge. Fisher Unwin.

(5) Modern Greece. By Sir Richard C. Jebb. (New edition). Macmillan. 5s.

(6) Palgrave's Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics. Book Fourth. Edited with notes by J. H. Fowler. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

(7) The Library. New Series. No. 7. Kegan Paul. 3s.

(1) Since Florence founded a Dante lectureship (with Boccaccio as its first holder), within the century in which the "Divina Commedia" was written, few poems can so quickly have attracted the attention of commentators as Tennyson's "In Memoriam." If it has not called into existence any special society for its study, this is only because study has been sufficiently spontaneous and popular to dispense with such machinery. Dr. Gatty's "Key" was published during the poet's life, and possesses the immense advantage of having been revised by Tennyson himself, though not very carefully. Since the poem in its earliest form has gone out of copyright, annotated editions by excellent scholars have followed each other in quick succession, and now we have before us *A Commentary on Tennyson's "In Memoriam,"* by Dr. A. C. Bradley, the Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. That commentators have been attracted to the poem is natural enough. The young student of poetry who can grasp its full meaning must possess very unusual qualities, and even he can only do so by seeking out information as to both Arthur Hallam and Tennyson which even a stubborn hater of commentaries must regard it as commendable to bring within easy access. Without some aid the poem can only lay hold on the average reader in virtue of the splendour of isolated sections, and we may guess that it is this partial appreciation that it generally obtains. It is to be regretted that Tennyson himself never sanctioned such a compromise between commentary and no commentary as might be provided by substituting for the mere numbering of the sections some system of separating and connecting them by groups, with a few simple headings and notes of time. But even if this had been done, the commentator, though less indispensable, would still have had a part to play. Dr. Bradley, in his preface, sets himself to meet the possible charge that he often insists "on finding a definite meaning where there is none." His reply is :—

> I can only say that, while I have no doubt it may be true as regards some passages, I question the presupposition on which it rests. Apart from defects, fine poetry, I think, is indefinite in the sense that its language has a vague suggestiveness, on which its virtue largely depends, and which disappears in a paraphrase. But this suggestiveness, or untranslatable "meaning," attaches to a definite mental matter, namely, images and thoughts, the outlines of which should be clear to us, however little we may be able to exhaust their significance. We read for the most part half asleep, but a poet writes wide awake. His thoughts may be unlike logical statements, and his images may conflict, but they are there and all alive ; and our business is to recreate them. We are much mistaken when we foist upon him the misty generalities which his words may at first convey to us. There is no poetry in *this* indefiniteness, there is simply feebleness of imagination.

This vigorous statement is so essentially true, and combats so slovenly a theory, that it is with some hesitation we suggest that there is in poetry, over and above mere suggestiveness, an occasional doubleness of thought which defies the commentator. Phrases which have been hidden in the poet's mind come to him meaning more than he needs, and he avails himself of the surplusage in a manner which he could hardly do in prose. Even as regards the difficult first stanza of section 44, on which Dr. Bradley writes his most elaborate note, we cannot feel as absolutely sure as he is that Tennyson was not combining the idea of recollections of pre-existence with that of recollections of the early days of infancy. But the note, with its apt quotations from the "Memoir," and from other poems of Tennyson, and its very clear-headed argument, is a fine piece of exegesis, and in re-studying "In Memoriam" with Dr. Bradley's aid, we have found his interpretations helpful in numerous passages. The notes are prefaced by a long introduction dealing with the origin, composition, and structure of the poem, the ideas used in it, the metre and the debt to other poems. All of these are good, but more interesting than any of them is a section entitled, "The Way of the Soul," reviewing the spiritual experience which "In Memoriam" records. This is quite admirable throughout, and proves conclusively that Dr. Bradley's keen desire to fathom the exact meaning of every phrase has only quickened his appreciation of the poem as a whole. The section is too closely compacted for it to be possible to detach a quotation from it, but we commend Dr. Bradley's commentary in general, and this section in particular, to all who are interested in Tennyson's poetry and thought.

(2) It would be difficult to praise too highly the posthumously published *Dictionary of English and Welsh Surnames*, by Canon Bardsley. The hobby, which was taken up in boyhood, and which bore fruit before he was thirty in a work on English surnames, which is only now superseded, remained with him to the end as the chief pastime of a busy clerical life, and this dictionary is no unworthy outcome of the thirty years during which it has been on the stocks. It contains over eight hundred pages, and as each page on an average deals with some twenty-five names, or forms of names, we may reckon that it contains altogether some twenty thousand. No doubt it is not quite exhaustive (*e.g.*, we have not found any entries for "Nares" or "Stride"), but we reckon that the omissions can hardly amount to more than five per cent., and the treatment of each name is admirable. Canon Bardsley's researches convinced him at an early date that all surnames may be divided into five classes — viz., local, baptismal, occupative, official, and nicknames, familiarly spoken of as "nicks." In order to keep his work within reasonable limits he regarded his task as completed when a word has been traced back to one of these classes. That is to say, place-names, baptismal names, the words denoting occupations, etc., are regarded as ultimate factors, without further enquiry into how they themselves are formed. Quotations from registers and other documents, from the thirteenth century onwards, enable the history of the name to be traced, and at the end of each article, to give some idea of its rarity or commonness, is a record of how many times each

of its forms is found in various directories, English and American. Thus, to take a single article, chosen chiefly for its brevity, we find on p. 42 this entry:—

AINSWORTH.—Local, "of Ainsworth," a chapelry in the parish of Middleton, co. Lanc., formerly Aynesworth.

William de Aynesworth, co. Lanc., 1332. Lay Subsidy (Rylands), p. 33.

John de Aynesworth, 43 Edw. III. Baines' Lanc. i. 404.

Lawrence Ainsworth, of Pleasington, 1573; Wills at Chester (1545-1620), p. 2.

William Allen, of Ainsworth, 1588; ibid p. 5.

Cecilia Ainsworth, of Ainsworth, widow, 1630; ibid (1620-50), p. 2.

John Aynsworth (Linc. Coll.), Reg. Univ. Oxf. iii. 185.

London, 3; Manchester, 15; Philadelphia, 7.

To quote a single entry such as this seems to us better than much panegyric. It demonstrates on what a solid foundation the work is built up, and how intimately it is linked on to local history. Of course, Canon Bardsley was occasionally beaten, the names "Rastall" and "Wotherspoon," for instance, have defied his efforts, but it is certain that he never gave up the quest until all available information had been exhausted, and some contribution made to knowledge by recording early instances of the occurrence of the name under different forms. Through what pitfalls the compiler picked his way hardly needs illustrating: the pitfall of oversubtlety, which has caused some etymologists to invent wild derivations for "Shakespeare," the opposite pitfall of ready acquiescence in the obvious, as in such names as Goodenough, Badenough, which seem clearly "nicks," but are really local, the termination being "hough" or "how," a hill. It would be easy to multiply these two instances by ten, and to cull not a mere score, but hundreds of examples of Canon Bardsley's patient ingenuity in tracking names, through the most eccentric spellings, to their true source. We can only say that his book is unfailingly interesting, and that it ought to be in every reference library in the English-speaking world. The Dictionary has been edited (no light task) by Canon Bardsley's widow, and is prefaced by a charming little memoir by his brother, the Bishop of Carlisle.

(3) The only fault that we have to find with an interesting and amusing book, by Mr. Edward Eggleston, on *The Transit of Civilisation from England to America in the Seventeenth Century*, is that a large portion of it deals not so much with civilisation as with habits of thought and action more akin to barbarism. Mr. Eggleston rightly refuses to concern himself with the dates at which Copernicus, Kepler, or Harvey made their discoveries; he is interested only in the period at which these discoveries were generally accepted. Thus, it is significant to him that the doctrine of the circulation of the bloods though upheld in a master's thesis at Harvard in 1660, wa still regarded there as an open question in 1699. When it is remembered that only about one in fourteen of the emigrants to New England before 1649 were entitled to be called "Mr.,' it is not surprising to find that in matters of science and medicine (to which Mr. Eggleston gives special heed) they were practically on the level of the Middle Ages, while, in the chapter entitled "Weights and Measures of Conduct," the painful crudity of their Puritanism is illustrated in profusion. Mr. Eggleston's notes on the relation of American English to the mother tongue are rather slight, though he gives some good examples of the way in which English names were transferred to new beasts and birds. The latter half of his book is occupied with an interesting account of the growth of education, and of land and labour in the early colonies, and here it is more easy to trace the "transit of civilisation," though not of a very advanced kind. A commendable feature in the book is the fulness and abundance of its notes and references. It possesses, also, an excellent index, made, we observe, by an indexer as discreet as he is diligent, for whereas a bad blight in 1665 is said, on p. 7, to have been popularly ascribed to "a great and blazing comet," and on p. 150 to the execution of the Quaker martyrs, he prudently omits the second explanation lest it should be thought to clash with the first.

(4) Mr. Walter Phelps Dodge has chosen rather a catchpenny title for his history of the rise of the house of Cirksena. *From Squire to Prince* may lure unwary readers to expect an exciting tale of personal adventure, but the "Squire" (if we have identified him rightly) is only mentioned casually as a certain brave Edzard, "who, as the leader of a large troop of Frisians, fought with King Louis IX. in the crusade of 1249, and as a reward received from him the lilies quartered on his coat-of-arms," while the princely dignity was not conferred on the rulers of Frisia until 1654, when their power was already on the wane, and within less than a century of the extinction of the family. No doubt the Counts of East Frisia were strong men, but if materials exist for such a prose epic as Mr. Dodge's title should herald, he has not known how to use them. He shows himself but a dull annalist, recording events in a disjointed fashion, very tedious to follow, and with little indication of their historical importance. His book is practically without references to original authorities, and its solitary note informs us of no more important fact than that "the Enos of Simsbury in Connecticut are of Frisian ancestry." Yet, uninteresting as this statement may seem, it throws some light on the mystery why this epitome of East Frisian history should be offered to English readers. Mr. Dodge dedicates it "To my cousin, John Chester Eno." Eno and Enno was the name of several Frisian Counts, and it is not unfair to suppose that the desire to glorify the Enos of Connecticut brought the book into existence. All that we can find to praise in it are the illustrations, taken from tombs and portraits of the Counts, and also from some fine silver coins of Enno II. and Enno III., which Mr. John C. Eno has made a hobby of collecting.

(5) The latest volume of Messrs. Macmillan's "Eversley Series" is a reprint of Sir Richard Jebb's *Modern Greece*, first published as long ago as 1880. The statistics in the paper on "The Progress of Greece," which originally appeared in 1879, are by this time sadly out of date, and we regret that Professor Jebb has not found time to rewrite the whole essay in the light of the events of the last twenty years. With the other contents of the volume time has dealt less hardly. The two lectures summarising modern Greek history and describing the author's own travels are as useful as when they were first written, while the revived interest in Byron lends new attractiveness to the paper on "Byron in Greece."

(6) Mr. J. H. Fowler has edited the fourth book of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury of Songs and Lyrics*, with Notes for the use of Schools. The notes are fairly good, but are hardly kept sufficiently at one level. Thus, if a boy requires to be told who Nelson was, he will not appreciate the note putting the greatness of the thought in Keats's sonnet, "When I have fears that I may cease to be," into the scale against "some lapses in his letters to Fanny Brawne." The long eulogy on Wordsworth's "Lucy Gray" also seems to us out of place in a school edition. It is coercive in its tone, and lays down the law rather clumsily. The philological notes offer a good deal of useful information; but after explaining "double-lived" as "having two lives," was it wise to proceed, "the active use of the participle 'lived' may be defended by the analogy of 'long-lived'"? The length of the vowel, as the word is commonly pronounced, shows that "lived" in "long-lived,' "double-lived," etc., comes from "life," not from the verb to live.

(7) In the current number of Mr. MacAlister's quarterly magazine, *The Library*, there is a portrait and eulogy of Sir Anthony Panizzi, ending, "if any future Carlyle desires to depict the hero as Librarian it must be Panizzi, 'warts and all,' who must sit for the portrait." Mr. Cyril Davenport exposes some popular errors as to old bindings, including the too prevalent one that the embroidered bindings of the seventeenth century were made by the Sisters of Little Gidding Mr. Melvil Dewey (the author of the "Decimal System") explains a scheme for special classes of consultative librarians who are to give advice as to the best books on every subject. Dr. Garnett introduces an article explaining the latest American device for bringing books quickly from shelf to reading-room, and Mr. H. B. Wheatley writes on the recent report of the committee on leather used in book-binding. The number, as a whole, is of unusual interest.

FICTION.

Tristram of Blent. An Episode in the Story of an Ancient House. By Anthony Hope. John Murray. 6s.—To find an irresistible vehicle in which to convey medicine down the throat of pleasure-loving infancy has always been recognised as one of the most arduous problems of nursery government; and when we get to the bottom of things, there is no doubt that the difficulty of the corresponding problem in the mixing of fiction is the whole and sole cause of the recent prevalence of the non-moral novel. Mr. Anthony Hope may be said to have solved the problem triumphantly in *Tristram of Blent.* He conveys the moral medicine in a vehicle of romance that can be compared only to sparkling champagne—by which we do not mean anything so commonplace or prosy as that *Tristram of Blent* is a romance with a good moral tucked away in the heart of it. We mean that the whole motive, inspiration, construction, atmosphere, and intention of the book is a glorification of the romantic, erratic, defiant impulses of life and character, which scout respectability, leap over convention, and break bounds. Just as truly as all the "pother" of the plot comes through the lawless wrong-doing of Harry Tristram's mother, so does the final righting of wrong come through romantic impulses and romantic ideals in Harry himself. Born and bred with the Ishmael bias in brain and blood, he is ready to hold to the inheritance he loves though he believes he has no legal right to it. Outlawed—as he believes—before birth, he has no part in the law that would cast him out if the facts were known to others as they are known to himself, and he has no shame about keeping his secret. The place, the position belong to his blood, and blood is all he will bow to. But when his mother is dead—the beautiful defiant woman, whose sin has placed him in a false position—and the girl who ought to have the place, the Gainsborough girl, so far a mere name—and a hated name by him—comes on the scene, the tables are turned. Cecily Gainsborough is like his mother and like himself. She, too, has the Tristram blood in her; she, too, belongs to the place as by birth, delights in it, though she never dreams that it is hers, graces it as one to the manner born. What Harry Tristram has been prepared to hold in grim defiance for a lifetime against the letter of the law, he yields in an hour to the romantic appeal the unconscious Cecily makes to his chivalry, his honour, his instinctive sense of the fitness of things. It was Harry's own opinion that his flight from Blent was magnificent. And it is an opinion that every reader must endorse. But so is his return, and so is the finely fraudulent marriage at the end. And these scenes, these actions are not only magnificent—they are enchanting. These two young creatures, Harry and Cecily, with "the Tristram way" of enraptured passion, swift action and contagious excitement, are delightful to read about, most refreshing to live with, and they are made all the more delightful by the characteristically cool background of intricate ingenuities against which they are revealed. The old scandal first turned up in the diary Mr. Neele is editing; the little foreign lady—with her faculty for "accumulating other people's secrets," and her love of making mischief without the slightest desire to hurt anybody—who lets the cat half out of the bag; Janie Iver's hesitancy among her suitors—all the circumstances that lead up to the crisis are worked in with the finish and neatness of fine mosaic. And yet at every point there is the sparkle, direct or reflected, of that wonderful spirit of romance which animates the principal actors and dominates all the others in spite of themselves. To the end of the story Harry is never sure what was his motive in "doing the straight thing in the end," but he knows that the doing it has made a man of him; and this point of light is focussed with great distinctness and simplicity in the queer little dialogue with the restaurant girl, that contrasts so sharply with the dinners and audiences of the great world to which Harry's exodus from Blent has introduced him. That all comes right in the end, and that Tristram of Blent is Tristram of Blent according to the letter of the law as well as the spirit of the blood, goes without saying. No romance is perfect unless it ends well, and have we not implied, if not already said, that this one is perfect? Somehow it is more serious than Mr. Hope's novels have generally been, and as a consequence of being serious instead of cynical, it is infinitely gayer and quite effervescingly young.

The Domine's Garden. By Imogen Clark. John Murray. 6s.—This is a delightful study of Knickerbocker New York, so idyllic in its presentment of that quaint quiet town of gabled houses set in Dutch gardens, that we are incredulous of the foreshadowed tragedy. But the grass-grown lane leading to the stiff, smiling *parterres* of the Domine's garden is the path of Fate. Through that disused gate went with her lover the fair wife of the grave Domine, leaving a little daughter to be guarded from knowledge of her mother's sin. The story centres in the minister's loving deceit when he announces his wife's death and so burdens his gentle nature with guilt. Through this gate comes the young English officer with his perilous friendship for the pure-natured Annetje. And by that entrance he brings for refuge his reckless love Peggy, after her winning race as her brother's jockey. The shadows gather about the Domine's garden, shadows of conscious and unconscious wrong, from which darkness death sets wide the gate. The characterisation is strong throughout, and the contrast between the simplicity of the Dutch life and the sophistication of the English circle is admirably rendered. But the daring Peggy, in her happy love, is not less womanly than Annetje, doomed through her innocence. And the chivalrous English officer is in fine opposition to the cruel, coarse-fibred Dutchman who plays *diobolus ex machina.*

The Arrows of the Almighty. By Owen Johnson. The Macmillan Co. 6s.—This book is a study of heredity with hopeful issues. The arrows of the Almighty, which pierce so keenly, rouse the fighting force which changes the boy of shadowed destiny into the conquering man, John Gaunt. The inheritor of morphine-induced melancholia and gambling instincts is, by the loss of fortune, thrown into the struggle for existence. In this strife he conquers self and circumstance. His defence of the interests of Government against dishonest contractors in war-time is a bloodless battle bravely fought; and his love-story has much tenderness and pathos. Jack Hazard, his friend, has the loveableness of the irresponsible, unsuccessful man. The fault of the story is its lack of cohesion. Certain characters fail in convincing identity. The wayward *belle* of Baltimore and her strong-willed wooer are not recognizably the patient martyr and nerveless wreck of the ensuing chapters. The book is provocative of interest, but of irritation also, in promise of power not adequately fulfilled.

Lords of the North. By A. C. Lant. Heinemann. Dollar Library. 4s.—In *Lords of the North* we have a story of the rivalries of the North-West and Hudson's Bay Companies in the beginning of the century. The author has made a close study of those adventurous days, and the result is a spirited semi-historic romance, full of intrigue, exploration, and grim feuds of the English, the Indians, and the wild *Bois-Brulés.* There are countless adventures and hairbreadth escapes, and the descriptions of Canadian scenery are careful, if not always vivid. Unfortunately, the characters fail in convincing life, with the exception of the "son of a seigneur," Louis Laplante, with his devious ways and chivalrous repentances; and the book does not convey what its author evidently feels, the weird glamour of the North.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

Dr. Carl Peters's reported identification of a settlement on the Zambesi with the Ophir of Scripture must be left until he produces his proofs in a more scientific way than he has hitherto done, but there seems no doubt that he has really discovered the remains of very ancient gold-workings carried on by an apparently Semitic people. This corresponds with the late Theodore Bent's explorations in Mashonaland, which showed the existence of "Phœnician" gold mines of high antiquity there also, and coupled with what we know from

Egyptian sources, proves Africa to have been the chief, if not the exclusive, source of the gold used in the ancient world. Yet the question put by a contemporary as to *why* the ancients before the use of gold coinage sought the precious metal with such eagerness is at first sight difficult to answer. Until gold became the medium of exchange it can only have been used for decorative purposes, for it was not hard enough for weapons or tools, and even in point of beauty it is not certain that it possesses any marked advantage over silver or copper. Why, then, did the earliest civilised inhabitants of Asia and Africa seek it through perils which are, perhaps, faintly shadowed for us in the classic tales of gold-guarding dragons and griffins?

An article by M. Moret in the current number of the *Recueil de Travaux* perhaps supplies an answer to this question. Among the many titles of the royal protocol in Pharaonic times is that of *Hor-nub*, or "the Golden Horus," which appears about the beginning of the IVth Dynasty, and continues down to Roman times. That the King of Egypt was identified with the sun-god Horus from the very earliest times we know from, among other things, the discoveries of M. Amélineau and Professor Petrie at Abydos, but why should he have been called in addition the *golden* Horus? M. Moret answers this by showing that the indestructible nature of gold, which, unlike silver or copper, will neither oxidise nor waste away by exposure, caused it to be looked upon by the Egyptians as something essentially divine, or, as they put it, "the flesh of the gods." Hence they, with the perverted logic used by the believers in "sympathetic" magic, thought that they could assure the incorruptibility of the bodies of the dead by gilding the corpse, and this they actually did with some of the royal mummies. Afterwards they contented themselves with gilding the nails of the feet and hands, and the same idea is doubtless involved in the gold masks found in the tombs of the dead at Mycenæ and other parts of the Western world. But, as with all Egyptian beliefs, the theory had a mystical side as well as a material one, and gold was later held to be an emblem of the immortality of the soul as well as of the preservation of the body. Thus is explained the odd notion preserved by the mediæval alchemists that drinking gold would renew their youth, an idea which is touched upon by Lord Lytton in his "Strange Story." Truly, one touch of superstition makes the whole world kin.

One very curious discovery, if it can be substantiated, has just come to hand with regard to the Philopatris generally attributed to Lucian. Renan saw in it an anti-Christian pamphlet directed against the political intrigues of the monks of his time, and this has generally been accepted as a sound exposition. In a memoir lately read before the Académie des Inscriptions it has been shown: first, that the document itself is not earlier than the tenth century, and was written in the last part of the reign of Nicephorus Phocas—a theory first started by the learned Hase; and, secondly, that instead of being of a satirical tendency, it actually records the existence of a sort of Pagan Church or secret society domiciled in Constantinople. The last days of Paganism, no doubt, lasted very much longer than is popularly supposed, but the existence of an organised body of worshippers of the ancient gods at so late a date goes beyond anything yet suspected. When we consider the recrudescence of Paganism under the ægis of the Humanists, that heralded, oddly enough, the dawn of the German Reformation, it really might seem as if the older worship never completely died out. Something of the kind is hinted at, by the way, in Sir Walter Scott's "Count Robert of Paris."

A very odd parallel has lately been drawn by a distinguished man of letters between Seneca and Jean Jacques Rousseau. This was actually the subject of a discourse delivered by M. Paul Thomas to the Royal Academy of Belgium at a late *séance*. As, from what I can hear, the similarity was confined to the written works of the two authors, it may serve to refute the old adage of "Le style c'est l'homme." Whatever may be thought of Seneca's writings as literature, there can be no doubt that he was an accomplished statesman who knew men and cities, and had no small share of stoicism in the popular rather than in the scientific sense of the word. One can hardly fancy the author of "Les Confessions" opening his veins in a bath.

F. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

HIGH CHURCHMEN AND THE LIBERAL PARTY.

SIR,—In your article on High Churchmen and the Liberal party you say there is a trend of a section of High Churchmen in the direction of Liberalism, and that the Liberal leaders, in writing over the Liberal party gates "No High Churchmen need apply," do not show much cleverness as recruiting agents. Both statements are no doubt true; and, therefore, it is becoming the duty of High Church Liberals not only to blot out that inscription from the Liberal party gates, but also boldly to enter those gates and become a power within them. Once, indeed, they enter them, they must need become an inspiration to a progressive Liberal party. They will supply it at once with an ideal and a conscience.

For consider the situation. Hitherto Liberalism has been merely a movement for the liberty of the individual. It has been a necessary movement, springing from historic causes. Prior to the Reformation the Church in the West had been greatly decatholicised by the imperial spirit. That spirit is ever the foe of the Catholic: it seeks to make unity by obliterating national distinctions and tongues, whereas the Catholic seeks to justify national distinctions in the one living organic unity of the Church. The one degrades nationality by raising some one man, one city, one tongue into supremacy over all others; the other justifies and ennobles all nations and tongues by raising them into a position of self-respecting equality in the Catholic Church. And it was this Catholic spirit that produced the Protestant reformation in England. By it the nation was enfranchised in the Catholic Church, and a vigorous protest made against the uncatholic supremacy of the Bishop of Rome. England thus became a self-respecting entity in the Church of the Nations. And therefore she sought to adjust the relationship of the local English Church to the Catholic Church by protesting against imperial rule and seeking to revert to the conciliar relationship of the early Church. And as long as England retains any self-respect she will ever seek to realise the Catholic ideal of the early Church and of the Reformation.

But no sooner had England asserted that the nation was enfranchised in the Church, and that the relationship of the local church to the Universal was conciliar and not imperial than it had to face another question, viz., what is the relationship of the individual to the local society? Starting from the fact that the nation was enfranchised in the Church by baptism, it argued that the State should compel every individual to fulfil his religious obligations. It proceeded to translate the moral ought into a legal must. Acts of uniformity are the efforts of the English nation to express a Catholic truth in terms of law. But theology is not translatable into law. And thus the efforts to make every Englishman realise his citizenship in the Church were doomed to failure, thanks to the conscience of the individual dissenter. He boldly declared that his relationship to the local Church was not a legal one. And it was this conviction that gave birth to the Liberal movement, which has ever had for its object the emancipation of the individual from vicious State control. "Let the individual be free" was the fiat of Liberalism. And so its history is one of removal of disabilities. Its work has consisted in declaring what the relationship of the individual to the local society is *not*; it has not yet stated what it *is*. Hitherto Liberalism has been a negative rather than a positive and constructive force. And the present split up of the Liberal party is due to the fact that it has, practically, fulfilled its negative mission, and has not realised what its positive mission is. But if the Liberal party is going to become the progressive party it must do for society what it has done for the individual: it must emancipate it, and reconcile the individual to it.

In the ecclesiastical sphere this means such a restatement of the terms of relationship between Church and State as shall retain the Reformation acceptance of the catholic doctrine that the nation is enfranchised in the Church, and that the State must safeguard this liberty for the nation by legal enactments, but also such as shall give freedom to the Church from the tyranny of the individual whom the State has rightly declined to coerce. The Act of Uniformity, the legal correlative of Baptism, has been so modified in the interest of the individual that the Church has no longer (and rightly) any coercive power over him, but not having been so modified in

the interest of the willingly obedient Society, the individual has obtained a harassing and coercive power over it. This is intolerable. The High Churchmen, as you say, feel this, and are disposed to sympathise with the Liberationists. But is this sympathy a wise one? Liberationism is simply an attempt to make religious individualism the coercive creed of the State. It seeks to disfranchise the nation in the Church. Its great ambition is to get Parliament to give its legal imprimatur to its declaration that the nation has no place in the Catholic Church. Liberationism is the tyranny of the individual. "Don't coerce me," he cries to the State, and the State listens; then, emboldened by success, he calls upon the State to coerce the Church into religious individualism. "Don't take my money to teach a religion I don't approve of," cries the individual, and, rightly, the State desists; then he makes the State give him power to use the rates to teach his own religion. "Let me be free to teach what religion I like," demands the individual, and the State grants him that liberty; then he cries to the State to deprive the Church of her liberty to teach her faith in her own schools. Liberationism is diseased individualism and the Nonconformist conscience is its tyrannical and stultified organ. No wonder that Liberalism, now that the Nonconformist conscience has become a dominant power within its gates, has fallen upon evil days. When there was something to do in emancipating the individual, the Liberal party was vigorous and healthy, but now that the individual is free, it has become morbid and tyrannical. And it will only become healthy again when it sets to work to obtain social freedom and to attain to a higher state of social organisation; when it outgrows the ideal of the dissenting middle-class "boss." Liberationism is no satisfactory statement of the relationship between Church and State. And it affords no inspiration to any except to the opulent pulpiteers and the proud prosperous "bosses" of dissent.

High Churchmen should therefore enter the gates of Liberalism with its own ideal inscribed upon their banner. And that is the ideal of a body in which not a member suffers without diminishing the well-being of the whole, in which each member shall have full liberty to fulfil its own function, but yet shall be subordinate to the whole. Translated into civic life, this means high individual efficiency and social organisation, local liberty and initiative and imperial unity. And is not this just what the nation longs for? Look at London, for instance. It is Progressive in local matters, Unionist in imperial. Is this mere stupidity? Surely not. There is consistency here; for it seeks to attain to the highest individual efficiency through the social organisation of London, and to local administrative liberty through the maintenance of the unity of the Empire. Let High Church Liberals grow bold and outspoken, and they will meet with a warmer response than they anticipate; they will touch a deeper chord in the nation's heart than they dream of. They will appeal to that which gives strength to the Unionist, the supremacy of the whole over the part; they will appeal to that which gives strength to the Nationalist, liberty for the part to fulfil its function; they will appeal to that which gives strength to the Progressive, the organisation of society for the well-being of each.

R. DAVID.

SIR,—Is not the dissension between Liberalism and Churchmanship, which Bystander deplores, natural and inevitable? If Liberalism means anything it means the denial of the "divine right" of any man or body of men to govern other men, either in matters temporal or matters spiritual. Now, for centuries, "high churchmanship" necessarily implied acceptance of the "divine right" of monarchs. Whoso said "high churchman" said Tory. If Bystander does not accept monarchical divine right he would be repudiated by every high churchman of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

If any one formula sums up Liberalism it is "Government *of* the people, *by* the people, *for* the people." But the "high churchman" affirms that the people ought to be governed, in matters temporal *by* the monarch, in matters spiritual *by*: the Pope says the Roman Catholic. I understand the Anglican Catholic substitutes for this authority the vicar of the parish, provided he belong to the E.C.U. The "high churchman" affirms that government is not *of* the people, but *of* God. I fully admit that he recognises that government should be *for* the people. But there is all the difference in the world between governing oneself (very imperfectly it may be) and being governed (possibly much more perfectly) by somebody else who claims to exercise government in virtue of a superhuman mandate. As a simple matter of historical fact, wherever the "high church" theory has been translated into practice the result has been Absolutism, and Absolutism and Liberalism are sworn foes. It is useless to cite "high churchmen" who are or have been Liberals; man may be defined as "the illogical animal," and "high churchmen" are in this respect very human.

OUTSIDER.

NEW TESTAMENT.

SIR,—We who believe that St. John the Divine wrote the Gospel which goes under his name, and that he wrote the truth when he says that His Master said of the Spirit Whom He was to send on His apostles that "*He* should bring all things to their remembrance whatsoever He had said unto them," find no difficulty in believing that we have the words of the Saviour of the World in our Gospels. St. Matthew was a sharer in the gift of the Holy Ghost, and when we read the 25th chapter of His Gospel we hear, not the traditional form in which the teaching of the Son of Man was handed down, but *the words* of Him who is to sit a King on the throne of His glory and to pronounce the final sentence of judgment on all men. If critics, home or foreign, could prove that the Gospel according to St. Matthew was not written by the apostle of that name, we might pause before accepting as the very truth the latter part of the 25th chapter; as it is, we rest upon His word Who is the Truth.

HENRY M. FLETCHER.

DR. BRANDES.

SIR,—The reviewer of Dr. Brandes' "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature" is apparently unaware that the work is nearly thirty years old, that it was translated into German as far back as 1874-78, and that for the last quarter of a century it has been regarded on the Continent as the ablest and most authoritative work on its subject. It is especially necessary to bear in mind the date of Dr. Brandes' work, because it is so essentially the product of the intellectual movement started in 1859 by the publication of the "Origin of Species." Your reviewer finds the title of Vol. IV., "Naturalism in England," rather "cryptic." What is implied, of course, is that the authors dealt with—the Lakists, Scott, Shelley, Keats, and Byron—represent a return to Nature in reaction against the artificial conventions of the eighteenth century. I should agree with your reviewer in thinking that "naturalism" does not quite bear this connotation in English; the "Naturalismus" of the German translation does.

Is it not, I may venture to ask, a proof of the "provincialism" with which Arnold, echoing Continental critics, reproached us when a reviewer writing in a paper so distinguished in other respects for intellectual ability and fine scholarship, can reveal such complete ignorance of a standard masterpiece of Continental criticism?

ALFRED NUTT.

SOVRAN, NOT SOVEREIGN.

SIR,—Notwithstanding Mr. Jones' pessimistic parlance, it is still permissible to hope that possibly "in the days far onward" (to quote the words of one who not only occupied some of the highest of ecclesiastical posts, but also spake with sovran authority concerning English etymology), "when we all are cold as those who beneath the vines and willows on their hero-beds repose," it may yet come to pass that some literary Littlejohn will rid our grammars and our dictionaries of this "sacrosanct" cacography. Mr. Jones is doubtless aware that Coleridge knew how this word should be spelt, and practised what he knew.

E. T. FRERE.

The Wigwam, Worthing, Diss.
August 17th, 1901.

SIR,—Would Mr. Frere write *foran* for *foreign*? Yet surely the word comes from *foraneus*, and, like *sovereign*, owes its traditional orthography to a supposed affinity with *reign*.

R. Y. TYRRELL.

Greystones, August 19th.

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THE WEEK.

Home. The political close time has begun, and will last, it may be hoped, for a month. After that the stream of oratory will once more be set flowing, and from then till Christmas we shall have the attacks and the defences with which the session has made us so familiar all over again. There are signs, however, that the criticism on the war is about to enter on a new and more useful phase. The letter of "Miles," in the *Times* of Wednesday, is one of these signs. It only says, indeed, what some of us have been saying for this year past, but it says it in a quarter, and with a support—for the *Times* makes the charge its own in a leading article—which is likely to command attention. "A most costly mistake (says "Miles") was made in sending out the second instalment of Yeomanry. A large proportion of men were totally unfit for service in the field without a year's careful training, and many of the officers have been sent back, having been found quite unsuited for their position. Why a man who would not, in ordinary circumstances, be accepted as an infantry recruit should be called a yeoman, receive 5s. a day, be put upon a horse, and be sent out to South Africa to be taught the elements of military duty and of discipline baffles all explanation. The only result has been to delay the progress of the war. Any good regular infantry battalion possessing the initial advantages of experience, discipline, and skilled officers could have been made into a mounted force in a tenth of the time required to render these so-called yeomen useful to a general. In time of war, as in peace, the War Office seems to cling to the false habit of counting heads and of assuming that one man in uniform is the same as another."

This is plain speaking and true speaking, and speaking which is very much needed. But "Miles" does not stop here. "There is only one certain way," he goes on, "of ending the war, and that is to strike hard and often, regarding the Boer forces and their leaders as the only real objectives." Here we have the real secret of the length of time for which the war has dragged on. So far as the Government are concerned, the Boer forces and their leaders have not for a long time past been the "only real objectives." They have shared this position with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, with Sir William Harcourt, with Mr. Lloyd George. It has again and again seemed as though Ministers and their supporters were at least as much interested in denouncing pro-Boers as in hunting Boers, and, like most of us, they can only do one thing at a time. Of course, if the real enemy is in England and not in South Africa, if Generals Botha and De Wet would long ago have been at St. Helena but for the "Stop-the-War" Committee, the Government may have made a wise choice. But if "Miles" is right, and "to attain success is purely a question of mobility, which requires the employment of men and horses of first-class quality," if "it is to be hoped that no reliance will be placed upon a policy of proclamations and fortifications, which was tried by the Spaniards and proved to be an utter failure," what can be said of the conduct of the war since the capture of Pretoria? Have we been making straight for our end? Have we held our tongues and fought our hardest? Have we sent out our best men and our best horses, and resolved to err on the side of doing too much rather than too little? That was our true policy, but how far has the action of the Government been in keeping with it? They have told the nation that the war was over when they ought to have told it that the war was entering upon its most troublesome phase. They may not have placed any "reliance upon a policy of proclamations," but they have issued proclamations without number, and down to the very last days of the session they still defended them though they may have ceased to believe in them. From the moment they determined to hold the General Election last autumn they have had one eye on their supporters at home. Ministers thought—at least we must suppose them to have thought—that these supporters needed encouragement, and that if they did not get it they might stay away from the polls. But encouragement unfortunately meant helping these supporters to shut their eyes to the real facts, or at all

events to the full facts which the Government and the country have to face, and in order to do this effectively it was indispensable that Ministers themselves should see no more of these facts than they could help. Let us hope that, with the General Election out of the way, and with the wild and costly search for Volunteers finally discredited, the Government will now turn their attention to the Regular Army, and see whether, with this as an instrument, we cannot give a better account of the Boers than has yet been found possible.

The Andover election represents—accidentally, it may be, but with substantial accuracy—the feeling of the country at large. The electors are not satisfied with the Government—it would be odd if they were—but they have no wish to see the Opposition put in their place. This, as has been pointed out again and again, is the real weakness of the present situation. To upset the Government while the war is going on might be permissible, if their successors could be trusted to carry it on with greater vigour. But even the most Imperialist of Liberals cannot be of opinion that his friends answer to this description. If a Liberal Government had to be formed to-morrow Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey would inevitably find their resolution weakened by contact with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt. Consequently the Unionists must remain in office whether they do well or ill, but so large a decline in the Ministerial majority in a constituency which the Liberals have not thought worth contesting since 1885 has a lesson even for the strongest Government.

A good deal has been said, in connection with the appointment of Dr. Moule to the Bishopric of Durham, about the proportion of Evangelicals to High Churchmen in the Episcopate, and upon the necessity and advantages of a fairly equal distribution of patronage on party lines. But we have not noticed any reference to one disadvantage which High Churchmen are under in this respect. A Prime Minister who wished to be perfectly just to the two parties might either appoint moderate men on both sides, or he might appoint moderate men and extreme men on both sides, taking care that for each extreme man chosen on one side, an equally extreme man was chosen on the other. This is not the practice hitherto adopted by Prime Ministers. For the most part they have a decided preference for men of no very strong opinions on either side. But occasionally, as in the case of Dr. Moule, their choice falls on a man of very strong opinions indeed, and our complaint is that as yet this happens only on the Evangelical side. The fair counterpoise to such an appointment as Dr. Moule's to Durham would be the appointment of Mr. Dolling to the see—soon, it is said, to be vacant—of Worcester. It is not till this, or something like this, is done, that it will be possible to say with truth that High and Low Churchmen find equal favour with Lord Salisbury.

An interesting Parliamentary paper was issued last week containing the report of a visit paid to Pitcairn Island by Commander Knowling, of H.M.S. *Icarus*. On arriving at Botany Bay last February he found the population of 126 all well and happy, and in the course of his conversations with Mr. McCoy, the President of the Pitcairn Parliament of seven men, he satisfied himself that the rumours as to the moral and physical degeneration of the islanders which had been prevalent since the visit of the *Royalist* were untrue and without foundation. This small community, isolated amid the vast wastes of the Southern Pacific, dwelling far away from the world in an island that measures two and a half miles by one, governs itself and administers its small affairs according to the happiest blend of barbarity and civilisation. Repeated attempts to transplant members of this happy colony have generally resulted in their chartering the first available ship and returning to Pitcairn. Everyone gives a certain amount of labour for the common good; disease is practically unknown, and the last outbreak of illness in 1894 was due to the infection with typhoid of a shipwrecked crew. The only troubles which the islanders seem to think worth mentioning are that they sometimes lose their front teeth, and that the women are rapidly outnumbering the men, although in this respect the colony is only reproducing the condition of its founder, John Adams, who found himself with nine women for his only companions on the island. It is feared, however, that there are little clouds on the future horizon of this little colony, since no one is growing up to take the place of McCoy, the firm and tactful ruler, and, more serious still, some missionaries of the Seventh Day Adventists (the religious community to which the islanders belong) propose to settle at Pitcairn in order to "help the islanders in the matter of trade and cultivation." One cannot resist the conviction that the islanders are, spiritually and materially, in at least as good a case as the very best missionary who could be sent to them. After the missionaries and the traders come too often drink and general corruption; and, seeing that drink and medicine are at present unknown on this fortunate island, it would be a thousand pities if the craving for one and the necessity for the other were created by intercourse with the people of other islands. A little recognition and encouragement from the Colonial Office would do no harm, but it is to be hoped that no well-meant introduction of the "benefits of civilisation" will follow, to the undoing of a colony that seems to get on very well without them.

On Saturday afternoon last Mr. Montague Holbein set out from the French shore at Cape Grisnez upon a gallant attempt to swim across the Channel. After having been in the water for thirteen hours, and having swum some twenty-six miles in a zig-zag course, and when he was within five miles of the English coast and swimming in a very rough sea, he began to show signs of exhaustion and delirium, and his friends wisely decided that the effort must be abandoned. The attempt was one of a kind that has a peculiar fascination for Englishmen, who in matters of sport seem to need only the stimulus of supreme difficulty in the task attempted to make them determined to accomplish it. As it is, the record for the channel swim still remains with Captain Webb, although, if Mr. Holbein had not been so unfortunate in his weather there is no doubt that he would now hold the honour. Since every care seems to have been taken, and as Mr. Holbein is apparently none the worse for his plucky attempt one can hardly blame him for having made it; on the contrary, one cannot help feeling a certain amount of pride in his performance. This particular feat differs from most other sensational trials of endurance or nerve in that it did not

provide a spectacular sensation for great audiences, and was simply undertaken for the honour associated with its successful accomplishment. Where there is an audience to be thrilled and a great deal of money to be made, men are apt to take extreme risks which are neither justifiable for them nor wholesome for those who look on. But Mr. Holbein's performance, severely as it must have taxed his powers of endurance, was free from these taints, and he will have the congratulations of all true sportsmen for his success and their sympathy for his failure.

Mr. Pearse's paper on War Correspondents, which was read at the Conference of the Institute of Journalists, held last week, raised many points upon which the War Office will have to make up its mind before any more licenses are issued for a campaign. It has been generally admitted that the nuisance of unauthorised and incompetent war correspondents in South Africa was a very serious one, and to no one more serious than to the authorised and competent correspondents and the newspapers they represented. Both Mr. Pearse and Mr. J. B. Atkins, who writes on the same subject in the current number of the *Monthly Review*, agree that the first remedy for this trouble is to ensure that the correspondents are honest and capable. When that is the case, the difficulties are greatly reduced, although they are not altogether got rid of. There still remains the trouble of the incompetent Press Censor, and the futility of the correspondents' telegrams when no one man is allowed the exclusive benefit of his own resourcefulness (or extravagance), but must share it with the sluggish or the unenterprising, so that all the correspondents' wires are sent off together long after the official news has been despatched. Mr. Pearse's suggestion that the Press Censor should have some training in the art of editing is a far from unreasonable one. Mr. Atkins's view, that the correspondent should not send telegrams, but only letters, has also much to commend it, especially when the enormous expense of telegraphing news quite unprofitable to the newspapers is considered; but, on the other hand, we can remember many instances in the present campaign when the telegraphic messages of trustworthy correspondents were of infinite value as supplementing the necessarily meagre official despatches. The first thing, however, is to weed out from the ranks of the war correspondents all those adventurers who join an army without the least idea of sending messages home, as well as those whose character or incapability renders them unsuitable for what should be a position of high trust; and for this purpose the idea of a War Office register, upon which the names of all war correspondents who had proved their fitness for the post should be enrolled, is a good one. For the rest, the tact and common-sense of the correspondents themselves will still remain the best guarantee of their usefulness, which would be still further enhanced if the number of them allowed to accompany any single force were greatly reduced.

This week has been eventful in the history of the war, renewed activity having been manifested by the enemy in several quarters. On August 22nd a party of three officers and sixty-five men were surrounded near Ladybrand and captured by the Boers, although they only lost one man killed and four wounded. Lord Kitchener is holding an inquiry into this "mishap." On August 24th a convoy, escorted by the 74th Imperial Yeomanry was attacked in the course of its journey from Kimberley to Griquatown. The attack, which was delivered at Rooikopje, must have been most determined, for we lost thirty-two killed and wounded. The convoy, however, was brought safely in. In Cape Colony the difficult work of driving out the enemy is still being conducted by General French, with results only partly satisfactory. It has been more than ever difficult to ascertain lately what has really been happening in this district, but the latest news is somewhat serious. Lord Kitchener, in his telegram dated last Monday, reported that General Beatson had got in touch with Scheepers in Cape Colony, and that he was driving him northwards. Later news, however, reveals the fact that Scheepers had evidently shaken himself free from our forces, and was moving rapidly southward, and on August 27th he was reported to be far south, in the neighbourhood of Mossel Bay. The local guard had been mobilised in expectation of an attack. Mr. Edgar Wallace, the correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, telegraphed on Thursday that the Cradock district had been cleared of three commandoes, the most dangerous of which, that commanded by Theron, was pursuing a southerly direction, harassed by British columns. Harassed or not, Theron was proceeding in the wrong direction for us, and it is probable that when he is next heard of he will have penetrated much further south. The figures for last week were 32 Boers killed, 24 wounded, 139 prisoners, and 185 surrenders.

Foreign. Again the peace negotiations in China are on the point of reaching a (professedly) satisfactory conclusion, and again there is a hitch. At the beginning of the week the three Imperial edicts which are indispensable conditions of a settlement had not yet been promulgated, and the text had not reached Pekin from Si-ngan-fu. These edicts provide respectively for the infliction of further punishments on the officials implicated in outrages on Europeans, for the suspension of examinations for official posts in all the districts where such outrages have occurred, and for the prohibition of the importation of arms and war material; and full advantage has been taken by the provincial governors of the delay in issuing the third. Moreover, the mission of apology for the murder of Baron von Ketteler had been stopped at Basle, nominally because Prince Chun, the envoy, was unwell, really either because the German Government refused to receive him until the edicts were issued, or because the humiliation required is excessive; and the envoy despatched to Japan on a similar mission—who is said to be a notorious Boxer leader—had been ordered by the Chinese Government to await instructions at Shanghai. Finally, the British Minister at Pekin had asked for more troops. Li Hung Chang, indeed, notified the European Ministers on Tuesday that the Chinese envoys were ready to sign the peace protocol; but there is a difference in the treatment of the edicts; two are telegraphed—and the exactitude of a telegraphed text may well be doubted—the third is sent by courier; none of them appear likely to be adequate in themselves, still less to be adequately enforced. The third is now being amended by the foreign Ministers, and it seems certain that China is preparing for resistance to any attempt on the part of the Powers at enforcing them. Plenty of soldiers of fortune from Europe will be ready to drill her troops. Meanwhile, there are fresh reports of anti-foreign outrages, and there is every prospect of their increase.

The immediate interest of the Czar's visit to France lies mainly in its influence on the position of the Ministry. It is clear that as he is to meet the German Emperor at Dantzig, and as the German Chancellor is to be present, it cannot be supposed by the most rabid Germanophobe that he is going on to Paris to devise measures hostile to Germany in concert with the French Government. The German press, therefore, looks at the meeting without suspicion; the Czar is regarded as coming in

order to kindle afresh the French enthusiasm for the Dual Alliance, "to salute an allied army," and to show that he has no objection to alliance with a Republic. Undoubtedly, the enthusiasm will be rekindled, and its reflex action will strengthen the position of the Ministry which has made the visit possible, while the visit disposes of the Nationalist fables as to the disapproval by Russia of the treatment of the army under the present *régime* in France. Moreover, any attempt to divert this enthusiasm from the Ministry can only direct it to the President, who has become more popular than ever. No doubt, as the protest of the Ministerial Socialists indicates, the visit may cost the Ministry their support; but the ultimate result of their defection can only be to weaken their party, which is already in conflict with two or three other Socialist factions, and whose support is rather embarrassing at best. An attempt is being made by the Opposition to use the visit as an occasion for urging the pardon of MM. Déroulède, Guérin, and the other political exiles; but as M. Déroulède continues his demonstrations, it seems unlikely to succeed.

The dispute between the French Government and the Sultan is not settled yet. On the main question, that of the rights of the French company which erected the quays at Constantinople, and has made itself very unpopular by its management of them, the Sultan has given full satisfaction; though, according to the correspondent of the *Morning Post*, he means to make up for it by pushing on the construction of the new port of Haidar Pasha, near Scutari, which is the terminus of the Anatolian railway, and a better distributing centre than Constantinople. But certain minor questions as to the claims of two French subjects are still pending, and the Sultan has no money with which to satisfy them. As a warning to him the French Ambassador has quitted Constantinople, leaving a subordinate in charge; and the Turkish Ambassador to France, who is now in Switzerland, has been warned not to return to Paris. Probably the Sultan will yield, though a Vienna telegram represents him as eager to fight France; but then it is the dull season in Vienna. But the dispute points to a new danger in the Near East. Hitherto it has generally been supposed that it would be an explosion of the inflammable material in the Balkan States, or in Macedonia, that would set the Turkish Empire ablaze. But as the number of European *concessionaires* in Turkey multiplies—and it is the policy of Germany, and probably of Russia, to increase it in favour respectively of their own subjects—the danger of these conflicts increases also. Some day the Sultan, or his successor, will go a little too far, the aggrieved Power will resort to coercion—perhaps by seizing a Customs port, as Mr. Gladstone proposed at the time of the naval demonstration at Dulcigno—rival Powers will demand similar satisfaction, and there will be a general conflagration.

For the present, however, the Austro-Hungarian alarmists are directing their attention to the more familiar sources of danger. M. Sturdza, the Roumanian Premier, has paid a visit to Count Goluchowski, and the Viennese press has found plenty of subjects of conversation for them. Russian troops are concentrated on the Pruth, Russian torpedo boats are in the Kilia mouth of the Danube, and the acquittal of the Bulgarian promoters of revolution in Macedonia, and of outrage on the Roumanian opponents of their propaganda, puts a fresh strain on the relations of the two States. Moreover, a Slavophil paper, the *Orthodox Orient*, has been started—doubtless with Russian money—at Bucharest, and has begun its career by proposing a redistribution of large portions of the Austrian and Turkish Empires among Roumania, Greece, Servia, and Montenegro. Bulgaria gets nothing, partly because her church is schismatic, and partly because of her ingratitude to Russia in the past; and the paper, which is in French and Russian, advocates the development of the Balkan States under Russian hegemony. All this is regarded at Vienna as a Russian device to detach Roumania from the Triple Alliance, but the sketch of the first number published in the *Cologne Gazette* of Tuesday hardly bears out the description. The paper advocates the "free national development of each Balkan State under Russian hegemony," which, considering Russian action in Finland (and in Bulgaria in a less degree) is the language of amiable idealism; and it declares that "ethnographic right was infringed by the Treaty of San Stefano" by the creation of a "big Bulgaria." The paper boasts at least one eminent Russian contributor, but it seems in no sense to represent the views either of the Panslavists or of Russian officialism.

The everlasting conflict between Germans and Czechs in Bohemia seems to be entering on a new phase. For eighteen years the German parties have been contending for the division of the province into two districts, in one of which the official language would be German, in the other Czech; while the Czechs have opposed the scheme as fatal to the unity of that Bohemian kingdom which they hope to see reconstituted at no distant date. Now, however, a general election of the provincial Diet is pending, and the Pan-Germanic party repudiates the scheme likewise, because they hope that the whole of Bohemia will some day form part of the present—or some other German Empire. Moreover, they are actively anti-Semitic, while the more active members of the other German parties are frequently Jews. Thus the German forces are hopelessly divided, while the Czechs, who were already tending to draw together again, are assisted in the process by the divisions of their antagonists. Moreover, since the Emperor's visit to Prague they have become more moderate and practical, and have recovered one of their former leaders, Dr. Engel, who had retired from public life because they had resorted to Parliamentary obstructions. Other forces, too, are working in their favour—the increasing influence of the Clericals at Vienna, the alarm caused by the secessions of the Pan-Germans, on political grounds, from the Roman Church, and the migration of Czech labourers into the ultra-German manufacturing districts of the North, where they are gladly taken on because they will work for lower wages than Germans. In short, the flowing tide is with the Czechs. But the support of the Austrian Ministry by the Germans in their negotiation of the financial arrangement with Hungary, which is now pending, is conditional on the conclusion of a satisfactory settlement of the language question in Bohemia; and such a settlement is now more remote than ever.

The struggle between the Steel Trust and the forces of labour is still going on, and the masters seem to be assured of ultimate success. It is now announced that they will agree to a settlement only on condition that the Amalgamated Association of Steel Workers will become incorporated, and so place itself in a position to be sued for breach of labour contracts. The labour leaders (though not Mr. Shaffer) are said to object on the ground that the Courts are for the most part on the side of the capitalists, but with elective judges that objection is surely remediable. A more obvious objection is that the funds available for strike pay would be absorbed in legal proceedings, and that while these are in progress (and in America they are generally capable of being unduly protracted) the men would probably be required by the Courts to continue at work. If, however, the demand is granted, the whole position of labour in America will be revolutionised; and the Unions, being under the protection of the law, will lose most of such popular sympathy as they now enjoy—which is, however, ordinarily a good deal less in America than in Europe.

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Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, August 31, 1901.

THE CZAR'S VISIT TO FRANCE.

VERY striking, but upon the whole more curious than admirable, perhaps, was the way in which the Czar's visit to France was received by our public writers in England. News, indeed, and great news it was to all but a few officials in France, and, excepting these, no person in France heard it without a rush of surprise to the head and satisfaction to the heart. In England, it seems, there was no surprise whatever; but there was quite as much satisfaction, the only difference being that whereas in France it had all the warmth of suddenly evoked enthusiasm, with us it was more pensive and considered. But then the Czar's visit could hardly be called news in England. Rumours, so secret that they were not allowed to escape from the printing offices apparently, had long preceded the announcement of the Czar's intention, which therefore could be taken with the coolness of accustomed contemplation. And these were the fruits thereof: that the delight of the French was very reasonable, especially as the Czar's visit would probably put an end to certain dangerous intrigues (we confess we doubt their importance) against the Republican *régime;* that at the same time there was really nothing in it but a long-contemplated act of courtesy—useful, however, as recementing an alliance of great political value not for the high contracting parties alone. For the Russo-French alliance means peace. Peace has been from the first its main purpose and signification, and every community in Europe has equal reason with France to rejoice at the renewal of its guarantees. England certainly does not grudge her a satisfaction in which Englishmen have so large a share.

Such was the tenor of the commentary which was at once evoked from the London press when the great news was published. We could have wished it less diplomatic. It had been better to give less occasion to cynical gossips in foreign tongues, who are at liberty to toy with these exuberant expressions of complacency as comically far from sincere. Peace? Who doubts it? Tranquillity in and for the Continental States?—Who imagines it in danger, or that the Russo-French alliance needs special confirmation to forbid the loosing of war in Europe? Nobody in France, nobody in Russia, nobody in Germany—and nobody in England. But neither is it supposed in these countries or in any other that the visit of the Czar to France resembles in any way the late Queen of England's excursions to sojourn for a while in that land, or even that its purposes will be fulfilled when the Russian embrace of France in the person of President Faure is ratified by repetition in the person of President Loubet. No such idea finds resident accommodation, even for a day, in the simplest mind with the least instruction. The truth is, of course, that the purposes of the visit include conversation on serious subjects, and these political and select. There have been many such august meetings, even since the not very remote time when Prince Bismarck formed his first League of Peace. On each occasion the newspapers, but especially the English newspapers, have ridiculed political design as the invention of quidnuncs, and in every case they have been wrong. Here, too, there is political intention, as a matter of course: nobody really doubts it. Conviction on that point underlies our smooth and easy protestations that we quite understand the Czar's westering journey as a halcyon-flight, with the difference that it does not merely portend calm seas and smiling skies, but decides that they shall be.

This is the way with us in England at present. We make-believe as solemnly as if to do so were to utter the creating, the changing, the destroying word. In this case, however, we have some doubts of the make-believe, as the jeerers in foreign tongues well know; and yet we are uncertain of what to fix our minds upon in question or surmise. Peace of course: we are right so far. It may be thought a sure thing that a fundamental object of the conferences now in course of arrangement is a more rooted establishment of peace. But peace in what circumstances and conditions? Peace *notwithstanding* what circumstances and conditions, to be now discussed? These are questions which, if they did not already possess our minds, would be imported into them to advantage. Their exclusion is no proof of moral, physical, imperial, or any other sort of courage. To affect their exclusion is not even to put on a grace, but a foppery as much akin to cowardice as is any such affectation. It is unnecessary to conclude, if that be the fear, that the South African war is to be discussed at Compiègne. There is no certainty that the Czar proposes to debate the righteousness of interference when conflict between desperate ruffianism and unflinching reprisal begins, or if the blacks should make a too pronounced appearance on either side. Not that we are at all inclined to think such interference, in such conditions, the impossible thing that so many Englishmen believe it to be—or make-believe. To us it seems quite conceivable when we remember who insisted on the Peace Conference at the Hague, and that other Continental potentates and powers have South African territory, with swarms of "natives" there and elsewhere to keep in order. Put that question aside, however—though we do not recommend a slighting treatment of it—and others remain which may be

re-ordered on a mutual peace-agreement basis in ways profoundly interesting to England ; and the more so if the peace agreement should be one which is intended to compel this country to keep the peace also, though not a party to the understanding in any beneficial way. Many great affairs lie open, as in China, Persia, and again in the Ottoman Empire and on its borders, in the Mediterranean also ; and we shall remember, if we are reasonable, that such questions may be settled by the Continental Governments to their own best advantage with England "out of it." England should therefore expect that certain changes will be attempted while she either is or can be put into that extraneous position. It would be absurd to doubt that the opportunity has been discussed more or less informally, more or less seriously, by every great Government in Europe with every other from the time the war began; and though it does not follow that any very large-scale enterprise will be ventured as a consequence, we ought neither to feel nor affect to feel any surprise if a profit is snatched from a most tempting occasion.

THE NEW TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

At the Brewster sessions held on Monday at Eastbourne the Sussex Public House Trust Company, one of the local bodies formed under the auspices of the Public House Trust Association, was successful in opposing the grant of a new public-house licence on the ground that the company would, in a few months, be ready to take over any new licences which the magistrates might think it necessary to grant, and work them for the benefit of the community. This success is among the first fruits of a scheme that, although far past the initial stage, is only just beginning to take effect upon a vitally important branch of the social life of the country. The temperance, or rather the intemperance, question is one that has dismayed and hitherto baffled the most earnest social reformers in England. The enormous and wide-spread vice of intemperance, the difficulties involved in dealing with an evil which consists in the abuse of a good thing and not in mere indulgence in a bad thing, the unpractical and impossible nature of some of the cures proposed by ardent reformers, the huge weight of power and vested interest to be fought before the present order can be changed, the delays and difficulties of legislation —these are some features of a social problem which it is most vital to our national life and prosperity that we should find some practical means of solving. The people who would abolish public-houses altogether would not, even if their scheme were possible, touch the root of the evil; it would still be there, it would break out in some form, it would blossom into a thousand schemes for defying the law. Intemperance is a moral long before it becomes a physical habit ; and by taking away opportunities for intemperance, we should not cure the moral weakness of which it is a manifestation. It becomes necessary, then, to find some means of restoring and strengthening the moral sense of the class most afflicted with this vice ; of making it possible for them to believe that there is a foothold for self-respect somewhere between the cold heights of total abstinence and the abyss of over-indulgence ; of providing them with a system adapted to their manner of life, making it wholesome and happy and possible, instead of trying to mould that manner of life to the shape of an existence planned for them by other people. In all this, freedom of choice and exercise of the individual will must have first place, for when the power to choose is taken away sense of responsibility goes along with ; it and morality depends for its existence upon a sense of responsibility. If the tippler is to reform, he must have the chance not only of choosing between tippling and sobriety, but of testing the sober life under fair conditions.

Hitherto, the conditions for the average working man dwelling in a town have been most unfair. In the street in which he lives there are probably ten inducements for him to sit and soak, and not one place where he can hope to enjoy the refreshment and decent relaxation which the best kind of inn should afford. The publican has every inducement to make him drink as much as possible, and no inducement to sell him anything but intoxicating drink, because intoxicants are most easily served, and the profit on them is greater than on any other refreshment. And there is every temptation to increase the profit on drink by adulterating it. The man should sit at home, it is often said, and play with his children or talk to his wife. Very likely he should; the point is, he does not, or not invariably. Sometimes, strange to say, the working man, after a long day in the factory, wants some other relaxation than that afforded him by a contemplation of the family washing and mangling operations; and on these occasions he goes to the only available centre of social life where he may meet with his fellows on an independent footing—the public-house ; and there he gets tipsy or not, as the case may be. The only practical starting-point for reform in this matter is to admit the public-house, and take for granted that a large proportion of the working classes intend to spend a good deal of their spare time there, and then to see what can be done towards the improvement of the public-house itself. And this is exactly what Lord Grey's Public House Trust Association has done. Its purpose is to control and direct the formation in every county or large town of Trust companies which shall, on a strictly commercial basis, do business as innkeepers, acquiring by purchase as many existing licenses as possible, and undertaking the conduct of such new public-houses as the magistrates may think it advisable to license. Lord Grey, in a letter to the *Times* dated December 12th, 1900, gave the following rules under which public-houses were to be managed by the companies :—1. Only the best drink that can be obtained in the open market will be sold. 2. It will not be to the interest of the manager to push the sale of intoxicants ; he will receive no commission on the sale of alcoholic liquors, but will be paid a fixed salary with commission on the sale of food and non-intoxicants, or a bonus on good management. 3. The public-houses will be refreshment houses and not merely drinking bars. Food and non-intoxicants will be supplied as readily as intoxicants and during the same hours. 4. The surplus profits, after allowing a sufficient sum for reserve and interest not exceeding 5 per cent. on invested capital, will be administered by carefully selected trustees for the benefit of the community. The articles of association of each company secure that the trustees, who are partly elected and partly *ex officio* (lord-lieutenants, mayors, etc.) shall hold through deferred shares allotted to them half the voting power of the company, and so preserve its aims from the interference of adverse interests. The net profits are to be devoted, not to

objects properly chargeable to the rates, but to the establishment of hospitals, parish nurses, old-age pensions, reading-rooms, recreation grounds, almshouses, etc. The present annual net profits of the public-house trade are estimated at over twenty millions sterling, so that if even a quarter of this sum were diverted into the public pockets, many a social reform which now has to wait for funds from a tardy legislation might be accomplished without cost to the country.

The advantages of this eminently practical scheme are so many and so obvious that it is hardly necessary to dwell upon them. Its conspicuous merit consists in its moderation. There are to be no sweeping changes, no interference with the institutions of the working man, no extreme measures which leave commonsense reformers out in the cold, no interference with existing rights or vested interests; but in their stead a gradual improvement in the conduct of public-houses, a gradual raising of tone among the working-classes, a tide setting in towards happiness and the enjoyment of some of the good things in life for people who are too often supposed to be able to do without them. All this, fortunately, is not merely possible, it has been already tried and proved to be successful in many districts in England and Scotland. The stage of experiment was passed when the People's Refreshment House Association, started a few years ago by the Bishop of Chester, became a commercial and social success. There are many difficulties in the way, of course, and they will increase as the movement extends to the large towns. It is well to remember that in country places and villages, where this principle has hitherto been chiefly applied, the conditions are not the same as they are in cities; people are less independent, more concerned as to what their neighbours will think of them. Reform in cities will prove to be a very much more complicated affair than the public-house reform which many gentlemen, including the King at Sandringham, have introduced upon their own estates. The fact that it is intended to undermine a vice that is interwoven among the very roots of existence in all large towns is evidence enough of that. Upon careful and absolutely uncorrupt management depends the success of this scheme, and it is just in that department that a lively public interest and sympathy can have the best possible effect. Not every one believes in total abstinence, but everyone believes in temperance, and they who help that cause will be manifesting one of the highest kinds of patriotism.

COLOMBIA AND VENEZUELA.

So little information as to the politics even of the leading South American States ever reaches England that the most diligent student of foreign politics may be pardoned if he fails to understand whether Colombia and Venezuela are at present at war, and, if so, why. South American revolutions are usually a mere conflict of rival politicians at the head of a motley crowd of adventurers or Indians, the latter sometimes enlisted by the lasso. The result is, oftener than not, exactly parallel to those of the party conflicts which destroyed the constitutions and the political morals of ancient Greece. The revolutionists win and slaughter or exile their opponents; by and by the exiles come back with money and arms, and the tables are turned. Sometimes, as in the case of the Balmacedist civil war in Chili, real political principles appear, but for the most part the movement is merely a violent oscillation. Both the States now in question have been oscillating for some years past. In Venezuela the followers of General Castro succeeded two years ago in upsetting the Government, and have held power ever since. In Colombia there were unsuccessful insurrections in 1899 and 1900, and in the latter year the Vice-President also ousted the President and seized his place. According to one account, the Colombian Government is "Conservative," and desires, if it can, to control Venezuela also, and ultimately to restore that greater Colombia which included Venezuela and Ecuador. However that may be, the Colombian Government is threatened by revolutionists whom the Venezuelan Government support, with the sympathy, now becoming active, of Ecuador and Nicaragua. It has therefore attempted to invade Venezuela without success, and it is now threatened by that country in front and by revolutionists in the rear. Six weeks ago its financial position was desperate; it had suspended all payments except for arms and war material, it was authorising the provincial governors (whom the constitution makes strictly subordinate to the central administration) to raise forced loans on their own responsibility, and the shops at Bogota were closing because the legal tender currency was worthless. The position of Venezuela is only a little better, but it has been able to fit out expeditions to invade its rival. But the chief interest of the situation is in the movements of the Colombian revolutionists. Last year they failed; General Uribé, their leader, fled to New York, and there was a settlement and an amnesty. Now he has reappeared with money and arms, and is telegraphing to New York for more. Moreover, as soon as he can he will attack Colon, and probably Panama also. Then the traffic over the isthmus will be stopped, and the Colombian Government, whose duty it is to protect it, will be powerless to do so. That Government, indeed, is also buying arms frantically, but its resources are exhausted, its troops are beaten, its neighbours are unfriendly, and its one warship—better known as the *Namouna*, formerly the sumptuous steam yacht of the late James Gordon Bennett—started from Panama recently with only one officer, who, perhaps from his excessive responsibilities, immediately went mad. His successor is understood to be an eminent Nicaraguan politician, who has never been to sea.

South American revolutions have their farcical as well as their tragic aspects, but the real interest of the present conflict lies in the Isthmus of Panama. We cannot attach any weight to the assertions, freely made in Paris, that the Colombian revolutionists are subsidised by an American syndicate of "expansionists." The wealth of South American States seems concentrated in comparatively few hands; and revolutionists have generally been able to find money somehow without seeking it abroad. Years ago two fine ships were detained in Southampton Water as *Alabamas* built for Peruvian insurgents; yet nobody supposed that the money for them did not come from Peru. One case occurs to us in which an English syndicate, which included a baronet, took part (with an improvised warship) with one of two Venezuelan factions; but then there were gold mines in question. And, of course, there is the classical instance of Walker, the American filibuster, who seized the Presidency of Nicaragua in

order to control the route which was then, as now, a promising rival to that by Panama. But then Walker's aim was political rather than financial. The suspicions that the Colombian revolutionists are assisted from New York, either to damage the Panama route in the interest of the Pacific railways, or to depreciate the value of the unfinished canal in the interest of possible American purchasers, may safely be dismissed. Revolution might happen again unless the United States controlled the isthmus, and it is not a desirable property for a government. It is the unhealthiest place in the world, and it is probable that for the present the United States have had enough of "expansion." But if they are drawn on to interfere to preserve order —which they are bound to do jointly with Colombia, by the Treaty of Bogota of 1885—they may have to go further than they intend. And, as the Paris Press is both abusing them and reminding its readers that French interests are considerable in South Central America, a practical exhibition of the Monroe doctrine seems almost in sight.

But the disturbance raises another question, What of the Pan-American Congress? The next is to held in Mexico City this autumn; the first, it may be remembered, was not very successful. The success of the second is already threatened by the reluctance of Chili to go in at all, of Argentina to go in unless assured that Chili will accept the result of the pending arbitration on the Patagonian frontier, and of Peru and Bolivia to take part unless a plebiscite is taken of the inhabitants in the districts ceded to Chili after the war to decide whether they shall or shall not be returned to Peru. If, in addition to all these drawbacks, Venezuela and Colombia are at war and at least one of them is without a competent Government—while the other, it may be remembered, has a quarrel of its own, concerning the rights of certain American holders of an asphalt concession with the Government that has championed its cause, and is promoting the Congress—how can either of them go in at all, especially if the leading principle is to be, as Argentina demands, "unlimited arbitration"? But then no one is left except the small Central American States, Ecuador, and Brazil. The primary objects of the Congress are no doubt commercial, and its aim is mainly to secure the pacific development of the South American States. Unfortunately those States are not yet sufficiently civilised to be content to develop in peace.

SYNESIUS.*

SYNESIUS of Cyrene, though not a personage of the first rank either in history or literature, is not likely ever to want a little band of admirers, or perhaps, one should rather say, of half-amused, half-puzzled students of his character. Neo-Platonist, rhetorician, mighty huntsman, officer of volunteers, indefatigable letter-writer, and finally (much against his will) Bishop of Ptolemais and Metropolitan of the Province of Libya, he played so many parts that everyone must be interested in one aspect or another of his many-sided career. It was as the theologian and sportsman that he attracted the not dissimilar spirit of Charles Kingsley, whose picture of "the Squire-Bishop" in "Hypatia" will probably always remain his chief letter of introduction to English readers. Nearly at the same time appeared the "Etudes" of Druon and the monograph of Volkmann ("Synesius von Cyrene"), together with Lapatz's "Lettres de Synésius." To this last book, a translation of the letters into French, with light-hearted, sometimes flippant essays and notes, the present writer must acknowledge his chief obligation for the interest kindled thereby in the career of the Pentapolitan bishop. Fifteen years ago Miss Alice Gardner wrote a little book on the life and works of Synesius, which, by a slight stretch of the term "Fathers," was included in the series of "The Fathers for English Readers," and published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. This unpretending but scholarly work is still, I consider, the best account of the career of the Bishop of Ptolemais, not surpassed either by the somewhat diffuse article in the "Dictionary of Christian Biography," or by the goodly octavo volume which now lies before me.

Yet Mr. Crawford's book has many merits, though it would have been better if he had been compelled to reduce it within half its present limits. He presents his subject under various aspects: Synesius as philosopher, as man of science, as literary man, as poet, and so forth, but this minute subdivision leads inevitably to a good deal of repetition. Moreover, though he has studied with praiseworthy diligence all that lies within the two covers of Migne's edition of his author, he has not thoroughly familiarised himself with the history of the times in which Synesius lived. Robertson for Church History and Gibbon for Imperial Politics seem to be his court of final appeal, and especially in the latter case he has little idea of going behind them to the original authorities. Had he done so he would have known that the identification of the Goths with the Scythians, however confusing from an ethnological point of view, is no special vice of his author's,* but is to be found, I think, in nearly all the writers of the fourth and fifth centuries. Zosimus, though he knows of the name Γότθοι, almost always prefers to call them Σκύθαι, and Jordanes, who was copying from the work of the secretary of a Gothic king, jumbles up the history of Scythians and Goths in almost inextricable confusion. The author's remarks, too, about the use of the word βασιλεύς for Emperor, though literally correct, seem to imply that there is something peculiar to Synesius in that locution. A wider course of reading would have shown him that the Greek of that period naturally thought of and spoke to Theodosius or Arcadius as his βασιλεύς.

What Mr. Crawford says about the military superior of the Dux of Pentapolis is somewhat weak. "We doubt the existence of such a generalissimo as Lapatz's *Maitre de la Milice.* Gibbon's statement as to the military arrangements of the period, though not very clear, seems to require the existence of at least two such personages of equal rank in the capital, whom he terms *masters general* of the cavalry and infantry." Really Gibbon is not the only historian who has written on this subject, and the chief source of his information, the *Notitia Utriusque Imperii* is as accessible to Mr. Crawford as it was to the historian of the "Decline and Fall." If he had referred to that interesting Directory of the Empire he would have found at once that there were four "Magistri Militum" [equitum et peditum] in the Eastern Empire: one *in Præsenti* (the commander of the household troops); one *per Orientem*, one *per Thracias*, and one *per Illyricum.* The *Magister per Orientem* is almost certainly the general of whom Mr. Crawford is here in search, and to whom the Duke of Pentapolis (if that was his title) was subordinate. My hesitation on this point is due to a doubt whether the last-named officer was called by the title which Mr. Crawford gives to him or by that of *Dux Libyarum*, which the Notita (here unfortunately imperfect) seems

* Synesius the Hellene. By W. S. Crawford, B.D. Rivingtons, 1901.

* As suggested on p. 159. Miss Gardner (p. 39) makes the same mistake.

to assign to him. But here I must tread cautiously, and it is quite possible that Mr. Crawford, in his diligent study of his author, has found instances which justify him in using the expression about which I hesitate.

Notwithstanding some faults, however, I doubt not that this book, the result of so much conscientious labour, will have a permanent value for the students of the literature of the early Byzantine period. And the lovers of Synesius, those whom Kingsley or Miss Gardner may have induced to take an interest in the varied career of the Bishop of Ptolemais, will do well to turn to Mr. Crawford for fuller details than these authors could furnish, especially as to his literary productions.

I agree with the author in fixing the birth of Synesius not later, perhaps somewhat earlier, than 365. The date chosen by Clausen and accepted by Lapatz and Miss Gardner—namely, 375—seems to me decidedly too late. In that case his later letters, which are those of "an old man broken with the storms of State," would have been written by a man between the ages of thirty-five and thirty-eight. No amount of inferential reasoning founded on one or two obscure passages in the letters will make this conclusion probable. Readers of Kingsley's "Hypatia" will be glad to find how absolutely historical is the story of Synesius's enthusiastic veneration for his fair teacher in Philosophy, Hypatia. Every word in his letters to her breathes the same spirit of tender and reverential regard. Only, as has been often pointed out, Kingsley has used a novelist's license in making the lady lecturer a young and beautiful maiden at the time of his story; whereas it seems clear from Synesius's letters that she must have at least reached, if she had not passed, middle age at the date of her murder.

The next great event in the life of Synesius, after he had quitted the lecture-room of Alexandria, was his mission to Constantinople to plead the cause of the oppressed Cyrenians before the Emperor Arcadius. Apparently about three years elapsed before he was admitted to an audience, but when admitted (probably in 399) he made up for his long time of waiting by the sharp honesty of his speech. He himself says that he spoke to the Emperor with a freedom which no Greek had ever used before; and certainly if the published text of his allocution, "On the Art of Reigning," corresponds with that actually delivered, the orator was not wanting in boldness. Here are a few sentences from Mr. Crawford's abstract of the speech: "You cover yourselves with precious stones till you look more like peacocks than anything else. You are as proud of the heavy load of magnificence which you bear as some poor simpleton might be if he were put in golden fetters. You cannot even walk on the ground in its natural condition, but must have it strewn with golden dust," and so on. I must confess to a doubt whether some of these sentences have not been sharpened up by the orator in the safe seclusion of his Cyrenian home. Probably, when he represents himself as exhorting the young Emperor to imitate the frugality of Agesilaus and Epaminondas, and to cultivate such an intimate acquaintance with his officers and soldiers that he can address them by name in the day of battle, he may accurately report his own words, but he was certainly speaking to the winds in addressing such "counsels of perfection" to a lazy, self-indulgent, and almost idiotic youth like Arcadius. On his return voyage to Cyrene, Synesius was attacked by a storm, which for a time seemed likely to lead to the foundering of the vessel. He describes it in a vein of riotous burlesque, hitting off the characters of the desperado captain, the fanatical but cowardly Jewish pilot, the emphatically *not* able-bodied country louts who had been hired to act as sailors and so forth; all told in a style of humorous exaggeration which reminds us rather of Dickens than of a professor of Neo-Platonic philosophy. I have often thought that this story of a narrowly escaped shipwreck would serve well as a foil and a contrast to the beautiful and reverent narrative in Acts xxvii. of a shipwreck actually endured, nearly in the same waters.

The experiences of Synesius as sportsman and commander of the levies of soldiers, raised to defend the Cyrenaica from the ravages of the Ausurian borderers, must be left here undescribed. The reader, if he cares to turn to the twenty-first chapter of Kingsley's "Hypatia," will find them there detailed with remarkable fidelity to the hints furnished by the correspondence of Synesius. (The introduction of St. Augustine on the scene is an admitted departure from the truth of history.)

I must hasten on to the last and most extraordinary *peripateia* in the life of Hypatia's pupil; his election as bishop by the people of Ptolemais. Nobody felt the strangeness of the situation more strongly than Synesius himself. In his celebrated 105th letter (addressed to his brother Evoptius) he thus enumerates the obstacles to his acceptance of the office. "God and the law and [the Patriarch] Theophilus have given me a wife. I declare and protest that I will neither put her away nor consent to visit her in secret. More than that, I hope to see her the mother of other fair children besides those whom we have already. I am before all things a philosopher, not believing lightly, and reasoning much. For example, I can never believe that the body is older than the soul, nor that the world will one day perish; nor that man will rise again in the way which is currently supposed. In my opinion the Resurrection is a sacred thing which should not be divulged, and I am far from agreeing with the popular conceptions of it. If I am appointed bishop I will keep my opinions to myself, neither accepting the popular opinions nor yet refuting them: but those who confer upon me the office must know what I believe. I will not enter the service of the God of truth with a lie in my heart. I love a stirring life, horses and arms. I used to be scolded for this when I was a boy. What a sad thing it will be for me to see my dogs growing fat and lazy, my bows worm-eaten. Still, if God wills it, I must give up hunting."

This letter seems to have been written near the end of a long period, extending over some eight months, which contrary to canonical order had been allowed to Synesius for decision. Theophilus, the very orthodox but not altogether admirable, Patriarch of Alexandria, was favourable to the appointment, and when Synesius visited the capital to announce his acceptance, Theophilus baptised him, passed him rapidly through the inferior orders, and finally sent him back to his diocese, Bishop of Ptolemais and Metropolitan of Libya. How the question as to his non-celibate condition was finally solved it is impossible to say. Mr. Crawford, after a very fair summing up of the evidence, closes the enquiry with a *non liquet;* but upon the whole the balance of probability seems to be in favour of his retention of his wife after his elevation to the episcopate. The current in favour of ecclesiastical celibacy perhaps ran rather less strongly at that time in the Eastern than in the Western churches.

The episcopal career of the new Bishop of Ptolemais, though probably short, was more successful than might have been anticipated from its strange commencement. If he held heretical opinions he apparently kept them to himself. The great question of the day was still the Arian controversy, and on this his Neo-Platonism made it easy for him to side with the orthodox party, though the Trinity of the Neo-Platonists (as Mr. Crawford carefully explains) was a very different theological conception from the Trinity of the Catholic Church. He rebuked factious prelates, he boldly denounced and even excommunicated a tyrannical governor, he defended his flock to the utmost of his power from Ausurian invaders and from oppressive *præsides;* he was only too anxious to take no important step without the approval of his ecclesiastical superior, the Patriarch of Alexandria.

But his later years were saddened by the thought of the impending ruin of his country, by the loss of three much-loved sons, by that which came upon him daily

and deprived him of his cherished literary leisure, "the care of all the churches" of Libya. The date of his death is uncertain, but it probably occurred somewhere about the year 413. It is a remarkable fact that though one of the most important events in the history of the world, the capture of Rome by Alaric, occurred some years before his death, there is no allusion to it in his most discursive and various-toned correspondence. The raids of the Assurians from the Soudan, the worries of the diocese of Ptolemais, seem to eclipse in the view of Synesius and his correspondents the agony and the shame of the violated city by the Tiber.

THOMAS HODGKIN.

AT THE WHITE GATE.—III.

RAIN, rain, rain: the little flagged path outside my window is a streaming way, where the coming raindrops meet again the grey clouds whose storehouse they have but just now left. The grass grows greener as I watch it, the burnt patches fade, a thousand thirsty heads are uplifted for the cooling draught.

The great thrush that robs the raspberry canes is busy; yesterday he had little but dust for his guerdon, but now fresh, juicy fruit repays him as he swings to and fro on the pliant branches. The blackbirds and starlings find the worms an easy prey—poor brother worm ever ready for sacrifice. I can hear the soft, expectant shrill of the family of martins under the roof; there will be good hunting, and they know it, for the flies are out when the rain is over, and there are clamorous mouths awaiting. My little brown brothers, the sparrows, remain my chief delight. Of all the birds these nestle closest to my heart, be they grimy little cockneys, or their trim and dainty country cousins. They come day by day for their meed of crumbs spread for them outside my window, and at this season they eat leisurely and with good appetite, for there are no hungry babies pestering to be fed. Very early in the morning I hear the whirr and rustle of eager wings, and the tap, tap of little beaks upon the stone. The sound carries me back, for it was the first to greet me when I rose to draw water and gather kindling in my roadmender days; and if I slip back another decade they survey me, reproving my laziness, from the foot of the narrow bed in my little attic overseas.

Looking along the roadway we have travelled we see the landmarks, great and small, which have determined the direction of our feet. For some those of childhood stand out above all the rest; but I remember few notable ones, and those few the emphatic chord of the universe, rather than any commerce with my fellows. There was the night of my great disappointment, when I was borne from my comfortable bed to see the wonders of the moon's eclipse. Disappointment was so great that it sealed my lips; but, once back on my pillow, I sobbed for grief that I had seen a wonder so far below my expectation. Then there was a night at Whitby, when the wind made speech impossible, and the seas rushed up and over the great lighthouse like the hungry spirits of the deep. I like better to remember the scent of the first cowslip field under the warm side of the hedge, when I sang to myself for pure joy of their colour and fragrance. Again, there were the bluebells in the deserted quarry like the backwash of a southern sea, and below them the miniature forest of sheltering bracken, with its quaint conceits; and, crowned above all, the day I stood on Watcombe Down, and looked across a stretch of golden gorse and new-turned blood-red field, the green of the headland, and beyond the sapphire sea.

Time sped, and then came a day when I first set foot on German soil and felt the throb of its paternity, the beat of our common life. England is my mother, and most dearly do I love her swelling breasts and wind-swept, salt-strewn hair. Scotland gave me my name, with its haunting derivation handed down by brave men, but Germany has always been to me the Fatherland *par excellence.* True, my love is limited to the southern provinces, with their mediæval memories; for the progressive guttural north I have little sympathy; but the Rhine claimed me from the first, calling, calling, with that wonderful voice which speaks of death and life, of chivalry and greed of gold. If you would have the river's company, you should wander, a happy solitary, along its banks, watching its gleaming current in the early morning, its golden glory as it answers the farewell of parting day. Then, in the silence of the night, you can hear the wash and eddy calling one to another, count the heart-beats of the great bearer of burdens, and watch in the moonlight the sisters of the mist as they lament with wringing hands the days that are gone.

The forests, too, are ready with story hid in the fastness of their solitude, and it is a joy to think that those great pines, pointing ever upwards, go for the most part to carry the sails of great ships seeking afar under open sky. The forest holds other wonders still. It seems but last night that I wandered down the road which led to the little unheeded village where I had made my temporary home. The warm-scented breath of the pines and the stillness of the night wrapped me in great content; the summer lightning leapt in a lambent arch across the east, and the stars, seen dimly through the sombre tree crests, were outrivalled by the glow-worms which shone in countless points of light from bank and hedge; even two charcoal-burners, who passed with friendly greeting, had wreathed their hats with the living flame. The tiny shifting lamps were everywhere; pale yellow, purely white, or green as the underside of a northern wave. By day but an ugly, repellant worm; but darkness comes, and lo, a star alight. Nature is full for us of seeming inconsistencies and glad surprises. The world's asleep, say you; on your ear falls the nightingale's song and the stir of living creatures in bush and brake. The mantle of night falls, and all unattended the wind leaps up and scatters the clouds which veil the constant stars; or in the hour of the great dark, dawn parts the curtain with the long foregleam of the coming day. It is hard to turn one's back on night with her kiss of peace for tired eye-lids, the kiss which is not sleep but its neglected forerunner. I made my way at last down to the vine-girt bridge asleep under the stars and up the winding stairs of the old grey tower; and a stone's-throw away the Rhine slipped quietly past in the midsummer moonlight.

Switzerland came in its turn, unearthly in its white loveliness and glory of lake and sky. But perhaps the landmark which stands out most clearly is the solitary blue gentian which I found in the short slippery grass of the Rigi, gazing up at the sky whose blue could not hope to excel it. It was my first; and what need of another, for finding one I had gazed into the mystery of all. This side the Pass, snow and the blue of heaven; later I entered Italy through fields of many-hued lilies, her past glories blazoned in the flowers of the field.

Now it is a strangely uneventful road that leads to my White Gate. Each day questions me as it passes; each day makes answer for me "not yet." There is no material preparation to be made for this journey of mine into a far country—a simple fact which adds to the "unknowableness" of the other side. Do I travel alone, or am I one of a great company, swift yet unhurried in their passage? The voices of Penelope's suitors shrilled on the ears of Ulysses, as they journeyed to the nether-world, like nocturnal birds and bats in the inarticulateness of their speech. They had abused the gift, and fled self-condemned. Maybe silence commends itself as most suitable for the wayfarers towards the sunrise—silence because they seek the Word—but for those hastening towards the confusion they have

wrought there falls already the sharp oncoming of the curse.

While we are still here the language of worship seems far, and yet lies very nigh ; for what better note can our frail tongues lisp than the voice of wind and sea, river and stream, those grateful servants giving all and asking nothing, the soft whisper of snow and rain eager to replenish, or the thunder proclaiming a majesty too great for utterance? Here, too, stands the angel with the censer gathering up the fragrance of teeming earth and forest-tree, of flower and fruit, and sweetly pungent herb distilled by sun and rain for joyful use. Here, too, come acolytes lighting the dark with tapers —sun, moon, and stars—gifts of the Lord that His sanctuary may stand ever served.

It lies here ready to our hand, this life of adoration which we needs must live hand in hand with earth, for has she not borne the curse with us? But beyond the white gate and the trail of woodbine falls the silence greater than speech, darkness greater than light, a pause of "a little while" ; and then the touch of that healing garment as we pass to the King in His beauty, in a land from which there is no return.

At the gateway then I cry you farewell.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

[The following note has been sent us by a friend of Mr. Fairless, who was with him constantly during the last months of his life :—

"Michael Fairless died on Saturday last, August 24th, at the early age of 33. A large part of this short life was full of suffering, and this was especially acute these last eighteen months—during all the time of the writing of the articles for THE PILOT. Besides these papers, Mr. Murray has a mediæval tale just ready for publication, under the title of 'The Gathering of Brother Hilarius.'

"These writings are in a very definite way the outcome of the days of illness and of being taken out of active life ; at the same time they represent the results not of imagination but of actual experience, and much of their vividness and reality comes from the fact that they are the record of what an unusually keen and subtle insight descried in circumstances which, in themselves, were in no particular way unusual or remarkable.

"The last paper was written, literally, on his death-bed, after eleven days without food of any kind, and between long periods of unconsciousness. It is the result of an effort almost heroic, certainly of rare courage and honesty, to fulfil a promise made to the Editor. Mr. Fairless was too blind to be able to see what he had dictated, and was at the point of death when the proof came to be corrected, but he died happier in that he had kept his word thus far."

This is, probably, all that will be known of one whose writing is of very rare and original type.—Ed. PILOT.]

VILLAGE PHILOSOPHY.

IF "to live without a history" is happiness the folk of the quiet Midland villages ought to be the happiest in the world. Especially deep is the quietude of the small scattered villages that lie along the Huntingdonshire fens, a quietude that is broken by no events and disturbed by no news. The people have character and individuality, but they are taciturn beyond belief, their pure vocabulary has no picturesque qualities to attract the writer and is spoiled in the use by the broadness of accent. Of all the English counties the people here speak the purest English, the heritage of the monasteries upon the old Nene, which have been called the hubs of our language. Only to those who have lived for years among them are the pathos and humour of the people's characters revealed. As in a testimonial, the gist of what they say usually lies in what they omit, and a stranger is usually disappointed with the expectation they hold out; their tales to him lack point. A village oracle famous for his philosophy stopped a friend in the street one day to tell how he had met the rector's youngest son in his perambulator. "I stopped and looked at him" he said, "and he looked at me, and he looked at me—" then wagging his head slowly the oracle added, with a sigh of relief and admiration, "Oh, he *did* look." Another old man acting as gardener on one occasion was startled and not a little hurt by a tile which two children let down on to his head by means of a string from an upper window. Very slowly he took off his cap, rubbed his head and made this comment: "And they children brought up to call their mother Ma!" Reticence and inaction are conscious parts of their philosophy of life. With these they feel boldened to face the slings and arrows of fortune, however outrageous. "If I hadn't sot there with the reins in my hand, I don't know what would 'a happened," said a villager telling on his return how the trap he had driven back from the station had been upset. Both shafts and the splashboard had been broken, and the horse seriously wounded ; but that was nothing to him ; he had played his part. If he hadn't sat there with the reins in his hands—well—any calamity might have happened. This is real philosophy ; and of the same quality was that of a beater who had twice been shot in one day by a young sportsman. He showed no anger, and made no protest. He just said to his neighbour after the inflicting of the second wound, "How that young gentleman do keep pouering the shot into my leggings, to be sure." The secrecy of the ballot is an immense delight to the people. They are not deeper hypocrites in nature than other people, but to tell a man who perhaps has some hold over them, that they will vote for him, and then to go and vote against him has in their mouths the flavour of the shrewdest revenge. "He's a deep 'un" is high praise. "If anyone was to give me sixpence I'm not the one to say anything about it," said a man engaged in mending the road to a County Council canvasser who had tried to explain the bribery laws. As with the rest reticence was his strength.

It is curious to see these people in the face of any unusual experience. Once in the village I have been talking of, a robbery was committed. It was done so clumsily that it seemed as if conscience had driven the men into seeking detection. The effect on the village was inexplicable. On the next Sunday the whole population flocked to church, A panic seemed to seize them, as if the good name of the whole village had been blown upon. Yet they were not shocked ; the men after their term of imprisonment returned to the village and their old work and had not perceptibly lost caste. The deed was regarded as a freak, an inexplicable interruption of Nature's course, an impersonal disaster. There is also evidence, which may partly explain the reception of the prodigals, that the labourers have a secret feeling that the law, the magistrates, the police, even the Church exist chiefly in the interests of the richer classes and are closely connected. At the same time their affection for the Church is sincere and deep: they regard the churchyard with a curious degree of reverence ; and almost all their expressions of deeper feeling are connected, often in the quaintest manner, with the church services. And everywhere the duty of observing the ceremonies of the Church is looked upon as an act of courtesy to the rector, who is entitled to feel personally hurt at any remissness. An old woman, one of the rare "characters" of the place, suffered from an unsatisfactory daughter-in-law. One day the rector's wife said to her, "Your daughter has not brought her child to be christened." "No, mum, I know she ain't," said the old woman. "I've told her many a time that you have been a good friend to her and she ought to a had it done." She then diverged into her own grievances. "Ah, mum, that woman's been a mort of trouble to me. It's all along of her that I've had a bad leg. She wasn't

a going on right and I walked all the way to see her, and when I come to the first house in the town (another village is always "the town") my leg busted. But there, mum, I've always said if my leg hadn't busted my heart would." She was a woman of great integrity, not without decision. In her early married life she had left her husband and gone into service because he would drink and get into debt. The derelict would pay her visits at her "place," to the amusement of the servants, who would cry out, "Here is Milson come a courting his wife." "But I told him," said the old woman, recalling the incident, "it was no use his coming courting me until he gave up his evil ways, and could say that the clothes he stood up in were his own. One day he came and said they was his own. Then I went back to him." It was the same old woman who when asked how the church restoration was getting on in her village said with a sorrowful shake of the head, "I doubt, mum, whether it will ever be finished in my time," then brightening, "but I don't know—they can take in corpses and sich as that now." The reasons that induce the rustics to attend their place of worship would often disconcert those who imagine that they turn chiefly on matters of doctrine. A neighbouring rector noticed an old woman, who had previously gone to chapel, in pretty regular attendance at church. Delighted with his convert he called on her and told her how glad he was to see her in church. "Why, yes," said she, "they have a nice fire at the chapel, but I likes the church best. In the chapel they sits and they sits, and there you might sit; but in church you keeps moving, you stands up and then you sits and then you stands, and it do help the digestion so. That's how I likes church." A neighbour of this woman was a man rather above a labourer, who by shrewdness and carefulness had accumulated a little property. He was of an inquisitive, if not enquiring mind, and his religious convictions were not very pronounced; but he went to church. In his last illness his clergyman went to visit him and found his mind wandering a little. He thought he was dead, and was sitting up in bed, looking intently all about him; at last he said with a doubtful kind of grunt, "If this is hell it isn't so bad as they make out," then after a pause, "and if it is heaven I don't think so much to it."

The ideas on temperance and total abstinence are sometimes very quaint. Men who have a reputation as professed abstainers will be found to abstain from beer but not from more potent liquors. This came out in the oddest way at a neighbouring fire. As the men had assembled from the villages near, and had worked hard in putting out the flames, the rector ordered six gallons of beer to be given; but when he came to pay for the beer a few days after the publican charged him for eight gallons. "But," said the rector, "I only ordered six." "Yes, sir, that is because the P—— men are 'totes' and drink nectar." "And what is this nectar?" "Oh, nectar, sir, is hot beer with toast in it." Now and again there is an influx of new life, and sign of new ideas, as when in a parish not far off a respectable woman presented three children for baptism. The first she named Anemone Violet Lily Rose and the third Wellington Blucher. The parson, being rather taken aback, said, when it came to register the baptisms, "You seem to be a great reader." "Yes," she said, "my husband is a market gardener and he reads a great deal, and perhaps you will be surprised to hear we have buried two Bismarcks and a Nelson." But village life is undergoing rapid change. Boys and girls have their bicycles; the young men leave to get more excitement and better wages; the girls go to London and other large centres, the local paper tells them what the outer world is doing, even the fashions reach them in the course of a few months. Soon there will be no country ways, and it is doubtful if there will be any tillers of the soil, none but a few shepherds or herdsmen, unless there should occur one of those unforeseen waves of reaction which stultify all prophecies and confound all argument.

W. Beach Thomas.

THE CHIEF MOUNTAIN GROUPS IN THE ALPS.

V.—THE WESTERN AND EASTERN GRAIANS.

THE description of the general scheme and features of the Graian chain took up so much space in my last paper that I had only room to speak of the Central Graians, which form its backbone. Now I must proceed to the two wings of that main chain; and if I seem to some readers to write at disproportionate length on the Graians, I would urge two excuses in my defence. First, it is, on the whole, rarely visited by English visitors, though, assuredly, it will be more visited some day, as it gets to be better known; and then, from practically all the high Graian summits the traveller may gain most wonderful views, on the one side south towards the Cottians, Dauphiné, and the Maritimes, and on the other towards Mont Blanc, the Grand Combin, the Matterhorn, as well as over the Italian plains that spread themselves out far below.

The Western Graians, as I have said before, form the western wing of the Graians. They are connected with the main chain by the Pass (9,085 ft.) and group of the Iseran, but otherwise are wholly enclosed by the upper valleys of the Isère and the Arc, which cut them off completely from all their neighbours. Bonneval-sur-Arc and Val d'Isère are the best headquarters for the exploration of the more westernly portion of the Western Graians. Some summits, however, are better attacked from Bessans, Lanslebourg, or even Modane, on the south. More to the north and at the foot of the Grande Casse is the charmingly situated village of Pralognan (4,672 ft.). It has now a good new inn, which is sixteen and a half miles by carriage road from Moûtiers, the capital of the Tarentaise (and on a railway leading past Albertville to the main Mont Cenis line), past the now much frequented station of Brides-les-Bains. (I have not forgotten my first visit nearly thirty years ago to that station in its infancy, when, amid other strange provisions, we were presented with half a boxful of sardines, no longer in their box, but wrapped in a dirty newspaper, so that our negligence in not examining the provisions before departure later caused much woe and bother.)

The monarch of the Western Graians is the *Grande Casse* (12,668 ft.), which on the south is simply a snow slope gradually increasing in steepness, but not really formidable despite its alarming reputation. (Once we glissaded straight down this slope, to the extreme terror of some French friends on a summit opposite, who assured us in the evening at Pralognan that they had given us up for lost!) On the north it presents grand rock precipices, streaked by numberless snow gullies, to which it owes another name, that of Pointe des Grands Couloirs. The second peak is the *Mont Pourri* (12,428 ft.), a most elegant summit, which surprises the traveller, who has reached the Col du Bonhomme on his way from Chamonix to Courmayeur by the "Tour du Mont Blanc," and to which the queerest names are sometimes given, as its identity is (or used to be) known to only a few of the Chamonix or Courmayeur guides. I was so taken in 1874 by its magnificent appearance from the Bonhomme, that I gave up all plans and hastened down to Bourg St. Maurice in order to attempt its ascent. But as our party was armed only with a very small map (the French Government Map for that region had not yet appeared), and could procure but very little information relating to it, we made the ascent from an entirely new side, and by a route even more devious than the usual one. Some years later (in 1878) I took the latter route, and then discovered *the* direct route down by the Roches glacier on the south-west, so regaining the chalets, where we had slept, in about an hour and three-quarters from the top. But in 1878 we had no view from the top as in 1874. In succeeding years the Pourri behaved very badly towards me. I had set my heart on climbing it by its long south ridge (once done before by a French

party). In 1884 in a very violent snowstorm we reached what we long believed to be the top, but which was really only a snow hump on the long ridge, and in 1889 rain unceasing did not even allow us to get farther than some chalets above Tignes, with a most disobliging tenant. In 1891 at last we succeeded, starting from a high bivouac, but making the entire ascent in rain, and being very nearly taken in once more by that deceitful hump of 1884—in fact, it *did* take us in, and had not at the last moment the clouds lifted slightly and shown us the real top beyond, we should once more have been the sport of the Pourri. But all this notwithstanding, I am very fond of the Pourri, though it generally shrouds itself in mist when I am in its immediate neighbourhood. The third peak of the Western Graians is the *Dent Parrachée* (12,179 ft.) which rises at the extreme south end of the vast snowfields of the Vanoise, and so is best taken from Modane. But the best view-point on those snowfields is the very easy *Dôme de Chasseforêt* (11,802 ft.), a sort of Cima di Jazzi, or rather (as it lacks precipices) a Tête Blanche, a visit to which from Pralognan (a new club hut has recently been built on the way) cannot be too strongly recommended. East of the Grande Casse is the snow pyramid of the *Grande Motte* (12,018 ft.), another grand panoramic point. Probably few save specialists will be attracted by the Péclet group (highest point 11,700 ft.), the most westerly of the snowy groups of the Western Graians, or by the Méan-Martin group (highest point 11,605 ft.), one of the most easterly groups. But I cannot part from the Western Graians without a word of praise for the sharp needle-like peak of the Pointe de la Glière (11,109 ft.) near Pralognan. It is really perfectly easy, the last rocks alone offering an enjoyable scramble. It is, too, well beloved by me, for did not I and my Bernese guide make the first ascent years ago? We had started for an entirely different peak, and took this as a *pis aller*, not being in the least aware that it enjoyed a huge local reputation for inaccessibility. In fact, we were so modest about it (perhaps because we then attached no great value to our conquest), that when, some years after, a French party attained the summit with local guides, they were utterly overwhelmed by the discovery of a cairn, in which was a card with our names. I must, too, content myself with a bare allusion to the Isèran group at the point where the Western Graians join the Central Graians. By a series of quaint blunders and misunderstandings it came to be believed that it culminated in a grand peak of over 13,000 ft. (really its highest point, the *Grande Aiguille Rousse*, is but 11,424, though it is an admirable belvedere, be it said), an ascent of which one book even described in glowing terms. But forty years ago some Englishmen went and destroyed the imposture. I have told the whole story in detail in this year's volume of the "Annuaire" of the French Alpine Club. I must not forget to add that the Western Graians in many ways recall Switzerland, whether by their extensive and not too inclined glaciers, or by their magnificent mountain pasturages (the finest in the Alps south of the Bernese Oberland), whereon, too, real Swiss herdsmen from Fribourg and other of the French-speaking Cantons will be found in summer.

As the Western Graians are wholly French, so the *Eastern Graians* are wholly Italian (hence no troubles as to "papers"), and are joined on to the Central Graians by the isthmus of the Col de Nivolet (8,665 ft.), between the Orco Valley and the Val Savaranche. The Eastern Graians are best known perhaps as the last European home of bouquetins (which a keeper once told me do not now exceed 300 in number), for the hunting rights belong to the King of Italy, old Victor Emmanuel II. having been a great sportsman. He caused 250 miles of mule paths to be constructed in this district for his convenience (one over a pass 10,831 ft. high!) as well as many hunting lodges. Chamois, too, are strictly preserved here, so that I have seen herds of seventy at least (once we counted up to that number, and then gave up, as there were so many more). But of course no one must shoot them save the king and his guests. Not unnaturally, the king does not specially wish for an incursion of tourists into his favourite haunts. Hence he does not allow a good inn at Cogne (5,033 ft., 5 to 6 hours from Aosta by mule track, passable for small carts), the centre of the district. Cogne is ideally situated amidst broad green meadows (many rare flowers), with a grand view up the Valmontey to the great glacier amphitheatre at its head. But though it is at the foot of the Grivola (13,022 ft.), that peak is invisible from near the village, though the Grand Paradis (13,324 ft.) can be seen by making a short stroll. But however short a stay a traveller makes at Cogne, let him or her take care not to omit a walk of one hour up the hill-side to the north of Cogne as far as the hamlet of Gimilian, built in a situation that in Switzerland would be reckoned among the finest conceivable, and would be the object of many pilgrimages. Better inns than at Cogne are to be found at Dégioz (5,056 ft., the chief hamlet of the Val Savaranche on the west) and at Ceresole (4,905 ft.) on the south, but both lie too low to serve as good starting-points, though the lovely position of Ceresole at the very foot of the Levanna and the excellence of its hotel make it *necessary* for every traveller visiting the Graians to find his way thither. Climbers will take up their headquarters at the admirable Vittorio Emmanuele II. club hut (9,105 ft.), about three hours and a half from Dégioz by mule path, and containing several airy and large rooms. From it nearly all the great peaks of the Eastern Graians can be climbed, particularly the Grand Paradis, which is distant only a short four hours by an extraordinarily easy route. The Grivola is best ascended from Cogne, as also the Mont Herbetet, a grand crag of 12,396 ft., but the Tour du Grand St. Pierre (12,113 ft.) is best reached from the east by way of the Piantonetto club hut. Owing to the great height of this club hut, one can bag peaks innumerable in a short day—I once did three peaks and three passes in twelve hours and a quarter, all halts included, while two are easy enough. The St. Pierre and the lower Punta Lavina (10,854 ft.)—both a day from Cogne—command incredibly beautiful views over the Italian plain, while once I was lucky enough when on the Tersicva (11,526 ft., six hours from Cogne to the north-east of which it rises), after a heavy snowfall, to look up the Val Tournamnche, just opposite, right to the wonderful snow-powdered precipices of the Matterhorn. The Punta Nera (12,113 ft., five hours and a half from Cogne) is a very grand and easily accessible view-point, and should certainly be preferred to the more famed Becca di Nona (10,309 ft.) north of Cogne. One of the quaintest sights in this district is the crater-like frozen lake at the very top of the Roccia Viva (11,976 ft.), which is invisible from any other point, and affords delightful sliding, as we once found during a stay of two hours and a half on the summit of the peak.

W. A. B. Coolidge.

MUSIC.

THE CECILIA-VEREIN FESTIVAL.

For many years past Ratisbon has been the Mecca of lovers of sacred music. It was here that Proske worked at the great collection which first rendered accessible so many forgotten compositions of the age of Palestrina, and it was here that Franz Witt, the reformer of church music, first developed the ideas of which in his later life he was so powerful and uncompromising an advocate, and which led in 1867 to the foundation of the Allgemeine Deutsche Cäcilienverein. Under men like Mettenleiter and Schrems in past years, Dr. Jakob, the venerable Dean of the Cathedral, and Herr Engelhardt, the Kapellmeister, in the present day, the services in the noble Gothic Cathedral have long been famous as models of what church music may be

when governed by purity of taste, unfailing enthusiasm, and a profound regard for liturgical principles. In its school for church music Ratisbon possesses an institution which is yearly making its influence more and more felt; it is to Dr. Haberl, the director of the school, that the world owes the great edition of Palestrina's works which is now approaching completion; while the half a dozen firms of music-publishers, with the great house of Pustet at their head, are gradually making the quiet, old town on the Danube a commercial centre for the dissemination of good sacred music. It was, therefore, hardly to be wondered at that the Sixteenth General Assembly of the Cecilia-Verein should have attracted an enormous number of visitors to Ratisbon last week. The town literally swarmed with clergy, and nearly every rank and religious order was represented. Germany, Austria, Hungary, Switzerland, Holland, Russia, Great Britain, Belguim, Italy, France, and the United States all sent members, either actually belonging to the association or sympathising with its aims and work. According to the statutes, General Assemblies of the Cecilia-Verein are held at least once in every five years. Their object, in addition to the transaction of business, is to disseminate a taste for pure Church music by means of model performances, to discuss and decide disputed points, to give instruction by means of lectures and speeches dealing with the reforms which are the object of the Verein, and to promote the personal intercourse of those interested in church music in all parts of the world. Last week's proceedings began on Monday evening with solemn Vespers and Benediction in the cathedral, at which the Psalms were sung to harmonised Gregorian tones by masters of the sixteenth or seventeenth centuries, as published in Kraus's "Psalmodia Vespertina." At Ratisbon both choir and organ are placed behind the high altar, and the admirably trained voices of the invisible singers are heard to perfection in every part of the building. The Magnificat was sung to a six-part setting by an anonymous composer of the school of Palestrina; the Antiphon of the Blessed Virgin was a "Salve Regina" by Felice Anerio, the "Pange Lingua" was by M. Haller, the Litany by P. Griesbacher and the "Tantum Ergo" by Mitterer—all three prominent composers of the school founded by Franz Witt.

In striking contrast to this impressive service was the informal gathering held later in the evening in the great concert-room at the Bismarck-Platz. The platform was occupied by the excellent band of the 11th Bavarian Infantry, and the floor of the hall was filled with small tables, at which the members of the Verein and their friends ate, drank, and smoked, clergy and laity, and a fair sprinkling of ladies, all taking part in the proceedings in the delightfully homely fashion of which Germany seems alone to possess the secret. The performances of the band were varied by excellent speeches from Dr. Kagerer (one of the Cathedral dignitaries), the Burgomaster, Dr. Haberl (the President of the Assembly), the Kapellmeisters of Cologne and Treves, and several others. On Tuesday the proceedings began with a sermon in the Cathedral by Dr. Huhn, of Munich, after which High Mass was sung by the Bishop of Szatmar, Count Maylath, the music being Palestrina's immortal "Assumpta est Maria," with the composer's motet of the same name as the offertory. At half-past ten the first general meeting was held in the unfinished Church of St. Cecilia, followed at two o'clock by a second meeting, which was attended only by members of the Verein. In the afternoon a performance of sacred music was given in the Cathedral, at which an admirable selection of motets by Palestrina, Giovanni Croce, Luca Marenzio, Vittoria, Ingegneri, Aichinger, and Orlando Lasso was sung. In the evening an interesting surprise was afforded, no announcement of which appeared in the official programme. Dr. Donald Tovey, the young English pianist, who last season aroused so much interest by his concerts in London, gave a pianoforte recital for the benefit of the building fund of the Church of St. Cecilia. The programme included works by Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, and Brahms, and Mr. Tovey's fine playing was received with the utmost enthusiasm by a very large and appreciative audience. At the end of the recital Dr. Haberl, in a few graceful words, thanked the young pianist not only for the material assistance he had given to the fund, but also for the artistic enjoyment he had given to all present. The musical performances of the last day of the festival were hardly so interesting as those on Monday and Tuesday. At half-past eight a Requiem Mass was sung in the cathedral by Dr. Donnelly, of Dublin (Titular Bishop of Canea), the music of the Mass being by M. Haller and the sequence by J. Schildknecht. In the afternoon Dr. Haberl delivered an admirable lecture on the "Performance of Plain Song," into which he compressed an immense amount of valuable and useful advice. Under the lecturer's direction various passages of plain-song were sung by the audience, the proceedings ending with the *Te Deum*, the Gregorian melody of which, sung by such an enormous body of voices, was one of the most striking things of the whole Festival. After Dr. Haberl's lecture a large section of the audience remained behind to hear Sir Walter Parratt perform on the new organ, which has just been built in the Church of St. Cecilia. To English musicians the organist of St. George's Chapel is too well known to need praise, but it was highly gratifying to see how his playing of a fugue by Bach, a fantasia by Mozart, and a sonato by Mendelssohn were appreciated by an audience which contained so many of the best church musicians of Germany. The impromptu part taken in the festival by Sir Walter Parratt and Mr. Tovey, and the unstinted and genuine praise bestowed on them both by their audiences and the Ratisbon press, left a very pleasant impression on the little group of English-speaking enthusiasts who attended the Cecilia-Verein's meeting.

A second performance of sacred music, followed by Benediction, at which the music was entirely selected from compositions by modern German and Austrian musicians, brought the proceedings in the Cathedral to a close, but in the evening there was a final gathering in the Concert Room, at which the Ratisbon Liederkranz sang a selection of part-songs, Mr. Tovey played a polonaise and mazurka by Chopin, and a number of toasts were drunk, none more enthusiastically than that coupled with the name of Dr. Harbel, to whose untiring energy, unfailing courtesy and geniality a very large share of the success of the whole meeting was due. Upon the many questions raised by the work of the Cecilia-Verein there is not space now to enter. Some of them were referred to in the President's lecture, and others will be familiar to readers of the society's organs and other publications devoted to church music. From the first there has been much opposition and a good deal of hard hitting on both sides; but whatever differences and misunderstandings may exist, it is certain that the Cecilia-Verein has done and is doing a work of immense value, and all who wish to see music the worthy handmaid of religion will wish the society "God speed."

W. B. S.

DRAMA.

A MAN OF HIS WORD.

GIVEN a man who is habitually brave, a man of well-proved courage—can he so far change his nature as to be guilty of an act of cowardice? That such a one may through age or sickness lose his nerve altogether is beyond doubt, and in that condition he will be unable to do things which were formally nothing to him—*e.g.*, ride his horse at timber—but the question does not refer to chronic cases. Can a brave man do of a sudden a cowardly act, recovering his real nature again directly the lapse is over? Who shall assert the

negative? Are there any limits to the topsy-turveydom of poor humanity? Of course the bravest of men may on occasion feel fear: "It is only a coward who says he was never afraid." But there is a world of difference between being afraid, *feeling* fear, and allowing the weakness to translate itself into action. This was well illustrated by the subaltern at Waterloo (or elsewhere), whose white face drew forth the sneers of a seasoned old non-commissioned officer: "Yes, sergeant, it is true, I am afraid, and if you were half as much afraid as I am you would have run away long ago." To return to the original question, Sir Walter Besant in one of his charming stories tells of a dashing, plucky naval officer who, at the moment of engaging the enemy, lost heart and put his ship about. But there the fit of cowardice lasted for some time, half an hour at least (I write from memory), which increases the improbability, and yet so careful a writer doubtless satisfied himself before introducing the incident.

The author of the new play at the Imperial Theatre takes this curious psychological problem for a theme, and turns it to good account. Colonel Pangdon, an officer of high repute on our Indian marches, a man of established courage and resource, is helped out of a very tight corner by a young subaltern who takes him up on his own horse. They ride for camp as fast as the animal can carry them, the enemy in close pursuit. Both have been hard hit. Presently the boy falls off. Now what Pangdon ought to do is to stop and pick him up; what he does do is to ride on in the craving for self-preservation. He comes to himself, and tries to pull up and return. It is too late, he cannot stop the horse, and soon after he falls off himself, fainting from his wounds. He crawls back to camp and forces his friend, Captain Meredith, to hear the story of his shame, first exacting from him a solemn promise never to reveal the secret. The words are no sooner uttered than he becomes insensible, and at the moment other officers come in. The deserted boy was found just before he died, and he had strength enough to say how he had been treated, though words failed him as he tried to whisper the name of the culprit. Accidents throw suspicion on Meredith, and he cannot exculpate himself without breaking his promise to Pangdon.

Three months pass. Meredith has been tried by court-martial and acquitted, but the feeling against him in Simla is so strong that he has not returned to duty. He is waiting for Pangdon to come and set things right, for Pangdon after all did not die but lived to receive substantial honours for his services. Others may sneer and suspect, but when Pangdon arrives it will be all right. So thinks Meredith, good simple fellow. The soul of honour himself, it never crosses his mind that Pangdon will play him false. Here, as it strikes me, the author fails to convince. Pangdon is represented at the beginning as an honourable man. Why did he not exculpate Meredith so soon as he had recovered sufficiently to learn what had happened since that fatal night? A man of honour would have found the way, either by writing or by speaking, to clear his friend. On the other hand, granting that he has kept silence all these three months, then his refusal to speak now is easily intelligible. His conscience has become numbed. He has reconciled himself to infamy. So it comes to pass that when the two meet in Meredith's garden at Simla, Pangdon doggedly refuses to say the words that will right his friend and damn himself. There is a complication. A small frontier trouble has broken out, and Pangdon is necessary for the command. He ekes out his case with this—urges that the public interests require him to abstain from a confession that would deprive the public of his services. Then comes another complication. Meredith, with a true chivalry, is ready to subordinate his own wrongs—and they are great—that the State may not suffer; but at least Pangdon can set him right in the eyes of the woman he loves. Surely she can be told in confidence that he is not a coward. To this arrangement Pangdon consents. Who is she, he asks, that he may speak without loss of time. And Meredith turns to her as she enters, saying, with a smile, that Sir Philip Pangdon has something to tell her. It is the woman to whom Pangdon has been for some time secretly engaged! An effective situation, well led up to.

The next day Meredith insists on Pangdon speaking. Pangdon, now worked upon by jealousy, refuses point blank. Then Meredith loses his self-control and declares that he no longer considers himself bound to silence, declares he will himself expose the truth. Pangdon laughs at him, dares him to do it, denies that he *can* do it. Meredith tries, and fails. Face to face with the girl he loves, he cannot ruin his rival. But he is not altogether speechless. He blurts out his hopeless passion, and, to his exceeding surprise, learns that it is returned. The embrace which results from this double avowal is seen by a designing widow, who takes the earliest opportunity of informing the world of Simla that Captain Meredith has betrayed his friend, Sir Philip Pangdon. Even as she speaks Pangdon enters, and mistakes her meaning. His head is full of the secret; he can think of nothing else; he assumes that Meredith has been saying who the coward really was and, to the amazement of all, rushes forward to reproach him with having done so. At last the truth is out, and it is told by himself!

The weak point in the story has been pointed out—the unpardonable and unnatural silence of Pangdon during the early days of his recovery. Less important are some of the minor episodes. As the heroine was to be engaged to one man she did not care about and then to marry another, why make the only other girl in the piece go through the same experiences? Why make old Mrs. Meredith violate her son's confidence by disclosing to the heroine his love? Why make an officer call upon Meredith and then refuse to shake hands with him? And, worse, why make the other officers tolerate his conduct? The obvious course would be to kick him out.

Mr. Waring is excellent as Meredith, a thorough good fellow with honesty writ large on his face. His behaviour in the second act is remarkably true to life, the firm belief in Pangdon, the calm assurance that there have been good reasons for keeping silence so long but that now the word will certainly be spoken, and then the difficulty in believing that this man whom he has trusted is a cur. Mr. Henry Irving has done much good work of late, but nothing better than Pangdon. The reluctance to condemn himself, call honour never so loudly, is carefully shown, and the very difficult climax he manages with much skill. These two share the honours. Miss Hilda Rivers might do more with the heroine if she would let herself go; she lacks the ring of passion in the last act. Mr. Webster has a part quite unworthy of him, but along with a dozen others strives hard to do that which has never been done yet—to present Anglo-Indian society on the stage.

W. HUGHES HALLETT.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

I HAVE read with interest the letters of "R. David" and "Outsider" in last Saturday's PILOT. To some extent I agree with both; but in both, as I think, there lurk some errors. "R. David" and "Outsider" affirm, though in different words, that Liberalism has been essentially a movement for the liberty of the individual. I entirely agree, and I may cite a fourth witness to the same truth. In the year of the first Jubilee, Mr. Gladstone, reviewing the achievements of Liberalism during the preceding fifty years, wrote:—

> The business of the last half-century has been in the main a process of setting free the individual man, that he may work out

his vocation without wanton hindrance, as his Maker will have him do. If, instead of this, Government is to work out his vocation for him, I, for one, am not sanguine as to the result.

Seven years later, when he had finally left office, he wrote to a friend whom he suspected of Collectivist leanings:—

I am thankful to have had a part in the emancipating labours of the last sixty years; but entirely uncertain how, had I now to begin my life, I could face the very different problems of the next sixty years. Of one thing I am, and always have been convinced—it is not by the State that man can be regenerated, and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually dealt with.

So far we are all four agreed, for both "R. David" and "Outsider" allow that the State cannot save the individual, though apparently they would part company when they came to consider whether the Church can perform that salutary process.

But "R. David" holds that the State can very effectively help the Church in the work which is properly hers, if only the relations between the two are rightly adjusted. Here I begin to disagree, for I hold that, just in proportion as the Church leans on the aid of the State, she forgets her own peculiar commission, and, perhaps unconsciously, distrusts her own God-given resources. In my view, therefore, the only right relation between Church and State is that of absolute independence. But my disagreement with "R. David" does not end here. I not only dissent from his ideal of Church and State, but I traverse his statement of the relation between the two as it actually exists. Let me quote his words, "'Don't take my money to teach a religion I don't approve of,' cries the individual, and, rightly, the State desists." But does the State "desist"? The "Bystander," as an individual, has long uttered the cry which "R. David" puts into his mouth; but the State has turned a deaf ear. It continues to subsidise schools in which Roman Catholicism and Wesleyanism are taught, and it runs a system of national education in which "Undenominationalism" is taught. Now from all these misbeliefs the "Bystander" profoundly dissents; but he is forced to pay for them all the same. Similarly the atheist is taxed to teach the existence of God; the Jew is taxed to teach the Godhead of Christ; the Unitarian to teach the doctrine of the Trinity; and the Independent to teach the Apostolic Succession. The Quaker, repudiating all Sacraments, must pay for teaching the Church Catechism, and the Baptist, for teaching that the sprinkling of infants is a Divine ordinance.

Further, "R. David" says that the individual "cries to the State to deprive the Church of her liberty to teach her faith in her own schools." But is this so? Where the Church has schools of her own, maintained exclusively with the money of churchmen for teaching the doctrines of the Church, I never heard of any one "Crying to the State" to coerce her. But when her schools are subsidised with public money, and that money is provided by the taxation of a nation which professes a hundred different religions, it is natural that those who find the money should object to seeing it employed in teaching what they believe to be error.

Here I turn for a moment to "Outsider," and I must remind him that he puts into my mouth a phrase which I never used. I wrote of Catholics, and Churchmen, and Christian Socialists; but I said never a word about "High Churchmen." I go all lengths with "Outsider" in repudiating the notion that "High Churchmanship" can have anything in common with Liberalism. The very phrase is odious to me; it has come to signify everything that is established and Erastian, and plausible and worldly. It implies the closest alliance with the powers that be; the most determined opposition to all democratic movements; and (as tested by its dealings with slavery, the Penal Code, Free Trade, extension of the suffrage, and the like) a besotted resistance to all social improvement. The very type and ideal of High Churchmanship was the parish clerk on whose grave it was written:—

He trod the pious paths his fathers trod,
And loved established ways of serving God.

Widely different is my ideal of Catholic Churchmanship; and between that Churchmanship and Liberalism I see no contradiction, but the most natural sympathy. The Catholic, as I conceive him, calls no man master. He regards his clergy as, in the strictest sense, ministers, and the occupant of the highest throne in Western Christendom as *Servus Servorum*. He believes that the Divine promises were made, not merely to an episcopate or even to a priesthood, but to the baptized democracy of Spirit-bearing people. He holds that the co-operation of the lay-people is necessary alike to the settlement of the faith, and to the healthy working of the Christian Society. Thus believing, he encourages the poorest and most ignorant of Adam's sons to seek a resting-place, a sanctuary, and a home within the welcoming walls of the Catholic Church; he rigidly banishes from those walls all considerations of class or caste, material wealth or worldly state; and he allies himself, by a natural instinct, with that political party which prefers the rights of the many to the privileges of the few. BYSTANDER.

[Perhaps in the autumn, when we have had a little rest from the educational controversy, "Bystander" will explain how subsidising a secular school in which a particular religion is taught is the same thing as paying for the teaching of that religion.—Ed. PILOT.]

CORRESPONDENCE.

"LOS VON ROM."

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

THE exhaustive works of MM. Blondel, Goyau, Bérard, Pinon, etc., on the social, religious, and economical state of Germany, have proved that the younger generation of our writers takes more interest in European politics than is generally thought abroad. The works of MM. Rambaud and Leroy-Beaulieu on Russia might prove the same fact concerning the generation immediately before, and those of Tocqueville and Le Play had such success as ought to remove all suspicion of indifference on the part of their co-temporaries about even the more philosophical side of the history of modern nations. I could quote many other names, which occur readily enough to the mind.

Another young man, a most conscientious and patient inquirer, M. André Chéradame, has added a remarkable contribution to the same sort of literature. His recent book, "L'Europe et la Question d'Autriche, au seuil du XXème siècle," throws the greatest light on one of the most interesting questions of the very near future, and affords a new and cogent demonstration, though the author is not a believer, that the interests of France are nearly everywhere in close connection with those of the Catholic religion. We have seen, since the appearance of the book, more and more frequent notices of what has been called the "Los von Rom" movement.

This movement, though its name denotes a religious agitation is, however, of purely political origin. It is a wave in the great German tide known as Pan-Germanism. The consciousness, in a whole race, of a sublime destiny and a providential calling has its grandeur. Attila was not a common barbarian if he really called himself the Scourge of God. In the case of Pan-Germanism this feeling leaves one in doubt. The race theory, which found its application in Alsace and (not without some philological subtleties) in Lorraine, is not verified in the Germanisation of Poland, still less in Africa and in China. It

may have found its way into the confederate kingdoms and grand-duchies, but it must be very lately. There is too much Prussian bombast in its utterances to make them generally acceptable. National pride in the pages of Strauss, as well as in the stilted addresses of Wilhelm, or the prophecies of Herr Bjoernstjerne Bjornson—a decided Pan-Germanist, though a Norwegian—looks too much like common conceit and upstart *morgue*. The ordinary German easily mistakes flowery grandiloquence for depth and poetical feeling. The Kaiser's sublime loses very much in a translation. However, though Pan-Germanism may have been at first little else than a theme for truculent *commers* songs and speeches, it is now instilled everywhere into the boyish mind through ingeniously-tinted maps, and the wish of becoming the great Catholic power makes its notion more popular in Catholic districts which otherwise would have been shy of it.

The natural field of Pan-Germanist action is, of course, Austria. The racial agitation is endemic there, and the questions of schools and languages have only given it more activity in the past twenty years. An Austrian thinks more of his German origin than even a Prussian. Under the circumstances a crisis cannot be prevented much longer. Many go so far as to predict that it must break out at the death of the old Emperor, whom his age and misfortunes have made beloved, and whose tact can alone keep the shattered empire together. If Vienna has to meet the violent opposition of Prague and Pesth, it will naturally look to Berlin for help, and that will be an unique chance of increasing the greater Germany by ten millions.

The "Los von Rom" movement is only a preparation for the impending event, and it is not difficult to understand how the religious question engrafted itself on the political one. In the first place, loyalty to Rome remains the basis of loyalty to the Habsburg family. The Austrians may speak the same language as the Germans, their ideas and dispositions make them look more like Latins. The political stiffness and the religious frigidity of their neighbours is hateful to them. Next, the German politicians rightly consider that the accession of Austria to the Empire would raise the numbers of Catholics from seventeen to twenty-six, or twenty-seven millions, the Protestant majority being in that case little more than four millions. Their experience of the energy and activity of the Centre, even in its numerical inferiority, causes them to apprehend what it might do if it suddenly became considerably stronger. The only way to avert this danger is to bring Austria over to Protestantism. In its crude expression this ingenious method looks a little too theoretical. It reminds one of the amusingly historical transitions we used to learn by heart in our school-books, and though the German may be speculative, he is not so to such an excess. In reality the "Los von Rom" campaign has come after many Germanising efforts, and ought not to be taken too seriously.

It may have been, as I will admit, more successful than was expected in the German-speaking districts of Bohemia, but there is just as much chance of winning Austria to Lutheranism as of persuading the Bretons to turn loyal Church of England people, which is the dream of some imaginative missionaries. Pastor Braünlich and Pastor Eveling are evidently infatuated. What the *Schulverein* and the *Allgemeine Deustche Schulverein* could not achieve, the *Evangelische Bund*, in spite of its organisation and the fanatic zeal of its members, will not bring about. You can easily persuade a man that he should speak his own language, but not that he should cast aside his religion. However, Eveling and Braünlich, flushed by the conversion of an easily convertible member of the Reichsrath, Herr Schœnerer, go to work as if they had no doubt about the issue. "Los von Rom" is sung in *lieder*, preached in tracts, and shouted at meetings. The reasons for seceding from the Scarlet Woman are twofold. "All German land, on God's vast globe, should be Lutheran," evidently because it is German; and "Los von Rom! we will bear no longer the deceit and the shameful yoke of priests!" The deceit of priests is exemplified mostly from instances similar to the numerous stories of immured nuns, and their immorality is proved by the well-known quotations from Sanchez. This sort of argument never fails to cause disturbance in a simple audience. As to the conversions they bring about, anybody who has had the least experience of a mischievous turn of mind not infrequent in the peasantry can no more be surprised than rejoiced at them.

The adherents to the "Los von Rom" movement are to be found mostly in Bohemia. Even in the days of Huss the religious and the national question were too easily coupled in Bohemia. The old reformer would probably not have been given up by Sigismond had it not been for his popularity in Prague. Luther found the same restless spirit of religious inquiry in the German Bohemians, and since his time the proximity of Protestants speaking their own language and the growing antagonism between them and the more loyal Catholics of the Slav provinces have only rendered them more accessible to the idea of a religious revolution. A superannuated ecclesiastical organisation is another cause of discontent and decay. The feudal system is still in vigour in the Church, and has more strength than Canon Law. In spite of an effort of Leo XIII. to reform some Benedictine branches, the abbeys are still too rich and the livings in their gift too many. The result is a general laxity which a few bishops with the initial impediment of an enormous property cannot counteract. Those bishoprics ought to be multiplied. There are only six scattered over an immense territory inhabited by seven and a half millions of Catholics. The Austrian clergy are far below the average clerical culture in Germany; they have but few universities open to them, and do not avail themselves of the opportunity when it is offered. The bishop of Innsbrück keeps all his young men in his seminary; the university, though it used to enjoy a degree of celebrity, might be a thousand miles off. The common people are very ignorant, but they no less perceive the superior culture of the German pastors. Besides, there is an unfortunate dearth of German-speaking priests in Bohemia. In 1899 the Olmütz seminary possessed only thirty-seven German pupils out of two hundred and two, and the German population of the diocese numbers about six hundred thousand. This inferiority in numbers and training of the Catholic clergy in a country which has long grown out of implicit belief could not fail to bring about the result we have witnessed in France from the same reasons, namely, the dangerous opposition of the schoolmaster and the parish priest. It is sharper in Bohemia than anywhere else. Since 1869, when the schools ceased to be under clerical supervision, an influential *Lehrerverein*, the motto of which is "The school no place for church-teaching," has succeeded in grouping two-thirds of the teachers. It is greatly favoured by the Jewish press, more particularly by the widely-circulated *Neue Freie Presse*, and has an organ of its own, *Der Radical*, in which the boldest anti-Christian reforms, even a change of calendar, are advocated.

The Austrian *Evangelische Bund* is more noisy than dangerous: the Austrians are sensible that, as the Archduke-Heir said in April last, "Los von Rom" is tantamount to *Los von Oesterreich*. But the Bohemian *Lehrerverein* will be an active cause of dissolution when the inevitable crisis comes. The opposition between faith and the modern spirit which, through the carelessness of the clergy, it has come to embody, has the force of the rising tide. The "Los von Rom" movement is still agitation and froth, but a political revolution might make it worse; there is too much passivity in the Catholic Austrians. Some figures will complete what I have said. The most favourable statistics speak of ten thousand conversions to Lutheranism in three hundred and sixty-seven places. Others lower the number to four thousand. Ten thousand in two years seems a rather formidable result. It would be so if a whole district had gone over bodily, but individual secessions mean nothing. In some Paris neighbourhoods you could any day convert two out of ten people to any religion you chose to hold up as opposed to that of the "curés."

A SONG OF LOW DEGREE.

LORD, I am small, and yet so great,
The whole world stands to my estate,
And in Thy image I create.
The sea is mine ; and the broad sky
Is mine in its immensity.
The river, and the river's gold ;
The earth's hid treasures manifold.
The love of creatures small and great,
Save where I reap a former hate.
The noontide sun with hot caress,
The night with quiet loneliness ;
The wind that bends the pliant trees,
The whisper of the summer breeze,
The kiss of snow and rain ; the star
That shines a greeting from afar ;
All, all are mine : and yet so small
Am I, that, lo, I needs must call,
Dear King, upon the Babe in Thee,
And crave that thou wouldst give to me
The grace of Thy humility.

MICHAEL FAIRLESS.

REVIEWS.

ASIA AND EUROPE.*

THIS is an extremely interesting book, full of knowledge and enthusiasm and imagination, written in a singularly clear and trenchant style, and with the method of a finished literary artist. Mr. Townsend tells us on his title-page that the work represents "the conclusions formed by the author in a long life devoted to the subject of the relations between Asia and Europe." These conclusions are very clear. They are that the West cannot permanently influence the East ; that Asiatic civilisation, though defective in some points, has extraordinary stability, and an attraction for Eastern peoples that nothing can replace ; that the differences between Europe and Asia are inherent and cannot in any way be overcome. The author tells us that he feels that the thoughts he has matured during many years are all summed up in the famous lines of Matthew Arnold :—

> The East bowed low before the blast,
> In patient deep disdain ;
> She let the legions thunder past,
> Then plunged in thought again.

In a sense, the greater part of what Mr. Townsend has to tell us has long been common property. This is due partly to the fact that the volume is a collection of essays which have been published during the last forty years in the *Contemporary Review*, the old *National Review*, and the *Spectator*, partly to the great increase in the knowledge which the ordinary Englishman has come to possess of our Indian Empire. But, none the less, all that Mr. Townsend says is said so well, and so much of it is only now beginning to find acceptance, that his collected papers deserve the careful study which is ordinarily given only to works of recent investigation. It is no exaggeration to say that the book is a fascinating one. The author knows the East, and the East has fired his imagination ; and he has the power of conveying to the reader something of the knowledge and the imagination which he himself possesses.

Mr. Townsend has a remarkable power of lucid and impressive generalisation and he has a remarkable width of knowledge. But is he always accurate ? We are told, on the very first page, that for five hundred years after the Crusades Europe almost forgot Asia. But were not the Eastern provinces of Europe in perpetual danger from Asiatic attack from the time of the last Crusade down to the relief of Vienna by John Sobieski ? When were the Portuguese and English settlements in India begun ? When was the Dutch conquest of the spice islands of the East begun ? Recent travellers would hardly, we think, confirm Mr. Townsend's view that the tribes of North Asia conquered by Russia "show no sign of accepting her civilisation, her ideas, or her creed." Civilisation, ideas, creeds, are not accepted in a day ; and how old are the Russian conquests in Northern Asia ? No one, we feel sure, who has been recently in India, certainly no one who has lived there, will agree with Mr. Townsend that "no respectable Hindoo will touch alcohol in any form," unless, indeed, some altogether unnatural meaning be attached to the word "respectable." We question too if the latest and most impartial authorities would concede that the Mutiny was in no way due to the supposed violation of the religious principles of both Hindus and Mohammedans, or that "the Sepoys never had any grievances, for the greased cartridge story was an invention." Again, it seems inconsistent with the main idea of Mr. Townsend's book—that India would at the very earliest opportunity throw off the British yoke from absolute and unconquerable dislike of our rule, as much for the dull level of order it produces as for its foreign character—to say that "race hatred, so far as it exists, is confined to the great towns." Once more, that "the land attack on Constantinople is more difficult than ever" is hardly a statement that would be made by anyone who had at all recently inspected the fortifications of the city.

But, none the less, the book is worth attentive study, which it will thoroughly repay. It is brilliantly written, and its views, whether we accept them or not, are of the greatest possible interest to serious students of politics. Its range is wide. It extends from general questions, such as the influence of Europe on Asia, and the mental seclusion of India, the progress of savage races, and the variety of Indian society, to more detailed investigations, such as the life of Mohammed, the "core of Hindooism," and the future of the Negro. It has many chapters of very pressing political and social moment, in several of which we notice remarkable similarity to the views that have been publicly expressed during the last three years by the present Viceroy of India. Note, for example, the emphasis laid upon native "humour," which, it will be remembered, Lord Curzon mentioned as a strong link between the races of the conquerors and the conquered in a speech made shortly before he sailed for India. Among subjects of political interest the chief, of course, is "Will England retain India ?" Mr. Townsend answers by a decided negative ; and it appears, though he refuses to prophesy, that he thinks our dominion will end within the next thirty or forty years. His reasons are, the disproportion of the British soldiers and officials to the hostile population, military and civil ; the absolute dependence of "the Empire" upon native labour ; and the "uncontrollable disgust" which makes Englishmen leave India as soon as their work is done. "If the brown men struck for a week," says Mr. Townsend, "the 'Empire' would collapse like a house of cards, and every ruling man would be a starving prisoner in his own house." And no approximation between the races has occurred or is likely to occur. A moral difference makes the chasm between the brown man and the white unfathomable; and everywhere the native press displays "a deadly dislike for the European *régime*, shown now in rhetorical attacks, now in exaggeration of grievances, again in misrepresentation of facts, most frequently of all in savage criticisms on the agents of authority." And beside this there is the growth—arrested, however, for the time by events in South Africa—on the English side, of a type of philanthropic and democratic feeling which makes it harder year by year to find a logical reason for remaining in India when the people wish us away. Mr. Townsend concludes that India must in no long period of time become a Mohammedan country. We shall not attempt to criticise this ; we merely call attention to it as the opinion of a thoroughly competent observer.

There is one other subject on which we should like to make brief comment. It is the position and prospects of Christianity in India, a subject on which Mr. Townsend, who writes in a definitely Christian spirit, evidently takes a strong interest. He considers that there is no historic ground for believing

*ASIA AND EUROPE. By Meredith Townsend. Archibald Constable. 10s. 6d. net.

that Asia will accept Christianity. Yet he repeatedly emphasises his statement that Christianity, like all other creeds, is Asiatic. In spite of this (so to speak) original force, he is convinced that if Asiatics ever accept the religion of Christ "it will be from some internal and self-generated movement of thought, and not from any influence of Europe." To this is added a very acute analysis of the religious condition of India, and a clever picture of the obstacles to Christian work in the intellectual position of the Hindoo. "Conversion may be intellectually complete, yet be for all purposes of action valueless."

Mr. Townsend thinks that the character of Christ is not attractive to the native of India. We confess that we see no ground for this opinion, the very sublimity which he considers the Hindus to have rejected having appealed to them in the past, on a lower plane, in the character of Buddha. We welcome on the other hand a very sensible defence of the native Christians, with emphasis on the fact that those whose conduct brings ill repute on the class are in nine cases out of ten "not converts but born Christians, like any of our own artisans." We entirely accept also much that is said of the defect of missionary methods, of the married missionaries and their position. But we are convinced that Mr. Townsend can never have seen in recent years the work of some typical English missions in India or he would not regard them as all unquestionably bent on the Europeanising of Asiatics. To quote but one example, a visit to the different stations of the Society of St. John the Evangelist would soon undeceive him. In fact, since Mr. Townsend wrote, the true method of religious, not racial conversion, is far better understood and far more extensively practised. And there appears to be one notable omission in Mr. Townsend's studies of India which alone can account for such sentences as these: "Christianity has taken but a poor hold on Hindoo India. The creed has, except in Tinnevelly, no perceptible place in any one province. Its votaries are nowhere visible among the population." Has Mr. Townsend ever visited the Portuguese territory and seen a large territory inhabited by a population ninety-nine hundredths of which are of native blood, entirely Christian, practising Christian worship, and living, however inadequately, according to Christian standards? If this can be seen at Goa, why should it not hereafter be visible elsewhere?

LIFE AND LITERATURE.*

We have not the space to do justice to these most suggestive lectures; in which, after a long interval, the criticism of poetry is once more undertaken with a constant reference to first principles. Mr. Courthope's guide, we had almost said his text-book, is the "Poetics of Aristotle," and the influence of that treatise is seen not only in the teaching of the volume but occasionally in its concise and gnomic expression. It abounds in *dicta* which might well go to form a second book of the Poetics, with examples from modern literature. Here are some passages which will illustrate not only this, but also certain salient features of Mr. Courthope's doctrine:—

> The purpose of all the fine arts is eminently social; and the truly great artist in any society derives his fame from his power to give expression to the common perceptions of what is noble and beautiful.
>
> The standard of artistical beauty and truth lies not in the will of the artist, but in the constitution of human nature.
>
> (In Germany) each poet was forced to think out the first principles of composition for himself, and one of the characteristics of German poetry is, that in the higher walks of the art, criticism precedes creation.

When Mr. Courthope, in the first of these sentences, speaks of the common perception of what is noble and beautiful, he has in mind both Pope's:—

> Nature to advantage dressed,
> What oft was thought but ne'er so well expressed,

and Aristotle's "Universal," as the object of imitation in poetry. Closely connected with this leading idea is Aristotle's conception of man as by nature a "political" being. The universal as distinguished from the particular and individual —the universal which poetry enhances—derives its own distinctive character in a great measure from man's social and political state. Hence it follows that though it is the aim of poetry to give pleasure, the nature of that pleasure can never be independent of ethical considerations; and here, at least, is common ground for those who reach poetry from the didactic and from the æsthetic side. But if the roots from which the tree springs lie deep in the soil of human nature itself, it is not in academies, which are but out-growths of the tree, after all, that we must find the true remedy for decadence; a nearer approach to a corrective lies in the development of a sound public opinion, based upon a reverent study of the great masters. "De gustibus non est disputandum" is only a slip-shod maxim, for there is a "Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus" in poetry as in theology.

We have here resumed, in our own words, a part only of the conclusions to be derived from the lectures. The close connection between national life and national literature is further illustrated by separate historic surveys of the poetry of France, Germany, and England, and separate studies of representative English names—Chaucer, Milton, Pope, Byron, and Tennyson. We have learnt much from Mr. Courthope, and among other things that we should be certain, before criticising him, that we have really caught his drift. But it is no disparagement to a work which has set us thinking to state the difficulties or objections which have arisen to the mind in the process. Speaking roughly, we are inclined to think that Mr. Courthope, in his account of that national life which finds its expression in literature, puts too conspicuously in the foreground the political changes which are but external symptoms, and often very inadequately correspond with the spiritual transformation which has taken place in the sphere of more abstract thought. The method, quite satisfying when applied to that Greek world in which, as never to the same degree elsewhere, the man and the citizen were one, seems insufficient to explain the chaotic independence of literature at the present day. Mr. Courthope notes the lack of central feeling, the disintegration of our tendencies in political life, as coincident with the individualism of our poetry. And we find it difficult to connect these as cause and effect. We should call them both effects, proceeding from different causes. "The decline of the classic style in poetry is coincident," says Mr. Courthope, "with the decay of aristocratic supremacy which was terminated by the Reform Bill of 1832." This he tells us, in effect, is the epoch which marks "the rise of the Middle Classes, whose political influence has, on the whole, been paramount for more than sixty years"—and that rise "was characterised by a passionate devotion to the principle of individual liberty." Now, passing over the fact that though before the end of the sixty years of which Mr. Courthope speaks, the principle of individual liberty had in the judgment of many men, and notably of Mr. Herbert Spencer, been seriously endangered by the action of the State, "the exaggeration of the individual element in modern poetry" has still proceeded by leaps and bounds; and supposing the Middle Class, with its individual impulses, to be still paramount in politics, we fail to see that, *as a class*, and especially as a political class, it influences literature at all. Although Mr. Courthope describes it as "intellectually eager,' it appears also that it has no ideal except the notion of personal liberty. Confronted "with the collective ideals of Order or Disorder—the ideal of Socialism; the aggressive ideals of other nations; the ideals of the Greater Britain beyond our own islands"— the Middle Classes are "bewildered and perplexed, and the exhaustion of their capital stock of beliefs reflects itself in the anarchical conflicts of ideas embodied in contemporary Fiction and Poetry." Now no one can deny that the political ideas which were realised in 1832 were definite and coherent enough, and

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* Life in Poetry and Law in Taste. By W. J. Courthope, C.B., M.A., late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. Macmillan.

we cannot understand in what sense this date marks an epoch in our literary history. If in 1832 the Middle Class rose to power, it carried to that ascendancy "its Puritanic instincts," its "opposition to the life of Feudalism," its imperfect "sympathy with the tradition of classical culture." With a very distinct conception at that date of what it wanted in politics, it had nothing but inertness and passive resistance to offer to the movements of literature. Those two distinguished professors of poetry, Matthew Arnold and Mr. Courthope, agree only when they are not theorising, but "when they do agree their unanimity is wonderful" and convincing. By their joint testimony this ascendant Middle Class is a mere King Log upon which all the literary frogs sit and croak at their own sweet will.

And is it right to describe this class as "bewildered and perplexed" by "the ideals of Socialism," etc.? As a factor in the State the Middle Class collectively is opposed to the forces of disorder, is opposed to Socialism, jealously watches the aggressive ideals of other nations, and welcomes with increasing interest and enthusiasm the ideal of a Greater Britain. Where it is disintegrated, as in the Liberal section of it at the present time, it is so, not by reason of its "bewilderment," but by reason of the multiplicity of the ideals (called by Conservatives "fads") which it nourishes and cherishes. On the other hand, when we try to contemplate this same Middle Class *vis-à-vis* with literature, we are in want of a definition. Mr. Courthope represents Matthew Arnold as putting forth *his* ideal from the midst of the Middle Class. We do not doubt that Mr. Courthope would accept the same account of his own position as a man of letters. And it seems to us that a designation which includes Arnold and Courthope at the one extreme and "Mr. Bottles" at the other is no classification at all in the sphere of literature. The intellectual public, the people who read poetry, and the poets themselves are, in this sphere, a class apart, the units of which are to be found not only within but outside the limits of the social and political "Middle." We wish Mr. Courthope had made it more clear that the disintegration of our beliefs which has made poetry individual and self-centred, would not have been just as inevitable, with all its consequences, whether we were ruled by the classes or the masses, or even by a despotism which did not absolutely forbid us to read and write and publish.

We should like to say much more on these wider questions, but we must pass to two points of detail which we think that Mr. Courthope should revise. He follows Professor Butcher in making Aristotle speak of "the Universality at which poetry aims *in the names she attaches* to the personages." This is to give the names the very importance which Aristotle would deny them. Aristotle does indeed say "attaching" or "appending names," but the word which he employs shows that he considers the names an afterthought, in no way contributive to the universality of the conception. And the distinction is of some importance. For Aristotle says that the tragedian keeps to real names, in order to give credibility to his drama; but if the names were an essential factor in the conception the poet would be unduly restricted by history or legend. Aristotle, for example, would certainly have allowed to Shakespeare the liberty which he has taken in transferring the details of the murder of Duff by Donwald to the murder of Duncan by Macbeth.

Again, Mr. Courthope speaks of the trivial position which the Chorus came to occupy in the plays of Euripides, and adds:—

> Aristotle regards the Chorus merely as one of the six parts of which every tragedy consists, and all that he thinks it worth while to say about it is that "Song holds the chief place among the embellishments."

How far is it true that the Chorus occupies a trivial position in Euripides? Of all extant Greek tragedies, is there one in which the Chorus is more an actor than in the Bacchæ? And does Aristotle say nothing more about the Chorus than the brief words which Mr. Courthope attributes to him? He says, as Horace says after him, "The Chorus should be regarded as one of the actors." He adds, "it should be an integral part of the whole, and share in the action in the manner, not of Euripides, but of Sophocles." And we venture to think that Aristotle meant that Euripides erred in excess rather than defect; and that the Chorus ought not to take an energetic part in the proceedings, as (to add another example which occurs to us) in the Hecuba, where it assists in the blinding of Polymestor and the murder of his children.

A GARDEN OF SIMPLES.*

If proof were needed of the pure pleasure that may be derived from a loving and intelligent observance of the "greene things that do grow upon the earth" it would be found abundantly in this delightful book, fragrant in every leaf of other days. The garden of which it tells bloomed, indeed, in the New World across the sea, but each simple and herb used by the mistress in the composition of her salves and possets claimed its ancestral right to a place in English soil. In quiet corners of the home country we may find such gardens still—modelled on the old paradisaical plan—a mingling of all that is pleasant to the eye and good for food; but the mediæval art of distilling in which the housewife of a bygone century made it her pride to excel is scarcely even a memory to the present generation. In *A Garden of Simples* we are let into the heart of the mystery; the borders scatter the incense of rue and balm, sage, borage, burnet, and horehound. We see the concoctions made before our eyes—unguents, cataplasms, electuaries, cosmetic waters—fearsome mixtures some of them, meant for the arrest of diseases no less fearsomely mysterious. Among these more drastic prescriptions it is amusing to find in the *Mugwort* a recommended preservative from the "sterrick fits" and "vapours" that are responsible for so many crises in the fiction of the past. For "*The Sick Head Ach*" this is the recipe—

"*Make a tea of poppy flowers and Saffran, drink it, then go to bed and be very still, and do not have a noise.*"

These essays are equally full of freshness and charm. In "A Country Roadside" and in "Michaelmas Daisies" we are made members of the Council of Nature. It is a book that may well encourage others to observe and record. Every county in England, every shire in Scotland, has its own local flower nomenclature, its local freits and superstitions with regard to the greenery flung over hedge and haugh. Tree traditions, witch plants, churchyard plants—in every direction there is the largest choice of subject; those who seek a wider field might compile a floral Saints' Calendar, carrying the mystic tradition of bloom and bud from month to month of the waxing and waning year. Grass, fruit tree, and herb came from the creating hand on "the third day," that man, born on "the sixth day," might find the world a green place to dwell in. He cannot do better, for pure enjoyment, than go back to the primeval playground, where heartsease, of no gardener's planting, will spring up under his feet. And he may do worse than take *A Garden of Simples* with him.

THE TREATMENT OF PAUPERISM.†

Mr. Mackay's book, which embodies the substance of six lectures delivered last winter at the Church House, Westminster, is a historical sketch of English Poor Law administration, leading up to a plea for that stern and scientific treatment of pauperism which is so effective ultimately and so difficult to carry out meanwhile. He contends that the poor are essentially a survival from a primitive condition of permanent dependence; he shows how the poor laws of Elizabeth and Charles I. were a partial return to the principles of an expiring feudalism; he describes (perhaps without allowing sufficiently for disturbing influences, like the growth of philanthropic sentiment, the factory system and the great war with France)

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* A Garden of Simples. By Martha B. Flint. David Nutt. 6s. net.

† Public Relief of the Poor. By Thomas Mackay. London. Murray.

the series of mistakes resulting in the appalling evils which the legislation of 1834 endeavoured to contend with, and he sketches the history of Poor Law administration from that time to the present. This latter section is the most instructive portion of the historical part of his book. His practical conclusions are, of course, that the "workhouse test" should be applied strictly, that outdoor relief should be left to charitable agencies, and that the wage-earning classes should be gradually freed from the possibility of pauperism by the development of provident insurance. And he looks forward, but not with confidence, to the transfer of the work of Poor Law administration to trained experts, directed by the central government. Pending that consummation, it is eminently desirable that guardians should be experts; and Mr. Mackay's book will help them towards that end. He is, of course, the champion of an individualism now out of fashion, and the determined foe of old age pensions. But now that so many reformers are cheerfully prophesying, and striving for, a retrogression of society from contract to status, it is well to be reminded of an older and more inspiriting theory, as well as to be encouraged in putting it into practice.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) A Book of Brittany. By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen. 6s.

(2) The Queen: and Other Poems. By Richard Garnett. Lane. 2s. 6d.

(3) Poems of the Unknown Way. By Sidney Royse Lysaght. Macmillan. 4s. 6d.

(4) Through Human Eyes. Poems by A. Buckton. Daniel. Oxford.

(5) Aphrodite Against Artemis. By T. Sturge Moore. Unicorn Press. 2s. 6d.

(6) Roman Public Life. By A. H. J. Greenidge. Macmillan 10s. 6d.

(7) The Origin of Thought. By the Rev. D. Nickerson. Kegan Paul. 5s.

(1) From his previous studies of Dartmoor and of the West of England there is a natural transition to *A Book of Brittany*, and Mr. Baring-Gould's lightly worn learning, aided by a profusion of excellent illustrations, has again produced a very attractive volume. Leaving the traveller to look to the "Guide Joanne" on Brittany for conscientious information as to sights and hotels, Mr. Baring-Gould has addressed himself to compiling a picturesque volume full of the local colour in which Brittany abounds, with a survey (avowedly of a rough-and-ready kind) of the successive styles of architecture, sufficient to help appreciation of the churches and other buildings, and with notes on selected episodes of Breton history. Three other preliminary chapters are devoted to the ethnography of the Breton people, to the prehistoric stones in which the province is so rich, and to the "Pardons" or festivals of the patron saint of a church or chapel, which form a feature in Breton religious life. Of the Pardons a fairly complete list is given according to their dates, though Mr. Baring-Gould, while thus bringing them under the notice of tourists in an only too convenient form, justly protests against the brutality of visitors, who treat them as mere sights, to be stared at and "kodaked," with small regard to the religious feelings of those who take part in them. After these five preliminary chapters dealing with Brittany as a whole, Mr. Baring-Gould's method is to take one town after another, sketching its main features, pointing out its architectural interest; and crowding his narrative with all that fact or fiction can add to its attractiveness. The result is a series of legends, anecdotes, and incidents, above all the creation of an atmosphere which carries old travellers along Breton roads back to their wayfaring days, and will assuredly win for this picturesque province many new visitors.

(2) Dr. Garnett expresses in verse his regret that pressure of the more prosaic duties of life has obliged him almost to confine his poetical activity to the sonnet; but to write good sonnets is a very respectable ambition, not often attained even by poets fairly successful in other forms of verse, and Dr. Garnett in this new volume, *The Queen: and Other Poems*, once more shows himself a skilled worker in the field he has selected. The sequence on the death of Queen Victoria, in which each new sonnet takes up the last line of its predecessor, is one of the best of the many tributes which poets have offered to the Queen's memory, rising steadily, as a sequence should, from first to last. Of the fifty miscellaneous sonnets, that on Age, in its union of fine thought and fine expression, is as good an example as we need:—

I will not rail or grieve when torpid eld
  Frosts the slow-journeying blood, for I shall see
  The lovelier leaves hang yellow on the tree,
The nimbler brooks in icy fetters held.
Methinks the aged eye that first beheld
  Pale autumn in her waning pageantry,
  Then knew himself, dear Nature, child of thee,
Marking the common doom, that all compelled.
No kindred we to thy beloved broods,
  If, dying these, we drew a selfish breath;
  But one path travel all their multitudes.
And none dispute the solemn voice that saith:
  "Sun to thy setting; to your autumn, woods;
  Stream to thy sea; and man unto thy death!"

A poet who can turn the sonnet to so fine a use as this may be well content, even if he has no time for epics.

(3 and 4) Mr. Lysaght's *Poems of the Unknown Way* fall into two sections, the first entitled "The Undiscovered Shore," the second "A Ritual." Except that Mr. Lysaght has chosen to give them fancy titles, such as "A Confession of Unfaith," "A Psalm," "A Lesson," etc., there is nothing ritualistic about the poems of his "Ritual," but the "Confession of Unfaith" is a vigorous and effective piece of writing from its own standpoint, the coercion of rhyme helping Mr. Lysaght to a much greater neatness and point than he attains in his blank verse. The poems of the "Undiscovered Shore" are rather vague in their intention, but show a lighter touch, and are often pretty, as is this close of a sonnet, after rather a poor opening:—

The sweetest notes of wind and wave and bird
  Tell us of songs that none have ever heard,
And send us forth upon an unknown quest.
They keep their secrets: bird and wave and breeze
  Whisper each other's, but withhold their own.
The evening wind at home among the trees
  Sings of the wandering waves of oceans lone;
And here the waves of the uncharted seas
  Murmur the wind's familiar woodland tone.

Mr. Buckton's volume of verse, entitled *Through Human Eyes*, has the advantage of an introductory poem by Mr. Robert Bridges, and of being issued from the private press of Mr. Daniel, of whose workmanship it is an unusually favourable example. The verses themselves are only moderately good, suggesting continually that Mr. Buckton is looking at things rather in the way he thinks a poet ought to look at them than with any true insight. But he too can write prettily enough, as in such a snatch as "Alone":—

Sway, sway, tops of the trees,
  Under the stars so white;
Cradle my soul in your branches wet,
And carry me there till the moon shall set,
  Just for to-night!

Sigh, sigh, sound of the breeze,
  Lifting my bed so light;
Lace my head in a dreamless net,
And kiss my tears that I may forget,
  Just for to-night!

There is music in this lover's lullaby, but about as much reality as in the average drawing-room ballad. Mr. Lysaght, on the other hand, easily convinces us of his sincerity, and the love of his kind, which runs through the book, is the pleasantest feature in it.

(5) Mr. Sturge Moore's tragedy of *Aphrodite against Artemis* is a rather squalid rehandling of the passion of Phædra for her stepson Hippolytus. The title Mr. Moore has chosen is

not justified by his treatment of his theme. There is no suggestion here of human hearts swayed by powers greater than themselves. Phædra is far too explanatory to be tragic, and her explanations are of a sorry sort. She is a Phædra from the *demi monde*, and of a Phædra of this kind the less we hear the better.

(6) Mr. Greenidge's *Roman Public Life* is a valuable addition to its publisher's excellent series of "Handbooks of Archæology and Antiquities." The author's object has been "to trace the growth of the Roman constitution, and to explain its working during the two phases of its maturity, the developed Republic and the Principate," his original intention of describing the political organisation of the later Empire having been abandoned for lack of space. The book contains a full account of the powers and relations of the different magistrates, of the international relations of Rome and the incorporation of Italy, of the organisation and government of the provinces, and of the new order of things under the Principate. It thus touches on all the important aspects of public life, central, municipal, and provincial, and fulfils Mr. Greenidge's aim of exhibiting "the political genius of the Roman in connection with all the chief problems of administration which it attempted to solve." The style of the book is throughout clear and interesting, and at the same time many minute and debatable points are carefully discussed, and almost every statement is supported by references to original authorities, or, better still, by quotations from them. It is a healthy sign that English scholarship is now able to produce such books as this, and the other volumes of the series, instead of translating or epitomising them from the German. Mr. Greenidge's monograph is probably too advanced to be used as a textbook in schools, even by the Sixth Form, but it will be invaluable for reference even in schools, and ought to be in every Sixth Form and college library.

(7) Mr. Nickerson has been struck by the fact that most books on philosophy are very difficult to understand, and the philosophers will be within their rights if they retort that it is obvious that he has found them so. What, for instance, would Bishop Berkeley have said to an opponent who thought to confute him by the argument that "a representation of food in the mind will not satisfy a craving stomach"? The assertion is entirely true, but it shows an entire failure to understand Berkeley's theory. Kant, again, would make very short work of Mr. Nickerson's chapters on space and time. Indeed, this little book on *The Origin of Thought* is written throughout without any real grip of the difficulties of the subject, and is clear only because it is shallow. The chapters on the emotions show no deeper insight, and occasionally may raise a smile, as when Mr. Nickerson commits himself to the statement that, although women of different temperaments may express the fulness of grief either by restlessness or stupefaction, it is necessary for both that they should be wearing a dressing-gown. The book is well intended, but we can find nothing else to say in its praise.

FICTION.

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. Heinemann. 1901.—Mr. Hall Caine's novel of Rome is addressed not to the English public only, but to all the nations of the civilised world. For it announces the principles upon which the Republic of Man is to be established, and all men are to dwell together as brothers without regard to race or nationality. A hundred thousand copies of the book are already printed, and it is possible that the demand of the public will exceed even this very handsome supply. For, whether or not Mr. Hall Caine is "the greatest male writer of fiction" living, he is certainly one of the writers who know best how to meet the requirements of a very large majority of emotional and half-educated readers. He can offer to this sort of public precisely the mixture it delights in of Scriptural tags and pseudo-Christian sentiment, slang phrases and up-to-date platitudes, denunciations of wealth and elaborate detail of the clothes and the manners, the luxuries and the artificialities of the corrupt members of the class that possesses wealth. In one word, Mr. Hall Caine is a past-master of the art of giving people, in the form of didactic fiction and by the way of the sensual imagination, a full feast of the voluptuous delights and material satisfactions by which men and women are tempted to forget the kingdom of God; and of persuading himself that to do this is to help the establishment of the kingdom of God on earth. In the pages of *The Eternal City* we are constantly reminded how sinfully inconsistent with the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ are the splendours of ecclesiastical and royal Rome. But it would be difficult to find one page of which the matter and manner suggest that Mr. Hall Caine has ever considered the propriety of carrying into his literary work the principle of the imitation of evangelical example he urges so warmly in all other departments of life. We look in vain for the simplicity, the severity, the reticence, and the brevity of the Gospel narratives in this hot and turgid tale of modern Rome. The character of the heroine is at least questionable, and the question of it is canvassed all through the story. In popular estimation she is the mistress of the Prime Minister. In her own judgment she is his innocent victim—innocent, that is to say, until she becomes guilty of concealing the truth from her husband. The Pope and the Pope's confessor find her innocent also. But the fact remains that she lives openly and contentedly under the protection of Baron Bonelli until the moment when she falls in love with Rossi, and that she continues to live discontentedly under the same protector after she has become Rossi's wife. Moreover, when writing about her, Mr. Hall Caine luxuriates freely in description of her physical charms and her sumptuous clothes, insisting upon all their details with that precision of milliner's and hairdresser's language in which the taste of the vulgar delights. Her "golden complexion," her "full bust," and "warm body," "the silk nimbus of her blouse," the "faint rustle of her silk underskirts," the fashion of the "tight-fitting astrakan coat," the becomingness of her "picture hat," are obtruded upon us with wearisome repetition whenever and wherever Donna Roma appears. And, it must be acknowledged, not without a certain fitness to the real quality and substance of the book. For Donna Roma, whatever the intention of Mr. Hall Caine may have been, and whatever the casuistry of up-to-date psychology may make of her, was, at heart, the woman she was believed to be by the people of Rome and by David Rossi, up to the moment when, stung by his public insult, she prepared herself to betray him and succeeded in loving him. And though very few readers will suspect it, it is the prominence given in the book to the picture of the courtezan—not the heroine of the revolutionary leaders on the principles of the Republic of Man—that will make the success of the novel with Mr. Hall Caine's public of a hundred thousand readers. David Rossi himself is a heroic person, full of pure ideals and impractical aims. He endeavours to realise the Kingdom of Heaven on earth, and wins adherents to his cause by promulgating fallacies about the identity of Christianity and Democracy. He bores them by objecting to assassination and deprecating the appeal to physical force. His whole political system is a deduction from the petitions of the Lord's Prayer. Because the Lord's Prayer says "Our Father":—

> Therefore, all men are brothers, and as brothers all men are equal. Therefore, all authority arrogated by man over man is wrong. All government of man over man is wrong. Hence kings have no right to exist. If all men are brothers, all men should love as brothers. To love as brothers is to live in peace and concord. Therefore, all war between nation and nation is wrong. Hence armies have no right to exist. National frontiers have no right to exist. The national spirit which is called patriotism has no right to exist, etc., etc.

But the people who listen to Rossi are more inclined to kill kings and loot palaces than to dwell together in unity asking for daily bread. And Rossi, like all the reforming idealists of fact and fiction, discovers that it is easier to rouse

the passions of the people than to divert them. The preaching of his creed and charter produces an insurrection in Rome with bloodshed and severe retaliation by the Government. His first deliberate action as the tribune of the people —the interruption of the Pope's Jubilee procession by the presentation of a petition against a bread-tax—involves him in entanglement with Donna Roma, and in the end he becomes the assassin of the Prime Minister. That he is without knowing it the son of the Pope the reader has guessed all along. Minor mysteries that come to light as the story progresses are the identity of Roma with the little daughter of David's early benefactor, and the identity of the early benefactor with Prince Volorma, the idealist of an earlier generation. But what most surprises everybody is the conversion of the Pope and the abdication of the King. Finally, the Republic of Man is established. But before that time Roma is dead and Rossi has become a legend of good wishes and vain speculation.

An Episode on a Desert Island. By the Author of "Miss Molly." Murray. 3s. 6d.—The desert island in this narrative is used merely as a stage property, and there is no attempt made to carry the reader's imagination to the South Pacific. Consequently, the title will cause some disappointment to people who are on the look out for romance and sea adventure. This is not a tale in the genuine sense of the word, but a kind of narrative, of quite recent origin, in which a series of detached, introspective essays on a number of trivial situations is served up in the form of letters from a young society woman to her acknowledged and far-away lover. The letter as a literary form has, of course, almost boundless possibilities; but it is no aid to reality. That is to say that an author who writes without conviction will be most easily detected when he casts his narrative into the form of letters. Spontaneity is the essence of a good letter; it is the last quality we should ascribe to this little book. Some good qualities it shows —sense of humour, cleverness in handling the shallow experiences of shallow people, grace and some lightness of touch; but not much else. Miss Mauvesyn, the heroine, finds herself at twenty-eight unmarried, and surrounded by well meaning relatives who wish her to marry some one of various eligible suitors. The most objectionable of them, John Elton, accompanies her on a yachting cruise, in the course of which the stage yacht is wrecked on a stage-desert island, which Miss Mauvesyn inhabits for about a fortnight with no other company than her undesirable lover and a stage sailor, after which they are all rescued by a stage liner. In the interval, the fact that John Elton was a practical person and of use in an emergency commended him to her, and as she was very lonely she became engaged to him. After the rescue, of course, she threw him over. We do not think he was altogether to be pitied. It is a very trivial tale, very shallow, very unreal; but it is rather amusing.

Bush-Whacking, and other Sketches. By Hugh Clifford. Blackwood. 6s.—We have one excellent writer of the far Malay country. In his powerful novel "Since the Beginning," Mr. Hugh Clifford wrote of Burmah; now he writes of the deep jungle lands north of Singapore in the heart of the Malay peninsula. To go out bush-whacking is to deal with a small rising of natives on the edge of the Empire, or, after bearing with the sight of the wrongdoings of the chiefs till English blood can put up with it no longer, to go and punish them and save those whom they oppress. The Resident acts on his own responsibility, and he and his little force are exposed to more danger than if they had joined an Army Corps. Or, at last, the slow wheels of Downing Street revolve, and an expedition is actually pushed forward into the "Benighted Lands" that lie beyond our frontier. In all these cases the English officers with their Sikh and Malay soldiers disappear into the jungle, moving as long as they can, by the only highway, the river, and then taking to the forest. The "purr" of the wild animals by night, the notes of the lonely tree-frogs, as the jungle awakes, and the silent journey and anxiety of the white men, are described by a master-hand. Equally successful are the stories that deal with the heart. "Father Rouellot," of the French foreign missions, is no doubt drawn from life, and a beautiful picture, zeal, and self-sacrifice, it is. "In the Heart of Kalamantan" shows a young Englishman, Gervase, ready to die of loneliness and want of pluck among the Dyaks, had he not had an unknown friend in a neighbouring district, with whom he talked by telephone, and who, in the end, gave his life and remained to die of fever to make a man of Gervase. Other tales of Malay pirates are thrilling, and then comes Nature again, "In Chains," evidently an experience, and a grand description of an untamed river of rapids. This book is as exciting as a sensation novel, and it has a noble tone.

MAGAZINES.

In the *Monthly Review* the chief editorial article, entitled "A Breeze from the Mediterranean," raises again the question of the efficiency of the Mediterranean Fleet—a question which the Government succeeded in shelving by an adroit counter attack on the Opposition, or, rather, on the legislature and its right to intervene in executive matters. The question, said the Government, was one of administration, with which the legislature had no right to interfere. The *Monthly Review* endeavours to bring us back to the main point from which this false scent diverted the Opposition, and to make a serious inquiry into the condition of the Mediterranean fleet. Needless to say, the writer of this article assumes (what few serious politicians would quarrel with him for assuming) that the maintenance of an adequate fleet in the Mediterranean is "an integral part of the rib-work of Imperial defence." The chief complaint against the force of ships in the Mediterranean is that it is not a fleet at all in the true sense of the word, any more than a force of artillery is an army. The efficiency of a fleet, like that of an army, depends on its scouts and auxiliaries long before it depends on its main strength: the second is useless without the first. It is pointed out in the present article that ever since the days of the Elizabethan navy, when what the writer calls "the blind animal instinct for naval warfare, which was the mark of Elizabethan seamen," kept the service from serious disorganisation, there has been in the navy this serious fault of want of balance, and it has never been corrected. Under James I. the reorganisation of the navy was made simpler by this very neglect of minor types, which, it was supposed, could always be recruited, when they were needed, from the ranks of the merchant service and from private owners. The failure of this plan, the writer claims, was made certain in 1620, when Mansell's demonstration in the Mediterranean, which was intended to divert and check the Thirty Years' War, came to nothing owing to his lack of cruisers and other light craft. Since that time, until the "years when Nelson was clamouring in vain for frigates," this defect had clung to the Mediterranean fleet, and ever since it has still been there, although the occasions for revealing it to the public eye have not been so numerous. The writer's answers to the contention that cruisers could always be despatched to the Mediterranean, if need for them arose, is that of all the naval officers who have criticised it; that cruisers or any other craft are useless to a fleet when they come in at the last moment, and that to be an efficient arm of the fleet they must have been in training with it, not only as scouts, but as an independent fighting unit. The article is worthy of serious consideration, especially at the present time, when we can less than ever afford to be caught napping. Mr. Carlyon Bellairs contributes a valuable account of the Naval Manœuvres, and he also considers that we have still a good deal to do to make the Navy what it should be, and what we count upon its being. "Our Navy as at present organised," he says, "may be good enough to beat France. He would be a bold man who should say, if we do not introduce progressive changes into our system, that it will be good enough to beat Germany in the second decade of this century. Mr. W. B. Yeats has a curious and intensely interesting, although, perhaps, hardly convincing article on Magic; it is to a great extent autobiographical, and is a record of some remarkable experiences which have come to Mr. Yeats in the course of

his own life. The simple and clear style in which it is written adds greatly to its fascinating charm. Miss Edith Sichel writes on "A Woman-Painter and Symbolism"—a clearly thought-out and temperate article which is chiefly concerned with the work of Miss Fortescue-Brickdale. Mr. J. B. Atkins has an article on "The Work and Future of War Correspondents," and Mr. Andrew Lang, under the title "The Valet's Tragedy," contributes an out-of-the-way piece of criticism to the history of "The Man in the Iron Mask." The valet Dauger he believes to have been the real author of most of the legends.

In the *New Liberal Review* Mr. Alfred Kinnear discusses "The Session : Its Triumphs and Failures"—discovering, we need hardly say, many more failures than triumphs. Mr. Kinnear in his summing up of the "work" of the session compiles a gloomy record. The Government, he says, has made no progress at home, it has made none abroad. The war in South Africa is practically where it was when the year opened and the session began ; the situation in China is full of peril, we are menaced with the certain loss of British prestige in the East, an armed truce exists all round, British and Russian troops face one another upon a disputed territory which at any moment may be shaken with the tumult of war. The session expired on a bed of post-obits, it achieved little, it contributed nothing to the benefit of mankind or to the greatness of the Empire, it ran its course on almost exclusively sordid lines, it was occupied more or less continuously in borrowing money and heaping up taxation and debt. It is a gloomy account, but if we allow for a very slight pessimism, one must admit that it is not seriously exaggerated. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, in his review of Morgoultha Von Poschinger's "Life of the Emperor Frederick," writes almost brilliantly on the late Empress and her relations with Bismarck. Mr. A. G. Grenfell contributes a thoughtful and reasonable article on "A Modern Public School," in which he pleads for modern methods of administration and education without a sacrifice of those ancient traditions from which public schools take their tone. Mr. Grenfell has some experience, since he has been an alumnus of three public schools, and is an assistant master at a fourth ; but, although most of his reforms are suggested by experience and commonsense, we fear that some of them are too sweeping even for the present day. Among the best of his suggestions, and also among those which would come most violently into contact with present vested interests, is the proposal that the present system of "houses," in which boys are fed by the house-master should be changed, and that houses should only be used for sleeping and living in, while meals should be eaten in a central dining hall and provided by outside caterers. Mr. Grenfell sees no reason why the house-master's wife should be entrusted with the catering, in which we agree with him ; but he goes further, and says that masters should not be married at all, or, at least, should not have their wives living at the school. This is surely a little too drastic ; the schoolmaster's lot is not always a conspicuously happy one, and it would be too bad (bad for the boys as well as for him) if he were deprived of the soothing and consoling influence of his lawful wife. There is a rather amusing article on "The Social Value of Golf," in which the author, evidently jaded by a long series of country visits, states that at the ordinary house-party golf is "an angel descended from heaven." "People do not wish to sit and talk all day," he says; "they refuse to. They shoot and hunt all day, and in ever-increasing numbers they golf all day. Towards evening they return." Grin like a dog, he might have added, and run about the smoke-room replaying their holes. But the writer who treats a pastime with this air of almost religious fervour never fails to be amusing. Mr. William Redmond, M.P., makes a well-timed plea for more stringent regulations as to the manning of the merchant service, and reminds us incidentally that the scandalous case of the *Primrose Hill*, a large ship wrecked off Holyhead last year, which was manned by a crew consisting of two certificated officers, thirteen absolutely unqualified men shipped as able seaman, twelve apprentices, five of whom had never been to sea, carpenter, steward, etc., has not yet been made the subject of a proper enquiry, although the coroner's jury added a rider to its verdict to the effect that the loss of thirty-three out of thirty-four lives was entirely due to undermanning. The law as it stands should be enough to make such a scandal impossible, but the Board of Trade is notoriously lax in applying even the very moderate safeguards of the present law with regard to such matters.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.

SIR,—Canon Gore's fourth article on "New Testament Criticism and the Faith" contains two statements widely separated, which I venture to put into juxtaposition. The first is, "Whether we think of humanity as ruined by sin" ; the second is, "Thinking of humanity on the whole as progressive, and of sin as a survival." This latter point of view is allowed to have much truth in it, but, "*taken by itself*, to render the mind averse to the idea of miracle at all." Are not the two views so incompatible that one excludes the other ?

The second view rests on the Darwinian theory that man has gradually risen from low and bestial origins, and that he is gradually emancipating himself (by God's grace and providence, it might be added) from slavery to the lower appetites ; that the so-called fall of man was the awakening of conscience and of a sense of guilt before unknown, or only dimly discerned.

The orthodox view regards the first three chapters of Genesis as historical, or, at least, as allegory based on fact, and the independent creation of man is assumed. If this be the true view, the other view cannot be allowed "to have much truth in it."

"With God nothing is impossible ;" miracle, if He wills it, is natural, and Canon Gore well defines the word "supernatural" as a restrictive conception of nature.

But we should look with jealousy on any tendency to regard a violation of the laws which God has established as a more direct revelation of His presence. "He is about our path and about our ways," that is the true miracle, the unspeakably marvellous.

This thought, which was not new to the Psalmist, is brought home to us with more intense conviction by the revelation of our Lord. The watcher is not our enemy, but our friend, and more, our Father. Such relationship is not contradicted by either view of the origin of man, for God's ways are not our ways ; on either hypothesis He has made us, and not we ourselves, and He is able to renew in us the life He gave. The doctrine of the Resurrection then, which St. Paul asserts to be of the very essence of Christianity, is not touched by the Darwinian view, though it may become more assailable by human reason. Its credibility rests on the Resurrection of our Lord, and not on any hypothesis respecting the origin of man. E. D. STONE.

SIR,—Presumably Canon Gore, in his articles on "Criticism and the Faith," is desirous of convincing such as are willing but still need to be convinced, and not such as are already in agreement with him.

Recognising responsibility in God's sight for their beliefs, remembering that were it not for the display of this mankind would still be subject to degrading superstition, the subject of which he treats is approached by many somewhat in this fashion. So-called science is simply knowledge, and knowledge a gift of God, a revelation. We know now that humanity, on the whole, is progressive, and sin a survival. It is not only that there is much truth in this point of view. We also know that God would have us learn through the faculties He has bestowed upon us. This being so, interferences with sequences of events would render the task of observation, the learning of lessons, impossible. If this be so, prayer, otherwise than for spiritual intuitions, is ruled out. That Christ should have interfered with sequences of events, instead of directing man how to profit from them, is thus rendered improbable, if not impossible.

The miraculous birth is rendered equally improbable, although not the viewing of Christ as the great representative man, the type of what all men are destined to become.

It is not with very many, as Canon Gore seems almost to suggest, that there is any unwillingness to fall into line with himself. The question is, should such evidence as he adduces overthrow the inherent probabilities of the case, remembering

that man is never content to leave moral progress under God's guidance to work its own wonders—will always call in, and then appeal to the miraculous, fearing that otherwise he will obtain no hearing?

D. J.

"CANT" PHRASES.

SIR,—Surely the cant phrase (I use "cant" not in a Johnsonian sense, but simply to signify a battle cry) "Government of the people by the people and for the people" contains not three statements but two, the people are to be governed by and for themselves. The Government of God is a common phrase for all Christians, as also for all Theists, and is no monopoly of the High Churchman. But how does God govern? Directly or indirectly? Indirectly, by means of the individual, inspired and commissioned, unconscious sometimes of the source of his authority. Does the question arise, "How are men to know him?" The answer is, From the blindness of their hearts they will not necessarily know him, any more than they knew our Lord. We know, however, from the life of Jesus what class was most ready to recognise him.

Honesty and humility are the means of recognition, but to follow requires strength of will. This strength resides in the leader, and his task is to engender it in others, by persuasion and advice, but above all by example, not by coercion: for "where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty." The temptation of the strong man is to be impatient with weak souls. Liberty is inscribed on the Christian banner, not Liberationalism.

Your correspondent, R. David, is on the right track, but he should not talk of "the Nonconformist Conscience," which is a cant phrase of the true Johnsonian type, nor of "proud prosperous bosses." There is no liberality in such social stigmas.

Conscience belongs to the individual; a "Nonconformist conscience" is a misnomer, and the idea it implies is close akin to tyranny.

The pity is that so many good men "fully persuaded in their own mind," postulate blindness of heart in those who differ from them, and would fain direct them for their own good, thereby usurping the Divine prerogative, however venerable the name under which they shield their dictation.

ETONIENSIS.

THE TYRANNY OF FASHION.

SIR,—To thinking people nothing is much more extraordinary than the docility with which quite sensible women submit to the fashion. In so doing they have to submit to much inconvenience, to substantial money loss, to irksome waste of time, and to treatment at the hands of inferiors that they certainly would not endure from their equals. And it is all done in order to obey the commands of that unseen fetish whom Thoreau describes as "the head monkey in Paris." It is arduous, it needs time, it must be approached with a certain enthusiasm, it needs all sorts of contradictory states of mind. Fashion must be pursued with a sort of frantic patience. The priests of the cult insist on certain materials, made up in certain ways and decorated with certain fripperies; the preparation occupies some weeks; and a few months later the same priests confronted by the same victim ordain the sacrifice of the whilom sacred and canonical adornments, their verdict that they are "no longer worn" being meekly accepted as final and indisputable.

How much more sensible men are. My grandfather was a beautiful old gentleman. Until his wife's death, when his dress changed to plain black, he wore his blue coat with brass buttons, and his buff waistcoat and his large white neck-cloth. His tailor had a standing order to make him two suits of clothes a year. His valet had orders to remove the old and to substitute the new at each half year. Is not this the true philosophy of clothes, and all the more convincing to the minds of people who have neither time nor money to waste, and especially to those who are neither beautiful nor young.

What is a sadder sartorial sight than old or ugly women over-dressed? When the Quakers made it a part of that rigour in social matters which found one of its outward expressions in extreme simplicity of dress, they unconsciously were insisting upon the wearing of, perhaps, the most beautiful and becoming garb possible, and one that will remain beautiful for all time. A woman's cap was really a cap, a covering for her head, having its own right and simple relation to the head; it was not an irrelevant wisp, badly poised on nothing, a senseless thing that has to be arbitrarily pinned on to its perch of piled-up hair. The woman's cap of fine muslin of the old Quaker dress was beautiful on old and young; on the young girl's head insisting on the beauty of modesty, on that of the middle-aged and old woman enhancing the dignity of mature years, and of practical use as a comfortable equivalent for the thinned hair, rendering needless all that unseemly juggling with semi-wigs, whose general use would be implied by the frequent illustrated advertisements of many journals. How charming in its simple homeliness is the old Scottish mutch, so nearly like the simple frilled night-cap, that is one of the most becoming and comfortable of women's head-dresses. Many a woman who is plain or commonplace in ordinary house attire you find beautiful if you are a visitor to her sick-room.

The strangest part of it is the amount of inconvenience and discomfort that women will put up with. Though constant changes in details are commanded, yet some dominant discomfort will go on year after year. Just now we are enduring what may be called the Tyranny of the Involucre. "Involucre" is a term in botany; meaning much the same as calyx; a rather stiffly arranged leafly ring supporting the neck of the flower or head of flowers. Why do girls and young women endure the stiffened structures that tightly envelop their pretty throats up to the ears? Specially absurd is the Involucre in summer. Not only is it hot and generally scratchy and uncomfortable, but when it is made of a transparent material it has to be stiffened by upright whalebones that show through the thin fabric, and look like brutal posts whose rigid tops seem to press threateningly on the jugular artery of the victim. Even this is stupidly done, for if the wretched thing were worth doing at all, the stiffening skeleton might be in some shaped or curved lines that would form a part of the design. How long women will submit to the Involucre remains to be seen; it has already been worn two years, and at present only shows feeble signs of giving way.

The cause of the evil lies mostly in the weakness and folly of women—weakness in giving in to dictates that have their origin in the schemes of tradesmen to sell as much stuff as possible, and of dressmakers to use as much as they can; a kind of transparent conspiracy to force needless expenditure upon the customer. The folly need scarcely be discussed; there always were and always will be foolish people, but it is not reasonable that the follies of foolish women should of necessity become laws that are imposed on their more sensible sisters. Vigorous protests have already been made, sometimes perhaps with more vigour than discretion. We are not all for flourishing the divided skirt as a banner, or for approximation to male attire. But there are many among us who would be truly thankful if they could come by their clothes as simply and easily as did my fine old grandfather. Is it not possible that some form of women's dress should be devised that *for those who desire it* should be almost conventual in its simplicity, perfectly easy and comfortable in wear, fairly durable, and of moderate cost?

Many ladies are now in business in the dressmaking and millinery trades. I believe that a fortune awaits some firm who will associate themselves for the purpose of devising simple styles of dress for the middle-aged, the old, the ugly, and the fat, as well as for those whose lives are otherwise so well occupied that they desire not to waste precious time on the clothes they have to wear. What an untold blessing it would be to these if they had a scheme of clothing carefully considered at first, and settled once and for all, so that they would only have to write to the shop and say which article was wanted to be sure that an exact repetition of the thing found suitable would be received. The matter is well worth the consideration of someone who has a head on her shoulders. It could not be undertaken by the dressmaker with the ordinary training unless she were a woman with a degree of sense, taste, and refinement that would be quite out of the common. Hundreds of potential customers are in such a position that they have not a lady's maid, but perhaps possess some fine old laces. The clever designing partner of the firm will know how to deal with these in such a way as may give much refinement to the customer's settled scheme of evening dress, while they will also afford a means to those to whom caps are not suitable, of having that other most beautiful, dignified, and truly feminine head-dress of the type of the Spanish mantilla.

Those of us who wish to have some simple, and more or less permanent, ways of dressing by no means desire to impose them upon others. We cannot, alas! recall the sumptuary laws with their wholesome restriction of expenditure, but some of us who earnestly desire those simpler ways, feel strongly that we should have at least some more convenient opportunity of acquiring what we want—that there should be some easy alternative between dowdiness on the one hand, and, on the other, unwilling acquiescence in much that is rejected by all our instincts of good taste and common sense.

A SUFFERER.

SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES: AN APPEAL.

SIR,—Although we may have to wait some time yet for the establishment of civilian rule in the Transvaal and Orange River districts, Lord Milner's return to South Africa is likely to be followed before long by the making of detailed arrangements for it, which, after they are made, it may be difficult to alter. I therefore trust that you will allow me, on behalf of the Aborigines Protection Society, to appeal through your columns to the religious organisations throughout this country, which can do so much in guiding public opinion and influencing the authorities, for co-operation in efforts to secure, as part of the contemplated arrangements, adequate provision for equitable treatment of the natives in this portion of South Africa.

The issues now at stake, it is submitted, are far more worthy of consideration than questions still freely and angrily discussed as to the amount of blame attaching to the Boers in their dealings with the natives. They differ from these and other questions incident to the war, moreover, in that all humane persons may be expected to be in substantial agreement about them. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the war in its origin, and of the conquest now in process, and however culpable has been the native policy of the Boers, the result aimed at is conversion of the overthrown Republics into a British possession as profitable to its owners as "law and order" can make it, and the most ardent Imperialists, no less than "pro-Boers," should be anxious to rescue from present injustice, and save from further injury, the people of whose right to "philanthropic, and kindly, and improving treatment" Lord Salisbury has admitted that "we have been too forgetful." The obligation is strongest, indeed, upon those who think with Mr. Chamberlain that "the treatment of the natives of the Transvaal has been disgraceful, it has been brutal, it has been unworthy of a civilised Power," and who, with him, find warrant for the war in the duty of reversing that treatment.

The natives immediately affected probably number more than a million. About three-fourths of them are in the outlying districts of the Transvaal, on the north and east, and have in recent years been but little interfered with, except when they were raided upon for hut tax or dispossessed of land wanted for white men's use. Perhaps not more than a sixth have settled on the Boer farms, cultivating their own gardens or tending their own cattle when not rendering service in lieu of rent. The rest are employed in the towns by Outlanders as well as by Boers, and a few were included among the 70,000 or 80,000 labourers in the gold mines before the war broke out, though the bulk of these came from Cape Colony, Natal, Zululand, and Portuguese territory. To this 800,000 or so must be added some 60,000 Swazis, very much interfered with under the "protection" of the Transvaal Government, and the better treated natives in the Orange River district, estimated at about 150,000.

The Boer policy towards natives, however much it may have been modified of late, is notoriously degrading in theory, and often cruel in practice, and worse on the north of the Vaal than on the south. It denies that there is any equality of rights between blacks and whites, and exposes the former to legalised as well as, under tyrannical masters, to illegal hardships. As a matter of fact, however, and with some glaring exceptions, the Boers have dealt more leniently than Cape Colonists and new comers from Europe with the great majority of the natives outside their actual purview, and, as a rule, have been kindlier masters to those, comparatively few, employed as servants in their farms and houses. Pass-laws, apprenticeship, deprivation of landed property and other oppressions notwithstanding, the Transvaal, and yet more the Orange River native, not aspiring to be his own master, has generally had more practical freedom and chances of prosperity than his kinsman in Natal or Cape Colony. All the special and oppressive legislation introduced in the Transvaal since 1884 has been at the bidding of the Outlanders, and avowedly designed for the advantage of the mine owners and other wealth seekers who began to crowd into the country as soon as the Rand was opened up in 1885.

We feel, therefore, that we are justified in appealing to "the Churches" for active support in urging on the Government the duty of so ordering affairs in the territory it has taken under its control that the interests of the black inhabitants shall be as well cared for and promoted as those of the whites; and, if that is to be done, we submit that observance of the following conditions is essential :—

1. Demarcation of the Zoutpansberg, Lydenburg, and adjacent parts of the Transvaal, now almost exclusively occupied by an enormous coloured population, as a Native Reserve in which, following the admirable precedent of Basutoland, the residents shall be protected in the maintenance of their tribal institutions, saved from the intrusion of fraudulent traders and other mischief-makers, only interfered with by the officials set over them in respect of offences too grave to be dealt with by their own methods, and only taxed to the limited extent necessary for defraying the expenses incurred in an administration manifestly and solely conducing to their well-being.

2. Adoption of a similar policy in Swaziland, with variations rendered expedient or unavoidable by the pernicious influences to which its unfortunate inhabitants have been exposed throughout the past twenty years.

3. Considerable alteration of the Pass Law, Squatters Law, and other legislation by the Transvaal Republic which is still in force, affecting the status of natives resident in farms and towns, with a view of securing for them certainly not less (and in some particulars more) civil rights than are accorded to those natives in Cape Colony who are in the employment of or association with Europeans.

4. Such control over the relations between capital and labour as will remove all risk of their resulting in any form of slavery.

This last is the matter of gravest present importance, and one that, though as regards the self-governing colonies not much can be done here to regulate it, calls for careful watching in other parts of British South Africa as well as in the Transvaal. The Glen-Grey Act and other measures of the Cape Government, designed to unfairly favour capitalists' interests in the Kimberley diamond-fields and elsewhere, are in accordance with bolder projects for the "exploitation" of labour for the profit of Rhodesian as well as of Transvaal gold-mining and other enterprises. The capitalists make no secret of their desire to coerce the natives into supplying them with plenty of cheap labour, and specious talk about the advantage of familiarising savages with "the dignity of labour," and so forth, is offered in excuse of schemes for converting the machinery of government into an organisation for the collection and management of all the compulsory service that the employers require. In Rhodesia the futile and disastrous attempts of the Chartered Company to practically enslave its inhabitants are being followed by alarming experiments in the importation of labour from other parts of Africa, and even from Asia. Like projects are openly advocated for the Transvaal, and, if they are sanctioned, they can scarcely fail to increase greatly the misfortunes of the bulk of its population, which has thus far had partial immunity from white men's oppression, and to involve in the persecution victims from more distant areas beguiled or coerced into virtual slavery in the Rand and other gold mines. The Gold Fields Pass Law, adopted by the British Government since it took charge of the Transvaal, with a few modifications lessening the flogging penalties, but in other respects more oppressive than the superseded law that the Boer Government passed in 1895 under pressure from the Outlanders, illustrates the danger now to be faced.

This danger is far more comprehensive and deplorable than most people in this country appear to be aware of. Unless it is averted, all our pretensions of humanity towards South African natives as a warrant for the war will be proved to be hypocritical, and all our professions of national detestation of slavery will be falsified. It can be averted if Christian Englishmen will give voice to what surely are their convictions, forcibly enough and promptly enough to have influence with the Government and its representatives in South Africa before the arrangements that are now being elaborated have been concluded and made law. H. R. FOX BOURNE.

Aborigines Protection Society,
Broadway Chambers, Westminster, S.W.
August 24th, 1901.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

THE Elementary Text-Book of Zoology which has been prepared for the Cambridge Natural Science Series by Mr. A. E. Shipley, of Cambridge, and Professor MacBride, of McGill University, Montreal, will be published on September 9th by the University Press in England, and the Macmillan Company in New York.

FICTION.—George Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life* will be added to Mr. John Lane's "New Pocket Library" on September 3rd, on which date he will also publish *The Just and the Unjust*, by Richard Bagot, author of "Casting of Nets." Mr. Lane's Autumn list also includes Trollope's *Barchester Towers*, *Dr. Thorne*, and *The Warden*, uniform with the new editions of George Eliot's works.

TRAVEL.—*The Great Deserts and Forests of North America.* By Paul Fountain, with Preface by W. H. Hudson, author of "The Naturalist in La Plata."—*To the South Polar Regions*, 1898-1900 By Louis Bernachi, F.R.G.S., a member of the Borchgrevinck Expedition, and about to take part in the *Discovery* Expedition.—*Mexico as I Saw It.* By Mrs. Alec Tweedie. (Hurst and Blackett.)

WANTED.

"THE PILOT," FEBRUARY 16 AND 23, 1901.—These numbers, containing Mr. Bridge's articles on "Pensions for Assistant Masters," are out of print, and the Publisher will be happy to pay sixpence each for any clean copies which may be returned to him at 2, Exeter Street, W.C.

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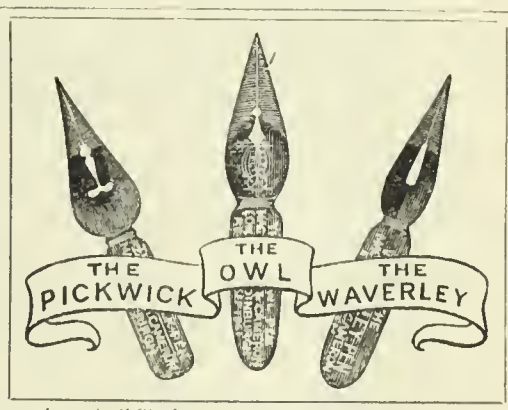

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THE WEEK.

Home. The Trades Union Congress has done wisely in deciding to feel its way before adopting any definite line of action with regard to the crisis with which the relations between the Unions and employers are threatened. The recommendation of the Parliamentary Committee that a test case should be taken to the House of Lords, in order to ascertain the condition of the law with regard to picketing, was a thoroughly sound one, and the Congress showed good sense in adopting it. We cannot think, however, that the consternation with which the Taff Vale decision is viewed in Trades Union quarters is justified. In the eyes of the law a society is either combatant or non-combatant; it can either sue and be sued, or it cannot. If it can, then it is only fair that funds available for offensive purposes should also be available for damages that may justly be incurred. It does not follow that sick and relief funds need be sacrificed; it is always possible so to tie up money subscribed for such purposes that its expenditure is restricted to the end for which it was subscribed. A fighting fund can always be established, and the Union's liability in damages will thus be adjusted to the scale of its powers of offensive action. With regard to compulsory arbitration the Congress had evidently a clear opinion, for, in spite of much speaking on both sides, a motion favouring that mode of settlement was rejected by a majority of something like two to one. In this matter also we think the Trades Unions acted in their own best interests. The essence of arbitration is that it should be satisfactory to both sides, and compulsion in this matter would probably result in dissatisfaction on the part of the side compelled. Moreover, arbitration on a dispute as to prices or wages often takes the form of compromise, and compromise, where a principle is involved, is seldom desirable.

For our part we feel that the more highly-organised are both the capital and labour sides of the great division the less need will there be either for the clumsy and costly expedient of strikes and lock-outs, or for a compulsory arbitration which might often defeat the purpose of the side it intended to benefit. That mediation of some kind is better than strikes and lock-outs, however, few people would care to deny just at present, with Grimsby and Penrhyn before their eyes. The Penrhyn dispute remains as it has remained for twelve months, a picture of dreadful distress and admirable behaviour and self-restraint on the men's part, and of unparalleled obstinacy and refusal to give way an inch on the owner's part. We had hoped to be able to record at least a temporary settlement of the Grimsby lock-out, but we fear that the end may not be so near as was expected earlier in the week. Only those who work amongst the distressed families at Grimsby can have any idea of the misery which is being bravely borne there, so bravely and proudly, indeed, that many of the sufferers are well-nigh starving before they admit their need of help. In the Grimsby case, hard as the variations of the weather and of the fishing conditions must be on the master trawlers, we cannot see that the men should be asked to share their risks to any greater extent than they have hitherto shared them. In this case the proposal that the dispute should be referred to the Board of Trade for settlement on a basis of ascertained profits, and that in the meantime work should be resumed on the old terms, seems an eminently reasonable one, and we hope that the masters may yet see their way to accepting it.

It will be interesting to follow the case of Dr. Fritz Krause, a well-known member of the English Bar and a prominent official under the late Transvaal Government, who was arrested on Monday evening and charged at Bow Street with the crime of "high treason." We must confess that the whole proceedings appeared to us rather absurd, seeing that the prosecuting counsel did not appear to know either what Dr. Krause was accused of, or even where the accusation came from. He gave both Cape Colony and the Transvaal as the source of the charge. Further, it is denied in legal quarters that a citizen of a country with which

we are at war can be guilty of high treason to the Crown, no matter what oaths he may have taken. All that we know of Dr. Krause is that throughout the war his influence in Johannesburg (so even the Uitlanders admitted) was its great safeguard from internal trouble; that he was universally respected by both Boers and Uitlanders; and that Lord Roberts thought so highly of him as to offer him a Government appointment in South Africa. He refused it, however, and has for the last few months been living in England, by permission of the military authorities. The news of his arrest was received with derision by Mr. Kruger's party, among whom Dr. Krause was known as a "Pro-Britisher." He does not, on the face of things, seem a likely author of very serious mischief, but in the meantime he has to remain in custody until further particulars are forthcoming from his accusers.

The letter from Canon Gore in our correspondence columns contains an appeal which, we hope, will commend itself to people who have a little time to give to a useful and interesting piece of philanthropy. It will probably be news to most of our readers that so great a number of Scotch girls engaged in the fish-curing industry visit our coasts annually, and that their number is steadily on the increase. The herring fisheries employ a large proportion of the inhabitants of the north and east coasts of Scotland, and the exigencies of the industry are such that those employed in it cannot wait for the fish to come to them, but have to follow the shoals about to their various feeding grounds. During the last few years the herring have been leaving the Scotch shores and coming south, with the result that thousands of the Scotch fishermen and girls have settled in towns along the north-east and east coasts of England, in the hope of finding more permanent employment here than at home. Both the Church of Scotland and the Episcopal Church have missions and visiting chaplains who attend at various English ports during the height of the herring season, and they have also done much towards providing more permanently for the needs of the emigrants; but it is obvious that, where the fishermen and girls become scattered over a great length of seaboard, and in many cases take up a settled abode in England, the most elaborate missionary machinery is unequal to attending fully to their social welfare. That the girls (on whose behalf the efforts mentioned by Canon Gore are specially organised) come from remote parts of Scotland, that some of them do not speak English, that their work is hard, their pay scant, and their temptations many, are facts that appeal of themselves to the interest of Englishwomen, and establish a claim on our national hospitality.

What have aldermen to do with war medals? The value of the South African medal has surely touched rock bottom now that it has been awarded to fifty-six members of the livery guilds of the City who "helped to equip" the C.I.V. Not only have medals been awarded to these gentlemen, but clasps also for all the engagements in which the C.I.V. took part, so that a soldier, let us say, who had his leg blown off at Belmont will wear his medal and one clasp, while the civic dignitary, who has risked nothing but his digestion in the performance of his duties, will wear his medal and four or five clasps. A medal has hitherto been a highly prized possession for soldiers; a clasp has hitherto been a certificate that a man has seen fighting, and has stood up to the enemy for his country's sake. What do they mean now? Among other things that the wearer has purchased clothing and boots and field-glasses for the Volunteers out of a fund lavishly subscribed by the public. We have no wish to under-estimate the services of the civic dignitaries; what we do deplore is that many a soldier who has spent weary and hungry months marching and fighting on the veldt, in the end, perhaps, to be discharged minus a leg or an arm, and with only his medal and bit of "penny an inch" for reward, should have to share his hardly-won decoration with men who enjoy, in his imagination at any rate, the very flower of an easy and plentiful life. The whole system of distributing medals before a war is over is, we think, a wrong one; but if they are to be awarded, surely some degree of proportion, some sense of the fitness of things might regulate their distribution, and preserve the significance of what should be an ornament of distinction.

The Colorado Beetle has turned up in time to save the dead season from absolute *ennui*. It is to be hoped that the prompt measures taken by the Board of Agriculture will save us from any disastrous consequences of its invasion, which was discovered by Natural History Museum experts, and actively resisted by Inspectors of the Board of Agriculture. The first, and we sincerely hope the only engagement of this sensational campaign took place at the Tilbury Docks, where a patch of potato crop in which the Beetle had taken up a position and was engaged in reproducing itself was seized and destroyed. In the meantime the study of natural history among potato-growers will, no doubt, be stimulated by the reminder that a penalty of £10 is involved by the neglect of any person who shall find a specimen of the insect to report the fact to the police. The Destructive Insects Act and the Colorado Beetle Order also make it an offence to "keep or sell any living specimen of the Colorado Beetle in any of the stages of its life." The Board of Agriculture has issued a description whereby the *Doryphora decemlineata* may be identified, and if any enthusiastic kitchen-gardener should come across a beetle "from one-third to half an inch long, of a yellow colour, with ten longitudinal black lines down the wing cases, and with reddish yellow and black legs," he is advised to take it at once to the nearest police-station and give it in charge. Before beginning to count its stripes and examine its legs, however, it might be well to kill it, as the means necessary to insure identification might conceivably be construed as "keeping" within the meaning of the Act.

The Durban correspondent of the *Standard* sends the gist of a memorandum addressed by the Uitlanders' Committee to Lord Milner concerning the position of the Uitlanders in Cape Colony. Naturally enough they chafe at the restrictions which prevent them returning to the mines. Their statement that the military authorities deliberately prevent their return in order that they may not take part in the fighting, and so hinder the conciliation of the enemy, is, likely enough, correct, at any rate in so far as the first part of it is concerned. The military authorities probably know their own business best in this matter, and it would be

highly inconvenient for them to have to undertake the control of vindictive Uitlanders as well as go on with their already difficult work of conquest. The reference to conciliation is, of course, idle; no such thing is dreamt of by Lord Kitchener; but there is a great difference between conciliation and an avoidance of the kind of trouble that arises when people with personal as well as political grievances throw themselves into a fray —a trouble that would almost certainly ensue if the Uitlanders were let loose in the Transvaal. It is just that spirit of revenge—quite natural to the Uitlanders—that, for the sake of our own troops, we are anxious to avoid.

The suggestion of the Uitlanders with regard to the concentration camps is, however, a good one, and we are glad to hear that it has already been decided to act upon it, to some extent at least. Why all the Boer women and children should not have long ago been sent down to the coast it is difficult to see. The railway accommodation of the country would be severely enough taxed in supplying the needs of the army and nothing more; but with the large refugee population to be fed and clothed in addition, the difficulties of traffic management must be enormously increased. And the most weighty argument in favour of the change is that the deplorable condition of the refugees would thereby be ameliorated. There are many stretches of seaboard in the Cape Colony that might be utilised for this purpose, with results equally beneficial to the refugees themselves and to the troops in the interior of the country. It stands to reason that the whole female and infant population of two large States cannot be adequately provided for in up-country camps. The military authorities have probably done their best to provide for them, but they have an impossible task so long as the camps remain at great distances from the base of supplies.

A most unpleasant incident in the week's chronicle of the war took place on Saturday last, when a party of Boers derailed and blew up a train on the Pietersburg Railway about twenty miles north of Pretoria, killing Colonel Vandeleur and nine men, and wounding seventeen. The attack seems to have developed into a sheer outrage; all the men were stripped and robbed, and a nurse-girl travelling in the train was wounded—intentionally, according to a circumstantial account sent by Mr. Bennett Burleigh. For this kind of thing there is no conceivable excuse, and if the report turns out to have been true the ringleaders of the outrage should be tried and executed. Their names are known, and we hope a record of the case will be kept so that punishment can be meted out to the offenders after the war is over, if they are not caught before. On our own side we have some reason to ask how it was possible that such a complete catastrophe could have taken place on the line within twenty miles of Pretoria. Kaffirs, apparently, were employed to watch the line, but of course their presence was no protection. A curious instance of the odd composition of the most desperate characters is afforded by the fact that these Boers took the trouble to gag the Kaffirs instead of shooting them, and that, although they are reported to have shot a defenceless girl, they returned a watch to an officer who said he valued it, even while they were engaged in stripping him and his comrades of their money and valuables.

Elsewhere in the theatre of war the enemy has been exhibiting a desperate activity, which has so far, fortunately, not been fraught with any grave results to us, although we cannot regard Scheepers s presence in the south of Cape Colony as otherwise than dangerous. Another commando has crossed the Orange River into Cape Colony, Theron is near Oudtshoorn, Smit is in the neighbourhood of Fraserburg, and the Transkei territory has again been invaded. None of these forces are very strong, of course, and our operations in Cape Colony lately seem to have had the effect of splitting them up into even smaller bodies. This is no advantage; on the contrary, it is the small bodies, too weak to do any serious fighting, that have to support themselves by raiding and destroying, while, even if they are defeated or captured, the general situation is in no way affected. Near Uniondale one of our patrols was surprised, losing seven killed and wounded and fourteen prisoners, the latter being released after taking an oath of neutrality. It will be interesting to hear what the sequel to this oath will be. In his weekly report Lord Kitchener accounts for 19 Boers killed, 3 wounded, 212 prisoners, and 127 surrenders. The number of killed and wounded is one of the smallest that has yet appeared in these reports. Telegraphing from Pretoria on Thursday, Reuter's correspondent stated that Lord Kitchener's proclamation had so far not produced any very apparent results.

Foreign.

PRINCE CHUN has at last been received in audience by the Kaiser, and, on presenting the Chinese Emperor's letter of apology, has been straightway raised from the position of a penitent suppliant to that of an honoured guest. Moreover, Europe has been spared the shock of a collective suicide on the part of his suite, who declared they would die rather than kowtow to a barbarian potentate. So they were left outside, and the German Government contents itself with the insertion of a suitable phrase in the Chinese official record of the visit, which the Chinese will doubtless hasten to forget. The proposal that the mission should perform the exact ceremony of obeisance formerly exacted from European envoys to China seemed entirely in accordance with the fitness of things, and was cordially supported by some authorities on China as the most effective means of showing the nation its place. But there were objections—not the least being that the performance might have implied that suzerainty over China had passed to the German Emperor alone —and that monarch had an engagement at Dantzig. An additional motive for compromise has been seen in the desire of financial and commercial circles of Germany to impress Prince Chun with the conviction that China has everything to gain by placing concessions and orders for goods with them rather than anywhere else. Possibly the same desire explains the unseemly eagerness of the German Ambassador in China to get the peace protocol signed without waiting for the edicts on which its value depends—a proposal very properly rejected by his English and American colleagues. The compromise, however, is generally regarded as involving a diplomatic defeat for Germany, and the success of Prince Chun's resistance is ascribed to Russian aid. The edicts are now under the consideration of the Ambassadors; and the new taxes necessitated by the indemnity are causing trouble in the province of Kwang-tung.

The programme of the Czar's movements has now been settled, at least in outline. This week he has spent at the Palace of Fredensborg in Denmark; but, owing to the sufferings of Finland, which is half Scandinavian, his presence has excited no popular enthusiasm, even though the nation is attached to the Franco-Russian Alliance as much as Roumania is to its rival. Next Tuesday, probably, he will leave in his yacht for Dantzig, where he will meet the Emperor and the Chancellor, but will live aboard the German imperial yacht *Hohenzollern*, and will hardly go ashore at all. He will arrive at Dunkirk on Wednesday week, proceeding the same evening, after the naval review, to Compiègne. The next day but one he will pay a flying visit to Rheims; on the Saturday he will go there again to "salute the allied army." Immediately after the review he will leave France. Paris is omitted from the programme, possibly because the Nationalists of the Municipal Council might be unduly demonstrative, more probably because the Socialists would make a hostile demonstration. And France cannot afford to have the famous "Vive la Pologne, monsieur," of M. Floquet in 1867 repeated in 1901 by MM. Jaurès or Gérault-Richard, or even by the supremely irreconcilable M. Rochefort.

The Czar's visit seems to be reckoned on by the Sultan as securing a postponement of the coercion with which he is threatened by France. The French official account of the rupture explains that the Porte had made satisfactory promises both as to the claim of the Quays Company and as to the payments due to two French creditors of Turkey; but as the promises were not kept, M. Constans has left Constantinople, and the Turkish Ambassador has been told that he need not return to Paris. The Sultan is said to have asked for German aid; but he has, naturally, been disappointed. Meanwhile, he has pledged Haidar Pasha, the new port at the terminus of the Anatolian Railway, for £700,000; but that money will be wanted for more pressing needs. Arabia is disturbed, as usual; the Turkish troops in Armenia and in Macedonia are reported to be unpaid and in revolt; and there are plenty of signs in the Balkans of the coming storm—so many, indeed, that some of the Europeans in Constantinople are complaining that M. Constans is no diplomat, and lamenting that he should have precipitated a crisis.

After thirty years of conflict between King and people, concurrent with a vast increase in material prosperity, the people have won, and Denmark has entered upon an era of constitutional government. The fact was formally celebrated on Sunday, when a deputation of 8,000 Radicals visited Copenhagen and sent representatives to the King to thank him for his concession and receive his full submission to the popular will. The new Radical Ministry starts with an extensive programme of administrative and financial reform and of organisation of the national defence. The latter item is significant when it is remembered that ten years ago the Legislature would not vote supplies for the fortification of Copenhagen (or, indeed, for anything else), and that the money was found by subscription. Denmark, however, was not then a sleeping partner in the Dual Alliance. The most curious feature in Sunday's proceedings was the absence of enthusiasm in Copenhagen itself. Its population is either Conservative or Socialist, and the Socialists accuse the new Ministry of sacrificing principle for place. Their hostility does not matter now, as the Folkething is fully controlled by the Ministerialists; but in view of the vast progress made by Socialism recently in Denmark, it may matter more a few years hence.

The great steel strike in the United States seems to be gradually breaking down; the men of different factories are going back to work, in defiance of the union, and the labour leaders are preparing to quarrel amongst themselves. Meanwhile public interest is largely concentrated on the coming municipal election in Greater New York. When the City boundaries were so extended as to include the largest municipal area in the world, the aim was partly to leave Chicago hopelessly behind, partly to make municipal politics so interesting as to constrain the attention even of the busiest of business men. For the latter purpose the Mayor and one or two other officials were invested with vast powers, in order that the electors might be compelled to seek for competent and trustworthy candidates for the posts in question. If the device has not yet rid the city of Tammany rule, the blame rests partly with the Republican party managers, who could not carry the city themselves and would not let the independent reformers do so. However, they have now mended their ways, a fresh crop of outrageous scandals have been revealed in time for the election, and the prospects of the reform party are brightening, even in the suburbs. The contest is interesting, not merely as involving another attempt to end a disgrace to democracy in America, but because a defeat of Tammany would go far to promote that reconstruction of the Democratic party which is among the most pressing political needs of the United States.

It is still difficult to make out the rights of the dispute between Colombia and Venezuela. The Venezuelan Government, itself the outcome of a recent revolution, charges the Colombian Government with a violation of its frontier in aid of the revolutionists who are doing their best to overthrow it, and declares that the violators were Colombian regulars who plundered the pacific inhabitants of Venezuela—which is highly probable, considering the general character of the armies of South America. Accordingly, Venezuela refuses to recognise the Colombian Consuls, and is preparing in its turn to invade Colombia; and General Cecilio Castro (not the President, of course) has left for Europe to renew diplomatic relations (broken off not long ago by the present President) and to buy arms. But her Government is threatened, like that of Colombia, by revolutionists in the rear. The prisons of the capitals of both countries are full of political prisoners whose sufferings are said to be terrible. Venezuela is a little less impecunious than its bankrupt adversary, but its resources are rapidly going. The United States Government has offered its services as mediator, and Colombia (being the weaker) is far more ready to accept them than Venezuela. It is suspected in Paris of wishing to do more. Mr. Roosevelt's speech in Minnesota may seem to bear out the supposition, but then it must be remembered that a Vice-President has absolutely nothing to do (except presiding over the Senate), and that it is unusual for him even to speak. However, the Isthmus of Panama is quiet, and unless it is disturbed, or the Monroe doctrine is infringed by France or Germany, which is improbable, though the Pan-Germans are pressing their Government to take action, the United States are not likely to go beyond good advice.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, September 7, 1901.

IRELAND.

AMONG the numerous attendant risks of the South African war, when it began, the likelihood that Irish agitation would take advantage of it was of course not forgotten. The sympathies of Ireland in the quarrel between the Colonial Office and the Transvaal Government could not have been doubtful had they never been expressed; but in the hot and eager controversy which raged all through the summer of 1899 those sympathies came out with sufficiently convincing distinctness. Yet we do not remember that much heed was given to them anywhere; nor do we say now that not to heed them was surprisingly careless. Even to get up an Irish agitation takes some time, and everything had to be done from the beginning. There was no inspiring leadership in existence. Among "Mr. Parnell's gentlemen," as one of them described the Irish parliamentary party of his time, there were clever men but there was no commanding spirit, and the clever men were either at odds or in the retirement of disgust. The funds of the party were in a state of unexpectant exhaustion. Meanwhile Ireland's malcontents were doing very well with the realised profits of a long spell of political and agrarian revolt, prospered by the favour of benignant seasons. It was seen that, in these conditions, to re-form a fighting party and re-open a national campaign would take many months of collaboration and instigation; while even among those who had no idea of the war as a Battle of Flowers few imagined that it would continue beyond the parliamentary session of 1900. Therefore a consideration otherwise of some importance was put aside altogether. Only one possibility made it at all serious: that the South African war might give occasion for foreign interference—not necessarily in South Africa itself. Then indeed complications might arise rich in opportunity for Irish agitation.

However, there has been no such interference, and it is supposed there never will be. But the meeting of Parliament last year was preceded by some weeks of fighting which changed the prospect of the war's duration and enlarged the likelihood of untoward accident. And still it went on, too probably suggesting that there might be opportunity and reward in store for an agreed and consolidated Irish party. However that may be, during the whole of last session the Irish party in the House of Commons did present an appearance of agreement and consolidation which it had not worn for years past. Something like authority, certainly like weight, returned to it after a long absence; and (thanks to the parliamentary tact of that strong rebel Mr. John Redmond) it was in much greater force at the end of the session than at the beginning.

In this state of things, Mr. Chamberlain allowed himself once more to make a mistake which can only be explained by the subordination of judgment to temper. It was, in fact, a double mistake. In threatening the Irish members as he did with such meaning emphasis at Blenheim, he exposed himself to the suspicion of a consciousness which possibly never troubled him, and which would have been better concealed if it did: the consciousness, namely, that the Irish party owed much of its rehabilitation to an otherwise unfortunate if unavoidable war. To do so was a weakness, and not to foresee that it would give Mr. Redmond much gratification and encouragement was shortsighted. But this was the least of the two mistakes, though it was also involved in the other; which was the formal issue of a menace of no earthly use to anybody at this moment save Mr. Redmond and his colleagues, but to them of great use.

Ireland is of course very fully represented in the House of Commons. It has been so for many years. Constitutional students and reformers have for long been complaining that it is over-represented; and whenever the Redistribution of Seats has been the business of the day, Ireland's allowance has been vigorously discussed and then limply let alone. It may be that on these occasions the argument which decided that the Irish membership should not be meddled with was never clearly stated; but we can guess at it, and even agree with the House of Commons Whips that its importance transcends the demand for equal dealing which abstract justice insists upon. Yet justice has its claim. The last of it has not been heard yet; and there can be no surprise in its being brought forward by a Minister so deeply versed in the subject generally as Mr. Chamberlain. But at what a moment! A more unfortunate choice of time and place was scarcely possible, if, indeed, we may suppose that the angry Minister bethought himself to choose. Parliament was at the last day of this year's session. Nothing had been said or done in the House of Commons which would have taken a different character had the Irish members been fewer as proposed. No practical change can be attempted till some time next session—most improbably then. The reduction of Ireland's representatives in the House of Commons by the right number might possibly tell in a party programme on the eve of a general election, though the Irish vote is still of some consequence to English candidates, perhaps. But in the first year of a new Parliament, and with troubles infinitely more heavy and intimate crowding from South Africa, there is little likelihood of rousing the country to boiling-point on the subject of excessive representation for Ireland. Yet in spite of these formidable conditions of untimeliness, Mr. Chamberlain launches his threat just as the Nationalist

members are on the edge of "a winter campaign" of agitation in Ireland; that is to say, just at the right time for supplying them with what they are much in need of—a little more powder a little less stale.

The campaign has now been formally opened, with what prospect of success we do not pretend to judge at present. Six months ago we should have said that it had none; but though since that time the country has been blessed with an abundant harvest all round—which is much relied upon for keeping the people quiet—there seems less reason to speak so confidently now. Mr. Redmond is obviously a growing power. If he has little of that grand essential, "personal magnetism," he is not without the command, certainly has the gift of eloquence, therewith discretion in the handling of his purposes, plenty of courage, and as much management as any of the numerous leaders in the House of Commons or perhaps more. How far these qualities may serve a man incomparably more Irish than Parnell and more deeply bitten by conviction of Ireland's wrongs, it is too soon to say. His speech at Westport on Sunday was sweeping enough, and yet more remarkable for settled confidence than for the rhetorical intensity which is generally thought most serviceable in political campaigning. That, perhaps, is to come. These "forewords" were, in the first place, to express a view of Home Rule which is evidently reasoned and sincere, however erroneous. Mr. Redmond believes that Home Rule was immensely served last session by the manifest breakdown of the House of Commons under the intolerable load of business laid upon it by an ever-expanding empire. Though Mr. Redmond seems to have been content with planting that observation in the minds of his hearers, without drawing morals or imparting inferences, we understand him to insinuate that therefore Home Rule may be left to work its own way for awhile, unaided by any special renewal of agitation in its favour: agitation to be directed to other but not unassociated objects. He is for throwing the energies of an uprising Ireland into a demand for the land by compulsory purchase. It is now time to begin "a fight to the finish with Irish landlordism"; and Mr. Redmond promised his audience that they would have little difficulty with the Government in that matter. The agitation of last year had got the promise of a Land Purchase Bill into the King's Speech; Mr. Wyndham had since avowed that such a measure was an immediate necessity; but above all was the great fact that "the Irish people would get almost anything by united, vigorous, and menacing agitation. There was no limit to the possibilities they could achieve if they would only make their agitation sufficiently menacing and dangerous." Yet "no man should advocate outrage." It was "not by crime, but by determined discipline and united action within the limits of the laws of God and man," that they should work. Such was the burden of Mr. Redmond's song, to which Mr. William O'Brien sang seconds through his teeth in a more doggish voice but without breaking harmony.

And so begins a "campaign" of which there was but small promise a short while ago, nor has it much appearance of prosperity now. Much depends upon extraneous influences—the same which have hustled the Irish parliamentary party into the bonds of discipline again; and unfortunately, those influences are in no great measure within our control.

THE HOUSING PROBLEM IN NEW YORK.

It is in New York, where the characteristic tendency of American society towards a system of congregated living has had full force for nearly a century, that the American housing problem presents its gravest aspect. The nature and extent of the New York tenement-house system are not easily explained to English readers. The meaning of the fact that, out of the 3,437,202 inhabitants of New York City, no less than 2,372,079, or more than two-thirds, live in tenement-houses as defined by State law cannot be appreciated by those who have not had the opportunity of examining one of the many huge blocks of six or seven-story buildings to be found in the Borough of Manhattan. In the opinion of the New York Tenement House Commission, for whom a special report on the housing of the working classes in London, Paris, Berlin, and other great European cities, was prepared, the conditions existing in the most overcrowded portions of London "are ideal compared with the conditions in New York." Only in Scotland have the authors of this elaborate report found tenement-houses comparable with those of New York; but they are of opinion that the difference of degree existing between the Glasgow and Edinburgh housing problems and that which the Commissioners are required to solve is so great as virtually to amount to a difference in kind.

The typical New York tenement-house is known as the "dumb-bell" or "double-decker," and was first constructed about 1879. It is usually six or seven storeys in height, and occupies a lot of land about 25 ft. wide and 100 ft. deep. The building, as a rule, extends back some 90 ft., leaving the narrow space of 10 ft. unoccupied, so that the rooms in the rear may obtain some small measure of light and air. The ground floor is often occupied by two shops, one on each side of the entrance hall-way, a long dark corridor less than 3 ft. wide and extending back for 60 ft; behind these shops are sometimes found two or three living rooms in which the shop assistants sleep. The five or six floors above are commonly divided into four sets of apartments, two on each side of the narrow hall-way; the outer tenements contain four, and the inner tenements three rooms. Of the fourteen rooms on each floor only four receive light and air directly from the street or the back yard; the other ten are dependent on the "air shaft," a 28 in. indentation in the wall about 50 or 60 ft. in breadth and open to the sky. A family living in such a building pays from 12 dols. to 18 dols. a month for four rooms, two of which are but 7 by 8 ft. and the other—the kitchen and the parlour—10 by 11 ft. These tenement-houses are commonly disposed in blocks of 8, 16, 24, or even higher multiples of 8. At least one-half of the population of the borough of Manhattan is concentrated in these gigantic blocks.

The effect of this form of congregated living on the physical and moral health of the community has been disastrous in the extreme. Even if each family occupied a separate tenement and the provision of air and light for each room were adequate and the sanitary arrangements perfect, the necessary crowding on area would be a fatal objection to such a system. But as an appreciable percentage of the tenements in the dumb-bell blocks contain two or even three families, the sanitary arrangements are more often than not defective, and the only means of ventilating and

lighting the interior rooms is worse than useless. The air-shaft has been justly described as "a gigantic culture-tube," by means of which the germs of disease are spread through all the eighty rooms of a double-decker. There is hardly to be found, so the general report privately printed for the use of the Commission informs us, a single tenement in which there has not been at least one case of pulmonary tuberculosis during the last five years, and in many there have been from ten to twenty. In four neighbouring blocks, for which a "tuberculosis map" is given in the general report, 429 such cases occurred. The air-shafts, which distribute foul air and darkness barely made visible, are undoubtedly responsible for the existing epidemic of tuberculosis, but that is not their only responsibility. In cases of fire they act as flues. Twenty-six per cent. of the numerous tenement-house fires, which have occurred during the last two and a half years, spread through these air-shafts, and the Fire Department has long protested against their existence as one of the most serious evils with which it has to contend in fighting such conflagations. They also act as conveyors of noise. Through the air-shaft the tenant of a back room hears the sounds that occur in the apartments of every other family in the building, and the fact that the windows on one side face those on the other further tends to destroy privacy. The fact that it is possible to cross from one side to the other of this crevasse by means of a plank has led to the ruin of many. In warm weather, bedrooms ventilated by these air-shafts are uninhabitable, and the tenants are compelled to sleep on the roof, the pavements, and the fire-escapes. Finally, they are often used as a receptacle for all sorts of refuse, which is allowed to remain at the bottom for weeks without being cleared.

The evidence of physicians taken at the public meetings of the Commission would appear to prove that the average number of well-defined cases of pulmonary tuberculosis in the city at any time seldom falls below 20,000, and that 8,000 deaths are annually due to this disease. The vast majority of these cases occur in blocks lighted and ventilated by air-shafts, and comparatively few are found in the smaller tenement houses, which were formerly private dwellings. But the necessity of improving the lighting and ventilation of tenements in order to check the ravages of this disease is not, after all, the chief consideration with the public. It has been proved beyond question in the course of the Commission's inquiries that the conditions of life in the double-deckers are as fatal to the moral as to the physical well-being of the community. The perpetual darkness of the hall-ways, staircases, and corridors is known to be an even more serious evil than the so-called air-shaft.

In the opinion of the Commissioners the New York housing problem is threefold, and only to be solved by action along three main lines. The State is required :—

(1) "To provide proper types of new tenement-houses for the future by means of adequate restrictive legislation, and to forbid the erection of any others.

(2) "To remedy the errors of past years by altering and improving old tenement-houses so as to make them fit for human habitation.

(3) "To maintain present and future tenement-houses in sanitary condition by adequate supervision."

They recommend the creation of a separate "Tenement House Department" as an organ of the municipality, and have presented with their Report a proposed Code of Tenement House Laws, to be administered by that Department, in which all their minor recommendations are expressed. They are not in favour of the building of model tenements by the municipality. The fact that they were unanimous on this point, after a careful inquiry into the profits of tenement owners—the average profit was found to be 5·81 per cent.—adds force to the following quotation :—

"The Commission is not prepared to recommend such an enlargement of municipal functions. No good purpose could be thereby served. At most such public building would better the living conditions of a favoured few who had sufficient influence to secure apartments in them, and even these would better their living condition at the sacrifice of self-dependence. If such model tenements are intended to set an example and to demonstrate what can be done to provide better housing conditions, they will furnish no better demonstration than private benevolence has furnished in the past and can be relied upon to furnish in the future. If they are intended to house the working people, they can at most house only a very small proportion, and by so housing this small proportion they will prevent the greater number from being effectively housed by other means, for private enterprise will not compete with municipal bounty, and when cities begin to build tenements other tenement building will cease. No large city can provide homes for all its working people. So vast a project could not be seriously contemplated. If by providing for a few it prevented provision for the many, the average condition of the working classes would be worse than before the city began to build. Nor would there be any limit to the scope of municipal building operations if once they were began. If cities, however, are to become landlords at all, where would the wage line be drawn between those for whom they should and those for whom they should not provide ?"

So positive an expression of opinion after a prolonged and exhaustive inquiry into the nature of a problem far more serious and complex than that which the London County Council is required to solve must be regarded as a weighty argument against the extension of municipal building.

DECLINING TRADE AND OUR INVESTMENTS.

The falling-off of trade predicted in these columns towards the close of last year is making itself felt unmistakably. This is, of course, a bad thing for the country generally, although the decline has been unaccompanied this time by anything in the shape of crises. From one point of view, everybody who has means is interested very closely in these movements of the trade cycle. Most of us are investors in stocks and shares, and one of our casual daily references is to the money columns of our morning newspaper. We are not, perhaps, in the habit of connecting our Consols or North-Westerns or Birmingham Corporation stock, or our Gas Light and Coke or Waterworks securities, or what not, very nearly with the movements of trade; yet, as a matter of fact, they are bound up with them closely, and in that fact lies the importance of watching our trade movements, as becomes businesslike people. And first, as regards the evidences of this decline in trade. We may say at

the outset that we are only referring to this country, although on the Continent of Europe, as presumably elsewhere, there are similar evidences, for, thanks to the operations of the telegraph and steam communication, the trade of the whole world is responsive to the condition of any given great centre. As regards the evidences of trade decline, we may summarise them briefly as follows: If on reference to the Board of Trade returns we find a falling off in quantities and values, if the Bankers' Clearing House figures show decreases, if the Bank of England reserve is largely increasing, and the state of the money market easy at low rates, if there is a glut of capital in London and a low Bank rate, and if, in addition, our railway traffic returns show a falling off in goods receipts, then we may feel convinced that trade is on the decline. That is precisely the state of affairs at present. The Board of Trade returns showed last month that the increases in imports were lessening, and the exports have fallen off by nearly £10,000,000 for the first seven months of the year. Much of this heavy decrease is, of course, due to the fall in prices rather than to reduced quantities. Then, again, our Bankers' Clearing House returns are at last beginning to show some irregularity, in place of the steady big increases, and that means that there is a tendency for less to pass in the way of trade payments. In Lombard Street they report a steady flow of capital from the provinces, where it has been employed hitherto in manufactures and trade generally. Money is often almost unlendable for a mere day or two; a very different state of affairs to that prevailing when capital is scarce. The Bank rate is only three per cent., and would undoubtedly be lower but for the war. The banks will discount best bills of exchange at three months date at 2⅛ per cent., whereas they readily exacted 3¾ per cent. at this time last year. The Bank of England reserve is very high indeed, higher than it has been for many years, and it would be higher still but for the demands of the war. Unfortunately, however, when the Bank can store up gold and keep its note issue at a low figure, it is evident that the needs of the country for circulating money are not very great. Lastly, we have the railway traffic returns. If we look at the figures for our great "heavy," *i.e.*, goods-carrying, lines for almost any week recently, we shall see that these show a decided falling off in goods and mineral traffic, and this has been the feature for months past on nearly every line in the kingdom. These are the unmistakable evidences of declining trade, and we see them long before general complaint is heard in the country, although that is now beginning. Noting then the decline in trade, we must point out that less capital will be tied up in it, less money will be wanted for wages and raw material, and that, therefore, more of the capital of the country is available to be invested elsewhere.

So that now we come to the position as it affects the investor. And here, we may say at once, the position is seriously influenced by the war, causing a continuous heavy drain of capital, which is diverted from the investment market and devoted to non-productive expenditure, while at the same time the important gold supply of the Rand is practically stopped, for we cannot attach much importance to the output of the eight or nine mines now working. Were it not for the war, the influences of declining trade on investment stocks would be quickly felt. In the first place, capital, being idle, is devoted to the safest securities, the "gilt-edged" stocks as we call them. So that the soundest securities, such as Consols and Corporation and Colonial bonds should begin to feel the effects of the enormous amount of capital being released from industry, and should show a tendency to advance. Home Railway securities, although another favourite class of investment with steady-going people, do not altogether obey the same laws. The debenture and best preference issues, being of the nature of "gilt-edged" stocks, follow the same rules as Consols and the rest. But the Ordinary stocks, dependent for dividends upon traffic conditions, are inclined to droop since declining trade means declining traffics. After a time the falling-off in traffic receipts is more than compensated for by the decline in expenditure, due to the great saving in the bills for coal and materials, and some reduction in train mileage. Then the turn of the tide sets in also for the junior railway securities. Among the great mass of industrial investments to which our attention is turned in the search for profitable employment of our capital, there are various features to note. Thus, all of what are known as the "trade" shares will decline when trade falls off and profits decrease. Iron and coal and shipping companies will show less profit when trade is slack, and as a consequence the prices of their various securities will decline. Bankers, too, make greater profits when trade is brisk, and they can exact high charges for accommodation, even though they have more restricted supplies, and have to pay more for them in turn. So that when trade declines, bank shares prove to be less profitable. On the other hand, there are various classes of securities which tend to advance. Waterworks securities, for instance, following as they do in the main the laws of supply and demand in relation to capital, will tend to appreciate as trade slackens and capital becomes more plentiful. Gas and electric lighting issues should also be more in favour, for expenditure decreases largely when the prices of coal and materials are low, and profits advance even though concessions have to be made to consumers in the matter of prices. The group of insurance shares, too, must show a tendency to advance in values, for it is an odd feature of the insurance world that new business is more difficult to obtain when trade is active, and busy men have less time to think about their personal needs. So that it will be gathered that a definite swing in the pendulum of trade is of considerable importance to us, as affecting our pockets and bank balances much more strongly than might be supposed. The decline of trade is now making itself noticeable in unmistakable fashion, and the prudent investor is, therefore, overhauling the scrip in his safe, with a view to discovering what can safely be discarded or exchanged for something of a more profitable nature.

DR. WESTCOTT AS THEOLOGIAN AND WRITER.—I.

I HAVE had the privilege of reading five, or rather six, articles on Bishop Westcott—the obituary notice in the *Times*, the leading article and two communicated articles in the *Guardian*, and two articles in THE PILOT. Most of these articles bore on their face the marks of close personal intimacy with the Bishop during one period or another of his career. All were written with sympathy and insight into a character and mind that needed both for adequate portraiture. We have had not only bright description but not a little

subtle analysis. And yet I am not sure that there is not still room for something more to be said, especially as to the aspects indicated by the title of this paper; and there will at least be variety in the fact that the point of view is less that of the intimate friend and more that of the outside crowd. My object in writing is partly to state certain impressions which I believe exist among the crowd, partly to ask what kind of foundation there may be for them, and partly to put in the form of questions some thoughts which occur to me and to which I do not feel able to give a wholly satisfactory answer.

As what I am going to say will, to some extent, take the form of criticism, I hope I may be allowed at the outset to express my own hearty concurrence in the high estimate of the late Bishop of Durham which the nation has undoubtedly formed. For myself I should certainly place him among the first dozen, perhaps even among the first half-dozen, English theologians of the last century. He was great as a man, great as a scholar, and, what in this country is not so common, he was not only a scholar but a thinker.

There is just one element in his greatness that I do not remember to have seen noticed, though I believe that it is significant. Dr. Westcott had this point of superiority to his colleagues in the famous Cambridge triad, that he worked out the whole of its literary programme. The great work of his life was to be a series of commentaries on the Gospel and Epistles of St. John*, and on the Epistle to the Hebrews; and they were all written. We remember how the historian Ranke, when he had worked through his programme, sat down to write a universal history. Dr. Westcott, when he had done his life task in exegesis, threw in ten years of distinguished administration as a diocesan bishop. I suspect that one of the secrets of his success in this latter sphere was the same that gave him his success in the former. It was a triumph of will-power, of deliberate concentration and continuity of purpose. From the first the Bishop made up his mind as to the lines on which he intended to work; and he kept to them without swerving either to the right hand or to the left. And yet just in this lies one of my puzzles. If we look at the Bishop's career from first to last we should say that it was strongly marked by this severe continuity, *Folgerichtigkeit*, direct sequence on a straight line. But if we turn to the lower ground of literary style and exposition I should not have said that this was one of his strong points. Logical sequence, in particular, I find somewhat lacking. I shall have a word more to say about this presently.

Another difficulty that I have is this. There are two sides to Dr. Westcott's work. There was the vast structure of textual criticism reared by him in concert with Dr. Hort; and allied to this was all the exact and careful philological substructure of his commentaries; which again in its turn is akin to the scholarly accuracy of his book on the Canon or his great article on Origen. In all this region there reigns severe method, exact science. But when we turn to the exposition of ideas the case is different. Not that I would be understood to say that the ideas in themselves are wanting in coherence. The body of them I believe to be of very considerable value. But I could not take upon myself to say that the way in which they are expounded is strictly methodical. Dr. Westcott (as it has been noted) had always about him something of the prophet; and the way in which he produced his ideas has more the appearance of prophetic intuition than of regular scientific evolution. How is one to conceive of these two sets of characteristics as united in the same mind?

There is one observation that may, perhaps, help us a little. Dr. Westcott had (for an Englishman) an extraordinarily thorough training in all branches of theology. As in the case of his colleagues Lightfoot and Hort, it was a training entirely self-imposed, because at that time none of our Universities provided any special facilities for its study. But, also as in the case of Lightfoot and Hort, the results of this training were very much suppressed. There was certainly no parade of learning. It was part of the plan of the commentaries projected by the three friends, that they should not include anything like a continuous discussion of opposing views. The writers, as a rule, content themselves with presenting as clearly as possible their own views, and then leave it to the reader or student to compare those of other commentators.

This was all in keeping with a principle that has come to be characteristic of Cambridge methods in theology generally. In a section contributed to the "Student's Guide" (Ed. 4, 1880) Dr. Westcott writes as follows:—

> In preparing any book of Holy Scripture the student's first object must be to study the text itself; to become familiar with the various kinds of evidence by which it is attested; to trace the most remarkable varieties in reading which the book offer; to trace its peculiarities in language or thought; and to determine the relation in which it stands to other books similar in scope and character. For this purpose he will need no other help than his lexicon, his concordance, his grammar, and his critical edition of the original.

It is true that this is considerably qualified in the context. The use of introductions and commentaries is recommended after the student has made his way through the book for himself.

I must not stay to discuss the arguments for and against this method. I regard it myself as rather a counsel of perfection. At the same time its advantages are obvious, especially in the case of a strong mind. It has had much to do with the independence and first-hand character of Cambridge work. In the writings of Dr. Vaughan we have an example of what a good scholar may do by the application of this method alone with a minimum of supplementing. With Dr. Westcott we can see that it had an immense amount of supplementing. And yet the effect of this is rigorously restricted; it is only allowed to appear in a corner here or a corner there, through an incidental reference to some out of the way monograph. The whole foundation of Dr. Westcott's work was of the kind that he has himself described.

It will be seen that this method would operate differently according to its subject-matter. In regard to texts and to the philological exegesis of texts the process of exposition was necessarily the same as the process of study and of acquisition. The scientific apparatus had to be laid before the reader, and he had to be led to the conclusions by the same kind of steps as those by which it had been originally reached. But in regard to ideas the process from the nature of the case was different. There the commentator had to draw on the stores of his own mind. In the case of Dr. Westcott these by no means lay upon the surface; they were rather deep down, long pondered, probably far back in the past, and held with strong conviction. Can we be surprised that in such hands the idea, when it comes to be expressed, should come out in a form that was somewhat oracular? There was no need to retrace the process by which it had been attained; and in fact we are rarely permitted to see this process; it belonged to a time that was done with and forgotten.

This consideration of the difference in different subject-matter may perhaps explain something. I do not mean to suggest that it will explain everything. But the question that gave rise to it will come before us again later.

When the eye runs over the long list of Bishop Westcott's published works; when we think of all that they contain and of the life that lay behind them—of its ascetic simplicity, its concentrated purpose, and its consistent elevation of aim; when we think of the central positions which the Bishop filled, with the vast

* The "Apocalypse" also was assigned to Dr. Westcott in the tentative division of the New Testament made by the three friends ("Hort's Life and Letters," p. 418), but I do not know whether it was ever definitely undertaken.

opportunities which they offered; our wonder will not be at all that his influence should have been as great as it is; it would have been no strange thing if it had been even greater.

Every circumstance seemed almost as favourable as it could be. Dr. Westcott surpassed his two great colleagues in length of days. He surpassed one of them in health of body during the working years of his life. The position that he held was ideal for the exercise of intellectual influence. And he made it even more so by the excellent course that he took in regard to the controversies of his time—aloof from them and yet deeply interested in them, not impairing the weight of his words by entering too far into the arena, but always seeking to find some higher principle by which the problems of the moment could be solved.

The problem that we have to propound to ourselves is far less to what lengths such an influence could reach than what were its limitations. It is to that problem that I must address myself, and try what answer I can give to it in another article.

W. Sanday.

MR. METHUEN'S BOOK.*

MANY days before the great annual dispersal began, the library keepers told sadly of a remarkable fall of the leaf. Till then, no books pretending to seriousness were in so much demand as the crowding romances that sprang from the South African war. The call for them was unfalteringly maintained, seemingly, up to a certain week or so, and then ceased altogether. Whole parishes were taken with disgust in a few days. Books that were always out came back in a flock, ranged themselves one beside another on a topmost shelf, and immediately became as the once wild sea-birds which inhabit glass cases in country inns.

Yet Mr. Methuen's little book, which came out when this dire change had begun, ran into four editions in about as many weeks. How is that to be explained? The only answer that can be safely given is that it is not like the other books. Those that are deceased possessed every element of popularity. Vividly reflecting the prepossessions, the opinions, the passionate feeling of the time, they acknowledged no others unless in condemnation. Mr. Methuen's book could not have been very different had he aimed at *un*popularity. He tells the same story in a spirit which the public will not listen to; he fills in particulars which the country has no patience with; he reasons from them to conclusions affronting to such a patriotism as never was seen in England before; and he deports himself among the idols of the day as if they were indeed stocks and stones and he a geologist with a little hammer. Yet his book is on the wing when those others are on the shelf, no "man in the street" desiring to look at anything of their kind again.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." This saying, as applied to the vision and understanding, the words and deeds, the purpose and contrivance of the statesmanship precedent to the South African war, may account for the otherwise unaccountable. There is a long pause in affairs never bargained for. We are constrained to tarry long in a valley of disappointment which was not in the maps; and wherever we pitch our tents in traversing these flats it is more exciting to look backward than forward. Therefore men do look back; and comparing the scenes they started from with these they journey in, gazing along the road they have come by and thinking of the glorious paths they were to have romped in garlanded, they march and march and march, very much as Fluellen munched and munched and munched; but these in silence.

For as there is a cock-sureness of protestation, so is there a cock-sureness of credulity; and it is in human nature that the credulous cocksure should be more ashamed of being deceived than their deceivers of deceiving them. Hence the silence of the victims of 1899; and if they are unwilling to speak on certain subjects they are also unwilling to hear, and for that reason will have no more to do with South African brag books, bounce books, books of spurious excuse and theatrific jubilation. But when a quiet little green book appears which is none of these, but a book which an erring spirit, wounded in all the seven prides of a man and a Briton, may take to his pillow for discipline and reformation, then is it taken; and as it costs but one shilling, and can be concealed where a pocket-book would lie, Mr. A. M. S. Methuen's "Peace or War in South Africa" runs speedily into a fourth edition.

Whether by art or artlessness, I cannot make out which, it is written just as such a book should be. A man who contemplates the publication of statements and opinions which for two violent years have been banned from platform and press as un-English, base, traitorous, might be expected to take one of two courses: either the deprecatory persuasive course or the vigorously controversial; carrying the war into the enemy's country, as it is sometimes called. Mr. Methuen takes neither, but, as Young Innocence might do, or Experience aged beyond the passions of this world, writes as if his were the first word of the matter, controversy unknown and curses of no consequence. If I do not mistake, there was a saint—though if there was I forget his name—who preached to the fishes. That such a preacher would have no sense of preconceived ideas in such an audience is what we should expect; but the same unconsciousness in Mr. Methuen as, standing in the market-place, he distributes the true truth of things South African to this generation as if it were a cool new gospel, is surprising whether real or affected. In doubt as to which it may be, we are in doubt whether to admire in him the courage of the Hero or the Innocent. The Innocent, one would think. Heroic spirits often undertake their ventures with extraordinary contempt of caution; but their courage is of a quality quite unlike that which is derived from the angelic ignorance of fear which marks the Innocent. Courage, indeed, we can hardly call it: the thing itself is different, as may be seen by Mr. Methuen's demeanour in reciting his version of the South African tale. It is the *naiveté* of a child who has wandered from a star where nothing affrights, and where everything in the nature of a fact is clear from the cradle. In his treatment of the Presidents, Ministers, and diplomatists who brought this precious war about, he shows no more dread of them—surrounded as they are by a living army of gaggers, scourgers, and executioners—than Mr. Gardiner has of Queen Elizabeth or the Eighth Henry. So might Virgil remark upon a procession of ghosts damned for the bloody progeny of their foolishness. So might Mr. Rowland Ward take you through his gallery of stuffed carnivora, expatiating on their unamiable manners when alive. Even when the words and deeds of the dread Colonial Secretary himself are marshalled and rebuked, what do we think of but the keeper's little daughter, who, clad only in a night-gown, entered the cage of one of the family of cats and boxed its ears for unsuitable snarling.

But, as if coming from the star where, while nothing affrights, everything in the nature of facts is clear from the cradle, Mr. Methuen is no Innocent in point of knowledge. For all the little white night-gown, he knows what he is about—at any rate as long as he moves in the facts of the case. He has a good memory for them, a good judgment of them, as well as the utmost serenity of boldness in recalling the one and delivering the other. He can be impartial in his sympathies too—almost, indeed, to equality with that other little girl who, being shown a picture of a late-imperial scene in a Roman circus, pityingly discovered "one poor lion who

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* "Peace or War in South Africa." By A. M. S. M. Methuen. London: Methuen and Co.

had got no Christian." But the capable extent of a man's sympathy is not its habit; and neither pagan laxity nor pagan narrowness of feeling can be laid to Mr. Methuen's account. Lovely, if not of good report in these days, is his inexorable memory of facts and circumstances which justice cannot do without, and yet have been driven into the darkness and silence which holds so much of that sort of thing even to this hour. The story of the Raid is not of these. That has never been allowed to pass out of mind, nor is it allowed to pass for the "rash and unpardonable incident" which is not the right description of so dark and so violent an offence. But with what care that unspeakably little but yet momentous trick of doubling the Conventions and reviving the suzerainty claim has been covered up! How warily is Lord Milner's conduct of the Bloemfontein Conference forgotten! But not by the author of the little green manual, "Peace or War in South Africa." He brings these things back as if they were affairs of yesterday and the provocatives of our humiliations to-day. And of course he is right. The "helot" despatch was a rune prophetic of a declaration of war, the Bloemfontein Conference opened the way of fulfilment, the suzerainty-diplomatising ensured it. But go to the little green book for the history, written not in the eagerness of accusation or the heat of excited or affected virtue, but with boldness nevertheless—the boldness of the chronicler who, coming fifty years after the events he records, has no fear of discourtesy to contemporary persons.

Some may say that such positive judgments as Mr. Methuen announces should be left to those after-chroniclers; and his judgments, no doubt, are often very positive indeed. But I am quite sure of one thing, that most of them are justified by better knowledge than has ever yet found its way into blue-books and newspapers, whether Mr. Methuen is aware of it or not. Where I hope his information or his inference exaggerates is where he tells of the systematic buying up of the South African press by the capitalists. The sharpest fear that he does not exaggerate arises when we read what he has to say about the Loyalists in South Africa: "The Loyalists are the greatest obstacles to peace." Till now, of course, the determination of the Boers to maintain some distinct measure of independence against our "not-a-shred" determination has been an equal obstacle, to say the least of it. But Mr. Methuen looks forward, probably, contemplating the prospect of peace beyond the day when it may be said of these operations in the hills with undiplomatised truth, "The war is over." For the war may end with no more reconciliation ensuing than an armed police can mount guard over, in spots. The author of the little green book evidently thinks it by far the most reasonable expectation; and certainly, whether we glance back to times before the war, or to the great year of the brewing of the war, or along the course of the three-and-twenty months since the drums began to beat, nothing can be found that justifies a different opinion. At midnight, on a line of railway, you have watched the silent man who, with plodding step, a lantern in his lowered hand, searches every yard of the rail for whatever obstacle chance or design may have placed there. There are historians similarly plodding and minute. Did one such take lamp in hand, and look all along the course of events and manifestations in South Africa, he would not be able to report anything upon which the mistletoe-foot of hope might plant itself. Of course he would tell of a well-known period of harmony continuing and flourishing when Sir Alfred Milner first arrived at the Cape as Commissioner, but he would also have to tell that it came to an end as by outrage and murder immediately upon Sir Alfred's second landing, after his visit of conference with the Colonial Office in the spring of 1899. For the rest, many things have happened since the discovery of gold on the Rand, but not one that contradicts Mr. Methuen's anticipations of continued strife and unassuaged bitterness. Since he wrote, indeed, much has happened to envenom hate yet more, and yet further prolong its existence.

Such are the consequences when clever men, who were amateurs from their birth, and so must live and so will die, are allowed to take the government upon their shoulders. Unfortunately, this remark is not personal, in the sense of having a particular application. Lord Milner is *not* specially intended; though our bold Innocent would have no hesitation in applying the moral to him in full. Indeed he does so in other words from his refrigerated dictionary, and nobody will blame him six months hence. "Lord Milner is an able and clever man; he is not a wise one." He is stuffed with pedantic maxims where judgment should live and have play, and his inflexible will is the shoe-horn with which he fits these maxims and morals—each of them inexorably made in one size only—to all within his governance. "To these causes" (the preceding sentence will be understood as condensation and paraphrase)—"To these causes we must attribute the grievous errors and strange indiscretions that have marked the career of this brilliant but unhappy viceroy."

If the author of "Peace and War in South Africa" has much to say about Lord Milner he may be pardoned; for he deals not only with the past and present but the future, and Lord Milner is appointed by the fate which rules our destinies in South Africa to attempt the pacification of the country. Mr. Methuen is deeply concerned about this part of the subject, and of course must take account of the agency by which pacification will be brought about or otherwise. In discussing the ways and means of peace he shines with new lustre as the fearless Innocent; for now he is bold enough to ask the mere impossible. In his last chapter, "The Conclusion of the Matter," he argues like an angel—even like an angel re-infused with the warmth of human passions; but from what ground and to whose ears does he speak? He insists that "the contest has raged too long round names rather than essential principles or the demands of prudence. The good names of a Minister and a Viceroy are of no account in comparison with the lasting welfare of the country." That is doubtless true, and Mr. Methuen proceeds to build upon it, as the foremost of many considerations, a demand for an "honourable peace." By annexation of the Republics, of course; but with some allowance of self-government under the British flag. Now what he means by that, in the first place, is retrogradation on the part of the Minister and the Viceroy; and, be the lasting welfare of the Empire what it may, that is impossible. It could not be done. Public opinion would not permit it. Many men in England who loathe the war and dread its undeveloped consequences declare that it will never do now to go back upon the protestations and the policy of the Viceroy and the Minister. But is that all? Far from it. Mr. Methuen shows that he understands perfectly well the Loyalist position in South Africa; but even he does not speak all that he thinks on that point. If he did, and if he wrote in newspaper English, he would say that the Viceroy and the Minister have been "captured" by the South African Loyalists; are no longer their own masters; must answer the expectations of the Loyalists or raise another rebellion in South Africa. Or were the Viceroy and the Minister, or either of them, to retire or fall away, the same consequence would probably ensue. Of such are the fatalities which our best statesmanship invoked in the year 1899.

F. G.

A HOLIDAY IN TIREE.

It seems to us that we have arrived, in more senses than one, in "the land where it is always afternoon." It is after 10 p.m. and nearly an hour since the sun set in a golden glory, and yet one can write out of doors with perfect ease, and read the type of small books without lamp or candle. The white sea-sand is still

warm to the touch, and the little breeze which rose as the sun went down, comes from the south-west. "The next parish," it is the boast here, "is America," and not a single evidence of the existence of humanity is at this moment in sight, not even a wreath of smoke from the kelp-burning, nor the thatch of a solitary cottage. A faint sound as of a Wagner chorus, performed with full stringed orchestra, comes from a great chasm in the rocky cliff a mile away—the voices of a thousand gulls and rock-pigeons arranging their affairs for the night. Within fifty yards from this spot it would be easy to gather fifty varieties of wild flowers. A cushion of pink sea-thrift lies at my feet; stretching out my hand I can measure a patch of golden marigold, an unbroken mass of colour, the length of my walking-stick. Beyond, as far as the eye can reach, are great beds of golden iris, which for weeks to come will flame proudly over the whole island. Three different orchises, three different vetches, two different campions, two cud-weeds, a whole carpet of primroses, hyacinths, dog violets, and a host of smaller flowers, alpine or maritime, are close at hand.

Two or three kindly collies come down to examine us anxiously. They have folded the lambs and driven the cows to the byre and the calves to the park (*anglicé* paddock). Even the skylarks are silent at last, and the little birds have sought shelter among the rocks and tufts of grass. The farmer has summoned his men and maidens to evening "worship," cottar and crofter alike have shut to the house door. Surely, think these wise dogs, there is something wrong with the human creature that still sits out when Barra Head lighthouse begins to glow in the far north, and the Skerryvore answers it thirty-five miles away to the south, and the golden world has changed to grey and purple! The dogs, Yarrow and Fruoch, are right, and we follow them indoors, where we shall finish the evening with music. There has been mourning in the home, and we may not ask for the pipes or for a reel, but we shall hear the chanter and listen to sweet plaintive Gaelic songs, boat songs, Jacobite songs, tenderest songs of love and friendship, in voices sweet and strong, and telling of an open-air life where skies are sunny and the Gulf Stream warm. Out of doors here one lives in a land of dreams, and it is only with the lamp lighted—though the windows are open to the tender night—that it is easy to be practical; and the object of this paper is that of sharing with others (they cannot, happily perhaps, be many) the possibilities of such entire change and rest as one seldom finds within easy reach both as to trouble and cost.

No, they cannot, happily, be many, for very obvious reasons. It is not a place for the man who wants to kill something, nor for the woman who wants to exhibit her wardrobe, nor for the middle-class that cannot live without a parlour-maid, nor for the genteel, who cannot shake the hand that smells of fish and peat, even if its owner has a pedigree—and knows it, too—which would put yours to shame. There are no trees, but you can *see* the birds sing, as well as hear them (I have a list before me of some thirty, exclusive of sea birds), for they perch on a rock or a dyke within a few feet of you, and with common discretion you may watch your performers, soloists, chorus, and all. There are everywhere great rocks which give shade and shelter in what might otherwise be "a weary land." There are two golf courses, said to be good by those who care for such things, and the veriest tyro in photography cannot fail to succeed here, so varied are the subjects and so clear is the air. There are Culdee Churches and standing-stones, and cup-marked rocks for the archæologist; there are duns, and forts, and grave-goods, and derivations for the student of Scandinavian lore. There are four or five glorious bays where you may bathe and swim, or walk barefoot, if you will, over miles of firm, white, sparkling sand. There are cliffs for climbing, and meadow lands for strolling, and everywhere kind, courteous people ready with a warm welcome and a friendly hand-shake. Nowhere, at any time during a seven years' friendship with the islanders of the Hebrides, have we felt to such a degree as here—

> Alas, the gratitude of man
> Hath often left me mourning!

There is but one key to the whole position—never to forget that every Highlander is a gentleman. During my stay here I have found men—and one woman—with whom to discuss, much to my own advantage, various questions of local history, geology, and derivation, many points in politics, present and past—theology, dispassionate and unprejudiced—Miss Austen's novels, Sir Walter Scott's appreciation (the word used in its classical sense) of various writers of his own time, Dr. Johnson's views on the Hebrides, Mr. Rider Haggard's experiments in farming, the enthusiasm of humanity (the phrase was not mine), and the distribution of wealth. I think one only of those I talked with wore a collar—I wish I more often met men in dress suits who talked half so well. They were speaking in a foreign tongue of books and thoughts written in a foreign tongue, and their language was the more literary in consequence; for the Highlander of Miss Fiona Macleod and William Black is a man I never met, and talks a language I never heard further north than the London stage.

A. G. Freer.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

THE HOOPSTAD ROAD.—I.

THE bit of it that I came to know so well stretched across the slightly undulating veldt north-eastward of Boshof. Boshof, indeed, was a mere incident in this lonely road between Kimberley and Hoopstad, but during the fortnight in which Lord Methuen's force was camped at Zwartkopjesfontein Boshof was our metropolis, the object of carefully considered expeditions, the fountain-head of civilisation, the goal of our ten-mile drives to market. Boshof then was the beginning of the road in so far as it interested us; the end of it was the camp at Zwartkopjes, a pleasant farm on a little rocky eminence set amid a great sea of pasture that stretched almost to the northern and eastward horizons.

If you had dropped down from the clouds on one of those April days, you could not have failed to notice, within a stone's throw of the farmhouse, an exceedingly trim encampment spread on a level grass plot that hungry sheep had converted into a lawn. The spot was cunningly chosen—close to the water and to head-quarters; in fact, we were Lord Methuen's next door neighbours, and he and his staff did more than their duty by us in the way of gossip, for they took care that we had all the latest news. On the grass lawn were disposed a covered American spring waggon, an ox waggon, a spring cart, a picket rope for horses, and, at a seemly distance, its door opening upon a fragrant taibosch tree, the tent of your humble servant and the companions who shared his wanderings. I must hasten to add that the cunning displayed in these arrangements was not mine, but that of my stable-companion, who had acquired it in the course of more than one military campaign. It was he who ordained that the fireplace should be dug at the back of our tent, so that our dinner should not grow cold in its journey from the pot to the table; he who conceived the brilliant idea of setting the two waggons side by side and stretching our awning over them, so that the sun should not smite our servants by day, nor the rain by night; he who dug enthusiastically at drainage channels to carry off the heavy rains, and, when he was tired, made his somewhat less enthusiastic body-servant finish the job.

If you had been attracted by this snug scene, and if you had had a glimpse under the caught-up back of the waggon into the glories of our pantry, with its neat rows of tins and bottles and dishes; if you had seen our

white-coated cook busy over the glowing ox-dung fire, you would probably have looked into the tent and called upon us, and, I hope, stayed to lunch. In that case I should have had to sit on a biscuit box while you had the diminutive camp-stool and its few square inches of sitting accommodation. And after lunch you would have been taken out to see our horses when they came up from grazing—Kruger, Cronje, Jess, Bobs, "The little mare," and—the Uglies. My most vivid memories of the Hoopstad road are centred in the Uglies, two small, lean, elderly ponies who did heroes' work in the campaign. I never saw two more ill-favoured brutes in my life; it was their duty to draw the light spring-cart that took us to our marketing in Boshof, and they were so thin that we blushed to sit behind them. When the short rations were unusually scanty it was the Uglies who had to go without any at all, and make their supper upon the sound of other horses' munching. When a strap was wanted it was cut from the Uglies' rotten harness, and the deficiency patched up with string; anything was good enough for them. When the nights became cruelly cold, and the horses grew stiff at their picket lines, when the dew of the evening hardened to frost before morning, it was then that the thin calico coverings were taken off the backs of the Uglies and added to the thick blankets covering the sleek and clean-bred Bobs or the big-boned, well-born Jess.

Horses are thorough snobs, and the rest soon learned that they were more than a cut above the Uglies, who were not suffered even to graze beside them, but were kicked and snapped out of the way. Yet it was you, poor despised Uglies, who faithfully carried the baggage that meant health and life to your owner on the weary march to Bloemfontein; you who, when other horses sank down and died, still struggled bravely on, leaning upon each other when you could not otherwise stand upright, and taking up the burden again uncomplainingly when the morning whip cracked after a night of frosty fasting! Step by step, at the snail's pace of their eight small feet and their poor, light bodies, they dragged my effects for some three hundred and fifty miles. They were so ugly that people used to laugh at them; they had no pretty, endearing ways, as Bobs had, who used to thrust his head under my arm and beg for biscuits as we sat at a lamplit supper. They were bold, not because they wanted caresses, but because they wanted food, and they would push and hustle their ugly noses round about the corn sack, until they were shown their place by a nip from one of the aristocrats. It comforts me now to think that Tommy, the Kaffir servant who took care of me and the whole establishment, Tommy, the most expert groom in all Vryburg, and the best servant in South Africa—that he was not deceived by the low estate of these poor slaves, but saw through their apparent wretchedness to the rare virtues that shone in their hearts. It made no difference to him that they had not the wit, as the other horses had, to make up to him as the controller and issuer of forage. Tommy refused to see any difference between them and the fleet, clean-limbed Bobs. Really he loved Bobs, who had the ways of a friendly dog, but he also loved the poor, despised Uglies. For the senior and uglier of the Uglies he had, indeed, a real affection, and many a mile did he walk to get an extra whisp of hay or handful of corn for his ill-favoured friend. By him the dusty coats of the Uglies were groomed as though they were the coats of park hacks; by him their rotten harness was washed and polished; from his bed a blanket was taken to cover one of them; he shamed me into contributing a covering for the other, and he sat up late many a night mending the straps of their harness or their nosebags. And when at length their strength was quite spent, and I sold the pair of them for ten pounds, and their purchaser, repenting of his bargain the moment the cheque was signed, was leading them away, eyeing them resentfully, it was Tommy who said, regarding the senior Ugly with grave concern, "He's been a good horse to me, sir."

I have exhausted my space without arriving at the adventures of the Hoopstad Road, which I must continue later. But the Uglies were such well-known objects on that road that my story of it would be incomplete without a portrait of them; besides, as you may guess, conscience jogs my elbows while I write, and bids me make what amends I can for an inexcusable blindness to their virtues. FILSON YOUNG.

THE CRICKET SEASON.

CRICKET, by which in these days is always meant the engagement of the first-class counties, ceases for the larger public when the championship is decided. But it is well to remember that the worth and the vitality of the game depend largely on the number, not less than on the quality, of the players. Cricket—known as village or country-house cricket—lives longer; but even this part of the game fails on the arrival of the First of September. The pity is that the two parts of the game are becoming more and more divided, and it becomes less and less true to apply inclusive attributes to the whole game. In first-class cricket the importance of the professional, though no team, except on emergency, has consented to serve under a professional captain, becomes each year more pronounced. With the possible exception of the captain of Kent, there is no first-class amateur bowler now playing, unless it be Dr. W. G. Grace, who continues to get wickets by the old devices. A few amateurs have tried further to develop his theories. In several matches this year the curious spectacle has been seen of bowlers pitching every ball wide on the leg side, with no fieldsmen at all on the off. Both Mr. Jones and Mr. McGahey have had occasional successes after that manner, but the system of attack is negative; batsmen fall rather from their own mistakes than from any force of attack in the slow breaking balls of the bowler. Mr. Jones and Mr. McGahey, like other amateurs, are bowlers only by secondary inspiration. There was never a professional, unless, like Brown, of Yorkshire, he were a batsman before he was a bowler, who could risk his reputation and "analysis" on such a slender confidence. Indeed, the professional bowler is indispensable, and never has there been a year in which his pre-eminence was more marked. Fortunately, in the cricket that is not first-class there has been somewhat of a reaction against the professional. In the lesser clubs that flourish in the suburbs and in the provinces it is now generally thought "bad form" to use the club professional in matches. He is reserved for the work, suitable to a professional, of ground man and practice bowler.

But though the sum of pleasure to the players may be infinitely greater in the lower ranks of cricket, where the game is a game, it is as imperative now as when Plato spoke it to judge a class by the measure of its highest development. County cricket and international cricket presumably represent the game at its best, if skill is the criterion. So do the wickets at the Hove ground and the Oval represent most nearly the perfect wicket, if smoothness and hardness are the test. Yet the village cricket gives the greater scope for skill. If an ordinary second-class cricketer were to choose his conditions for making a long score, he would be wise to select to play a good professional at the Oval rather than a blacksmith on the village green. But though runs come with too great monotony in first-class cricket, the public have not begun to show any of the prophesied diminution of interest. Local feeling has never been more strong, almost violent, and there is nothing much more effective for the winning of matches than popular enthusiasm. It has certainly won Yorkshire its pre-eminence, and the want of it has gone a long way to debase

Surrey. Considering the abstract merits of Surrey's players, they ought, at least, to have proved dangerous rivals for the championship. Instead, Surrey is below Warwickshire in the list of merit and—if it be argued that drawn matches rather than defeats have caused this—Surrey has twice been beaten by Kent. The cause lies almost entirely in the vagueness of the local enthusiasm. A large number of Surrey people would sooner see the success of Middlesex, an essentially amateur as opposed to an essentially professional eleven. The Surrey eleven itself has seemed infected by the same indecision of interest. The men field what comes near to them, but look with dignified stolidity at many balls that might be reached. In short, where the County feeling is unmarked men play for their own hands. Captains postpone declaring the innings till this or that player has completed his "century," and when victory depends on rapid scoring men bat with the mechanical accuracy that will help their individual averages. During this season Somerset and Worcestershire have both won victories out of all proportion to the merit of the sides purely by what may be called amateur dash. Somerset has long been famous for its power to rise to great occasions, and its victory over Yorkshire, the only success won over that county, was a great instance of this aptitude. Amateur players, indeed, seem to possess a sort of reserve of dash which still maintains in cricket the glory of uncertainty. But the glory wanes. For three consecutive years the wickets at Lord's have been so good—such is the power of top-dressing synthesised by specialists—that no University match has been finished. Once again two players have scored more than 3,000 runs in the season, and Mr. Fry has gone beyond all recorded feats by scoring five consecutive centuries. Where is the uncertainty here? No doubt Mr. Fry and Abel are both players of great parts, and no one will grudge them their "records," though the word is an abomination, and the desire to "do a record" an unhealthy ambition for the member of a combination.

The local zest which we have commended has the defects of its virtues. It is due to its extravagant narrowness that not a single member of the Yorkshire team is going with the so-called national eleven to Australia. Beyond all question Rhodes is the best bowler in England, and Hirst the best all-round cricketer; but the county is so afraid of the extra work damaging these two that they have been prevented from going. By accident it happened that neither Mr. Fry, the best bat, nor Mr. Mason, the best amateur bowler, are included in Mr. Maclaren's eleven, which in consequence is, perhaps, the worst that has ever posed as "national." The game's glorious uncertainty is their only hope; but in Australia, where no balls rise higher than the stumps, where shooters are unknown, where no rain falls, and where matches are played through, it may be for a fortnight, there accidents of batsmen are reduced to a minimum, and the weakness of bowlers exposed to the point of brutality. W. Beach Thomas.

DRAMA.

BECKY SHARP.—WHEN WE WERE TWENTY-ONE.

To me it seems that the authors of this adaptation of "Vanity Fair" have performed a difficult task with much adroitness. A novel of character, with few dramatic incidents—in the stage sense—it was necessary to condense and concentrate, yet the flavour has evaporated but little in that hazardous process. Becky is the central figure, as she must be, and the play is just the story of her life from the time when, married in secret, she is posing as the humble slave of Miss Crawley, to the night she is discovered at supper with Lord Steyne. The book is followed closely throughout this period, situations and dialogues brought straight on to the stage whenever practicable, but the i's are dotted and t's crossed. There are amplifications, which being in the spirit of the book are warranted; they consist principally in an elaboration of the scene in which Becky wheedles the Marquis out of eleven hundred pounds, in a development of the conversation at the *tête-à-tête* supper till it assumes an uncompromising realism that recalls *La Tosca*, in some plain warnings by Lady Jane to Rawdon regarding the conduct of his wife, and in a distinct arrangement by Wenham for the arrest after the party. There are also omissions, as is inevitable, and perhaps they might be more numerous. For example, why continue Amelia in the play after Brussels and George Osborne are done with? It is essential to show Becky's flirtations with the husband of her sometime dearest friend, because that proves her heartlessness and so goes to character; but once he is dead Amelia has no place in the play. How could she have, seeing that Dobbin is—very rightly—omitted altogether? As it occurs to me, these and some other details might go and the play be shortened. With the time thus gained it would be possible to let us see something of Becky in the days of her poverty and humiliation, when she was eating her heart because of what seemed to her the injustice of the world. It is those early days that afford the explanation of her character and that enable so many people to sympathise with her. She believed herself to be ill-used, and in common with millions of others resolved to re-adjust matters. To start her as a married woman, with a husband occupying a good position in the military world, is to keep out of view whatever of excuse there may be for her conduct. But the authors have deliberately elected not to show that part of her life, and they have had their reasons for it. That which they have done they have done well.

What shall be said of Becky? Miss Tempest may not be exactly our conception, but we have no right to expect her to be. Like Hamlet, Becky can be represented in a dozen ways according to our individual imaginings, and so long as she is not at open variance with the text we are bound to accept her. Miss Tempest gives us a consistent and effective portrait, bringing into prominence the principal traits of the character, but she is unable to suggest that fragility, that physical insignificance, which are in such contrast with the indomitable spirit and the power to twist men of all sorts round her fingers. A clever performance, a safe performance; let us be satisfied. Mr. Gilbert Hare makes a remarkable figure of Lord Steyne; a great opportunity for the actor of which he fully avails himself. Wonderfully made up, he is content for some time to be merely a sketch, but when the great scene comes he lays on the colours with astonishing boldness. The supper table conversation is not pleasant, but it proves that Mr. Hare has a force and intensity not usually found in a character actor. Mr. Leonard Boyne is well suited as Rawdon, his mannerisms here standing him in good stead. A fine impersonation. The immense affection and admiration for his wife, the gradual disgust with his mode of living, the regrets for his wasted youth, and then the outpouring of his heart towards his boy, these are all well and broadly represented. Mr. Holman Clark has the best part he has had for a long time and proves himself once more a very useful actor, and Mr. Granville Barker makes a highly suggestive character out of Wenham. Miss Morrison is a pleasing Lady Jane, and if Miss Rooke is melodramatic in a way poor Amelia would never have been, perhaps she is not responsible.

The piece is mounted with extreme care and good taste, and gives such a picture of the post-Waterloo and pre-Reform Bill period as has probably never been seen.

The new piece at the Comedy Theatre is a great advance on the work by which Mr. Esmond has hitherto been known in England. *One Summer's Day*, *The Wilderness*, and others, were pretty plays—*When we Were Twenty-One* is a really fine comedy, two acts of which

are of quite the first quality. It is powerful, it is full of humour, it is fresh, and it strikes a note we all recognise as true. The story may easily be told in brief. Dick Carewe, assisted by three other middle-aged bachelors, has brought up the orphan boy of one who was their comrade in the golden time. He has also given a home to an old lady and her daughter, for some unexplained reason. What more natural than that the quartette should take it for granted that these young people are in love with each other, and should nurse them into an engagement? But the boy feels no love for the girl, has, indeed, small fancy for domesticity. He has been completely spoilt by over-indulgence, his better self changed into something by no means pleasant. His tastes are for music halls and the vulgar side of dissipation. He comes home fuddled o' nights. He conceives a passion for a dancer of copious charms and slender reputation, undertakes to marry her, and when his guardians—to whom he owes everything in the world—venture on some kindly but practical advice he explodes in heroics and tries to strike them! An object lesson in bringing up. Failing other methods, Dick at last effects a disillusion by proving that the woman is simply mercenary, and though he is not in time to stop the marriage we are led to suppose that a divorce will be obtainable without trouble. It then only remains for Dick to discover that the girl has been in love with himself all the time.

This plot gives plenty of scope for situations. Here is one instance—the discovery of the boy's faithlessness to his engagement and entanglement with the dancer. After breakfast one morning the girl's mother is tidying up the house, an incurable trick even with the best of women, and she finds a letter lying in the hall. The writing is bold, and it forces itself upon her eye. It is from the dancer to "Dick" (the boy), and contains a reference to their engagement, whereupon both she and her daughter jump to the conclusion that it is meant for the elder Dick, and accordingly give it him with apologies for having read it, and congratulate him on his approaching marriage. He receives the letter horrorstruck, but in order to gain time, and for the present save the boy, he accepts the situation. He does not see how miserable the girl is to learn that he is engaged. The girl is left alone. The boy enters, searching for something he has lost. She scarcely notices him, wrapped up in her wretched thoughts. He goes out, but returns immediately with his overcoat, the pockets of which he examines carefully. Then in a flash the truth bursts on her; the letter was *his;* it is *he* who is engaged to the dancer; and in a paroxysm of joy she embraces the amazed youth with a fervour of which he has not yet supposed her capable. Then there is a scene of admirable comedy between her and Dick. Knowing now the true state of affairs, filled with the double happiness of escape from her uncongenial engagement and relief that Dick is not the dancer's victim, she renews her congratulations on his approaching marriage with a fine pretence of interest, chaffing the poor man to the verge of desperation. Miss Maxine Elliott and Mr. Goodwin are at their best here, but everywhere they are wonderfully good. Assuredly Miss Elliott herself has never been seen to such advantage in London, and she may now take her place as a comedian of the highest rank in modern drama.

The other parts are all well acted, especially by Mr. Daly and Mr. Cranford. The former represents the difficult moods of the boy with an abandonment to the situation which is very convincing, and the latter as the soldier member of the quartette is perfect. Mr. O'Brien and the ever safe Mr. Tyler, Miss Collier, and others, are all in their several degrees entirely satisfactory. The stage management of the first and second acts is something to take note of. The play deserves to be and will be a great success. The third act is the weak point, but there are few works of art consistently good throughout.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

THE Editor of The Pilot hints, not obscurely, that I had better reserve my theories about Religious Education for a graver season. September is, by a time-honoured convention, given up to impressions of sport and travel, or to dissertations on such jocund themes as "Is Marriage a Failure?" "Ought Women to Propose?" "Lodgings *versus* Boarding-houses," and "The Servant Question."

Sport, I think, I will leave alone; for sedentary persons who endeavour to simulate the emotions proper to the First of September come not uncommonly to grief. Even to-day I read in a morning paper dear to political Dissent, that the "perfect weather" has enabled the Crown Prince of Germany "to prove himself a good shot in the well-stocked preserves" of Blenheim. If this be true, I imagine that his Imperial Highness committed a breach of the Game Laws, and perhaps it is just as well for international peace that he has placed himself outside the jurisdiction.

A few years ago a Yorkshire paper of great renown described a shooting party at a well-known country house in some such terms as these: "On the eventful morning of the 1st September the house-party was early afield. It included such keen sportsmen as Lord Overstone, Sir Frederick Leighton, and the Bishop of Oxford. The bag was of a highly miscellaneous character, comprising a brace of sparrows, two cats, and a fox." The maligned owner of the country house, justly resenting the charge of vulpicide, threatened an action for libel, which would, no doubt, have drawn heavy damages from a Yorkshire jury, but the editor hastened to apologise, alleging that the offending paragraph had been inserted by way of pleasantry.

Pleasantry of this type I eschew, and, as to travel, the "Bystander" is not one of those who willingly go down to the sea in ships, or find their delight in scaling virgin peaks. But on the more domestic topics suggested above I feel comparatively at home, and I am irresistibly impelled to take my part in a discussion which has been initiated by the *Daily News.* That journal, yielding itself to the sweet influences of the season, as the Æolian harp to the wind, opens its columns to an Anxious Housewife, a Wearied Mother, a Mere Man, a Voice from the Kitchen, and the like. These utterances are full of excellent matter, and are so exactly in Mr. Grossmith's vein that they might easily be taken for extracts from "The Diary of a Nobody." Indeed, I am inclined to believe that Carrie Pooter is really the writer of the letter which has charmed me most, although, with commendable modesty, she writes under another name.

Mrs. Pooter (for such I will assume her to be, although she actually dates her letter not from Brickfield Terrace, but from somewhere near Middlesborough) tells us, with proud humility, that her "household would be regarded as belonging to the Middle Class." On this point the "Bystander" is not competent to speak, but he feels certain that it must be regarded as belonging to the Uncomfortable Class. Mrs. Pooter is herself an invalid, and can do little in the way of domestic labour. "In cooking I can render no assistance." She has a husband, two children, and a maidservant. To this retinue is added "*at present* a washerwoman." The stress on the words which I have italicised should not be ignored. Calling the other day on my dear young literary friend Tom Garbage in the Temple, I saw attached to his door a brief memorandum to this effect, "Called twice for the washing." And to this had been added in Tom's handwriting the expressive comment, "No washing this week."

We will therefore leave the washerwoman out of sight, as belonging to an exceptional period, and will return to the "Middle-class Household," as normally constituted. Everything circles round and centres in the maid. It is admitted that she "is by no means perfect"; but at the same time she is "not to be

regarded as a thing unclean." One is glad for the Pooters' sake that this is so, for it is a good deal more than can be always said for domestics of her class. Mr. and Mrs. Pooter are "keenly sensitive to the fact that their maid is a breathing, living, conscious human being," and we shrewdly suspect that, if they temporarily forgot the fact, the maid would find means of making them remember it.

The maid is "uneducated in booklore," but she has "exactly the same privileges" as Mr. and Mrs. Pooter. "Her bedroom is just as daintily equipped with the same lace toilet-mats," and what can a breathing, living, conscious human being desire more? She "partakes of exactly the same food in exactly the same dishes. Our silver, etc., is used by her!" But more than this, the maid is "treated as a human being with human passions, etc." The softer passions are gratified by the presence and conversation of her sweetheart while she is "ironing busily," but I suspect that the "etc." covers "passions" in a more formidable sense, for the Pooters seem to stand in wholesome awe of their handmaid's temper. "The maid is never expected to clean out the bath." Everyone must be "neat and orderly, leaving nothing for the maid to put away." The maid must be free every Saturday afternoon, all Sunday, and on "all ordinary holidays."

The Pooters dine at two, and have their "last substantial meal at six." If that meal is not High Tea, I am no judge of domestic economy; and, although "my husband pronounces our dinners excellent," I strongly suspect him of speaking under conjugal pressure, and of dining at his club whenever he gets a chance. There is a mysterious "last meal" which the maid "frequently prepares from good nature," but what happens on the nights when she is a little put out is not revealed. "We do not cook at all on Sundays. Something is prepared for us the day before." At the Château Pooter all the family make their own beds; and all must wash, and apparently clean their teeth also, in the one bath-room. "Even the boy of eleven leaves the bath spotless for the new bather."

In the judicial enquiry into the "Balham Mystery" in 1876, it was elicited that the gentleman whose death was the subject of the enquiry had a hot bath on the last evening of his life, and told the servant that the same water would do for a cold bath next morning. I hope, but do not feel sure, that the Pooters' arrangements are characterised by a more generous use of the element.

But the true inwardness of their domestic life is revealed in the closing paragraph of Mrs. Pooter's letter. Her whole system is founded on the subjection of the male. "My husband is not one of those men who believe woman is a natural dependent and slave; therefore he sees to it that he causes no unnecessary labour by careless unpunctuality and untidiness." A man who can be so described is a recreant to the rights of his sex. He hugs the yoke of domestic bondage; and, if he gets High Tea every night of his life, it is no more than his pusillanimity deserves. BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RESTORATION AT RAVENNA.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE work of destruction of the art treasures of Italy is going on steadily, and in the past Ravenna has suffered no less than other cities from the hand of the restorer. Now, however, the work of preservation of her monuments is being carried out in a reverent spirit and by scientific methods, for she has been fortunate enough to find an appreciator of her antiquities and a lover of her beauties in Signor Corrado Ricci, who for twenty years has carried on his researches into her history and that of her great guest, Dante, and was appointed superintendent of her monuments three years ago by the Italian Government. In the introduction to the last edition of his "Guida di Ravenna" Signor Ricci makes the following reassuring profession of his aims: "My chief object has been this—not to try and restore different parts of the monuments according to more or less correct principles of archæology or art, but rather to free ancient buildings from all these wretched modern additions, isolating and strengthening them, and securing parts likely to fall." The following details will show how this principle has been carried out during the last three years:—

The oldest building in Ravenna is the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, for the Baptistery, though older in origin, was practically remade by Bishop Neon about the year 450, and the Basilica Ursiana, built in the fourth century, was destroyed in the eighteenth, when the present cathedral was built. Not only is it the oldest, but it is also the best preserved and purest in style of all the churches in Ravenna. Here there has been some work on the tiling of the roofs in the mortar between the bricks on the outside, while the small loophole windows in the lower walls have been reopened, thereby much improving the light in the interior (1898). The architrave of the old door, with its good frieze of Roman work, has been brought from the museum and restored to its original position. Where new work has been necessary on the sills of the windows the bricks are clearly marked SMR 1898-99, and at present the inside walls are bare, showing the brickwork, except on the left of the nave, where all that remains of the original facing of giallo antico and giallo di Siena has been fixed. At present a scaffolding is up under the central dome and artists are engaged, one in copying the mosaics in black and white, and the other in colouring the copy in red and blue to mark the two restorations that the mosaics have undergone. These are for the most part small and easily distinguishable, and are chiefly round the edges of the windows and above them where cracks have been caused apparently by a slight settlement of the building. A few loose cubes on the scaffolding show that a certain amount of remaking is going on, but obviously not more than is required to preserve the old. A full account of the work and reproductions of the marked copies will probably be published by the Instituto Italiano d'Arte Grafiche, Bergamo.

In the Baptistery the four niches and the four flat walls between the eight pillars were covered with coloured marbles in 1897-1898. The pavement has been cut away round the pillars, revealing their bases at a depth of half a metre. Below this traces of a second pavement have been found at a depth of 1·75 metres, while at a depth of three metres are traces of a basin, possibly of a Roman bath, the lowest level reached by any building in Ravenna. As the church of St. John the Evangelist, dating from the middle of the fifth century, has also sunk to a depth of 1·75 metres, it may be concluded that the original building of the Baptistery was pre-Constantinian, that it was converted to Christian use in the fourth century, remade under Bishop Neon in the fifth, and largely restored in the sixth by Maximian, whose monogram appears in the mosaics of the lower arches. The stucco arabesques, of which only fragments remain above the windows, are being remade. It is to be hoped that some clear note will be made of the date of their construction.

At St. Vitale the buildings which formerly hid and endangered the church have been pulled down (1899-1900), revealing the old outer walls and the later large brick arched buttresses. The building on the south side, built in the last century as a monastery and now used as a barrack, is also being destroyed in the part that comes next to the church. This will preserve the church from risk of fire besides revealing its plain but impressive exterior. The round tower at the south end of the narthex is still half embedded in these buildings, and the remains of the narthex itself, built obliquely to follow the lines of the ancient street, are at present inaccessible, but that at the north end can be seen on the outside now that the modern chapel at the north-west corner is being pulled down, and by passing through the now open arches of the ancient entrance into the church from the narthex, several steps of the broad circular staircase can be seen by which the women went up to the gallery above (1898). Inside, the coating of marble

round the lower outer wall has been in part temporarily removed. This has revealed traces of corbels, which would seem to prove that the gallery was intended to rest originally on beams and not on arches. But as the vaulting appears to be constructed in the same style as the rest of the church, the plan must have been changed during the building of the church (526-547). St. Sophia was burnt for the second time in 523, which probably made Justinian more careful to enforce the rule of Zeno that he had confirmed in 531, that no galleries in churches should be made of wood. We have here, then, possibly a trace of the change of government preserved in the church begun under the Gothic dominion and consecrated after the emperor's generals had taken Ravenna in 540. The removal of the marble coating has also brought to light various fragments of fresco, including a well-preserved one of the martyrdom of St. Erasmus, dated 1426. This painting is just to the left of the modern entrance, and was discovered in 1899.

The present decoration of the dome dates from 1780, and is the fourth that has been carried out. At present it is untouched, except that in one place in the spandril above two of the large arches on which the dome rests, where the painted groups of clouds and angels are, the plaster has been knocked away revealing a shallow niche of the original work. No traces of mosaic have been found, and as Bishop Agnellus (A.D. 840), who gives a full description of the church, mentions none in the cupola, it is probable that it was first ornamented by Byzantine artists, perhaps in the thirteenth century. The sixteenth century floor has been taken up in various places, and much of the original pavement of red marble and mosaic work laid in geometrical patterns has been found about 2½ feet (75 centimetres) below the present floor, but as the whole is under water, restoration to the original level is impracticable. The whole of the apse was excavated in 1899. The brickwork of the circular seat running round the wall is visible, and is broken in the middle where the bishop's throne was. The lower walls are at present bare, but fragments of the original marble covering are still in their place, and the pegs built into the wall on which the slabs could be fastened are visible about 2½ feet above the seat.

The ancient altar was reconstructed in 1898. The marble front and sides were brought from the mausoleum of Galla Placidia, where they had been set up in 1706. The slab at the top was discovered hidden away in the chapel of the Sacrament built in 1700 and pulled down in 1899. The four pillars at the corners are modern stucco restorations, copied from the altar in the Baptistery, or suggested by that represented in the mosaic above. The central pillar is also modern, and is probably inserted to support the mensa, in which there is a crack running half-way across. The slab is panelled on the upper surface, while those in the baptistery and in the nave of St. Apollinare in Classe have the flat side on the top. This, though more convenient in modern usage, is probably not the original position, and the restoration at St. Vitale seems the more correct. The transennæ also discovered in the demolition of the eighteenth-century Chapel of the Sacrament have been replaced behind the altar, across the chord of the apse. There seems to be documentary evidence to prove that this is the original position. The posts between each are modern restorations.

At St. Apollinare Nuovo the brickwork at the bottom of the tower was repaired in 1898, and in 1898-1900 the mosaics were cleaned and fixed where insecure or threatening to fall. The so-called Palace of Theodoric has been freed from the modern houses built into it, and the whole area was protected by an iron railing in 1899. This has revealed a lower wall or porch, the double arcades of which have been opened out and furnished with pillars and capitals, while, behind, the bases of two towers have been excavated, which seems to prove that the existing building was perhaps an outpost fortification against the attacks of the Lombards in the eighth century.

At St. Apollinare in Classe the greater part of the south wall was rebuilt in 1899-1900, as it was in a ruinous condition, and certainly if it was in a worse state than the remainder there was nothing else to be done. During the work the original wooden framework of one of the windows was found bricked up in the old window space. It is now in the Museo d'Antichità, in the vestibule of the old refectory. The whole is about eight feet high, the beams about four inches wide and deep; four perpendicular and two horizontal bars remain, while the grooves cut in the central bar show that the circular top was filled with panes in the shape of a fan; the lower panes are about fourteen inches square. The windows on the south side have been reopened, *per ridare salubrità al monumento umidissimo*, but in spite of this the church still has the smell otherwise peculiar to an aquarium. A still more interesting discovery was made in restoring the south wall. At the end of the side walls nearest to the entrance are two niches intended to receive altars or sarcophagi. Archbishop Maximian, when the church was built, transferred the body of St. Apollinare within the building, an old inscription speaking of the sarcophagus as *traslata et introducta*. Agnellus, then, is wrong in speaking of it as standing in the porch. On the other hand, the crypt was not yet built, and the bones were only placed under the altar in the centre of the nave in the following century. We may conjecture, therefore, that it was in this newly-discovered niche that the body of the saint was placed, and that the recent discovery clears up a small historical difficulty hitherto unexplained. In 1878 two small cells between the apse and the side chapels were discovered in a position corresponding to those on either side of the apse at St. Vitale. They were immediately closed again, to be reopened in 1899. They are each divided in two levels, and are connected by a passage. One has been used for burial, and it is suggested that they served as a safe for the treasure of the church. Finally, the ten large sarcophagi ranged round the church have been brought forward so that the backs can be examined. The chief advantage of this, however, lies more in the satisfaction of feeling that nothing has been missed or hidden that might have been seen than in the interest of the few reliefs thus brought again to light.

Ravenna has by no means the air of fallen greatness that is usually attributed to it by those who write about its history. It rather presents the appearance of a clean and thriving country town in a fertile agricultural district, nor has Classe the aspect of solitary desolation that literature paints as a background to its great church. The land round it appears well cultivated, and during the last two years a beet sugar factory has been set up between St. Apollinare and the railway station.

BOOKS AND MEN.

THE EPIC OF JOSEPH.

THE library of a Highland inn is usually neither choice nor extensive, while the weather of the West Highlands drives a man to the consolations of literature. I have read all the novels, topping up with "Aurora Floyd" in a sixpenny edition. On the whole, I do not envy the emotional husband of Miss Floyd. Even if she did not shoot her first lord, still, it is awkward for a great Squire to wed the widow of his groom. The sombre Talbot Bulstrode, who broke off his engagement because Aurora declined to account for a whole year of her life, commands my sympathy. It is awkward to marry a lovely girl whose eighteenth year is wrapped up in a mystery.

Having thus exhausted the literary resources of the establishment, I light with joy on a work of an elder day, a neat book in two calf-bound volumes, published in 1783 by Mr. Thomas Longman. It is an English prose translation of the epic poem "Joseph," by Monsieur Bitaubé, of the Royal Academy of Sciences and Belles Lettres of Berlin. This epic I know not in the original, but it appears to have been couched in prose. M. Bitaubé in any case was not the poet to object if anyone desired to translate his verse into prose. I possess his own prose translation of Homer, and respect him for not turning the hexameters into French Alexandrines.

The author of the preface tells us that M. de Voltaire considered Joseph "a subject highly proper for the Epic Muse." Indeed (though the virtue of the Patriarch has suffered from unworthy sneers), Homer does celebrate the similar continence of Bellerophon. "Even the most exalted virtue is not incompatible with the years of youth." That, says the translator, is M. Bitaubé's contribution to the criticism of life. The ingenious Mr. Fielding hath inculcated the same doctrine in the moral tale of Joseph Andrews.

"In the description of Egypt I have copied nature," says M. Bitaubé, "and the memoirs of the best travellers." Yet, forests are more common in the poem of our author than in Egypt. The names of the Egyptian gods are those of the Latin Pantheon, which M. Bitaubé justifies by the example of Herodotus, not that Herodotus wrote Latin. To make Joseph speak of Hymen is, perhaps, a poetic licence. M. Bitaubé defends the conduct of Joseph as a political economist, who employed "an extraordinary though legal method." The Egyptian record of Joseph's performances as Chancellor of the Exchequer has not yet been deciphered.

Nothing in literature is more odd than the classic French epic of the eighteenth century. It seems incredible that men should have written and read this queer parody of Homer. M. Bitaubé "celebrates the virtuous man," *virum* not *arma*. His lyre is attuned to Virtue and to Liberty, of which France soon received a quite sufficient dose. M. Bitaubé appeals in his Invocation, not to the Uranian Muse but to Moses. "Divine Poet, who having set free thy people, didst sing their deliverance, be now my guide!"

Then we are introduced to Joseph, a slave in Egypt, torn from the arms of his bride in Canaan, the lovely Selima. Moses tells us nothing about Selima, but without her Joseph would certainly have fallen a victim to the lovely, the sensible Zaluca, the consort of Captain Potiphar of the Guards. Joseph himself was of a type of beauty rare among the men of his race. "His fair hair fell in neglected ringlets on his shoulders; his eyes were azure blue;" of his nose nothing is said. He was bullied by Butophis, the Ethiopian overseer. "The whole of his appearance, even his hue, a new object to Joseph, filled with terror the heart of that unfortunate youth!" Yet the mildness of Joseph softened even the heart of the dark and scowling Ethiopian. To another slave, Itubal, Joseph imparted the lessons of Monotheism, still preserved, Waitz assures us, by the negro race. Meanwhile Zaluca, the spouse of Potiphar, departs from Memphis in her magnificent car, and takes the road to her rural habitation. Iris, formed of the treasures of the sun, displays not more lively tints or more delicate shades than did the carnation and the lily of her cheeks. Her ebon locks fell down with art on her alabaster bosom." She had never loved Potiphar. "Ambition and interest, the tyrants of grandeur, had lately joined her in the bonds of Hymen. With the most feeling heart, and beset by admirers in the midst of a voluptuous court, Zaluca was still a stranger to love." Her union with the Guardsman was purely platonic, and at the Temple of Venus she had been shown a vision of Joseph. "From this time the form hovered continually before her eyes." Bland, passionate and deeply religious, Zaluca "had purposed to mitigate the lot" of Potiphar's slaves. Had there been no Potiphar and no Selima, Zaluca would have shone as a worthy object of Joseph's flame. She met him, she recognised the vision beheld in the Temple of Venus, and hears that he is literally "the only one of the shepherds whose heart hath not learned to love." Poor lady, so fair, so well-mannered, so pitiful! Far away, unknown to thee, Selima lamented Joseph beneath the palm trees and beside the glittering rills of Canaan. Unhappy Zaluca! The tender modern novelist would applaud thy flame, and reckon it much more moral in thee to fly with Joseph than to heed thy bridal vows! She spoke to Joseph the language of pitying benevolence; he sat down by her "on the green turf" (so common in Egypt), and told her the familiar tale of his early sorrows. To put it briefly, Simeon also was in love with Selima, and thought to clear the way to her affections, and a considerable sum in gold, by disposing of Joseph to the merchants.

"*Selima!*" cried Zaluca, in a rage; "Selima!"

It was tactless in Joseph to dwell so much on Selima and on Hymen, who, to the surprise of the critic, appears to have been a deity of the monotheistic nomadic Hebrews. Not that they *were* nomadic, they dwelt, says Bitaubé, in "cottages"; "in the bosom of virtue and of liberty, its usual companion."

"Who can fill Selima's place in my heart?" asked Joseph, in a man's blundering way. "Where is the shepherdess of the village?"

"Thou seest her before thee," said Zaluca.

"The voluptuous melody of the nightingale seemed to invite the tenants of the grove to love."

But Joseph declined the invitation.

"Great God!" said the Patriarch, "shall I prove a traitor to virtue?"

The word "virtue" was as offensive to Zaluca as to Lady Booby!

"Zaluca, pardon my boldness, are you not united to another?" asked Joseph.

The emotions of Zaluca may readily be imagined; but in a later scene, too tender and voluptuous for my pen, Zaluca was again repulsed, and Joseph was thrown into a dungeon. Here he had an interview, rather alarming than otherwise, with the ghost of Abraham, and another with the irrepressible Zaluca. The captive rejected freedom as the price of his virtue.

The Patriarch was released in the manner familiar to all. "The pleased monarch gives him his ring; Potiphar, in the joy of his heart, presses him in his embrace"; not a bad sort of fellow, Potiphar. The rest of the poem is of a less moving nature. Joseph, anxious to see the source of the Nile, is told that "the Nile is equally solicitous to conceal his origin and to diffuse abundance." However, Joseph is carried by an angel to the lake, perhaps Victoria Nyanza, afterwards discovered by Speke. All ends happily, and Joseph and Selima "are conducted to the hut, where, on a bank of odoriferous flowers, and locked in each other's arms, they forgot their misfortunes, while the Nile flows in soft murmurs before the blissful retreat."

Such was the French epic of the eighteenth century.

A. Lang.

VOICES.

When dreaming shadows shroud the deep,
  Borne on a myriad phantom wings
  The lonely Echo wakes and sings
The sorrows of the souls that sleep;
Or comes upon the morning wind
  A wandering music, faint and far,
  The singing of the Morning Star:
"Shall not the dark be silver-lined?"
Or gently calls the mountain rain,
  Wind-swept, the tumult of the tide,
  The roar of wanton snows that slide
From heights to raven athwart the plain.
But all, alas! may not discern
  A message in the sudden gleam
  Where shafts of sunlight kiss the stream,
Nor hear the voice of flower or fern.
Yet they commune with those that ken
  The language of the worlds to be,
  The workings of that Mystery
Which orders all the lives of men—
Bodings of joy, wrapt in the womb
  Of Time, presage of coming care,
  Whisper alike of regions, where
Death treadeth not beyond the tomb.

C. A. Hunt.

REVIEWS.

LITERATURE OLD AND NEW.*

THE lectures which compose this volume were delivered by men of distinguished reputation, and are severally well worth reading. They would be still more worth reading if the Curators of the Taylorian Institution had been able to focus them in some one direction. As it is, they take in subjects as remote from each other as Boccaccio and Lessing, Sarpi and Flaubert, Leopardi and Cervantes; the stitching and binding of the volume is all that holds them together, and a reviewer finds it difficult to bring them into relation with each other.

The best lectures are Professor Dowden's Lecture on Literary Criticism in France, and Walter Pater's on Mérimée (already published with other essays of his). Mr. H. R. F. Brown gives an account of Fra Paolo Sarpi, the most striking part of which is the comparison between the Servite Friar and Marsilio Ficino, the Platonist. M. Paul Bourget writes lucidly of Flaubert and the "impersonal novel." M. Mallarmé veils in impenetrable obscurity *la musique et les lettres.* M. Morel Fatio and Mr. H. R. Clarke between them give a picture of the world exhibited in Spanish novels of the seventeenth century. Professor Ker deals with the personal relation of Petrarch and Boccaccio, a fascinating subject; Mr. Rolleston treats of Lessing, the poet of hope; Mr. Rossetti of Leopardi, the poet of despair; and if we bridge over the interval between these by Professor Herford's study of Goethe's "Italienische Reise," we are brought into contact with the main stream of poetry and *belles-lettres* during the hundred years which saw the beginnings of German unity, the French Revolution, the Holy Alliance, and the dawn of the Romantic School.

Mr. Rolleston reminds us in his lecture on Lessing of what we may easily ignore or forget, that the scholars of the eighteenth century read the Greek and Latin classics as literature, and that the modern classicists read them as a study in language. Classics "are a branch of science, and their interest is scientific; literature—imaginative, creative literature—is a branch of art, and its main interest is æsthetic." We would add to this that the highest literature has also an ethical interest and an ethical value, and that the old-fashioned teachers were not altogether wrong in going to the classics for moral lessons as well as standards of beauty. Here is a question for the coming century: How are our young barbarians to be kept in some contact with what their ancestors called "the masterpieces of Greek and Roman literature"? Every Frenchman has been grounded in Plutarch; the uniformity of public education furnishes the nation with a common stock of classical ideas, which if neither profound nor accurate serves to keep alive the memory of Greece and Rome and an interest in the great works they produced. Fifty years ago "to know one's Virgil" was a part of every educated man's equipment. If Virgil's place were taken by Shakespeare we would not complain; but the multiplicity of modern school subjects leaves little room for literature.

No man can foresee what the course of literature in the twentieth century is likely to be. We know something of the conditions, but we cannot forecast the evolution of which they will be the environment. So far as any single conclusion can be derived from these heterogeneous lectures, it would be to the effect that when the romantic or lyric movement of the nineteenth century had run its course, the disintegrating and analysing spirit of science created the "impersonal" style. Science has emptied and swept the chambers of literature clean of hopes and fears, moral judgments and æsthetic preferences. It has infected art with the disease of negativism; for clear analytical vision, emptied of all theory, and without the desire to persuade, is negativism. The creator of new situations and characters is not admitted to the boards of his own theatre. Art must be real, "impersonal," objective. The artist must keep himself out of it all, with the bundle of sensibilities and prejudices which make him an individual. Flaubert has said so, and what Flaubert says must be right. This is tyranny: and we may expect a revolt against modern Nihilistic dogmatism similar to the revolt of the romanticists against the traditions of the *Grand Siècle.* We are inclined to yawn when "l'art pour l'art" is repeated for the thousandth time, and to be aware that this formula, invented as a protest against formality and didactic pedantry, has become didactic and formal itself. How Thackeray would have laughed at such pretensions to infallibility.

Already there are symptoms of a change from analysis to construction. The analytical novel of the school of twenty-five years ago no longer pleases. The present generation requires circumstance exciting if not *risqué,* violent action and difficult moral situations, or else stories which deal with social and religious problems, and seem to solve them. We are tired of questions and wish for answers. New movements, religious, national, and social, are in the womb of the century, though not yet born, and will find positive expression. It is possible, as Mr. Rolleston reminds us in his study of Lessing, that the new birth of literature may be dramatic; and that if we are nearing the end of a decadence and beginning of a renascence, the word of deliverance may come from the stage.

It may be accidental; but if we look for force in these days we find it neither in oratory, history, fiction—we are speaking of England only—nor in poetry. But the theatre counts for more in England than it ever did before; and a dramatist who will deal with some stirring subject (such as that which inspires M. Rostand in "L'Aiglon") will do more for literature than many novelists. The special correspondent and the dramatist, whose business is actual, not scientific, are seizing the favourable moment. The chronicler of the present must be vivid and forcible. Subtlety and brilliant dialogue will not make up, in drama, for the want of a strong situation. As Lessing revealed the German nation to itself in the immortal drama of "Minna von Barnhelm," so there is now an opportunity for a great dramatist to "suggest the complete character not only of the individual but of the class, not only of the class but of the nation, not only of the nation but of the epoch; and he may, as Shakespeare so often does, suggest the relations of mankind at large to those great questions which are of no epoch and of no nationality."

There has never been a more favourable moment for the rise of a national drama. It is obviously demanded; will the demand be disappointed?

* STUDIES IN EUROPEAN LITERATURE. Being the Taylorian Lectures, 1889-1899. Oxford.

SELBORNE.*

So many new editions of White's "Selborne" have recently been published that together with the "Life and Letters," edited by his grand-nephew, published only last April, one would suppose that the subject was exhausted, and we are almost tempted to demand of the two editors of the present volume a reason for its appearance. They do not offer one, and perhaps the best answer that can be given lies in the simple fact that the book is one of which the public can never grow tired; that it is always fresh; that more than a hundred years have not been sufficient to break the charm by which three generations have been spellbound; and that we read it for the fiftieth time with as much interest as the first. It is a very true remark of Mr. Miall's in his introductory pages that "White owes little to his many editors"; that is to say, but a very small part of his popularity is due to their exertions. It is the man himself for whose sake we recur to his writings over and over again, as we do to Boswell's "Johnson" or Lockhart's "Scott," without ever feeling that we can have enough of him. His quaint humour, his complete freedom from self-consciousness, and his pleasant style, all combine to swell the attractions of a book which he little thought was to immortalise him. But it is the combination of the naturalist and the ruralist, of his sympathies with both animate and

* THE NATURAL HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES OF SELBORNE. By Gilbert White. Edited, with an Introduction and Notes, by L. C. Miall, F.R.S., and W. Warde Fowler, M.A. Methuen.

nanimate nature not always met with in the same person, and allying him on the one side to Wordsworth, and on the other to Yarrell and Pennant, which constitutes the idiosyncrasy, so to speak, of White's "Selborne." Another very ust observation of Mr. Miall's is that "White's almost total lack of literary ambition enhances, as it happens, the literary quality of his 'History.' There is none of the bustle of the man who carries on a wide correspondence, none of the hurry and excitement of the discoverer who fears to be forestalled." No, indeed; the air of complete repose which breathes over the whole work is one of its most distinctive features, and agrees perfectly with that total indifference to the great public events of the period which is visible throughout, and was noticed by more than one reviewer of the "Life and Letters." White was indeed one to whom Virgil's description of the happy countryman, conscious of the rural deities, Pan, Silvanus, and the nymphs, and unmoved either by the clamour of mobs or the fall of kingdoms, is peculiarly applicable. Such a life has become practically impossible now; but it was characteristic of the eighteenth century, and we catch many glimpses of it in the works of George Eliot.

The notes contributed by Messrs. Miall and Fowler on various points of natural history are all useful and interesting. The latter gives us a little essay of his own on the migration of birds. White retained to the last his faith in the hibernation of swallows and martins, and says Mr. Fowler: "This loyalty is so remarkable in a man of White's mental acuteness and out-of-door habits that it seems worth while to ask how English ornithologists came by it, and why it was that White was unable to clear his mind of it. Even at the present day it has not entirely disappeared." Mr. Miall traces this popular error to so respectable an authority as Aristotle, from whom it descended to Bishop Olaus of Upsala, and was handed on from him through Burton in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," and Willoughby, the great ornithologist of Charles II.'s time, down to the eighteenth century. Mr. Fowler undertakes to show how the belief grew up; but his explanation does not amount to much more than has often been suggested before, showing that the two or three birds which White saw in November, and believed to have been attracted from their dormitories by the few days of warm sunshine which we often experience at that season of the year, were only belated stragglers. He says that when the period of migration approaches the swallows go off in detachments, one following the other at short intervals. These parties grow less and less in number as the season advances, till at last they are reduced to five or six, and these are what White mistook for the hibernators. Mr. Fowler adds that all the time the swallows are making their way to the coast, and preparing to cross, they play about houses and gardens as usual, a circumstance which may have contributed to strengthen White in his belief. On the other hand, we have to consider that a much larger interval than "a few days" had elapsed between the date when White supposed that the house martins had all disappeared and the date of their reappearance; secondly, that they showed themselves for only one day; and thirdly, that they were only seen in exceptionally warm sunny weather, and never at any other time. It must also be taken into account that they were seen during some very hot days in March, 1777, and disappeared again with the warmth till their usual time for summering with us. We have no intention, however, of supporting White's theory of hibernation, which has been abandoned by all the best-informed ornithologists.

The notes contributed by the editors are placed in brackets, and in the index are printed in larger type. They are often very interesting, and some of White's omissions or mistakes are certainly very curious. For instance, he says in one of his letters to Daines Barrington, "You wonder with good reason that the hedge sparrows, etc., can be induced at all to sit on the egg of the cuckoo without being scandalised at the vast disproportioned size of the supposititious egg." On which Mr. Fowler observes, "It is singular that White should have written as if he were unaware of the very small size of the cuckoo's egg in proportion to that of the bird. In many cases it is not easy at a glance to distinguish the supposititious egg; for which reason it is probable that the blue eggs which the cuckoo is now known to lay escape detection in the nests of the hedge sparrow." But he might have added what is still more curious, and a fact of which White seems to have been equally unaware, namely, that the cuckoo always lays an egg of exactly the same colour as that of the bird to which the nest belongs. Thus in the nest of the hedge sparrow or the redstart she lays a blue egg; in the nest of the sedge warbler or water wagtail a mottled egg of brownish grey. There is a much greater variety in the colour of the cuckoo's eggs than in those of any other bird, and the difference is, of course, accounted for by her fraudulent system of making other birds hatch her eggs in the belief that they are their own.

Another popular error in which Mr. Fowler follows White relates to the nightingale, which is commonly believed to be unknown both in the extreme northern and south-western counties of England. This is not true as regards Devonshire, as we learn from Messrs. Matthews and D'Urban's "Birds of Devon," in which ample proof is given of their existence in considerable numbers in the southern division of the county. We looked, too, for a note on White's Forty-fourth Letter to Tennant concerning the stockdove and the ringdove, of which the former is the true woodpigeon, though the name is commonly bestowed on the latter, now so abundant in the London parks. "Could it be known," says White, "in what manner stockdoves build?" and "You received one day last spring a stockdove from Sussex, and are informed that they sometimes breed in that county. But why did not your correspondent determine the place of its nidification, whether on rocks, cliffs, or trees?" Mr. Fowler might have pointed out what Seebohm says on this point: "In places where there are no hollow trees the stockdove often rears its young in the old nest of a magpie or a crow, or in the dense ivy growing over trees or buildings." The eggs, he adds, "are creamy-white in colour," whereas the ringdoves' are more the colour of skimmed milk.

We should like to have been told a little more about the blackcock in Surrey and Hampshire. White, writing, as we suppose, about the year 1770, says they were then extinct; Professor Bell just a hundred years afterwards says they were occasionally met with in Woolmer Forest; and Mr. Fowler adds that from Hampshire westwards to Exmoor they are still to be found in suitable places. But we believe that only a very few years ago they were fairly numerous in the neighbourhood of Hindhead, and eastward in the neighbourhood of Dorking. The Son of the Marshes informs us that they are still to be seen among the Surrey Hills, though he does not specify the exact locality.

NORTH AND SOUTH.*

THE second volume of the Scientific Results of Nansen's North Pole Expedition is a book of figures. It deals with astronomical, magnetic, and pendulum observations, nearly all of them made by Captain Sigurd Scott-Hansen. No expedition ever left for the North Polar seas so well equipped scientifically as Nansen's. Special instruments were manufactured under the supervision of various learned phycisists, who checked them in every way, determining their constants, etc., before the *Fram* left. These instruments were put to their full use, and the same experts have now dealt with the results they recorded in the present volume.

Expecting to meet with unknown lands at high latitudes Nansen was anxious to make pendulum observations, and started fully equipped for such experiments. The *Fram*, however, met with no land in North Polar seas, and hence

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* THE NORWEGIAN NORTH POLAR EXPEDITION, 1893-1896. Scientific Results. Edited by Fridtjof Nansen. Vol. II. Longmans.

FIRST ON THE ANTARCTIC CONTINENT: BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE BRITISH ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION, 1898-1900. By C. E. Borchgrevink. George Newnes, Ltd.

the usual conditions for such observations were wanting. Captain Scott-Hansen, however, thought that a stout ship firmly frozen in an ice-field would prove a sufficient firm base for the pendulum apparatus, and acting on this view, he made his observations. "Thus," as Nansen says, "the first series of pendulum observations which, to my knowledge, have ever been made over the sea were made over the deep North Polar Basin. We had some doubt as to the value of the observations taken under such extraordinary circumstances; but, thanks to Professor Schitz's able elaboration and discussion of the material, it now appears that these observations afford, perhaps, some of the most important results of the expedition."

THE interest that the recent sailing of the *Discovery* for the Antarctic coast has evoked increases the importance of Mr. Borchgrevink's volume, which is a record of the last visit paid by man to those inhospitable shores. For the first time man has wintered on the Antarctic, and this volume is the record of his wintering. Frankly the book cannot be said to be either well written or well arranged. The author, Mr. Borchgrevink, does not use his mother tongue, and his business is more obviously the navigation of ice-strewn seas than the steering amongst the intricacy of English syntax. On the other hand the illustrations are excellent. As befits a book published by George Newnes, Limited, and a record of an expedition financed by the pioneer in the illustrated sixpenny monthly magazine, the pictures leave little to be desired. Mr. Bernacchi, who shortly before the *Discovery* left England joined the staff of the new expedition, secured a really marvellous series of photographs, and these have been reproduced in abundance and in a thoroughly satisfactory manner.

It is often urged that one of the advantages the Arctic regions possess, as compared with the Antarctic, is a more abundant supply of fresh meat, in the form of bears and walruses; but it must not be forgotten that the penguin is a bird confined to the southern hemisphere, and very common on the Antarctic lands, whilst the seal is found around both Poles. Roast penguin flesh, and in the southern spring their eggs, and the meat of seals, formed an agreeable and healthy change to a diet of tinned meats. On the whole, the members of the expedition enjoyed very good health. With the sad exception of the zoologist, Mr. Hanson, who died of a disease in no way connected with the climatic conditions of the Antarctic, the health of the members of the expedition seems to have been uniformly good. The long Antarctic night had, however, a depressing effect, and it is interesting to note that the two Finns suffered from this less than did the other members of the expedition. The slow action of the heart, consequent on the extreme cold and on a diet of tinned meats and vegetables, lowered the spirits. The monotony of the life, coupled with the crowding together of a few persons in an extremely limited space, not unnaturally fostered a feeling of irritation, one might almost say jealousy; and it is touching to read the expedients of the captain to keep his crew in good spirits. "Nothing seemed to cheer melancholy members more than being consulted and being asked to give information."

HYMN TRANSLATIONS.*

IT is difficult to say exactly in what the difference between hymnody and poetry consists, and yet one is conscious that it is there. Generally, perhaps, one may say that there is a certain delicate individuality necessary to poetry that is irreconcilable with the robustness necessary to hymnody; the true poet reveals his own personality, the true hymn-writer merges it in that of the Church, or, at least, of the congregation; and it is perfectly possible to write a really poetical yet really bad hymn. Mr. Moorsom's book, if this is true, certainly belongs to the class of hymnody; it is not distinctively poetical, and thereby fulfils, among others, this requirement of hymnody. At the same time, in hymn-writing, especially in translation from other languages, there ought to be a kind of distinction in the words used, which, while almost indefinable, yet clearly differentiates the hymn from mere metrical prose. Many of Charles Wesley's hymns furnish perhaps the best illustrations of this very marked yet subtle character; such hymns as "Victim Divine," "Jesu, Lover of my soul," are certainly not strictly poems, nor are they metrical prose, but they are almost perfect hymns. Mr. Moorsom's renderings, however, while certainly not metrical prose, nor poetry, yet do not quite satisfy this requirement; he is inclined to draw freely upon a kind of traditional hymn vocabulary in his attempt to attain the peculiar character that gives such distinction to the writings of Charles Wesley, and occasionally to those of Dr. Watts and Mrs. Alexander. Such a stanza as the following is a good instance of this not quite successful attempt to achieve this essential element of the best hymnody:—

> Holy, holy, holy art Thou, Christ our Lord!
> Blest art Thou who hast for me Thy blood outpoured;
> Thou didst give Thy life that I might pardon gain,
> Hear O Lord! Thy Church's chanted strain.

There is a kind of hymn-aroma about this, but it is not of the best quality; the phrases are too commonplace. Again, Mr. Moorsom deliberately intends, as he tells us in his preface, not to "translate" but to "render." "A good rendering," he writes, "should avoid the faults of translations and paraphrases, and give us the ancient thoughts in a perfect modern dress. The object is to produce in us the emotions which were long ago produced in those for whom the original was written." This is a very sound principle for practical purposes, but it has its limitations, and Mr. Moorsom appears to apply it far too freely. For instance, the fourth verse of "A Patre Unigenitus" runs thus:—

> Mane nobiscum Domine!
> Noctem obscuram remove,
> Omne delictum ablue,
> Piam medelam tribue.

Mr. Moorsom's rendering is as follows:—

> Each morn, Thou Sun of Righteousness,
> Turn the mind's darkness into day,
> Pardon each sin, blot out each stain,
> Heal and bestow Thy peace again;
> Shield us right royally we pray,
> That none Thy people may oppress.

Such a rendering appears to have fatal drawbacks; it is redundant where the original is terse; it cannot be sung to its proper tune; it contains two lines which are not in any way represented in the original. Mr. Pollock's translation is as follows:—

> Abide with us, O Lord, we pray,
> Dispel the gloom of doubt and woe,
> Wash every stain of guilt away,
> Thy tender healing grace bestow.

This is open to none of the objections mentioned above, and at the same time is no more foreign to English minds than is Mr. Moorsom's rendering. And this verse of Mr. Moorsom's is characteristic of much in his book. Surely the first essential of good rendering is to give metre for metre, and then spirit for spirit, idiom for idiom, and where possible under these most exacting but most necessary conditions, word for word. It is not until these conditions have been fairly well fulfilled that Mr. Moorsom's canon can be profitably applied.

But it would be ungracious not to add that every line of the book, preface and notes, as well as the text of the renderings, shows a deep appreciation of the art of hymnody, and that the book as a whole will probably be of great value in carrying out what the author states to be its first object—to draw

* RENDERINGS OF CHURCH HYMNS FROM EASTERN AND WESTERN OFFICE BOOKS. By the Rev. Robert Maude Moorsom. Music by the Rev. G. W. Griffith and Mr. W. S. De Winton. Cambridge. C. J. Clay and Sons.

attention to the wealth of Catholic hymns hitherto almost unknown to English Churchmen. The collection includes translations from many of the books of the Eastern Churches as well as of the Western, and Mr. Moorsom has added to the debt which all lovers of hymns already owe to him for his former labours in hymnology.

There are a few tunes in the book the whole character of which is open to the impregnable objection that the true Church music, whether of East or West, cannot give way to a modern substitute in liturgical worship. There are details, too, in the tunes that call for criticism. There is a harsh progression in the last chord on p. 32 and the first on p. 33. On p. 53, in the third bar, the chord of the sixth on the leading note approached from the tonic chord produces a bare and unpleasant effect. The tune to "Awake, my soul" is in 6-8 time, which should generally be avoided in hymn tunes. The tunes to "Behold the Bridegroom" and "O God, my hope" are certainly the best, the part-writing in lines 3 and 4 of the latter being especially effective. As a whole, however, the tunes are not sufficiently diatonic. If the proper Church music must be set aside, at least something resembling the German chorale would be more appropriate for such words.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) A Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford. New Series. Vol. III. Fellows: 1576-1648. By W. D. Macray. Frowde. 7s. 6d.

(2) A Volunteer Brigade. Notes of a week's field training in the Volunteer Camp at Conway. By Filson Young. Manchester: Sherrat and Hughes. 1s.

(3) John Ruskin: Ethical and Religious Teacher. A lecture delivered at Oxford, August, 1901, by the Rev. W. H. Shaw. Oxford: Alden. 1s.

4) An Introduction to Christian Mysticism. By Eleanor C. Gregory. H. R. Allenson.

(5) L'Avare. A Comedy by J. B. Poquelin Molière. With preface, glossary, etc., by Frederic Spencer. Dent. 1s. 6d.

(6) Alfred the Great. By Thomas Hughes. (New edition.) Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

(1) The new instalment of Mr. Macray's *Register of the Members of St. Mary Magdalene College, Oxford*, is as full of miscellaneous interest as its predecessors. Like them, it is avowedly supplementary to the work of Dr. Bloxam, and we suppose, therefore, that we must not grumble to find Mr. Macray leaving out whole sections of the Injunctions of Bishop Cooper in 1585 on the ground that they have already been printed. The bulk of this volume is taken up with short biographies of Fellows admitted during the period it covers, that of Robert Ashley being the most important. These are preceded by extracts from the registers and accounts for each year. Both sections are full of human interest, though it seems hardly fair to the Fellows that the record of so many of their peccadilloes should be set down, while from the nature of the case we hear but little of their good deeds. Some of the peccadilloes recorded are absence without leave, missing chapel, singing badly (apparently of evil intent), and evil speaking. One fellow, who had committed some irregularity in taking his bachelor's degree, was sentenced to no more severe punishment than to study for an hour a day in the College library. For other offences, loss of commons for one or more days was the usual penalty. Mr. Macray's period covers the time of Charles I.'s stay at Oxford during the Civil War, when his artillery was stationed in Magdalen grounds, and the College had to lend him money and send their plate to be melted. But an appendix, in which he gives a most painstaking description of the plate now existing, shows that the liberality of later donors has again amply supplied the College, though the loss of the old work is irreparable.

(2) Mr. Filson Young's *A Volunteer Brigade* is a reprint of articles contributed to the *Manchester Guardian* during the training of some Lancashire Volunteer regiments early in the summer at Conway. It shows that if our officers have learnt many lessons from the war in South Africa, our military journalists have learnt much also. From beginning to end the little book is full of useful and sympathetic criticism, such as no officer worth his salt would think of resenting. For the pessimist or the catchpenny journalist, only anxious to see faults, the week's work would indeed have furnished an ample harvest. In one day's operations the colonel commanding one of the sides exposed himself on the skyline in the first five minutes and would inevitably have been killed at once. In another the Brigadier (and the War Correspondent with him) fell into a bad ambush, the sound of the rifles suddenly singing out at a hundred and fifty yards having, as Mr. Young notes, an ugly ring of South Africa about it. The marksmanship of the volunteers was fairly good, with averages of from five to ten per cent. of hits on the realistic targets they were set to attack in their sham battles, but they advanced so slowly and took so little advantage of cover that if the targets had held rifles the result would have been very different. Lastly, and perhaps worst of all, a percentage of the junior officers seemed from ignorance or nervousness unable to give commands, or gave them only half-heartedly as if they did not expect to be obeyed. All this is bad if the men are judged as finished soldiers, but they are the mistakes and shortcomings natural in troops in training, and Mr. Young's only cry is that the training is not long enough or made sufficiently helpful. One glaring fault was the absence of any proper staff to relieve the Brigadier and Adjutant and set them free to attend to their proper work. If leave played a less important part in the life of the regular officer such staffs might be provided for volunteer camps to the great benefit of all concerned, but this is is one of the reforms which we can only hope that the future will bring. Another reform Mr. Young looks for is the substitution of regimental for capitation grants, so as to lessen the temptation to accept weedy recruits for financial reasons. Yet another is a scheme for a combination of the ideas of a volunteer force and conscription by insisting on a certain annual amount of drill and camp-work from able-bodied citizens. But that is a large problem, and more akin perhaps to a reform of the Militia than of the Volunteers. But whether we accept all his suggestions or not, Mr. Young's letters are full of interest from beginning to end, and we are not surprised that there was a demand that they should be reprinted.

(3) The Rev. W. H. Shaw's *John Ruskin: Ethical and Religious Teacher*, does not rise above the level of the average University Extension lecture, and was, perhaps, hardly worth publishing after it had served its purpose of kindling, or re-kindling, enthusiasm for Ruskin's teaching in a hall full of Extension students. That it did this we have no doubt, for the best way to win readers for Ruskin is to quote from him, and the lecturer is full of quotations, mostly well chosen. But little books about Ruskin are already too numerous. Mr. Shaw's lecture abounds in familiar points, and contains nothing that has not been as well said before, except it may be his demonstration that, despite the "Crown of Wild Olives," Ruskin was fully alive to the wickedness of self-seeking wars. Even this, however, is not very well put, and on the whole the lecture, as a printed pamphlet, seems superfluous.

(4) Miss Gregory's very brief *Introduction to Christian Mysticism* was also written for delivery as a lecture (to be read before the Portsmouth Ladies' Society), and she rather unwisely pleads the limit of time, originally imposed, "as an additional excuse (no other is mentioned) for the imperfection of the treatment." The original form of a lecture is not immutable, and if Miss Gregory was capable of improving her paper, it would have shown more respect for her subject if she had done so, instead of so lightly committing her thoughts to print. There was certainly room for improvement, as it is only trifling with her readers to tell them that "we fasten on the great name of Plato," and then give no further information than that "it is widely conceded" that he was "the father of European mysticism," and that his name "appears and reappears in cycles or waves of human thought all down

the centuries." Apparently Miss Gregory knew of no handbook to Plato which she could use as she has used Dr. Bigg's "Christian Platonists of Alexandria," and the Bampton Lectures of Mr. Inge, but the result is unfortunate. Miss Gregory's method is to run through the great names of mysticism, trying to associate with each of them some one or two of their owner's thoughts, but even this excessively sketchy treatment cannot entirely obscure the abiding interest of her subject, Her own few criticisms are sane and useful, and her little book may perhaps tempt some readers to begin to study some of the authors she mentions. But the reverent treatment of great subjects is not advanced by the multiplication of sketchy little books about them, and we shall be sorry if the reviving interest in the history and teaching of the mystics produces many more of this kind.

(5) Mr. Frederic Spencer's edition of *L'Avare* in "The Temple Molière" is a delightful little volume, whether as a pocket companion on a summer holiday or for reading with feet on fender when holidays are over. The brief preface gives all necessary information as to "sources" and early performances, the notes are devoted chiefly to tracing Molière's obligations in special passages, and an eclectic glossary explains with some skill just the words and phrases over which English readers not very well versed in Molière might feel themselves in danger of stumbling. Such an edition is a real gain and ought to be warmly welcomed.

(6) The Alfred Celebrations would not have been complete without a new edition of Hughes's *Alfred the Great*, first published in 1869, and since then reprinted nine times at intervals varying from one to seven years. No doubt some fresh lights have been thrown on the career of King Alfred during the last thirty years, but for the ordinary reader it would be difficult to find any better guide to the "simple honest life of the great Saxon King," than the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," and we hope it will be long before Hughes's *Alfred the Great* is allowed to go out of print.

FICTION.

From the Land of the Shamrock. By Jane Barlow. Methuen. 6s.—Miss Barlow has reached that fortunate stage in the career of a novelist at which a new book of hers is eagerly watched for and joyfully welcomed. We have so few writers of ability who are content to do sound serious work of an absolutely unsensational kind that Miss Barlow's quiet, finished, well-balanced studies of Irish peasant life are things to be grateful for. Her "output" is comparatively small—another merit; her work always carries the stamp of first-rate workmanship; and its quality is such that, in contrast with the ready production of uniformly indifferent work by the majority of other writers, it might be described as "hand-made" rather than machine-made. That is to say that Miss Barlow's own personality is woven into the fabric of her stories, and is as recognisable in the way she groups her words as in the way she arranges her "plots." The present volume, like some which have come before it, consists of a group of studies of various lengths, cast in the form of stories. Miss Barlow is an artist in the short-story form, and she has the secrets of balance and proportion that baffle nine out of ten writers who attempt the difficult compound. But apart from a remarkable mastery of the principles of other distinguished writers of the short story, she has certain methods that are quite her own, and that would make the authorship of her sketches recognisable anywhere. Among these is a charming method in disposing of a narrative; she knows exactly how much to tell herself, how much (an important point) to leave untold, and how much to put into the mouths of one or other of the loveable creatures who inhabit the pages of her books. When a gift like this is combined with a literary style almost first rate, the result is bound to be remarkably good; and perhaps Miss Barlow's supreme merit as a story-teller is that she always has a story to tell. In this latest group of Irish tales there is, perhaps, not all the variety that is desirable; the stories are pitched in nearly all one key, and that, truly Irish, is a slightly melancholy one. There is plenty of genuine Irish wit in them, but they are too true to Irish nature for the wit to be of a very rollicking kind. All the stories have happy endings, and yet through the gayest of them runs that undertone of sadness that belongs to the Irish nature, without which these tales would neither convince nor please us. "The tear and the smile" are charmed from us almost simultaneously. In the first (and perhaps the best) of the stories, "A White Kerchief," the *atmosphere*—the first essential of a good short story—is created with wonderful charm and fidelity. The extreme poverty in which the people of Western Ireland live, the strength of family ties, the love of even a bare bit of the earth, the sadness and desolation of those wild shores whereon the Atlantic thunders sombrely from year's end to year's end—all these are in the tale, felt in it, framed in its delicate setting. It is a long time since we have read anything so beautiful of its kind, or so certain in its effect of legitimate pathos, as the ending of this little story. In "A Wedding Gown," on the other hand, the effect is a little spoiled by an over-leisurely manner of narration; the story seems to be somewhat spun out, and we feel sure that its excellencies would have been enhanced if there had been here and there a little compression. But Mac Barry is a dear little boy, and we are glad of his company always; it is especially entertaining in "The Aunt of the Savages." If Miss Barlow is threatened by a fault, it is this fault of long-windedness, a dangerous fault, easy to fall into, hard to get out of. For ourselves, we feel that if Miss Barlow became seriously longwinded, and if all her tales were twice as long drawn out as the one we have mentioned, we should still read them with pleasure; but a story for some people is altogether spoiled by this blemish. When all is said, however, Miss Barlow remains one of the best English writers of short stories of our time. People who had never been in Ireland would enjoy this book; people who know and love Ireland will delight in it; and it must go straight to the hearts of all true Irishmen and Irishwomen.

Catherine of Calais. By Mrs. Henry de la Pasture. Smith and Elder. 6s.—The reader will turn in vain to this novel for an enthralling plot, stirring events, or dramatic situations; but those readers who like quiet studies of character will not fail to be interested in the gentle development of *Catherine of Calais.* It reminds us of those pencil-drawings which ornamented our grandmother's handscreens, shadowy and unpretentious productions, but skilfully designed, and finished with all manner of careful, minute touches. The orphaned Catherine, who had been brought up by a detestable old aunt, falls desperately in love, like Miss Cholmondeley's "Devotee," with an elderly man of distinguished appearance and exquisite manners. Sir Philip Adelstone had a profile as cold and clear cut as a cameo; and Catherine, who had aspired to sharing her husband's inmost heart and mind, is disappointed to find him "icily regular, splendidly null" to the end. A fatal illness is the means of restoring his tottering image to its exalted niche in his young widow's affections. Catherine, with her simplicity and innocent devotion, is a touching little figure, and her demure outlines contrast sharply with those of her beautiful and wayward friend, Delia Moore, who craved for brilliancy and Bohemianism, and flouted the advances of an openhearted young Guardsman. Like Burns's Maggie, she was "deaf as Ailsa Craig," until George carried the day after the high-handed fashion of Duncan Gray. The story of their wooing is told with much spirit, and old Lady Sarah Adelstone provides excellent amusement.

The Lady of Lynn. By Sir Walter Besant. Chatto and Windus. 6s.—This is a tale of King's Lynn in 1750, and of its reigning beauty, Molly Miller, who owned a little fleet of trading ships and was a great heiress. Her simple-minded old guardian, Captain Crowle, was ambitious to marry her to a peer, and, ignoring Jack Pentecrosse, a fine young fellow in

Molly's service, fell into the clutches of Lord Fylingdale, who was desirous of repairing, by Molly's gold, a fortune squandered in gambling. He and his friends trumped up a tale of a newly-discovered Spa at Lynn, and swooped down upon the town to secure the heiress and swindle the Norfolk squires. He himself was tricked, since another woman married him, disguising herself in a domino and Molly's pink silk hood, but he managed to convince Molly's friends that she was in truth his bride, and carried off most of her fortune, though not herself. It is incredible that they never thought of comparing Molly's uncultivated handwriting with the graceful signature in the registers. In the end she and honest Jack attain happiness since the book is written with all Sir Walter's kindhearted optimism. His antiquarian knowledge and intimate acquaintance with eighteenth-century literature enabled him to paint some lively scenes at the Spa, but there is little originality in the book, and the characters, good and bad, are somewhat conventional.

A Thousand Pities. By Ellen Taylor. Fisher Unwin. 2s. 6d. —Ian Dungarvon settles on an up-country estate in New Zealand, and falls in love with the owner's daughter. Esther McKenzie's father and sister are confirmed dipsomaniacs, and on this score she refuses to marry him, until he discovers that she has no McKenzie blood, but is the child of another man. The colonial background is of interest, but it is an amateurish little tale.

MAGAZINES.

In the *Fortnightly Review* "Calchas" leaves prophecy for criticism, and in his "Open Letter to Lord Rosebery' explains, what was already tolerably obvious, that that statesman has missed his opportunity of forming and leading the great middle party for whose headship Mr. Chamberlain is the only other possible candidate. As the Blenheim demonstration has shown that Mr. Chamberlain will not accept the candidature, Lord Rosebery had best reorganise the Liberal party on a programme—partly outlined by himself so long ago as 1874—of social reform, improved secondary education, and sound finance, coupled with a more intelligent foreign policy and some arrangement for the devolution of part of the work of Parliament on subordinate bodies which shall not be objected to by the Unionists. Otherwise the Unionist party, now senile except for Mr. Chamberlain will recover its popularity when the war is over, and will be unassailable by an Opposition led by anyone except Lord Rosebery himself. We confess we doubt the accuracy of the forecast here; but it is hardly likely that Lord Rosebery will respond. Mr. Mallock begins a review of the present relations of religion and science, in which he takes up what he calls the humble position of the "intellectual accountant," who has to add up the conclusions of each side, and strike a balance. As theological belief is seldom or never a matter of pure logic, one cannot help feeling that the "intellectual accountant" is working, so to speak, with figures in two different scales of notation, even if his "personal equation" can be eliminated. Mr. Mallock's second article, which will deal with immortality and free will, may be more interesting than his first, which goes over the familiar but rather inexact antithesis of religion as dualistic and science as monistic. But so much remains to be done by the apologists in exploiting the results of psychophysics (which, we think, they have not yet touched) that the "intellectual accountant" can here hardly reach satisfactory results. Mr. Marriott's review of Professor Campbell's book on University Reform in the Victorian Era adds various points of interest—notably, that one of the first persons to suggest University extension was the Rev. William Sewell, the enthusiastic but unbusinesslike founder of Radley College. Literature is well represented by Mrs. W. K. Clifford's "serious comedy," and by a striking sonnet signed with the initials of the editor.

Lord Rosebery has found a supporter in Mr. Sidney Webb, who congratulates him in the *Nineteenth Century and After* on his "escape from Houndsditch," in other words, from the patching of the old clothes of Liberalism which Mr. Gladstone is said to have described as the occupation of his own later years. Liberalism, according to Mr. Webb, is obsolete, or at least obsolescent; in the last thirty years we have become a new people, with an Imperial consciousness of corporate life, and have substituted the ideal of collective for that of individual freedom. But the Liberal leaders are still individualists, wedded to what Professor Huxley called "administrative Nihilism"; even Socialism has failed to profit by the decay of their creed, because its leaders have no sense of corporate life outside the working-classes of the United Kingdom; and so the way is open for a party which will recognise this new consciousness, and give it practical effect by demanding a national "minimum standard of life," thorough reform of the Poor Law and of national education in all its branches, comprehensive and drastic factory legislation, effective sanitation, efficient Imperial defence, and "general virility in government." The nation is ready, for it keeps the Conservatives in office merely to keep the Liberal individualists out; and so Lord Rosebery is supplied with a programme and an interpreter. It is all eminently interesting and stimulating, like everything Mr. Webb writes, and it has some suggestive parentheses, including a defence of the national grants in aid of local expenditure, which most people consider thoroughly bad finance; but we confess we cannot connect it with the aspirations of any party in politics to-day. Mr. Edward Dicey puts down the sterility of last Session entirely to Irish obstruction, and finds the remedy in a comprehensive redistribution of seats, on the basis of one member for every ten thousand electors or thereabouts, which should be undertaken as soon as possible in case Ministers lose their majority. He admits that plural voting and University representation may have to go, and that the reform may raise other inconvenient questions, and his statement that "the population of Ireland has been reduced since the Union by causes which have no bearing on the present question" is particularly likely to infuriate the Irish Nationalists. Mr. Somers Clarke, the supervising architect of St. Paul's Cathedral, gives an interesting description of the arrangements—frequently dangerous, and generally conducive to irreverence—by which Westminster Abbey has been prepared for past Coronations, and suggests that next year a hall should be specially erected at the west end of the Abbey, which should contain the necessary retiring and refreshment rooms and two thousand spectators, the number within the Abbey being limited to five thousand. There is an interesting little paper by M. Jusserand, substantiating Professor Skeat's derivation of "tennis" from *tenetz* (tenez, take the ball) which seems to have been one of the many cries with which the game was originally accompanied, so that it was recommended as an exercise for weak lungs. Space forbids us to mention any other articles, save Mr. W. B. Woodgate's attractive plan for an international Henley regatta.

In the *Contemporary Review* M. Jean Bloch repeats, in a popular form, his well-known theory that wars are becoming impossible, and enforces it by the lessons of the fighting in South Africa, which Continental military critics, he maintains, have misapplied or ignored, as they ignored those of the American War of Secession, of Plevna, and of the Balmacedist civil war in Chili. The economic strain of a war would be unendurable; the attacking force would be demoralised by the new weapons; cavalry, and perhaps artillery, have had their day; so have the well-drilled masses of the professional armies; and the disease which has played havoc with our troops in South Africa would be far worse in the larger armies, occupying much smaller areas, which would be put into the field in Europe. The final instalment of the article by Messrs. Macrosty and Hobson on the "billion dollar" Steel Trust gives a most interesting account of the advantages accruing to the Trust from its skilled business management—

it intends to keep in continuous relations with its foreign customers, even if it has to sell to them at a loss—and from the specialisation of its different factories to the production not merely of different articles, but of different grades of steel. As it has more raw material and more energy than its British competitors, and as it intends to secure cheap ocean transport, their only means of combating it are (1) to make peace with the Unions, the progressive element in which is ready to meet them; (2) to organise their trade better, by forming large companies or associations of companies; and (3) to push their sales in foreign markets, possibly through the British Consuls—which means, of course, an entire revolution in the Consular service. The ultimate outcome, the authors think, will probably be some sort of nationalisation of industrial production. A striking panegyric on the late Signor Crispi defends him from the charge of dishonesty by the explanation that he never thought of the common affairs of life at all, and so paid no attention to the doings of his *entourage*, which is hardly consistent, for example, with the late Mr. Stillman's more discriminating defence. Surely, too, the writer exaggerates Crispi's enthusiasm for that ideal of an African empire which was so cruelly shattered at Adowah. We may note also Miss Ada Cone's appeal to American artists to free themselves from subservience to the art of France and Japan, and develop something original; and the suggestive papers by "Vernon Lee" on "Art and Usefulness," and by Mr. Havelock Ellis on the genius of Russia.

In the *National Review* Sir Edward Grey takes the opportunity afforded him by Mr. E. T. Cook's "Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War" to carry the discussion of the causes of the war away from the mere incidents and occasions which are made much of by the politicians, and to deal with the great forces underlying it, which alone are worth the attention of philosophic historians. The franchise negotiations, he thinks, matter nothing now, and mattered little at any time, except as an index to President Kruger's intentions. The real cause of the war was the conflict of Boer and British political ideals and ambitions; "patience" on Lord Milner's part would merely have allowed the Boer ambitions to become more acute. A notable passage in the article urges that what Mr. Gladstone's opinion would have been must be inferred from his speech on the Penj-deh incident in 1885 rather than from his utterances or action after Majuba. Writing on the Empress Frederick, Sir Rowland Blennerhassett argues that her Liberalism was rather premature. Before 1870, Bismarck's "blood and iron" policy alone would have secured German unity; after 1870, posterity will declare his policy wrong. Mr. Leslie Stephen deals pleasantly and sympathetically with Anthony Trollope, chiefly, it must be said, with the limitations of his horizon. We may note also a realistic and no doubt accurate account of the making of Mr. Croker Tammany boss; and perhaps the oddest feature of the number, a vindication of the German Chancellor in the Notes of the Month, which tacitly assumes that the new German tariff really is, after all, desirable in the interest of Germany.

The *Empire Review* continues its excellent work of educating the English people in the problems and responsibilities of Empire. The Bishop of Calcutta lays down some principles for the improvement of missionary efficiency. Mission work should be the work of the Church as a whole, rather than of societies (he does not know, nor do we, how the societies will take the change); it should be under the supervision of a council of bishops, coupled with strong local control (not, we infer, exclusively clerical), and it should seek the advice of State officials, though not, of course, their active aid. A chronicle of current events in India seems likely to prove a valuable feature of this Review. We may also note Mr. Tonkin's account of the slave trade in Northern Nigeria, which throws valuable light on the social economy of that intensely interesting country, and brings out the impossibility of dealing with slavery except by slow and gradual reform.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

SYNESIUS.

SIR,—A notice from Mr. Hodgkin is like a lighted candle placed by an open book, but in that with which in your columns he honoured Mr. Crawford's recent work on Synesius I feel as if the flame burnt a little unsteadily. The slips and limitations of an evidently young writer seem to have somewhat obscured what one of its readers, at any rate, felt to be a remarkably vivid and life-like study of a past age. Perhaps you can find room for a supplementary impression, made by a person better fitted than Mr. Hodgkin to represent the effect of the work on average ignorance. Synesius, the first Broad Churchman, was first introduced to the general reader by one who may be called the typical Broad Churchman. Every reader of Kingsley's "Hypatia" remembers the hunting bishop—squire, sportsman, and philosopher—in whose tastes, virtues, and sympathies, perhaps also in whose weaknesses, we may discover a near spiritual kinsman of Kingsley himself. It would be possible to name other Broad Churchmen of our day who have much in common with him; and we might even fancy that he would have been more at home in our day than in his own. In the indifference to definite belief which made him a bishop while he could hardly be called a Christian, he seems to anticipate the late nineteenth rather than the early fifth century, and in his taste for country life, for gardening, for horses and dogs, in his warm love of his children, even before their arrival, and in other respects, we seem to discover in him a genial and lovable contemporary, by some mistake lost in the past. We can never say how far this impression is due merely to the accident of lively representation; something of the same kind may be felt in reading Cicero's letters; but at any rate it is a great attraction, and brought out by Mr. Crawford in a way which I think is hardly suggested by your distinguished reviewer. It even seems to me that some traits here are more attractive and graceful than those which I remember vividly but perhaps inaccurately—the combination is possible at half a century's interval—in the brilliant novel itself. The friendship with Hypatia which gave Synesius his right of entrance there is touched here by her pretty appellation for him—ἀλλότριον ἀγαθόν. The words, which Mr. Crawford translates "other men's blessing," might form the theme of a long essay; they herald a new age, they paint the virtue which our own day rates highest, and they even anticipate the "altruism" hardly yet naturalised in our own language. Finally, they are the only ones, as far as I know, remaining from the pen of a woman whose tragic death commemorates a remarkable life, and involves a seed that lay barren for more than a thousand years before blossoming into the stately growth of Newnham, Girton, and their kindred institutions. Hypatia was not the only female lecturer of her day, her unique eminence seems due to what may truly be called her martyrdom. In the horror and misery of a falling world her friendship with Synesius deserves and rewards the attention of the student of history, reminding us that in the darkest season of the great year we may find a flower here and there if we know where to look for it. A friendship between man and woman untouched by sentimentality or any lower feeling, yet tender as the love of kindred, a friendship cemented by common and elevating tastes and mutual profit therein—this is a picture rare everywhere, rare most of all in the classical world, and when discovered in that last stage of the classic world which we gather up under the name of Neo Platonism it is worth study as a prophecy no less than as a record. The few brief words which are all that remain to record it—hardly more than her address to him as a blessing to all his neighbours, and his to her as a mother and sister—suggest a somewhat different relation from that of Kingsley's fiction. The tone of even a spiritual son could hardly have been taken to a junior, as she is painted in the novel. But the common element is doubtless there also. I will conclude by saying that Mr. Crawford is a candid as well as an admiring biographer, and in the account of the stormy voyage which Mr. Hodgkin happily contrasts with that of St. Paul, exhibits the hard-hearted side of slave-holding antiquity, even in so genial, so kindly, so humane a helper of all around him as the Bishop of Ptolemais. May his successors exhibit, in connection with the inevitable flaws of their own time, as much as he of promise for that which is to follow!

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

EARLY RELIGION.

SIR,—I am sorry that I have not succeeded in conveying my meaning to your reviewer of my "Magic and Religion" (August 10th). He remarks that "I do not tell" (the reader) "how this idea" (the belief in a Creator) "comes into the heads of savages." I cannot tell what I do not know, but I have

frequently stated that, if I am to have a hypothesis, it is the theory advanced by St. Paul (Romans i. 19-25). Yet the reviewer says "we might almost assume him to be here putting forward the claim . . . . of a primitive revelation." I have, again and again, explicitly denied that I hold any such theory. My book is not beside me, but I believe that no reader of my chapter on "Religion in South Africa" can suppose that I accept the doctrine of a "primitive revelation" in any supernatural sense. I here quote a Zulu, who said to Dr. Callaway that the Zulu children used to ask the seniors "who made" the things in the world, and I think it probable that early man reasoned from "the things that are made" (in his opinion) to a maker. I don't think that I would have "refuted Mr. Frazer" had I argued as to the primal origins of belief on the ground of old Egyptian documents. This may be, or rather is, the critic's opinion, but anthropologists cannot accept written documents as testimony to what men believed long before they would write. Again, I do not ignore "the notion of Sir Alfred Lyall that magic, or the compulsion of the spirit world, has always existed by the side of religion or its propitiation." There is plenty of magic which does not exercise compulsion on the spirit world, and I think that there may also be religion without propitiation of spirits. At present, in the world as we know it, the kinds of religion and magic specified usually do coexist; usually, but not always. How these matters stood in the beginning we do not and cannot know historically, but magic might certainly exist, and probably religion might exist, where the doctrine of a spirit world had not yet been evolved.

Glencoe, September 3rd. A. LANG.

THE FISH-CURING INDUSTRY.

SIR,—At a time when multitudes of Englishmen are being hurried north to their holiday on Scotch moors, many thousand Highland girls are being dragged south by special train to the rough and arduous work of herring-curing in the East Coast ports.

Twenty thousand of these girls leave their homes in the spring to "follow the fish" in Scotland; and of late years, bad fishing and the consequent poverty in their homes, have induced numbers to engage for the English season. This arrangement is advantageous to the fish-curer, who finds the Highland girl steadier, and readier to take low wages, than the girl in the English ports; and last year over 5,000 girls crossed the border to return in November or December, or even later.

Many of these girls come from remote Highlands and Islands, and some speak only Gaelic. Launched, thus, into unfamiliar surroundings, I am informed that they work on piers and "denes" in the open, exposed to cold and wet, and are driven to lodge six or nine in a room and three in a bed, in the already overcrowded waterside streets.

Owing to the condition of the industry their lives alternate between periods of prolonged overwork and periods of enforced idleness, when they are often hard put to it to find food. Their condition is frequently one of great peril and temptation, and they stand in need of friendly help. The Home Missions of the Episcopal Church in Scotland have a valuable organisation to care for the girls in the North. They provide recreation-rooms, classes, and mission nurses to help them in the illnesses arising from exposure, and to dress the sore hands caused by the salt eating into cuts and scratches. It seems only fitting that the Church in England should meet these girls, when they come south, with something of the same care to which their distance from home and natural protectors forms an additional claim. Efforts are being made to provide in every English port they visit a lady to whom the Scotch Home Mission workers can direct the girls to turn in case of need, and whose business it will be to visit and befriend them, and also to report as to possible methods of permanently improving their condition.

Funds are urgently needed, and anyone who wishes to help forward this work should send in contributions *at once* to the Hon. Sec. of the central "Committee for Befriending Scotch Fish-Curing Girls in England," Mrs. Hallam Murray, 49, Montagu Square, W.

Westminster Abbey. CHARLES GORE.

CRITICISM AND THE FAITH.

SIR,—Two of your correspondents discuss the opinion—one of them says "we know,"—that "humanity on the whole is progressive," apart, it is assumed, from miraculous intervention. The progress meant is moral, not material. But is it the fact that the history of humanity, on the whole, shows moral progress? Does it in China, in India, in Africa? Does it even in Christendom? Does not the history of Christendom rather show a tendency of humanity, on the whole, to fall back after every advance it has made under the stimulus of an apostle or a saint?

And in the case of every important moral movement (not Christian alone) have not both leaders and followers believed that it derived immediately or ultimately from miraculous intervention? To call this superstition does not explain it. It does not, indeed, prove that there has actually been miraculous intervention, but it does seem to show that humanity, on the whole, has no confidence in its own power to make moral progress without it. And it is worth noticing that no one ascribes material progress to the same cause.

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NOTICE.—A Literary *and* Educational Supplement *will be issued, gratis, with* The Pilot *of Saturday, September 28. All advertisements in the Supplement will face reading matter. Applications for space should be sent in during the week preceding publication.*

THE WEEK.

Home. England shares with America the sense of horror and calamity caused by the attempted assassination of President McKinley. The event is not merely of national import, but concerns the whole civilised world, and it has evoked a concert of sympathy for the victim of the outrage. In the European press a two-part chorus has been sounding ever since the event, and, naturally enough, the two parts give expression to the obvious and commonplace ideas suggested by such an abomination—horror at the act, and sympathy with the victim. Even if President McKinley had not won universal esteem by his upright and conscientious conduct in his office, he would still have the world's sympathy; as it is he has that sympathy in a remarkable degree, while among his own countrymen the outrage has created a sensation almost unprecedented even in the country of sensations. Every bulletin has been watched for anxiously, and every scrap of good news has been greeted with outbursts of relief and gratitude. As for the chorus of reprobation for such an abominable act, that, as we have said, has been commonplace, and has consisted of more or less unpractical speculations upon the means to be taken for punishing the offender and preventing repetitions of the outrage.

Only in a few quarters, however, has this crime been commented upon in a way that suggests any consciousness of the gravest and most deplorable aspects of Anarchism. To hold up our hands in horror is useless, and the pains and penalties we are able to inflict on the criminal are all but useless to prevent a repetition of the crime. It occurs again and again, and the fact that the miserable creatures who perpetrate it are generally indifferent to the safety of their own lives makes mere punishment of no avail. Besides hunting our vocabularies for words in which to condemn the insane wretches who commit these crimes, we ought ourselves to feel that their commission is a disgrace and a shame to our civilisation. Anarchism is a disease bred among the dirt and refuse of civilisation, and can only be exterminated by a cleanliness that shall go to the very roots of national life. A man who, by neglect of his person, finds himself attacked by vermin does not, as a rule, cry out upon the vermin; he holds his tongue and makes himself clean. To make a noise about an outrage of this kind only gratifies the Anarchists, and possibly encourages them. It is against ignorance and squalor that we must direct the campaign.

Professor Rücker's address given at the opening meeting of the British Association at Glasgow on Wednesday was typical both as to subject and treatment of the rapidity with which our scientific knowledge is advancing. In former years it has been the custom for the President to review in his opening address the scientific progress of the year, and to summarise the results of the whole bulk of scientific research. But knowledge is advancing so rapidly and along so many different lines that such a review becomes every year more impossible, and Professor Rücker contented himself with an elaborate examination of a few scientific theories which, although they are not of recent discovery, are yet vitally important props of the whole structure of physical science. For nearly a century the atomic theory of matter has been accepted as an article of scientific faith, and has formed the basis upon which the science of chemistry has been built. Now, however, a doubt has been raised as to whether the atom is the unit of matter, and in his elaborate and lucid address the President discussed the possibility of its further subdivision into forms which, although at present we may have no conception of them, may soon be understood and recognised as the basis of a new structure of progress. The foremost men of science have always been slow to accept new theories, and

quick to abandon them when progress demanded their sacrifice; for in science the wonders of yesterday are the commonplaces of to-day and the fallacies of to-morrow. Professor Rücker's address showed the true progressive spirit of open-mindedness tempered with caution.

There were several good things in Lord Selborne's speech at the banquet held at Portsmouth to celebrate the return of the officers and men of H.M.S. *Centurion* from China. The importance of being ready to learn from our enemies cannot be too deeply impressed both on our soldiers and sailors. It is possible, however, that we already rely quite enough on the "personal element" in war, and that it is unnecessary and, perhaps, even unwise to lay too much stress on it in addressing British troops. Fortunately, it is a quality upon which we can always count, in which Englishmen have no superiors. But in the early stages of the South African War we relied far too much upon the personal element, with disastrous results. Without knowledge and common sense it is of comparatively little value, and it may sometimes even aggravate misfortunes brought about by ignorance. When men fought hand to hand the "personal element" was everything; but now, when the greater part of opposed forces are barely within sight of each other, a little military knowledge and sagacity will go a long way towards counteracting the absence of the nobler quality. This, we need hardly say, is no reason why we should despise bravery in warfare, but it is a reason why we should seek to add to it every advantage that knowledge and training can give.

The bargaining and delay over the appointment of a Federal Commandant for the Australian forces is not very creditable either to both the Imperial or the Federal Governments. From a *Daily Mail* telegram it appears that, on the recommendation of Lord Roberts, the command was offered to Major-General Sir R. Pole-Carew. The Imperial Government suggested that the salary should be fixed at £5,000, but the Commonwealth, in offering the appointment to General Pole-Garew, stated that the salary would be £2,500. This he declined on the ground that it would not cover the expenses of entertaining, and asked for £5,000, which was apparently refused. Lord Roberts then recommended Lord Dundonald, or, failing him, General Hildyard, and in the case of these officers refusing the honour there is a further reserve list, on which the names of Colonel Hutton, General Smith-Dorrien, and Colonel Sir Hector Macdonald appear. The whole affair seems to be both undignified and unpractical. The appointment is an important one, and in a case like this it is always wise to select the right man first and come to terms with him afterwards. To accept the lowest tender, as it were, is not the best way to secure an efficient Commander-in-Chief. It would, of course, be quite unfair that an appointment like this should be made costly for the officer who accepts it; but on the other hand it would add to the welfare of the Federal army if the standard of expense were kept as low as possible; and the Commandant might set a good example in this matter. We are inclined to doubt whether General Pole-Carew, excellent soldier though he be, is the just right man for an administrative post of this sort.

Dr. Spence Watson's speech at the opening of the International Peace Congress at Glasgow was not a very practical utterance. It consisted chiefly in a catalogue of the blessings of peace and the horrors of war—things which all sensible people admit; but it was barren of any practical suggestions for the avoidance of the evils which we all deplore. We admit that such suggestions are not easily made. One of the most practical measures that has ever been taken in the interests of international peace was the Hague Conference, and yet, so far as any immediate result was concerned, that conference led to nothing. At the same time it would be wrong to say that these demonstrations are useless, or that their success is only to be measured by the actual, visible results which they attain. They serve an excellent purpose in leavening the public mind, in existing as a protest against the unhappy conditions of strife and warfare, and as a check on those who would urge us towards avoidable and costly struggles. But it yet remains for someone, inspired by the same ideal as that which inspired the Czar in his efforts to bring the nations together, to discover some practical channel into which the stream of praiseworthy endeavours and aspiration can be turned.

The subject of the Royal Declaration is not to be allowed to rest. Cardinal Vaughan is the latest contributor to a controversy which, foolish as it is, is likely to become historical. Speaking at a meeting of the Catholic Truth Society held at Newcastle on Monday, he said that he frankly accepted the Declaration that the King must be a Protestant, and that it was expedient that he should be of the religion of the overwhelming majority. With the terms of the Declaration, however, he naturally found the gravest fault, and stigmatised it in its present form as a "blasphemy against God." Certainly it is an insult to Roman Catholics, and as such is sufficiently discreditable. Cardinal Vaughan's wish that the Declaration should merely be to the effect that the King is a Protestant is, of course, the wish also of every reasonably-minded person. And we can fully endorse the opinion of the meeting that "the Sovereign of the Empire ought to be raised high above the strife of all political and religious controversies, the more easily to draw to himself and to retain the unabated loyalty of all creeds and races within the Empire."

The election at North-East Lanark of a member of Parliament to the seat rendered vacant by the death of the late Liberal member, Mr. Colville, promises to be a lively one. The Unionists have put forward Sir William Rattigan, the Liberals are backing Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, and Mr. Smillie represents the Labour party. Sir William Rattigan apparently can find nothing better than the old cry, "Kruger hopes you won't return a Unionist. Don't please Kruger." Those who use that cry never seem to consider its effect when (as happened recently) a large proportion of those addressed elect to follow the course described as "pleasing Kruger." Mr. Cecil Harmsworth is for Army Reform, the annexation of the Boer Republics, and the giving of Ireland the control of her own affairs; while Mr. Smillie is for Home Rule, for conciliating the Boers, and is generally "agin the Government." As all the candidates are well backed there seems to be the

prospect of a very interesting contest. The liveliness of the situation has been further increased by a split in the Irish party, half of them supporting the United Irish League's pronouncement in favour of Mr. Smillie, and the other half vowing allegiance to Mr. Harmsworth, who, so far as Ireland is concerned, seems willing to go practically as far as Mr. Smillie. There are 17,000 votes in the constituency.

On Sunday the days of grace allowed by the terms of Lord Kitchener's proclamation will expire, and it will be found that, as some of us predicted, the end of the war has not been brought much nearer, but that the contest has merely fallen to a lower stage, when the worst kind of reprisals may be expected from the enemy. We can only hope that no more of our troops will fall into the enemy's hands, for, if we intend to place prisoners on our trains as hostages, we can no longer expect that the Boers will release their prisoners as they have been doing of late. If the war had really gone beyond the stage at which the capture of bodies of our own troops was possible, we might still have something to fear; as it is, the result of the recent proclamation is to expose our own soldiers to an altogether unfair risk. An idea of the state of mind of the enemy in the field may be gathered from the statement of Mr. Cloete, a magistrate of Steytlerville, who has just been released after having been for fifteen days a prisoner with Scheepers's force. Scheepers maintained that his men were fighting for a definite object, and that, though the immediate prospect was dark, they were firmly convinced that their cause would triumph in the end. Against such an attitude as this proclamations can have no effect. Mr. Cloete was kindly treated by the enemy, whom he describes as having excellent horses and plenty of clothing and ammunition, carrying no supplies but living easily on the country. That is serious enough, but more serious still is the fact that Scheepers, who had but seventy men with him when he entered the Colony, has now three hundred, and his force is being still further recruited by rebels. In a few weeks the grass will be growing again on the veldt, and the Boers will find it easier than ever to elude our columns, and, probably, to inflict damage upon them. The next few weeks will be a very critical time in Cape Colony.

On the military side of the campaign we are glad to report some very definite progress. Colonel Scobell's attack on Commandant Lotter's force resulted in the capture of his whole commando, who held out desperately for three-quarters of an hour in a hopeless position. By two very clever and unexpected movements, and by a flanking march of forty miles executed in twelve hours, Colonel Scobell surrounded the enemy and penned them into some low-lying ground at Groenkloof, near the Vogel River. The Boers took refuge in a shed, where, although they were being shot down at short range like rats, they resisted desperately for a time, and only surrendered when eleven of their number had been killed and forty-six wounded. Colonel Rimington captured a convoy of forty waggons in the neighbourhood of Winburg, while at Witkop and Brandwater Basin, near Fouriesburg, Major Pinecoffin and General Campbell captured two laagers and a number of cattle. In the Great Maries Valley (Western Transvaal) Lord Methuen, who continues to do excellent work, successfully engaged the enemy under Van Tonder and De la Rey, killing eighteen Boers and capturing forty-nine; and on September 10th Colonel Crabbe inflicted severe damage on Vandermerwe's commando near Laingsburg, Cape Colony, killing the commandant and capturing thirty-seven prisoners. Among those who surrendered was a son of Mr. Kruger—evidently *not* a chip of the old block. Lord Kitchener's figures for this week are unusually large, and include 67 Boers killed 67 wounded, 384 prisoners, and 163 surrendered.

Foreign.

THE details of the attempt on President McKinley's life have been so fully given by the daily papers that it is quite superfluous to repeat them here. There is no need to dwell on the absolute fatuity of the crime. To replace President McKinley by Vice-President Roosevelt would certainly not improve the situation in any of the ways most desired by the professed friends of humanity, and to take a mean advantage of that free access to the head of the State which is one of the glories of the American Republic is precisely the way to destroy the democratic manners which are already supposed to be in danger from the "new Imperialism." The police are said to have evidence that the would-be assassin, Czolgosz—who is a Russian Pole by extraction and almost by birth—was merely the tool of a gang who concocted their plot in the West. Concerted action, however, is so opposed to the very essence of Anarchism as known hitherto, that the statement may well be received with reserve. Czolgosz himself traces his deed to the influence of Emma Goldmann, a Russian prophetess of Anarchy, who has lectured in England with no particular result, and has been arrested in consequence of his crime; and it seems possible that attempts may be made, both to legislate against the propagation of Anarchist doctrine and to make her and some of her associates legally responsible for the crime, in the same way as the Chicago Anarchists, who denounced "capitalism" and the police in general terms at an open-air meeting in Chicago in 1886, were convicted of conspiracy to murder the policemen killed by a bomb and otherwise in the subsequent riot. So many otherwise estimable people, however, have since regarded these Anarchists as "martyrs," that it may be doubted whether this course would really promote public order. Whether any deterrent will check the earnest Anarchist may be doubted; the hope is that it may check the semi-imbecile or crypto-lunatic, and it is to this class that most actual Anarchist criminals appear to belong.

For a moment, the outrage at Buffalo seemed to render it doubtful whether the Czar would, after all venture to visit France. However, the most elaborate precautions have been taken for his safety while on French soil, and the French people, therefore, will not be disappointed. The *Times* correspondent at Paris gives an interesting account of the bearings of the visit. Essentially, he says, it is to prepare the way for a new Russian loan, and to show the French people that the Nationalist tales of Russian dissatisfaction with the treatment of the army by the present French Ministry have no foundation in fact. This latter intimation would lose much of its effect if the Czar were to accept the invitation to Paris sent him by her Nationalist Council. Unfortunately, the popular mind regards it as a warlike manifestation —at any rate, as a demonstration of the defensive

strength of France. However, as France is not likely to be attacked, and the only possibility of war at present lies in eventual developments of the Morocco problem—unless, indeed, Abdul Hamid succeeds in raising the Near Eastern question in an acute form, in which case France is on the side which must eventually win—this misapprehension is of little practical moment. Meantime, the Czar is at Danzig, safe on board the *Hohenzollern*, and discussing European politics with the Kaiser and Count von Bülow. Unhappily, the discussion is not expected to touch the renewal of the commercial treaty, which is a question full of detail and suited for Ministers rather than crowned heads. But, in view of the fact that the Czar is also going to France, it cannot but make for European peace. No doubt the most obvious subjects are the complicated dangers of the Near East (especially Russo-Austrian relations in regard to it) and the future of the Dual Monarchy. Before going to Danzig, the Czar met King Edward VII. at Fredensborg; but we do not observe that the meeting of uncle and nephew is invested with political significance even by the Viennese Press.

The Czar's visit to France has given the Sultan an unexpected respite, which he has employed in making energetic efforts to settle directly with the two creditors whose claims the Embassy had taken up. With M. Tubini a settlement has already been effected; but until the money is paid we may still be sceptical. Meantime, however, the Sultan seems to be preparing to give the French Government as much trouble as possible—first, by taxing the religious orders who are engaged in missionary work in the Turkish Empire, and whose defence would be embarrassing at the present moment to the French Ministry but for the fact that "anti-clericalism is not an article of export," and still more by sending emissaries to excite Pan-Islamic feeling in Algeria. When it is remembered that during the Græco-Turkish War the reports of the Turkish successes produced such excitement amongst the Algerian Arabs that the French authorities had to request those of them who could read French to refrain from translating the news to assemblages of their compatriots, it will be seen that the danger is real. Still, a similar attempt on the part of the Sultan was talked of during the troubles on the Indian frontier in 1897, in revenge for the attitude of the English public after the Armenian massacres, and nothing came of it.

Dr. von Miquel, who died suddenly in Berlin last Saturday, was a statesman whose conspicuous services in the sphere of finance and of municipal administration had been obscured by the suspicions aroused by the remarkable transformation of his opinions, and still more by his political attitude during the later years of his ministerial career. A revolutionist in early life, he developed into the legal adviser of a great bank, and subsequently into the Finance Minister of the Prussian kingdom (in which capacity, however, he introduced a graduated income-tax), and the open ally of all the German forces of reaction. He was one of the founders of that National Liberal party which has ended by displaying the same plasticity in its principles as himself; and, beginning his political career as a citizen of Hanover, at its close he was almost a Prussian Agrarian. As Burgomaster of Frankfort-on-the-Main, his administrative ability earned him general respect, although his own political party was always in a minority on the City Council. In this capacity he was a member of the Prussian Upper House, and according to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which ought to know, he was there brought into close relations with Count von Waldersee, who was so impressed by his ability that he recommended him to the notice of the Kaiser when the fall of Prince Bismarck seemed to necessitate the introduction of new men into the administration of the Empire and of Prussia.

Dr. von Miquel then became Finance Minister of the kingdom, and succeeded in replacing recurrent deficits by a perennial surplus. His elaborate schemes for readjusting the financial relations of the Empire and its component States, and for finding money to pay for the increase of the navy, were less successful. But all his services were clouded by the suspicions excited by his alliance with the reactionaries, not merely in combating Socialism and the labour movement, but in intriguing against the Emperor's pet scheme for developing inland navigation in Prussia. Officially responsible for the Canal Bill, he was known to be lukewarm or hostile to it in reality. A Finance Minister, of course, might well fear the results of the competition of water transport with the State railways. But Dr. von Miquel was supposed to be bidding for the support of the reactionaries, and the succession to the Chancellorship. If so, he over-reached himself. After the first failure of the Bill, the coveted office went to Count von Bülow; after the second, Dr. von Miquel was decorously got rid of last May by his successful rival.

The peace protocol was definitely signed by the Chinese plenipotentiaries and the European Ministers on Saturday of last week. Within the next few days the only European troops left in Peking will be the permanent garrisons of the Legations, and, as some of the foreign papers put it, "the Powers will again have resumed normal relations with China." The strict accuracy of this statement may well be questioned, in view of the element of European supervision involved in the dismantling of the Taku forts, the improvement of internal waterways, and the provision for the indemnity loan—all of them specified for in the protocol. The German semi-official view, as stated by the *Cologne Gazette*, is that the satisfaction obtained is entirely adequate, and that China has been taught that the differences between the Western Powers vanish the moment they have to act together against barbarism. In view of the Russian proposal to withdraw from Peking, of the occasional hesitancy of the United States, of the incessant suspicions as to Russian designs on Manchuria, and, above all, of the Anglo-Russian railway dispute, this statement is sufficiently audacious. In other capitals the satisfaction expressed is considerably less. The Continental Powers were eager to get out of the business, and they have succeeded at last. But no one knows when they will have to interfere again; the Concert of Europe is a terribly cumbrous machine, and the modernisation of China, if it be accomplished, will enable her to resist next time more effectually.

As we go to press we learn with deep regret that President McKinley's condition has changed suddenly for the worse, and that those in attendance upon him entertain but slight hope of his recovery.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

Readers are requested to bear in mind that the opinions of The Pilot are expressed only in unsigned matter, and that the opinions expressed in articles to which is attached a signature (real or fictitious), or an initial, or which are marked "Communicated," or "From a Correspondent," are those of the writers, and not necessarily those of the Editor.

The Pilot.

Saturday, September 14, 1901.

ANARCHISM.

If, as they assert and are so far believed, the grand object of the Anarchists is to upset a Society which neither profits nor pleases them, Leon Franz Czolgosz has succeeded beyond all reasonable calculation. He has not killed the President of the United States, a failure which gives Anarchy no additional cause for regret, but he has thrown the whole civilised world into a state of agitation which in the first place is evidently not good for it, and in the next place brings from its depths a vast deal of muddy false sentiment which may be described as a deposit from our detested civilisation itself. The thoughtful Anarchist must find in these consequences far more satisfaction than his less profound comrades could have anticipated from the murder of a President McKinley who would be instantly replaced by a President Roosevelt. Unless Czolgosz was moved to his purpose by a craving for notoriety (in which case how bountifully we have indulged him!) the intention was to "shake" what Miss Goldman thinks a false, hypocritical, inhuman social system. Instantly responding, the once phlegmatic Anglo-Saxon race throws itself into convulsions of every variety that seems called for at the dawn of the Twentieth Century. Transports of horror, furies of indignation, divine passions of vengeance seem to possess it, to an extreme far more flattering to Anarchy than to the good sense, self-confidence, and sincerity of the heirs of law and order.

Most happily, after but a few days the American President is out of danger and Civilisation resumes its self-possession. The explanation of the Anarchist as a social development is already discussed more calmly, as well as the better way of putting him out of effective existence. Philosophers will begin with the first inquiry, going as deep as possible at once. The social physician will take up the matter at a later stage, and yet begin early enough to lay hands on whatever is possible in the way of cure. A writer in the *Times*, whose remarks had a commanding place in the columns of that journal, has exemplified the possibility of doing more harm than good by attempting a scientific exposition of the making of an Anarchist. We are to understand that there is "a deadly logic" in his creed. Anarchists hold that there is no moral law, natural or revealed, and therefore that every individual is entitled to be a law unto himself. From this ground, where he is safe, he is justified in deciding that "no majority of citizens, however large, can create a moral right"; and therefore he does but assert his own claims to freedom in rejecting the trammels and tyrannies which, under the name of laws, are the fundamentals of the so-called social order. And since the Anarchist also denies the existence of any supernatural government of the world, his consistency is perfect when he not only vindicates his independence of all authority, but assails and would destroy the machinery that regulates his passions and enslaves his will. There may be more knowledge of Anarchists here than we can pretend to, but we suspect that large numbers of the malcontents enrolled in that fraternity would be extremely obliged to "Nisi Dominus" for this account of themselves and their firm logical position, if they only knew of it. And so in the vast army of pickers and stealers, thousands of minds would be relieved of an uneasiness most wholesome for them were they made acquainted with the dictum, "All property is theft" and with the logical deductions possible therefrom. Philosophers like "Nisi Dominus" take us too far back for practical purposes; and inasmuch as they carry Anarchist minds with them into the controversial fastnesses where moral law and supernatural government may be denied and affirmed all day long with an equal pretence of honesty, their interposition at the moment is unprofitable.

On the other hand, we should certainly go wrong in assuming, as many do, that these crimes are usually accounted for by the prevalent disease of the time—a craze for notoriety. In some cases that may be the full explanation. It may be so in this case; or, for anything that is yet authentically known, the plot to murder President McKinley may have been hatched in Leon Czolgosz's brain not by disordered vanity alone but by a mixed committee of debauched ideas. The belief of the New York police in a conspiracy of a different kind is no sufficient witness to the contrary at present. Yet there can be very little doubt that in most of the great cities of Christendom, nowadays, Anarchist committees are established in constant session. It does not follow, however, that these committees represent vast conspiracies or murderous associations numerically large. Men call themselves Anarchists when all that the name signifies is a belief that the whole fabric of society is built on wrong foundations, and can only be reformed by their eradication and the choice of a wholly different social order. Having got as far as this, all the anarchy they are guilty of in practice is such as they bring their own minds to, in endeavouring to conceive a coincident destruction of the existing order and the setting up of an undeterminable substitute. The murder of princes and presidents is not for them; and even where such Anarchists do most abound and are readiest to take part in revolutionary measures of the usual description, the murder-committees are probably a mere handful who could not double their numbers did they wish to

do so. Of course if they are only three or four, but yet are resolute, they are as capable for their purpose as if directed by a junta five hundred strong: but considered as evidence of social revolt, there is a vast difference between what they probably are, the handful of criminal fanatics above described, and what they are now supposed to be—the agents of formidable organisations.

In either case, however, their suppression is a duty which society cannot afford to neglect, great as its difficulties may be and open as it is to error and to snare. In one course of action, however, there is perfect safety, with the additional satisfaction that the assassination policy of Anarchism itself suggests it. As we have all observed, this policy has taken a new turn of late. Time was that, when the life of a prince was aimed at, a particular tyranny received the blow; that being the prime intention. But now, it seems, clubs are formed for the murder of any prince—or, as it would appear from a lamentable case of recent occurrence, of any distinguished princess—who can be readily got at. So it is that Anarchism works, it may be said; but it does so here for an immediate and particular effect, which is terrorism. This effect, however, would give little satisfaction to the conspirators were it confined to the very small number of persons—few of them politically influential—who seem to be aimed at. We are all to be terrified; all to be horrified. Every civilised community on earth is to be shaken. Obviously, there would be no sense in shooting an American President (supposing it Anarchist work) unless for such consequences as these. And what we do is to supply them to the utmost of our ability; a mistake that should never be repeated. We do ourselves no credit, we do not even escape a certain amount of moral damage, by rushing into a competition of indignation and horror beyond all bounds of natural feeling. At the same time we lavish upon a set of half-witted and half-crazy fanatics (to speak of them at their best) the enjoyments that tempt them to murderous offences of the most inconvenient character. These enjoyments should be sternly cut off (a business which lies almost entirely with the newspapers) and the offenders left to judge, and jury, and hangman, as in the ordinary course.

THE STATUS OF AGRICULTURE.

The recently published Report of the Board of Agriculture, showing a continued rate of diminution in the acreage of cultivated crops, has, as usual, formed the text of a leader in all the daily papers. Having been noticed on one day, the subject will pass out of sight for another year. Yet it indicates a progressive change in what is, after all, the greatest of our British industries that certainly deserves more than a passing reflection. If cotton-spinning, linen-weaving, woollen or iron manufactures were to show year after year a decrease of production, involving an immense diminution of employment at home and dependence on the foreigner for supplies, the facts would form material for careful investigation and anxious thought by the whole nation. Now, agriculture employs a much larger section of the population than any of these trades, and its products are even of more vital interest. Why, then, are its struggles and its failures, when set before us in concrete form by Government statistics, dismissed from our minds as a thing of no concern to anybody but the immediate sufferers? One or two answers to the question suggest themselves. As regards the labourers, they are scattered over all the country, they hold no meetings, they have no organs in the press, they write no letters to the papers, above all they do not starve in masses but are only dismissed as individuals, and as individuals steal silently away to the towns to find work of some other sort. And as regards the farmers and the landlords they mostly belong to an unpopular party, they have been in former days of prosperity the object of envy, and even in present adversity they are still the mark of undisguised jealousy as possessing some attributes not to be acquired by the mere heaping up of new found wealth. It is strangely true that to a very considerable section of politicians of various grades the misfortunes of the landlords of England have given unmixed gratification.

We must take these things as we find them. They are the result, temporary let us hope, of the upheaval which is going on in society, and in every class. Wealth is growing, ambitions are roused. New standards are being set up, old ways are being abandoned. By and by these warring elements will adjust themselves, and each class will look on the others with wiser and gentler feelings. In the meantime we should like to point out one way to diminish somewhat the acuteness of the discord, and to offer some suggestions which might tend to make the agricultural class at once more prosperous, and by standing on a higher intellectual plane, less exposed to the shafts of malicious envy. These suggestions might be compressed into two words—professional education. Agriculture is the one avocation which is, as a rule, taken up and carried on without any technical education being thought necessary. Everyone knows that what are called the learned professions require as a preliminary a good general culture, followed by from three to five years devoted wholly to their special study. In going into any kind of business, a young man has to spend an equal time at the desk in an office, or in the factory or warehouse. An engineer must begin in the workshop, but he will make small advance unless he has a previous knowledge of the higher mathematics and dynamics. Supposing that the head of any business involving chemical processes is not himself an expert (and, in many cases, even if he is), a regularly bred chemist is part of the staff. In such matters the Germans are ahead of ourselves, and the extension of their trade in competition with us, especially in the branches of dyeing and iron-working, bears witness to the soundness of their idea. They have extended it to agriculture. For nearly half a century the Governments of the various German States have subsidised colleges and research stations, in which the principles that govern the growth of plants and animals are investigated and taught. The United States of America have long done the same. England as a nation has done nothing. Private persons and, more recently, County Councils, have established some teaching institutions, and these are beginning to do good work. But the general tenant farmers, and all but universally the landowners, take no advantage of such opportunities. A young man is supposed to "learn farming" if he lives on his father's farm; or if, being an outsider, he resides for a year or two as a "pupil" in a farmer's house. What he learns in either case is merely the routine of labour in that particular holding or district. Of the reasons for it he is taught nothing. Of

any other practices he is told nothing. Of any different systems adopted elsewhere he hears nothing. With this amount of instruction he goes into farming for himself, invests his capital, and takes his chance to sink or swim. Yet if in any department of human industry a scientific groundwork is absolutely necessary for success, surely it is in agriculture. It applies the laws of life—the most complex of all laws. It has to deal not with one article or substance, but with plants and soils, with air and water, containing some half-dozen essential elements in an infinite variety of combinations, some valuable, some inert, some hurtful, and its business is to apply the great laws of nature in such a way as to change the hurtful and the inert into the useful and the profitable. One man's experience is as nothing in this vast range of inquiry and practice. Education alone, which means the apprehension of the knowledge acquired by the work of all the thousands who have laboured in the field, can save from blunders and can help to progress.

Lacking such a basis of understanding it is no wonder that farmers fail. That the owners of land should themselves be ignorant of the laws by which it can be made economically useful, that they should delegate the task to men as ignorant as themselves, that they should be content to draw a dwindling income, with no effort to enhance it by resolute study of the conditions of improvement, that they should thus neglect their duties as citizens and as stewards of the national soil, while at the same time depreciating their own financial position, may very well account for a certain measure of contempt in which more energetic workers are disposed to hold them. Alike from the motive of personal interest and of public duty it is earnestly to be desired that this reproach should in the rising generation of land cultivators and land owners be wiped out.

DR. WESTCOTT AS THEOLOGIAN AND WRITER.—II.

OF Dr. Westcott it might be said more truly than of any other English theologian of the nineteenth century, with, perhaps, the two exceptions of his friend and colleague, Dr. Hort, and Dean Church, of St. Paul's, that he "saw life steadily and saw it whole." He was certainly looking at it "steadily" and looking at it "whole" throughout the full length of his career. It was intensely characteristic of his mind that he refused to mark off a theological department from all the rest. His philosophy took in the whole of literature, art, and science, as well as social and national life. Not one of these departments was really foreign to him; there was not one to which he did not give most earnest thought. And this thought was subject to none of the common distractions, certainly not to the pursuit of worldly self-interest, and quite as little to unwise engaging in controversy. It was the real attitude of a philosopher.

In this character of a philosopher Bishop Lightfoot did not enter into competition with him. With all his greatness as a scholar, as a historical critic, and as an administrator, Bishop Lightfoot was not what would be called a thinker. Dr. Hort was, I believe, in this field the first of the three, but he had written little, and was hardly known to the general public. The appearance of *Essays and Reviews* in 1860 is a landmark in the history of the last century. It led to a great massing of forces to the right hand and to the left, and caused not a little excitement in the more intellectual circles. As we look back upon this now with our fuller knowledge we can see that the Cambridge friends took the measure of it more completely than any of their contemporaries. And though Hort was really the most clear sighted and the most courageous, Westcott was in these matters their spokesman. On this occasion, unfortunately, he did not speak; but he did what was nearly as good; he went on working at that series of books which were to disclose his full mind in due time.

No group of men had so much that the Church and nation really wanted. No other group was equally in a position to mediate between the parties, or saw so well the elements of truth on both sides. But Westcott's was the available talent, and it was he who in the world of ideas stood most in the gap. Did he do so quite as clearly and decisively as we can conceive might have been? I hardly think that he did. I do not doubt for a moment that Dr. Westcott exerted a considerable influence—even a very considerable, and, in any case a most salutary influence—on the English religious thought of the last century. But did it quite meet the demands upon it? We might perhaps put the case thus. Dr. Westcott had for many years a *clientèle* of his own, mainly among thoughtful men and women of the cultivated classes. Outside this circle his influence penetrated for the most part at one remove through those younger men whom he had influenced directly. But the mass of religious people felt towards him a rather distant respect; his name was not exactly a watchword; his full power did not quite come home to them. I believe that this was due to some real defects. In saying this I hope that I shall not be thought to imply blame. Few, even among great men, are equally strong all round. We must take them as they are, and be thankful for what they are, and not seek to invest them with impossible perfections.

There is no doubt an impression abroad that Dr. Westcott's writings were obscure. I think myself that they were rather obscure—or that sometimes, in certain parts—and those, it might be, the most important parts—they had a tendency to become obscure. But I do not find it easy to say in what the obscurity consisted. I observe that Canon Armitage Robinson and the writer in the *Guardian* seem rather to deny its existence, or to seek the explanation of it entirely from the side of the reader. It was very natural and right that they should state the case as they did. Just on one small point I think that I differ from the writer in the *Guardian*. I have no complaint to make of "minute distinctions." But apart from this, I have to thank both writers for much skilful analysis; and I believe that nearly all that they have said is exceedingly true.

Still I do not think that it is quite the whole truth; and I do not think that we shall get at the whole truth—if we can get at it—by laying the *onus* solely upon the reader. A considerable part of it, I think, must be borne by the writer as well. But here again I have to ask myself a question: If there is obscurity in Dr. Westcott's writings, where are we to look for it? Does it reside in the expression, the choice of words, the construction of the sentences? Or is it to be sought rather in the connection of the sentences, in the paragraphs, in the movement of the thought?

As to the expression, the two writers I have mentioned are agreed in a verdict of acquittal. Dr. Robinson says:—

> As a teacher he was never obscure; his thoughts were well arranged and well expressed. . . . As a matter of fact, he used singularly pure and unaffected language; but he had much to say and for many it was unaccustomed hearing.

And in like manner the writer in the *Guardian* speaks of the Bishop's style as "extremely close and careful," and of his thoughts as put forward "with the most exact accuracy of expression."

I do not think that this need be questioned. The

Bishop was a thorough scholar, and anything like really slovenly writing was impossible to him. At the same time, Dr. Robinson seems to me to indicate a real point of difficulty when he speaks of the Bishop's "preference for abstract rather than concrete modes of expression, as fitter vehicles for the fulness and universality of the truth." Whatever the reason, the fact cannot well be doubted. It went with a certain habit of mind; and that habit, we may say, was rather academic, due to a larger experience of books than of life.

But, for my own part, I should be disposed to seek for the main cause of the obscurity far less in the single sentences than in their connection. Both the writers I have in view seem conscious of difficulty here. Both admit that Dr. Westcott "was rapid as a thinker," and that the transitions of his thought are not always easy to follow. The writer in the *Guardian* has some interesting remarks on this head:

> The author counted largely on the intelligence of his readers to supply such links of connection as they might find themselves to want. In a sermon, for instance, a new stage in thought was indicated most frequently by the repetition of some salient words from the text; there was no explicit endeavour to articulate the process of thought movement.

I believe that this is very near the mark. But I am afraid that I should go a step further, and say that the "thought movement" itself was faulty, that it was too often wanting in real consecutiveness and in due subordination of parts. The digesting, formative process is not sufficiently energetic. An example will explain my meaning better than description. What follows is not quite the whole of a paragraph on the thought that "Christ communicates the virtue of His work to those who are in Him." The secret is hinted at in the healing of the leper:—

> When the poor outcast, whose touch was defilement, fell prostrate at His feet, His answer was not the simple word of might as in other cases, but He took hold of him . . . with that firm, clinging grasp with which the Magdalen would have kept the Lord whom she had found again. He consumed with the fire of His love the infirmity which He removed. And so it is still: He gives the virtue of His own life to quicken the soul which rests on Him. True forgiveness is indeed the energy of love answered by love. The forgiveness which remits a punishment may leave the heart untouched. The forgiveness which remits a sin includes by its very nature the return of responsive gratitude. The believer makes Christ's work his own, and God sees him in the Son of Man. He dies daily, dies into life. ("The Victory of the Cross," page 85.)

The ideas in this passage are valuable. They are ideas that have taken a deep hold of the present generation. But they are all attended with a certain amount of difficulty; and I do not think that a full paragraph would have been too much for any one of them. But besides this insufficient exposition, the order in which they are laid before the reader seems almost accidental. It is characteristic of Dr. Westcott to start from a detail of exegesis; though in this case to do so is rather like poising a pyramid on its apex. And from that point onwards the argument seems to range discursively over the profoundest topics of the Atonement, touching each in turn but really explaining none.

A part of the difficulty seems to lie in the fact that the writer is too intent upon his own thought, and does not ask himself often enough whether he is likely to carry his readers with him. It is, however, only fair to add that the book from which the quotation was taken—by no very special selection—was written some thirteen years ago; and I believe it is true that since that time, under the stress of practical work, Dr. Westcott's writing has distinctly gained in directness and power. To his latest book of all, "Lessons from Work," I do not think that on this score any exception can be taken.

On the contrary, these parting words must surely be a great gift to both Church and nation. Coming as they do at a time of trial, with grave problems looming in front, they do not ignore these, and yet they breathe hope and encouragement. This best kind of optimism was deeply ingrained in Dr. Westcott's mind. His whole life was given to the effort to make Christian principle prevail. And he went down to the grave seeing fruit gathered in from his labours, and the causes that he had most at heart increasingly in the ascendant. And yet I am not sure that even in this optimism there is not a certain element of drawback. It sometimes verges upon paradox, and it sometimes raises the question whether there is not a personal equation influencing the judgment. I would not say this of the warm defence of the Revised Version, for there I think that we can enter wholly into the convictions by which it was inspired, and see that they have a great amount of solid foundation; but in regard to the following I am more doubtful:—

> Here, at least, I can speak from personal knowledge. During half a century I have studied the records of the New Testament with patient care and with perfect frankness. I have learnt more, I believe, through scholars from whom I differ on fundamental principles than through those whose conclusions I share; and I can say without reserve that each fresh effort and each fresh difficulty has laid open, and lays open still, something hitherto unnoticed which adds to the completeness of the apostolic records. The light comes perhaps from unexpected quarters, and it reveals something which I had not anticipated; but the result is that I gladly accept the saying of Origen, that there is not one jot or tittle written in Scripture which does not work its own work for those who know how to use its exact force.

I would be far from questioning what is said here as to learning most from those from whom one differs. My own experience entirely agrees with this. I am also well aware that underneath Dr. Westcott's language there is really a strong and deep Christian faith. But is it language that all who hope that they are good Christians could use with perfect candour? Would the words of Origen really be natural to them? Are we not left with a feeling that there must be something of a *tour de force* somewhere? I cannot help thinking that a passage like this goes some way to explain how, with all his very great gifts and very great services, there yet were limits to the influence which Dr. Westcott has had upon his contemporaries.

As one looks back upon the work of the Cambridge school in the nineteenth century, one is filled with profound gratitude. But the gratitude is just crossed by the wistful thought of what might have been if seventy-six years of effective working-life had been accorded to Dr. Lightfoot and Dr. Hort. W. SANDAY.

BACON AND THE STUDY OF BIRDS.

"THE human intellect from its peculiar nature easily supposes a greater uniformity and equality in things than it really finds; and though there are many things in nature unique and full of inequality, yet it feigns parallels, correspondents, and relations which do not exist." What Bacon thus well says of the philosophers has an even nearer application to ornithologists. More than most philosophers, they are beset by other "phantoms of the cave" which arise "by reason of the reading of books," and have thus falsely found many generalisations which, now firmly established, it will take a great weight and multitude of contrary instances to destroy.

The number of real observers, when compared with the multitude of printed theories, is very small—as small as the number of real experimenters was in Bacon's time. Besides, most of the men who observe by instinct and habitude are not prone to express themselves in print nor to trouble to generalise. A life of observation is its own reward. Hence the study of birds in respect of their wild life is, as it were, over-capitalised with theories. The books pay us back yearly dividends of truth which may seem large, though they are minute beyond words in comparison with the capital. Nature is rich in uniform laws, but all writers have exaggerated the wealth by inference from too few specimens; especially in that branch of ornithology which deals not

with the structure but with the life of birds, has the time come to re-test our formulæ.

Bacon himself held that of all creatures "doves, hawks, and ostriches were hottest internally"! We may take this statement as the beginning of scientific ornithology. We may compare the statement with Gilbert White's belief in the hibernation of birds, and laugh at both; but it is quite certain that the clear-cut theories on bird migration now supposed to be established will appear equally ridiculous to our successors. The sum of pure observation regarding migrating birds is astonishingly small. The first public appearance in spring and summer and the last in autumn is chronicled satisfactorily, but of the times of the voyages, of the causes producing migration, of the sudden capacity acquired by some small birds for long journeys, of whether some birds do not in some sense hibernate, of whether the male nightingales do really precede the hen birds, and many minor "established" points, we know much less than we think we know. The chief reason is that while very many people are alert to mark the obvious, very few are curious enough to pry into the obscurities. The first song of the nightingale is marked by everyone who hears and has any delight in nature; but not one person in a thousand would think of staying still for an hour or two in the thick of a spinney to find out if he could observe the silent hen bird. When the season is late and the weather cold the smaller birds might retire to hibernating quarters, as the bat or the household fly do; yet a hundred naturalists would at once put down in their diaries the date of migration. The world is prone to anticipate, for the reason that Bacon gives: "Anticipations of nature are far more powerful in winning assent than interpretations." Instinct, which can show a bird the viewless path in the air, is much more treacherous than we suppose. Its basis is an extraordinary sensitiveness to atmospheric conditions and a quick responsiveness of temperament. The prescience of animals, the long inland flights of gulls, or to give a less poetic instance, the excitability of pigs at the approach of storms, exacts continual wonder and admiration, but no one marks the birds' not less extraordinary ignorance and stupidity. In the wonderful autumn of 1899 a majority of the English birds showed symptoms that ought to be peculiar to spring; nests were, in some cases, completed, and in very many preparations had begun. Again, the skill in architecture of the tailor-bird and the reed sparrow and the long-tailed tit have adorned many tales; we "forget to remember" that jackdaws—exceptionally intelligent birds—will spend a whole day in trying to get a succession of sticks crosswise through a lantern slit.

Again, the maternal instinct is strong in birds, but in the spring you may find the fields almost littered with starlings' eggs, dropped at random. In building, birds are singularly ready to depart from type, to learn, as it were, rationally. The London house sparrows build in colonies up in the trees of the parks; starlings—and this habit is too frequent to be put down as an exception proving the rule—are wont to utilise the nests of rooks in place of the hollows in trees. Many birds, called harmless by sentimentalists, are ready at any stress to change to carnivorous habits. Though we would join the protest against their destruction, both kestrels and rooks will destroy other animals, and perhaps owls, other than the fawny and short-eared, will do damage among the game. A great variety of birds will imitate in some degree the songs of others, and modify in other ways their natural note. With regard to the time of singing they depend more on weather and less on season than is generally supposed. Only when the family is growing up are they quite silent. As if in compensation, lest utter silence should fall on things, the birds, even the robins, are hushed only at the period when the air is musical with the hum of insects. But here we are on ground which Bacon would not permit—"Subtilitas naturæ subtilitatem census et intellectus multis partibus superat, et pulchræ illæ meditationes et speculationes humanæ et causationes res malesana sint"—and we would not risk the committal of an insane speculation.

W. B. T.

OBSTINATE PEAKS.

It has often been remarked that while casual travellers see but little difference, if any, between one great peak and another, those who in the course of years have become familiar with them know that each peak has a distinct individuality of its own. Now and then, indeed, as in the case of human beings, strange "doubles" are met with that create bewilderment and amazement; but as one becomes a closer friend with these great snowy or rocky giants, one cannot help imagining that each has a personality, as well as a distinct individuality. Certainly some peaks seem to love us and others to hate and detest us. One will always present itself to its visitors, wreathed with smiles, as it were, and offering a hearty greeting as though really glad to see them. Another on the approach of intruders will shut itself up, shroud itself in thick mists and howling snowstorms, or receive the enemy with volleys of stones and avalanches from the most unexpected points. Yet another may be coquettish, luring men towards it by its graceful form and smiling visage, yet receiving its devotees with the reverse of courtesy, though perhaps unbending at the last moment, and rewarding these troublesome guests with the most ravishing views and most lovely sights just when all hope seemed to have been lost. Certainly, I should not find it difficult to draw up lists of "Twelve Bad Peaks" and "Twelve Good Peaks." But just now I want to speak of some intermediate peaks that may be called "Obstinate Peaks," for they seemed to revel in baulking me. And yet in my experience such boorish and churlish summits were by no means invariably or even frequently of any special difficulty or exceeding height. No, they seemed to have taken a special grudge to me, and to have done all that was possible to drive me away. But as the old saw says: "patience et longueur de temps font plus que force ni que rage," and *they* ultimately had to give way, as *I* would not.

Two peaks in particular distinguished themselves by their fierce obstinacy to my repeated advances—the Matterhorn and the Bifertenstock, near the Tödi. Nowadays the *Matterhorn* is forced in pretty well every kind of weather, and has been thoroughly "found out." But this was very far from being the case thirty and odd years ago, when it still retained its old glamour and mystery. I had often looked at it with vague longings, but in the end it was rather unexpectedly that we decided to try it. Our leading guide, old Christian Almer, refused, however, steadily to attack the Zermatt side (now acknowledged to be by far the easiest mode of access), for the date was 1869, only four years after the first ascent and the terrible accident that attended it, while the Swiss slope was not again traversed till 1868, and from that time till our expedition scarcely half a dozen times in all. So we made for Breuil, and the Italian slope, and without meeting difficulties greater than we expected, gained what is now called the "old hut" on the "Cravate" at a height of only 1,260 ft. below the summit. Here we passed an uncomfortable night, for another party had joined us, and we were in all thirteen souls. Next day it stormed. Almer prudently and quite rightly declined to sanction a start, and we sorrowfully returned to Breuil; and lucky it was that we did decline the ascent, for the other party tried it, failed, and were to boot struck by lightning, and underwent some very grim experiences. We spent the greater part of next summer (1870) hovering round the great peak, hoping that it would relent towards us. But it did not, and indeed allowed but a single party to reach its summit that summer. Needless to say this coyness fascinated us more than ever. So in July, 1871, we

started once more for the attack, this time by the Swiss slope. Another uncomfortable night was spent on the mountain, at the old or upper hut. But, alas! there had been a good deal of fresh snow during the previous days, which proved too much for us on the morrow, and beat us back in half an hour. The only consolation was that the other party did not get much further than we did, and yet it included the Swiss gentleman who had been the solitary victor in 1870. Once again we tried that summer (1871) in early September. This time, whether through pity or contempt, the great giant received us with open arms and permitted us not merely to reach his hoary head, but to enjoy thence one of the finest and most unclouded views conceivable, and also to achieve the "traverse" (done but thrice previously) from one slope to the other. All's well that ends well, but it had been a struggle which had lasted over two years, and victory was all the more grateful and agreeable.

It was over twenty years later that the *Bifertenstock* tried the same game with me, though it only claims a height of 11,241 ft. We had taken up in 1893 (most rainy of seasons) the exploration of the Tödi district, and as both my companion and myself had previously ascended the Tödi, we were very keen to get the second peak of the district, the Bifertenstock, far less well known to climbers. So we started from the head of the Linth Valley above Glarus, and wandered up to the most comfortable Muttensee Club hut, which is built amid the most dreary surroundings, and *en face* of the desired peak. But the weather turned bad again, and next day we were disgracefully beaten by a most violent snowstorm in our attempt to get as far as the Kisten Pass (often traversed by sheep and once even by soldiers), the first step of the ascent. The following year (1894) two of us managed with extreme discomfort to get over the Kisten Pass, but there was no hope of the peak. In 1895 the same pair again crossed that pass, under circumstances scarcely less disagreeable than before. Matters were now becoming unbearable, and the only thing to do, to the destruction of all plans upon paper, was to sit down at Brigels at the south-east foot of the peak, and simply await its pleasure. Luckily the primitive little inn at delightfully situated Brigels was furnished with a fairly good library, for our patience was sorely tried, and not least by the two barometers in the dining-room, one of which as constantly rose as the other constantly fell. This was almost the last straw; but our backs were stronger than that of the typical camel, and we fairly tired the Bifertenstock out, so that after a week's siege it surrendered at discretion. To crown all, the vast amount of snow allowed us to take a short but rarely adopted route direct from the Frisal glen to the summit, a route which a friend later in the season found excessively dangerous; and it was with a feeling of complacent triumph (my readers will, I trust, excuse the epithet in consideration of our previous long suffering) that we trampled down the final snow crest, reckless of such a trifle as a bitter cold wind, and intent on taking in the wonderful view, which by a lucky chance included my other foe, the Matterhorn.

Some other deceitful peaks must be noticed more briefly. One, the *Pic Bonvoisin* (11,680 ft.) in the Dauphiné Alps, suffered us to make a very long journey up a stony valley and steep rocks to the edge of the flat glacier at the head of which it towers; but at that edge a yawning and totally unexpected crevasse stopped us hopelessly, for it was far too broad to be jumped, it had no snow bridges, and it ran for a mile or two in most extraordinary fashion round the *entire* edge of the glacier. Next year, in order to outflank this enemy we took an even more devious route, so as to descend from a high shoulder on to the centre of the glacier; but imagine our feelings of rage and wrath when we saw that that hateful crevasse had shrunk up into a mere crevice four or five inches wide. Another little peak in Dauphiné, the *Pointe de la Mariande* (10,375 ft.), also resisted us for a while. Almer wanted to add it to a day's bag, and we attacked it merely in order to pass away the time; but the little fellow had never been climbed before, and offered a most valiant resistance by means of a remarkably smooth rock face of no great height, but of exceeding slipperiness. This resistance on the part of a mountain pigmy infuriated old Almer, who finally took to literally beating the obnoxious slope with his ice axe, and somehow amidst rage and laughter we got up it, and won the top after a most disproportionate expenditure of vigour and time.

Two other peaks shrouded themselves shyly in clouds to our utter confusion. One was the *Aiguille de Scolette* (11,500 ft.) in the Cottian Alps, above Modane on the Mont Cenis railway. The usual way up it is perfectly easy, but when we reached the first of the three rocky teeth on the final ridge the mist so magnified and distorted everything that we turned tail. A month later in clearer weather we found that tooth and its neighbour to be the most consummate of frauds, and very easily overcome. Another peak was the *Ofenhorn* (10,637 ft.) in the Lepontine Alps, opposite the Eggishorn. We had the vaguest ideas as to the route up, and finding ourselves amidst thick clouds, clung to a ridge which seemed to lead us towards the summit. It did lead us to *a* summit, but we were rather amazed to find there no great cairn, such as we had imagined we had seen from below on the culminating point. All of a sudden the mist broke slightly, and some way off we spied a vastly magnified cairn, clearly much higher than our standing point. Off we started at once, but the snow slope steepened and steepened, and lengthened and lengthened. My guide begged me to hold the rope very taut, in case he slipped while cutting steps, and things looked so menacing that we finally determined that discretion was the better part of valour, and returned by the way we had come up. A few days later we did reach that cairn by quite a different route, and in clear weather. Then we were nearly struck dumb with amazement by the sight of the other summit, to which we ran in five minutes over the easiest possible and very gently inclined snow slopes. Had I not with my own eyes seen the staircase we had cut six days before, in very nearly the right direction, I should have always believed, as men did in the old days as to the Matterhorn, that one summit could not possibly be reached from the other.

W. A. B. Coolidge.

ALFRED.

THE coming millenary commemoration of the death of King Alfred has aroused more interest than any similar celebration since, perhaps, the Shakespeare tercentenary in 1864, and certainly since the Burns fever of 1896. And this is natural enough, for Alfred is a hero who appeals to every member of society—to the schoolboy who has revelled in stories of his great deeds, to the soldier who respects his military genius, to the sailor who honours him as the originator of our navy and as our earliest explorer of unknown seas, to the literary man who calls him the father of English literature, and to the politician who ranks him among the small band of England's greatest rulers.

Alfred's fame has remained untarnished during ten centuries; for a time, perhaps, it has been overshadowed, then has shone again with brighter lustre than ever. In Layamon's "Brut" he is referred to as "Engelondes deorling," and in a twelfth century collection of proverbs occur such expressions as "Englene derling," "Englene herde," and the "wisest man of England." Henry of Huntingdon signalises in verse "his true nobility of mind and blood," his wise governance, and the vicissitudes of his reign. All the historians have united to lavish inordinate eulogies on him. He is a sacrosanct hero. Hume praised him as only Hume could. Burke bestows on him unqualified laudation in his "Abridgment of English History." Professor Freeman, whose

style is usually measured and restrained, hallows him in a panegyric the like of which was never assuredly penned about any man before or since. "There is no other name to compare with his," says the author of the "Norman Conquest"; "he is the most perfect character in history." Naturally our hero has figured in poetry and drama. Sheridan Knowles wrote a play, "Alfred the Great, or the Patriot King," which was produced at Drury Lane in 1831 with some success. A former poet laureate, Henry James Pye, one of the notorious pair, "Pye et parvus Pybus" and the "eminently respectable in everything but his poetry," honoured Alfred with an epic poem in six books. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, the Great Elchi, is responsible for a drama of 3,000 blank verse lines, entitled "Alfred the Great in Athelnay." The present poet laureate lost, we cannot but think, a grand opportunity when he wrote his "England's Darling," for with such a protagonist it is hardly possible to imagine a soulless play; yet it is so in this case. It is a singularly feeble performance, not in the least recreating the Alfred conceived by the English people, and only worth reading for the sake of a few lyrics, and for the picture it unrolls of the Saxon times. We might mention others who have been attracted by this theme, but alas, among them all there is not one potent, penetrating mind that has immortalised our noblest king as Shakespeare did our worst.

We bear in mind the old platitude that time only perpetuates the striking facets of a man's character, his pre-eminent nobility or his superlative infamy; the minor vices or the small but significant redeeming features are irretrievably lost. History relates what Alfred did; we do not know so well what he left undone; we are totally ignorant of any flagrant misdeed in his career. What he accomplished points to a man of indomitable will and noble character. He ascended the throne in one of the many calamitous hours of the Danish invasions; five battles had been fought by his predecessor, in three of which the Northmen were victorious; and about a month after his succession he was himself heavily defeated in a first engagement. The state of affairs was disheartening in the extreme. He patched up a peace at the price of a debased coinage and heavy taxation. The Northmen took full advantage of it, and ravaged and apportioned Northumbria and Mercia. Then, after several minor attempts, they invaded Wessex in force, fell on the unsuspecting Saxons, and swept through the whole land, burning, plundering and laying waste. Alfred, with a few followers, took refuge in Athelney, an island in the marshes of Somersetshire. He spent this time of seclusion in careful preparation, for after tarrying there but two months he sallied forth and inflicted a crushing blow on the Danes at Ethandune, and they made peace on terms, says Asser, to which they had never before submitted. After the Treaty of Wedmore tranquillity prevailed for about a decade. Alfred codified the laws and rigorously enforced justice. His court was a model of purity, honour, and learning. He undertook the reconstruction of the church, which had suffered severely during the late invasions. He reorganised the defences of his country by strengthening the fortresses and forming the nucleus of a navy. He brought, by his thought, his good living, his incessant activity and his executive capacity, peace and prosperity to a nation that had not known them for many years. And when, in 893, the Danes reattacked Wessex under the famous Hastings, as able a chieftain as ever commanded them, he succeeded, after four years' hard fighting, in driving them off once again.

This is much, but there is more. Alfred fostered literature, because he loved learning, because—and, in his eyes, this was above all things important—he saw in it one of the great elements of his people's welfare. When one reads of a literary king the image of James I. invariably rises up to mock us. But Alfred was no pedant, nor even, in the fine sense, a literary man. He simply translated, or helped to translate, the important Latin works of his time; the interpolations he made were, in all probability, the result of discussion among a small coterie of scholars, of which, perhaps, he was the president. Until recent years it was believed that he inaugurated the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle," but research has not proved the assumption, and it is safer merely to say that he continued and amplified it. His translations were the "Universal History" of Orosius, Boethius' "Consolations of Philosophy," the best known philosophical work of the Middle Ages, Pope Gregory's "Pastoral Care," most probably the "Flores or Blossoms of King Alfred," and, perhaps, Bede's "Ecclesiastical History." Of course, the real importance of Alfred's literary work lies in the actual choice of the works translated, in the object he had in view, and in those numerous interpolations, suggested or approved by him, which help us more to a conception of his character than any chronicle of his life.

Can any further discoveries of less favourable aspects of Alfred's character impeach the judgment passed on his lifework? It is not probable; the more we turn back of that magnificent cloak *Aberglaube*, the nobler is the figure we reveal. To fight constantly reinforced hordes of Northmen for fourteen years, to reorganise the resources of a distracted kingdom, and to establish law and order, was a mighty work to perform in a reign of but twenty-eight years. To revive, in addition, a love of learning and good literature about his court, and to essay to disseminate it among his subjects, and thus kindle a small, refining light in a dark and rude age, was, in all conscience, a labour of almost superhuman difficulty, more than entitling him to a place among the world's few great men. And when it is remembered that he accomplished this in a life embittered and weakened by a distressing, chronic malady, when it is remembered that he bequeathed to his nation an example of a pure life, undegraded by the cruelties of war, unsullied by ambition and the dangers of his exalted position, we cannot but concur in the remarkable judgment of Professor Freeman: "He is the most perfect character in history." E. A. S.

KING PARAGRAPH.

KING PARAGRAPH threatens the weekly and rules the daily press. Each new paper that makes its appearance bows more lowly than its predecessor to his august throne. Once the paragraph filled up the corners of pages which a scanty article left otherwise bare. Now King Paragraph rules almost all, and the sensational head-line is his crown; if there are corners they are filled with the more serious matter. Paragraphic personalities must have first place.

It is a tribute to the restlessness of the age. We do not wish to read; we wish to cover the pages. We are cyclists in literature nowadays, and we can only take the level road of paragraphs. The thoughtful article is a climb and a toil, and our gear is high. Hence we need sign-posts—sensational headlines—so that he who does not read may race.

The defence of the paragraph is that it is pithy and that it saves time. As a matter of fact it is neither. The pith should be the essence of a thing, and when did the paragraph give anything but the least important detail? Nor does it save time. The true saving of time is to spend a serious moment learning something; the paragraph will tell us Rudyard Kipling's washing-day, and explain whether the King ties his bootlaces horizontally or V-wise. This is not drinking deeply of Pope's Piræan spring. Again, it is urged that paragraphic literature, properly headlined, grips the reader's attention. But of what use is the perusal if it is to be allured and inveigled? A reader who must be dragged along by a promise of a tickled palate, as an ass is led

by a carrot, is unessential to the existence of any journal — except for his penny. It is urged that paragraphs are clear and precise. Someone told Dr. Johnson that Hume was a clear thinker. "All shallows are clear," he retorted. Oh, for half an hour of the doctor on paragraphic literature!

It may be granted that the essential feature of all concentrated extracts is spiciness. And herein the paragraph succeeds amply. It is spicy; it is heralded to the world by a spicy headline. Whatever the proper study of mankind may be, the proper subject of curiosity for mankind is mankind. One could not expect a paragraph to include a treatise on natural science; it has no room for deep and wide topics, and in a paragraph we find but one subject, a human unit like ourselves. "One man, one paragraph," is the new reading of the political phrase. A man may achieve wonders in science, or in art, or in letters; until he is paragraphed he might as well not have lived. Paragraphs are epitaphs on the living; they are as truthful and as just as if inscribed on the tombstone.

It used to be the estimate of a man to appraise him by what he had done. By-and-by we drifted away from that fairly lofty standpoint, and judged men by what they had amassed. Now the worthy man is he who is paragraphable. Granted that Homer lived to-day, his secondary title to fame would be the Iliad. His primary would be the fact that he rode a bicycle round his lawn an hour before dinner, or that his baby had a cradle of the shape of the Argo. Then every penny paper reader from Dan to Beersheba would know Homer. Perhaps the Iliad would still be read in the Universities.

This craze for paragraphing has beset even the serious journals. We have noticed catch-headings for leading articles even in a prominent metropolitan daily; we have seen a sermon reported in bits, so that striking sentences may catch the eye. Thus the disease runs its course. We have not time even for the paragraph; we must have curt sentences to concentrate the concentration. In a provincial journal the other day I saw a brief paragraph dealing with the lamented illness of the Dean of Westminster. It gave Dean Bradley's achievements in three and a half lines, and, lest that should occupy too much time in the perusal, the paragraph was headed, "Bradley in bed."

What is to be the result of this evolution of the paragraph, this running to seed of English journalism? It may be that it will work its own ruin, that readers, nauseated with trifles, will turn once more to the treatise they have spurned. Of course, by "readers" we mean "general readers," for there will always be a brave minority which cannot away with the spicy bits of the passing hour. For all that we are bound to admit that there is an appreciable degeneration in the general reading taste, and that the daily press is, unhappily, catering for the depraved palates of the multitude. Truth lurks modestly in the background when "spice" and attractiveness are the first consideration, and an intellectual meal is not of much account which is presented altogether in the cruet. It is worth a word of warning, therefore, lest King Paragraph become Dictator in the commonwealth of letters. J. G. L.

DRAMA.

JOHN DURNFORD, M.P.—THE SECOND MRS. TANQUERAY.

THE new piece at the Court is good enough to cause disappointment that it is not better. There is plenty of clever stuff in it; a story which is interesting and, on the whole, sufficiently probable, and some well drawn characters which are none the less popular for being old acquaintances. Why then is it not a greater success? Perhaps the first reason lies in the insufficiency of the catastrophe in Act III. Authors have been giving us of late society plays and society novels in which the tone is that of the *demi-monde* (original sense), in which ideas of morality and decorum are not so much flouted as ignored. Here is the exact opposite. Relations and friends are thrown into dire distress, are scandalised, are athirst for vengeance—and all for what? Because a gentlewoman going on a long railway journey chooses to start by an early train, in order to have time for dinner at an intermediate station with a gentleman of her acquaintance. Not a wise thing to do—secret arrangements of that kind are rarely wise—but for friends to make a pother about such a matter is ridiculous. Moreover, even the secrecy which confers whatever of offence there might be is incomplete, for the fair delinquent writes a note disclosing her intentions. No wonder that in the fourth act she plaintively asks, What did I do after all? This same want of proportion between cause and effect finds another illustration in the first act. What possible excuse has Durnford for grossly insulting the Marquis? The peer is spoken of as a bad lot, it is true, but we are not told what he has ever done, and on the other hand he is received in society and is on intimate terms with his cousin, Lady St. Cyr, who is again an intimate friend of Durnford. Why then should he be addressed in the most outrageous language for nothing more heinous than talking to Durnford's daughter—a married woman, by the way, with her husband at hand as her natural protector? It puts Durnford in a false light, seeing that he is intended to be a particularly level-headed man. Again, the *déclassé* Major is true to life, but for the daughter to tolerate his swindling proves her to be either dull of comprehension—which is not the case—or without sense of honour. A man who secretly bets against himself in a match, even a pigeon-shooting match, and then deliberately loses, is really a a worse scoundrel than a thief or a forger, because with the dishonesty is coupled a betrayal of confidence. That such a man should be amusing company and should prosper is in accordance with every-day facts, but that he should retain his daughter's respect is putting her very low. It is this lack of proportion that, as it seems to me, gives the play an air of unreality, and prevents it from getting a grip. To which may be added that the love scene at the close might with advantage be led up to, that the feelings of Durnford towards Jennie might be more clearly defined. Lucky the author who has Mr. Kerr to interpret his leading character. He seems to acquire the very nature of his model. It is easy for an actor to express a given mood or passion as it affects his own personality, but it is exceedingly difficult first to put on another disposition and then show that disposition as influenced by mood or passion. Mr. Kerr becomes different men, not by altering external traits of hair and face, but by steeping himself in the very nature of his model and letting that nature show itself in expression, manner, and voice. Compare the two characters he has played at the Court with Mr. Daventry, and my meaning will be clear. He is excellent as Durnford, bringing out the independence and kindliness of the man in a hundred touches. Mr. Knight does not give to the Marquis the air of high distinction that the part requires, and the all-essential contrast is therefore lost. It is a point that rarely receives attention on the English stage, and, in consequence, many a character becomes meaningless. Mr. Standing is quite at home as the Irishman, and Mr. Anson has a small but congenial part. Mr. Herz makes up wonderfully as a provincial mayor, even to the neck-tie without a pin at the back, and with the little he has to do gives us fresh proof that he is really an actor. Miss Sarah Brooke is quite excellent as the hare-brained lady who does not wish to go the length of playing with fire, but would dearly love to smudge her kid gloves with the tongs. Lastly, Miss Ellis Jeffreys, as the Bohemian girl who develops into the guardian angel, has a character out of her line, and there are moments

when this fact obtrudes itself, but, taken as a whole, the performance has much merit. She is especially good in the short scene with the Marquis in Act I., nicely hitting off the degree of offence taken.

The Second Mrs. Tanqueray is always connected with the term "problem play," yet a little consideration will show that this arises from a misconception. Without going into the matter at length, without attempting a complete definition, it must be allowed that there can be no problem where there is nothing to solve, where the result is a foregone conclusion obvious to everyone. Now Aubrey Tanqueray's second marriage is doomed to failure under the given conditions. How it might turn out under different conditions does not affect us. Again, although a certain social question of very rare occurrence may be extremely interesting to those immediately concerned, it cannot, I think, be said to constitute a problem in the sense required, and the particular mistake with which the play deals is of very rare occurrence in the upper middle class in England. It may be more common in other classes and other countries, but this again does not affect us. The result is that though called a problem play no one really thinks of *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray* in that light. People see it only as a very powerful story, full of human nature, and offering to a capable actress an exceptional opportunity for displaying her art.

The revival at the Royalty is a great success. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, it will be remembered, made what was practically her *début* in the part, compelling admiration from everyone, and proving that genius and extreme talent can do without a long apprenticeship just as Miss Helen Faucit and Miss Mary Anderson had proved it before her. The interpretation strikes me as having altered a little since I myself first saw it some four years ago. She now takes the character in a more subdued key; there is more of weariness, of despondency, of hopelessness. The recognition of failure is not more acute, perhaps, but it is expressed rather differently. What use to beat the wings against the bars if there is no possibility of breaking through? In the great duologue at the end, when she pictures to Aubrey what the future must bring, it is not so much prophecy as the calm rehearsing of facts that must be familiar to everyone—inspiration giving place to mere common sense. It is a part which lends itself to such modifications as this, and there is no arguing as to how far there should be excitability and how far despondency, always premising that the great outbursts are given with full force—for which Mrs. Campbell may be safely depended upon. How wonderful this performance is, how fascinating. The unutterable townsickness of this woman, buried in the country with no resources to fall back upon, disappointed that the darling wish to get married has brought only Dead Sea fruit, and asking querulously, "Where's the pride in being a married woman among married women who are married?"—it is the truth that Mrs. Campbell thus unskrinkingly shows. Nor is the hideous jealousy of the stepdaughter less convincing. Mr. Titheradge presents Aubrey in a new light. He is of the counting house or factory rather than of St. James's, a plain, solid Englishman, and he seems to fit the play. He accentuates the affection for Ellean, and perhaps reflects his wife's conviction that there is no light ahead. Mr. Arliss has another triumph in Cayley Drummle, and very good as Mr. Esmond was I think he is better. Certainly he does not match the author's description so well—he is not "a neat little man of about five and forty, in manner bright, airy, debonair"—but he is so very human. He is not a stage figure, but a man whom we all know, just stepped round from his club. And how exactly Mr. Arliss knows the weight to be given to each word. Miss Winifred Fraser is more saint-like than anyone I have seen in Ellean, but surely it is not necessary for a saint to be so gloomy. That apart, it is an excellent embodiment of a character the importance of which to the scheme of the play can scarcely be exaggerated.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

Nunc formosissimus annus. September in London has a peculiar charm. The days are exactly the right length, and no one compels you to sit in the garden after dinner, with centipedes falling into your coffee-cup. The weather is neither hot nor cold. The parks are in their highest beauty. The falling leaves and misty glades in Kensington Gardens suggest all the romantic associations of Gustave Doré's forests, with a khaki-clad Yeoman and a nursery-maid for a Red Cross Knight and an Enchanted Princess. Traffic is mitigated, and it is possible for elderly Bystanders to cross Piccadilly without being destroyed by omnibi (as the classical lady said), or reviled in the vernacular by conductors. The streets are pervaded by leisurely passengers, who lounge, and saunter, and gaze into shop-windows. Everywhere there is a sense of space and freedom. You can breathe in the theatre, and kneel down in church.

From the airy flat near Highgate Archway to which a long warfare with the Philistines has reduced me (even as it reduced Matthew Arnold to a garret in Grub Street), you look down upon a boundless and beautiful city, dimly visible through a golden haze. "A winding and turbid river divided the city in unequal parts, in one of which there rose a vast and glorious temple, crowned with a dome of almost superhuman size and skill, on which the favourite sign of Heaven flashed with triumphant truth." Of Lord Beaconsfield's English Robert Lowe once amiably said that "after all, it was his native tongue," but certainly he contrived to make it read like a rather flamboyant translation of some foreign language. That description of the dome is a prime favourite of mine. As C. S. C. says—

> It's sweet, it's strange, and I suppose
> It's grammar;

and it recurred to my memory in all its apposite beauty last Sunday evening as I toiled up Ludgate Hill. Sunday evening at St. Paul's is a recognised fixture in the programme of the provincial visitor to London, and the least expensive way of taking an autumn holiday is to put on your country clothes and join the pilgrim-throng. The great west doors were flung wide open, as if to welcome the Archbishop of Canterbury or the Lord Mayor, and all at once we found ourselves, hushed and awestruck, in the illimitable perspective.

Just fifty years ago another pilgrim had thus described the scene. "The organ droned sadly in its iron cage to a few musical amateurs. Some nursery-maids and foreign sailors stared about within the spiked felon's-dock which shut off the body of the cathedral, and tried in vain to hear what was going on inside the choir. The scanty service rattled in the vast building, like a dried kernel too small for its shell. The place breathed imbecility and unreality, and sleepy life-in-death, while the whole nineteenth century went roaring on its way outside. When will life return to this cathedral system?"

"At all events, it is keeping your cathedrals rain-proof for you, till you can put them to some better use than now. And in the meantime there is life enough in them—life that will wake the dead some day."

Surely that prophecy has been fulfilled. The "better use" has been discovered, and the pent-up life has burst into activity. The material aspect of the huge cathedral witnesses to the spiritual change. Even the most deeply-convinced Goth in England may admit without disloyalty to his faith that every year St. Paul's becomes more like a church, and less like a glorified council-hall for an Imperial Senate. The shadows of evening had tempered the garish splendour of mosaic and gold and electricity, and enhanced the dominant sense of vastness and grandeur. And prayer ascended, and sweet boy-voices rang, and the distant altar with its gleaming lights focussed the meaning and purpose of the whole. In the pulpit, a spiritual

descendant of the Christian Socialists of '48, with thrilling voice and uplifted hand was extolling the Cross as the test and strength and glory of human life,

> While at his feet the human ocean lay,
> And wave on wave rolled into space away.

A human ocean indeed, of all sorts and conditions—old men and maidens, young men and children, rich and poor, English and foreigners, sightseers and citizens, pale-faced clerks and toil-stained artizans and red-coated soldiers—all happy, and all interested, and all at ease, and all at home—all taking their conscious and definite part in the worship, all following with keen attention the preacher's words, and all united as one man in the great "Communion of Hymns." By a curious and happy conjunction, Bernard of Cluny, William Cowper, and John Keble all contributed of their best. "Brief life is here our portion" seemed to utter the real heart's desire of a tired-looking mechanic who stood beside me. "Hark, my soul!" seemed to communicate its own intensity to the very tone and look of the people who sang it; and "Sun of my soul" was an evening prayer which sounded just as natural and as fitting in the inmost heart of London's crowd and grind and pressure as in the sweet solitude of the Hursley fields. It was easy enough to feel: it is impossible to describe.

> In that high dome I neither know nor say
> What Power and Presence was alive that day;
> For sight of eyes nor ear with hearing knew
> That windless Wind which where it listed blew;
> Yet seeing eyes and ears that hear shall be
> As dust and nothingness henceforth for me,
> Who once have felt the quickening Spirit roll
> Life on my life, and on my soul a Soul.

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CHINESE WALL.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

THE Norwegian playwright Björnstjerne Björnson gave vent some months ago to the feeling of deep compassion which the miserable state of us French moves in him. It appears that we are through our own fault in a dreadful isolation from another portion of mankind which Herr Björnstjerne Björnson calls the Europeans, but which includes the Americans, in fact includes every cultivated nation in the globe excepting us. Here we are then, all by ourselves, not in an ivory tower which is a new and elegant metaphorical abode, not in our cheese which is a good old homely one, but within a China wall, a high, hard, thick, steep rampart with grimacing faces at the loop-holes. And we have built it ourselves, as Marley had woven his chain, of our sins, more particularly of our obstinacy in not believing the King of Italy and the German Emperor's testimony in the *Affaire*, of our levity and quixotism in giving undue attention to duellists, chiefly of our ignorance. This last vice is many fold, but Herr Björnstjerne Björnson mercifully sums it up in ignorance of foreign languages, foreign art embodied in Bœcklin, and foreign literature embodied in Ibsen and (with just a little veil) in the great Herr Björnstjerne Björnson himself, a play of whom has, in fact, not long ago been damned by an anti-European Parisian audience. Herr Björnstjerne Björnson has a great name in his country, but it is inconveniently so for discussion, and so, I think, we had better "elevate the debate," as they say in the Chamber, and merely see about the China wall.

Are we or are we not insulated? Sometimes I think yes, sometimes not; to-day it is not. Then the question seems, at times, so unimportant. Would it not be much better put: are we or are we not stupid? And then even stupidity is not enough for a fair estimation. Herr Björnson is not stupid, yet he writes such comical letters. Reverting to the point, I do not think we are quite so insulated. To begin with art, untravelled as we are, I confess we may be expected to know less than the cosmopolitan Englishman, Russian, or American. However, when foreign art condescends to come to us, we gladly welcome it and would gratefully detain it. Are we not proud to think that Whistler is almost a Parisian? Where was the crowd thicker in the Grand Palais than round those powerful and almost violent pieces of Austrian and Hungarian sculpture, before a few bold Spanish or Portuguese paintings, and in the wonderful Japanese room, a revelation of the most original impressions to many, and a delight to all? It is well known abroad that the *Studio* is the most widely-circulated art paper in this country? that three books on Ruskin have appeared in the last two or three years?

Philosophic and scientific studies do not appeal to many anywhere, nor, unfortunately, does exegesis in a Catholic country, yet a glance at the lists of the Parisian publishers, Alcan or Fischbacher, will convince you that nearly every author worth knowing in Germany and England has been translated. Lotze is unfortunately an exception, but I believe a solitary one. Nietsche is current reading, as was Emerson twenty years ago. Darwin would be found on the shelves of many who are not professional scientists, and Tyndall is really popular. As to the special reviews, they discuss so often foreign writers and quote from them so largely that a chance reader might be at first uncertain about their origin. Economical and political studies of our neighbours have been in great demand since Tocqueville and Le Play. I have pointed out several times to the success of a great many of their disciples, inquirers of a severe rather than gay appearance, whom people would not consult if they did not take real interest in the matter they treat.

One hardly dares come to the subject of literature from fear of being too long or ridiculously incomplete. An enormous library could be compiled from the numberless translations of literary works published in the last sixty years. One already exists in an almost formal state; a Frenchman who had had no access to any works but those in the files of the *Revue Britannique* would probably have a fuller idea of modern English literature than even the highly cultured English reader left to his own choice. I remember that Matthew Arnold was nearly sixty when he read "David Copperfield" for the first time. Hundreds of English volumes have passed into the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* and the *Revue de Paris* Original criticism might make an equal mass, and it is increasing every day; only this summer, Madame Darmesteter, MM. Chevrillon and Legras have published "English Sketches," and I may have overlooked others. I have spoken above of Ruskin students. Those of Newman are still more numerous. I could easily cite eight or ten who have written quite lately, The English novel, above all, is appreciated. The innocently barbarous pronunciation with which so many speak of G. Eliot, Thackeray, Hardy, Meredith, etc., etc., does not prevent familiar knowledge and sometimes astonishing appreciation. Dickens especially is still a favourite, more so than Balzac himself. Mr. Gissing appears daily in the *Journal les Débats*, and Kipling everywhere. Some discriminating essays might be useful, and, I daresay, will not be long desiderated, about the latter writer.

I speak mostly of England because my attention and, indeed, the general attention is mostly turned that way—the pre-eminence given for instance in the tables of the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* to English literature is not an alphabetical arrangement; yet it does not prove that the other literatures are neglected; the French-speaking Alsatian and Swiss critics do not let us forget the German authors who, though less popular than the English writers, are read in their own language by more people. Hauptmann in spite of the greater difficulty to make a foreign dramatist popular is well known. The Russian novelists, Tolstoï especially, pass through more editions in their French that in their native habit. D'Annunzio's Rise and Fall has been simultaneous in this and in his own country. Shall I speak of Ibsen? His success like that of Wagner has been unparalleled, but too many snobs are applauding those exotic dramas and that difficult music, and I feel shy; he *seems* to have had great success.

I confess we seldom read even the authors we like

best in their own language. It means that we know but little of what is the real flower of any literature, poetry: even Shakespeare loses very much in a translation; Milton bores those who attempt to read him in French, and only prigs mention Keats and chiefly Shelley on the mere knowledge of the scraps which have been translated. So, on the whole, it cannot be doubted that we do not know foreign poets. It is unfortunate, and in a few cases (very few, though, when one reads poets for poetry sake), it may be irreparable. But can you find many people who learn languages from the mere love of poetry? Are there not thousands in the countries where the study of languages is a necessary part of education who speak fluently three or four idioms and never open a poet, thousands who ignore all their lives the real literature of languages they could teach as well as natives? Do I not know what stuff they mistake in America for French literature? Read the reports of the University Library at Zurich (a very Cosmopolis !), you will see what books are favourites with readers who must evidently know French well. It is absurd to think that a knowledge of languages is always a sign of culture, even with apparently refined people. A passion for learning what "horse" or "house" is in other languages than one's own, is a disease with some people, I should say with some nations; the Swiss and Germans are the worst. A knowledge of languages is an elegance only to people for whom it is a cause of wonder, that is, to barbarians, no matter if they live in Europe. An Armenian who speaks Turkish, or Greek, or French, or Italian, according to the inn he stops at, does not think himself a great man, does not feel the weight of all that knowledge, does not get stared at like a prodigy. Do not imagine that I am callous to the (perhaps) modern charm we call cosmopolitanism, but I am sure there is more than knowledge in it. A idowdy, an old governess may be horribly cosmopolitan. An empty-headed little Russian princess is almost sure to be delightfully so. A background of imagined luxury, of many-sided elegance displayed in endless succession in the great capitals and fashionable resorts, is more favourable than the monotony of a noble but stay-at-home life. The wandering butterfly pleases the eye more than the industrious bee; he makes no honey but something of the beauty over which he flits clings to him, and he has none of the prejudices which generally come along with thrift and quiet.

Let us go farther. When a robust nature acquires more strength as it acquires more grace and suppleness, its cosmopolitanism should take another name. Who would think of calling the weary-souled Goethe refined and elegant? He is more of a man for being a Greek, and Italian, and a Frenchman without ceasing to be German. Had he grown less of a German, he would not have been the genius he is. Infatuation which betrays itself by imitation is a sign of weakness. How much better Musset is in "The Caprice" than in "Barberine" where every line puts you in mind of Shakespeare or a German. I think Lemaître a fuller man than Vogüé, a more genuine cosmopolitan, though or rather because he is so distinctly a Frenchman; his sympathy for exotic forms of humanity is only human, and it ought never to be more. To sum up what I think, my opinion is that languages and travelling are all very well when they complete one, dangerous or vain when they only give surface and no depth. Do you remember the vivid picture of supreme elegance which Loti gave us after seeing the Sultan of Fez? and the portrait of Eugénie de Guérin drawn by Matthew Arnold? Assuredly, both the Arab and the Languedocienne were living within a China wall. I keenly enjoy for a minute the bright visions which pass before one in some Babel *salons*, but I gladly revert to a more familiar one, a *champenoise* of the *bourgeois* class, who will of an evening lay aside her needlework for some real French author—Racine, Molière, or Bossnet. She has shortcomings for which I am prepared, but you will not find her in the least exclusive, whatever you may think to the contrary; and if you have once or twice been amazed at discovering unexpected literary, mental, or even moral quagmires under brilliant encyclopædic surfaces, you will appreciate her calm, healthy judgment. How Madame de Sévigné would have smiled at Björnson! Yet she liked and probably understood not only the Italian but even the Spanish authors. Nations, even in the United States of Europe, consist, like mankind, of an infinite number of fools, but I do not believe that their best representatives were ever what you call insulated.

AT THE KARERSEE.

(From a Correspondent.)

Only a week's leisurely travel from London, and the change has brought us to green fir-woods and yet greener pastures, and grey jagged Dolomites against a blue sky. The air is extraordinarily still and clear and invigorating, for we are up 5,000 feet. A mile below, on the steep road that winds up through rocky gorges from Botzen, crossing and recrossing the Karneidbach, lies the Karersee, a mountain pool of infinite greenness, reflecting on its surface the tall, slim spruce firs that encircle it. The great hotel, hideous and pretentious as a Scotch hydropathic, with its turrets and balconies and decorative effects, is a terrible eyesore in an ideal situation. But without the hotel at the top, who would venture on the seven hours' drive up the lovely Eggenthal behind three panting horses and a driver with a red carnation tucked into his hatband? And the traveller, if he be fortunate, will find the great hotel overfull of fashionable Austrian folk, and will be relegated to a little *annexe* round the angle of the fir-wood. Here he will find an admirable imitation of a Swiss châlet, with wide wooden balconies and green shutters, and bedrooms exquisitely fresh and clean, and polished pitch pine floors and furniture, where he can live days of idyllic simplicity, tempered by such necessary luxuries as electric light and spring mattresses. His windows will look up the valley to the pass leading to the frontiers of Venetia, up an undulating slope of green turf, thick and close as a lawn, and broken here and there by a single fir, and by some châlet or log-hut. A stone's throw away stands the tiny Catholic church built for the convenience of the summer residents. On Saturdays it is swept and garnished, and made bright with tall blue larkspur against a background of spruce, and throughout the summer a priest attends to say Mass for the cosmopolitan world that congregrates in the great hotel. But after all the front seats reserved for the *Herrschaften* are but scantily filled, while down from the log-huts have streamed bareheaded, brown-faced damsels, and a throng of sturdy mountaineers, for once without the long china-bowled pipes in their mouths, who crowd the tiny chapel and spread out into the wide stone porch beyond. It is they who bring with them the atmosphere of homely piety which is a characteristic of all Tyrolean churches. One noted it in the Servite church at Innsbrück, and in the great dim Gothic *Pfarrkorche* at Botzen, where even the week-day Masses are crowded, and the high ponderous pews are so comfortable for kneeling, and so desperately uncomfortable for sitting. There no one looks about, no one's thoughts seem to wander, and even the little children kneel on and on with clasped hands and moving lips, absorbed in their prayers. They are full of quaint corners, these old churches of Tyrol, of ancient carved pulpits and stone tombs, and wonderful altars adorned with carved and painted wooden figures, and twisted wooden scrolls all worm-eaten with age. The walls are usually covered with an extraordinary profusion of little pictures; the twelve apostles, bearded and halved men with the strongest family likeness between them, each in his own little black frame, the wonder-working St. Antony and one or other of the many local Saints who are honoured in these mountain valleys, and of whom endless fantastic legends are told. The Tyrolean peasants are like Brittany fisherfolk in the richness of their folk-lore and their passion for popular tales, in which the supernatural always plays a part; like them, too, in their cheerful love of work and their unfailing coveteousness to strangers. The old longing for simplicity of life, for manual toil under a blue sky, for renunciation of

all that the town can give, comes over one as one whiles away an idle peaceful Sunday in these green uplands. The advantages are for the moment so obvious, so overwhelming; its drawbacks wholly remote. And the men and women who lead this life, who tend their flocks and herds, and labour in the saw-mills, to which the turbulent mountain stream is skilfully guided through long dripping wooden troughs, possess everything that makes life best worth living. The reflection, of course, is trite enough, but the tritest thoughts come home to one with penetrating intensity at certain moments, and the charm of the Tyrolese peasantry is excuse sufficient for many invidious comparisons. Even the *table d'hôte* of the pretentious hotel is saved from vulgarity by the waitresses in their black skirts and low bodices and coloured kerchiefs, and full, short, white sleeves, their golden-brown hair coiled round their heads, and their movements full of the free, active grace acquired on the mountain-side. Will they go back with the October rains to their remote homes wholly untouched by their brief contact with another world? For, dread it as we may, it will soon be spoilt, the Karersee plateau; it will be vulgarised by Cook's tourists and ruined by a railway, and a steam-launch may even invade the sunny, silent lake. It is only some five years since the great high road from Botzen to Vigo di Fassa was constructed, throwing open the district, and already one mammoth hotel and various posting-inns have sprung into existence, and tennis may be played on land that a year or two back was covered by virgin forest. To-day there are no beggars in the Eggenthal, no deformed paralytics sitting by the road-side awaiting with anxious eye the *kreutzers* of the passer-by, neither are there imported mementoes to be purchased at exorbitant prices; but they, too, will come in the train of the demoralising tourist. Perhaps one should not even write of these places, for publicity is the first danger to be shunned; yet it were selfish to hide from the jaded London brain-worker that in three days' easy travelling he can reach an ideal place of rest, with keen air and glorious sunshine, with limitless walks through odorous fir-woods, and a wide vista of untrodden mountain peaks.

HERO WORSHIP.

ALMOST a very god thou wert to me;
  Haloed with brilliant virtues; every grace
  Lived in thy look and shone about thy face:
I bowed beneath thee, loved, feared, worshipped thee.
Then in my folly and my jealousy
  I let my critic thoughts prevail apace,
  Which entered, swarming, tore thee from thy place,
And dashed thee down in wrath and enmity.
So some ungallant priest in other days
  Bade Cromwell's troopers to the House of God,
    And marked Our Lady totter from the height;
And when the shame was finished, in amaze
  Looked piteously, and, kneeling where they trod,
    Fell all a-weeping at the sorry sight.

H. B.

LOVE'S DAY.

AT morn, when from earth's eastern rim
  The Sun-God springs,
And larks fly up to sing to him
  On dewy wings,
I think how Love in days gone by
Awaked my world to melody.

At noon, when from the zenith blue
  He pours his rays,
I think: How swift for me and you,
  How sweet, the days
When Love in our meridian rode
And royal summer round us glowed.

At eve, when down the western steep,
  His brief day done,
Lighting a star to watch our sleep,
  Descends the sun,
"So Love," I think, "has lit for me
A lamp to burn as faithfully."

T.

REVIEWS.

AMERICAN LITERATURE.*

ACCORDING to the author of this scholarly and comprehensive work, the guns of Admiral Dewey, which brought America face to face with the problem of Asiatic Empire, restored a unity of political ideals between the sundered branches of the English-speaking race broken since the settlement of Virginia. This book is a study of the causes of such divergence and its influence in the development of America as recorded in her Colonial and nascent national literature.

Three foundation facts underlie Mr. Wendell's structure: The first is America's more direct and unbroken descent from Elizabethan England. In spite of the Revolution and her independence, there has been in her trans-Atlantic evolution no such break as was produced by the colossal personality of Oliver Cromwell. This force hurled against old traditions broke the continuity of English history and deflected the currents of English literature. The second fact is that, despite surface modernity, America has moved more slowly, so that her literature, until the New England Renaissance, has been always more akin to that of an earlier century in England than to her contemporary writers. The third fact is that America upon her broad continent has been insular in her ideals, striving to guard against the invasion of world forces, while England from her island has gone forth upon her tributary seas to claim a world empire.

If the Americans of the seventeenth century were Elizabethans, they were not of those to whom literature was a natural expression. The one notable name to set against the shining English roll is that of Cotton Mather, whose "spontaneity, enthusiasm, and versatility," under the conviction that America was a predestined Theocracy, took the form of polemical writings and witch persecution. With him and his time ended the story of seventeenth century America: "a century of untrammelled national inexperience." With the eighteenth century the Theocratic ideal yielded to the influence of the common law of England, which, with King James's Bible, shaped the growing colony. During the early part of this century also the thought power of the people was largely given to theology. Stern other-world idealists were those Puritans, and Jonathan Edwards's Calvinism was the dominant influence. The minister was the social as well as intellectual centre of every New England community, and the ministry had almost the authority of a priesthood. Increasing national prosperity and the rise of the great merchant class in New England introduced more worldly standards. Then the influence of Wesley, the "great awakening" of Whitfield, and the tolerance of Quakerism modified the theological rigidity of the earlier century. John Woolman gave "sweetness and light" in his journal, and Benjamin Franklin, in his quaint aphorisms, struck the first note of American humour. Harvard, founded in 1636, had been during the seventeenth century the recognized scholastic institution. But in the eighteenth century the centre of intellectual activity was transferred to Yale College, established just before the Revolution, which, with the Declaration of Independence, completes the second century of development.

In the history of literature in America in the nineteenth century the first school considered is that of the Middle States, with Brockden Brown's futile experiments in imitation and Irving's exquisite adaptation of the style of eighteenth century England. Even Cooper, most American of writers on the subjects chosen, was in method an imitator of Scott. The only poets worthy of mention are Bryant, in his cold purity, and Poe, with his fantastic music. After the short effervescence of the Knickerbocker group of New York came the first strong original impulse in the Renaissance of New England. There the first manifestation of awakened intellectual interest was in the power of its orators. The lawyer succeeded the minister in the place of honour. Daniel Webster's proportions dwarf his

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* A LITERARY HISTORY OF AMERICA. By Barrett Wendell. Fisher Unwin.

contemporaries, but he was one of a notable group including Edward Everett and Rufus Choate. These were followed by those fiery iconoclasts, the Abolitionists, who gave three great speakers to the cause—Wendell Philipps, Theodore Parker, and Charles Sumner. With this renascent activity came a forward movement in general literature, the first indication of which was Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature. His professorship of modern languages at Harvard, followed by that of Longfellow and Lowell, gave America its familiarity with the thought of modern Europe, the firstfruits of which were the picturesque foreign histories of Prescott and Motley, followed by the American studies of Bancroft and Parkman. This new freedom of thought enlarged its boundaries by the Unitarian protest against theological tyranny. Unitarianism was not, as in England, a "dissent within dissent," but a surge of strong anti-dogmatic feeling which swept from Boston Bay across New England, taking possession of the orthodox pulpits and glorifying in Christ the Man that human nature which Calvinism had disowned and degraded. William Ellery Channing was the leader in this enfranchisement of thought. Following this protest came the Evangel of Transcendentalism, of which Emerson was high priest. But it is Oliver Wendell Holmes whom the writer makes the typical Boston figure of this period, as Cotton Mather was of the earlier New England. Two advantages Mr. Wendell grants to American "national inexperience" —a singular sense of purity in its literature, and, through freedom from the pressure of inherited tradition, an interesting development of personal individuality in its men of letters, as in the empyrean optimism of Emerson, the cloistered sweetness of Longfellow, the irrepressible gaiety of Holmes, and the Gothic grotesqueness of Lowell. Perhaps the least satisfying study is that of a New England writer, not of a group, not easily linked with intellectual ancestry, and most elusive of analysis—that subtle genius Hawthorne. With the beauty-loving nature of an artist he had a chamber in his soul where the forces of inherited evil and original sin cast their grim shadows.

"The Rest of the Story" brings us to a literature too recent to require a summary. In the later New York development Walt Whitman is the one man who casts a vast if somewhat vague shadow. But the rise of a Southern school since the close of the Civil War has struck a new note in American literature. Sydney Lanier has the music of the sea in his "Marshes of Glynn," and Timrod sings with much fluctuating grace of metre. We could wish a more adequate study of the most Shakespearean man moulded in the clay of the Western world. Of Southern birth, but national development, Mark Twain is humorist and romancist, old-world student and passionate reformer, and withal a genial lover of his kind. As the author plans to exclude living writers, we cannot resent the irrecognition of Egbert Craddock; but since in passing he makes place for a word regarding the New England studies of Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett, equal honour might have been shown this artist in words for her descriptions of the mountains of Tennessee and her subtle delineation of character. Among striking *lacunæ* is the omission of the name of H. H. (Mrs. Helen Hunt), the author of "Ramona." In the sixties we miss Theodore Winthrop, with his startling manifestation of power in widely differing directions, in his psychological study, "Cecil Dreeme," and his romance of the Rockies, "John Brent." Among the choir of singing birds should surely be Emily Dickinson, whose song is as personal as Housman's "Shropshire Lad," though less perfect in art. Among early American novels Judd's "Margaret" should have place, as full of the flavour of the soil. We should have been glad also if the author had recalled to the American mind two remarkable novels of a soul's evolution: "His Majesty Myself" and "The Making of a Man," which appeared at the close of the Civil War.

The author's great power is in the study of the forces and influences which have made the literature of America dependent upon, and divergent from, the literature of England. And, while acknowledging the pressure of democracy to be in both countries a peril to high literature, he finds the future full of hope, since now the sea-sundered branches of the English race move forward in their evolution and expression with restored unity of political ideals.

DANTE'S "COMMEDIA."*

A COMMENTARY on a great work which is unaccompanied by a print of the text requires of its reader one of two things, either such a mental vision of the text as can only be acquired through the process of learning it by heart, or else a frequent and fatiguing collation of two books. As there are very few people who do not speedily become weary of working simultaneously at two books, and as there are still fewer people, even among Dantophilists, who know by heart the whole, or even the greater part, of the "Divina Commedia," Mr. Tozer's work will not, we fear, be so largely used as its merits deserve. The primary aim of the book, as the author says in his preface, is to make Dante's meaning clear to the reader of his poem; and we have no hesitation in saying, after a careful examination of every page of the book, that Mr. Tozer has, on the whole, succeeded in his aim. The above-mentioned sentence in the preface, as well as the frequency with which mere translations of words are given without further note or comment, appears to indicate that the book is intended, like any other book of notes on a classical author, for the use rather of novices than of proficients in the study of Dante; but as a work of occasional reference the book will also be found useful by more advanced students.

As examples of Mr. Tozer's sound and discriminating judgment, we may select the short notes on "fioco," p. 4; "ubbidiente," p. 21; "il modo ancor m'offende," p. 30, where we cannot doubt that Mr. Tozer has selected the better of the two interpretations suggested by Mr. Vernon in his "Readings"; "risplende," p. 405, which Mr. Tozer is certainly right in translating "shines," as Mr. Vernon does, and not "reglows," as Mr. Wicksteed maintains; and "novellamente," p. 410, which Mr. Tozer is also right in rendering as Mr. Vernon does "most recently," and not "newly" as Mr. Wicksteed does. Mr. Tozer's rendering of difficult phrases, such as "dinanzi all'acqua che ritorna equale," in Par. II. 15, and "vittima fassi di questo tesoro," in Par. V. 29, where some other translators have gone wrong (see THE PILOT for February 2nd, 1901), is generally correct. And, among many valuable explanatory notes, we may direct especial attention to those on "La concubina di Titone antico," in Purg. IX. 1, "D'arco che fa dal mezzo al fine il primo clima," in Par. XXVII. 81, and "Forse sei milia miglia di lontano ci ferve l'ora sesta," in Par. XXX. 1. The commentary in pp. 342-7, on the creation of the soul and the formation of a human ghost, is well done, and so is the note on the Mystic Procession in p. 368. Indeed, the whole of the notes on Cantos XXIX. and XXX. of the "Purgatory," which form one of the most striking and beautiful parts of the "Divina Commedia," and recall in the most fascinating manner the charm of the "Vita Nuova," are good, and may be cited as a typical specimen of the merits of Mr. Tozer's work as a commentary. How thoroughly the work is up to date may be judged from the fact that it embodies Dr. Moore's suggested interpretation of the prophetic enigma in Purg. XXXIII. 43, which was described in THE PILOT of April 13th.

We cannot say that we are satisfied with Mr. Tozer's note on Inf. I. 29, "Ripresi via per la piaggia diserta Siche il pie fermo sempre era il piu basso." This, says Mr. Tozer, implies that he was ascending the hill, because in mounting the lower foot is that on which the weight of the body is thrown. A very little reflection will show that this is, in fact, not true. As was long ago remarked by Bianchi, in ascending, the weight is sometimes on the lower and sometimes on the upper foot; and Dante was much too close and accurate an observer of physical phenomena to make such a mistake

* DANTE'S "COMMEDIA." English Commentary by the Rev. H. F. Tozer. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

as this. This erroneous statement is found in Benvenuto, and has been repeated by the majority of subsequent commentators. Mr. Wicksteed translates "pie fermo" "the right foot," and this would solve the difficulty if there were any authority for using "fermo" in this sense. But there is not. So far as we know, no satisfactory explanation has ever been given of this phrase, which certainly cannot merely mean that the walker was going up hill. We are disposed to suggest, though with some diffidence, that it describes the mode in which he was going up the hill, namely, by keeping one foot always behind the other, as might naturally be done by a very weak or weary man, and as is commonly seen in the case of a little child when making a steep ascent, or when going upstairs.

The remark, on p. 622, on the title "Augusta," given by St. Bernard in Par. XXXII. 119 to the Blessed Virgin, that it is given her because she is "Queen of Heaven," misses the point, and obscures the real significance of the title. Benvenuto rightly remarks that it is given her *quia est Imperatrix.* The full significance of the title can only be appreciated by recalling the line in Inf. I. 127, where Virgil says of God, "In tutte parti impera, e quivi regge," "He is Emperor everywhere, and there (in Heaven) he is King," a distinction which would be thoroughly appreciated by all who, like Dante, lived under the Holy Roman Empire, and which is, in our own time, reproduced in the Kingdom of Prussia and Empire of Germany. The Blessed Virgin is to St. Bernard, and to other inhabitants of Heaven, their Queen. To them also, and to Dante and all who are not in Heaven, she is their Empress.

We have no further space to comment here on two or three other passages where we find ourselves unable to agree with Mr. Tozer, such as Inf. VII. 31, where, we think, he does not rightly conceive the figure of the Country Dance performed by the Spendthrifts and Misers; or Par. XVIII. 107, where the stages of the formation of the Eagle are not quite correctly described, and where the rendering of "ingigliarsi all'Emme" does not satisfy us; or Par. XIX. 46, where we disapprove the construction put on the difficult passage beginning "E cio fa certo" (see THE PILOT for February 9th). But this last point, we must admit, is a matter of opinion, as to which we do not desire to dogmatise.

THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE.*

IT is a commonplace to say that the England at the end of the Victorian era is a very different England from that at its beginning. Different writers have dwelt upon different aspects of this change—the growth of the Empire, the increase in wealth and in man's power over commodities, the marvels of transport, the strides of science, all these and many others have their expositors. It is with none of these that the authors of the nine essays published under the title of "The Heart of the Empire," concern themselves, at all events primarily. Their theme may be a familiar one, but their treatment of it is not. Everyone is more or less aware that people nowadays tend to dwell in cities rather than in the country. How many have taken the trouble to think out for themselves the results of this movement, to deal thoughtfully and thoroughly with the complex social problems which result from this change? How many, indeed, realise what city life means?

Vast herds of human beings are penned into small areas from which nature is excluded, and there live, breed, and die. The aspects of life has by that fact been altered; no longer brought into direct contract with the forces of nature, man has carved out for himself new and artificial conditions. The cities which we have to-day are different, not merely in degree but in character from the large towns of former years; the city population is cut off from the country in a manner previously unknown. It has developed sympathies and passions of its own, differing in essential characteristics from those of a bygone age.

It is with the various aspects of this new city life that the authors of "The Heart of the Empire" deal. Not content with this, however, they are anxious to aid in removing the causes of that indifference which, as they declare, is the most formidable obstacle to social reform.

Our foreign policy has now for some years occupied the time' expended the money, and absorbed the energies of the country; and we have to ask ourselves whether the continuance of a state of things admittedly detrimental to domestic progress is either necessary or intrinsically desirable. A discussion of Imperialism in theory and practice thus forms a natural pendent to a volume that attempts to deal with problems that face us at the heart of the Empire.

This essay on Imperialism, by Mr. C. P. Gooch, is admirably written, it is comprehensive, well-balanced, and thoughtful. A better summary of the causes of the South African War, for instance, we have not yet come across. It is written from a definite point of view, with which many will disagree, but even these cannot but respect the impartiality and the admirable terseness with which Mr. Gooch has marshalled his facts. Other Imperial problems—India, Egypt, foreign policy in its various aspects—are all treated with the same competence. Unfortunately, the value of Mr. Gooch's essay is greatly impaired by his omission to recognise the defensive needs of the Empire. To say that "we shall be safe enough with a fleet larger than any other single country, and with a conciliatory diplomacy," is to misconceive alike the naval and the political situation.

It is impossible, within the limits of a review, to deal at length with the other Essays in the book, though all deserve examination. Mr. Pigou's essay on "Charity" is, perhaps, a little thin, though eminently sound, but it is difficult to be very original or voluminous upon a subject which has been comprehensively discussed by so many important writers. Mr. Bray discusses the children of the town in a particularly suggestive and interesting manner, and he adds an Appendix upon the educational reforms which he thinks urgently needed. His tone towards Voluntary schools is needlessly harsh, but he tells them truths which are none the less true because they are unwelcome. Mr. Lawrence has written an admirable essay upon that complex and disheartening problem, the "Housing Question." He has the sobriety and commonsense which is so painfully lacking in the more sensational writers, but he has also a power of initiation and invention which those who only preach prevention are apt to lack. His remedies, general and immediate, possess the cardinal virtue of possibility. In the case of London the most pressing need is to protect the suburbs. We complain bitterly of the horrors which have grown up in the older parts of the city, but we do not lift a finger to prevent like horrors from being perpetrated in the new. In order to meet the expense which improved methods make inevitable, reforms must be made in our system of taxation. If there is one state of things more anomalous than another, it is the rating of unoccupied land in towns at its agricultural value. Mr. Lawrence does not preach violent measures, but if the reforms he urges could but be put into practice, the town housing problem would before very long pass from its unhappy pre-eminence in the rank of social questions. Mr. Wilson's clear and useful essay on the "Distribution of Industry" should be read in connection with Mr. Lawrence's. Mr. Noel Buxton and Mr Walter Hoare, in a long and thoughtful essay on "Temperance," agree in advocating reforms which will probably be disliked by extremists on either side, but which should none the less commend themselves to the great mass of sensible men. Mr. Head's essay on the "Church and the People" will, perhaps, seem to the average reader the most startling in the book. His sketch of the Church as it might be is certainly different from any of the Churches as they are. The drawback is that he arrives at this ideal by eliminating pretty well all that makes a Church worth having, But, though as a picture of the future the essay seems to us to have no attraction whatever, it is full of interest and accuracy as a picture of the present. Finally, Mr. G. W. Trevelyan, in an essay on "Past and Future," makes a spirited attack

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*THE HEART OF THE EMPIRE. Discussions of Problems of Modern City Life in England, with an Essay on Imperialism. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

upon modern Conservativism, and ends with a summary which he describes briefly and succinctly in his table of contents as "the good time coming, and how to make it come."

The whole book is one of the most satisfactory that has appeared of late years. It shows that there are still young men who are not only willing but able to think for themselves on genuinely Liberal lines, who not only study their subjects at first hand ("some of the authors have lived in settlements, some in block dwellings, others have been brought into direct contact with the districts abandoned to the labouring classes"), but know how to make them clear and vivid to the ignorant many, and who, moreover, are not afraid to combine enthusiasm with moderation in advocating the reforms they believe essential. The nine writers deserve hearty thanks and hearty congratulations from all who care for social reform, and the best compliment we can pay them is to say that *The Heart of the Empire* is less a book to be read and put aside than a social encyclopædia to be kept at hand for constant reference, even by those who do not agree with all its conclusions. That, at all events, is the place we propose to give it.

HINDUISM AND CHRISTIANITY.*

To every Christian the problem of the evangelisation of India is one of absorbing interest. And it is one which must press the more upon the individual citizen, because it is to the individual citizen that its solution has, humanly speaking, been left. For religious neutrality has been made one of the fundamental principles of British rule in India, rightly, as we believe, but in any case unalterably for many generations to come. Any book, therefore, which throws any light on the subject is deserving of a hearty welcome. Such a book was Mr. Longridge's "History of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta," and such also is the little treatise before us which Mr. Lillingston has dedicated to the Cambridge Brotherhood in Delhi. The idea of the Oxford Mission was first suggested, as Mr. Lillingston notices, by the supposed "approximation of the teaching of the Brahmo Samaj to Christianity," and it is with the history of the Brahmo Samaj, and its antecedents in Hindu theology, that he mainly deals. He covers, therefore, but a very small part of the ground which Christian missions in India must cover; for the Brahmo Samaj professed an essentially intellectual creed, and one which had, and could have, very little attraction for the vast polytheistic masses of the Hindu population. For it must be borne in mind, in considering the prospects of Christianity in India, that the Hinduism of the uneducated masses differs from that of the educated classes in kind rather than in degree; the one is the crudest polytheism, the other the most refined pantheism complicated by metaphysical subtleties which the ordinary Western mind can scarcely grasp. The evolution of the former from the latter is, indeed, natural enough, and the two are in practice linked together by the religious observances which are common to both, and which the enlightened metaphysician abandons more reluctantly than the superstitious polytheist. They are linked together also by that Brahman influence which is still the most dangerous political force in India at the present day. But the fact remains that the practical difference between the two is so great that totally different theological weapons must be used for dealing with them, and it is scarcely too much to say that there are actually two missionary problems to be solved, the solution of either of which will probably contribute little towards the solution of the other.

Before proceeding to give an account of the Brahmo Samaj Mr. Lillingston stops to inquire whether it had any spiritual antecedents in Hindu theology; for, as he rightly remarks, "were it not possible for us to see in the history of the past the forces which have issued in the formation of these Religious Societies, we should be inclined to ignore them as agents in the development of the character of the peoples of India." The question is: Is it possible to trace in Hinduism any tendency which, in the natural course of evolution, might be said to lead towards Christianity, or, at least, towards a frame of mind which can find satisfaction in Christianity alone? and does the Brahmo Samaj represent a phase of that evolution, or is it merely sporadic? Mr. Lillingston's answer is, we are inclined to think, unduly optimistic, for he seems to think that it can be shown "that the Theism of India to-day is the legitimate offspring of the Theism of past ages, modified, indeed, by new conditions of life, but yet essentially the same, and witnessing to the same essential characteristics of the human heart." The facts, as stated by him in his somewhat cursory examination of "Theism in India," do not, in our opinion, point to such a conclusion. They prove very little as regards Theism, and such hopefulness as lies in them is to be found in the witness they bear to the eternal craving of the human heart after a personal God. The efforts of certain Hindu reformers show the existence of that craving; the results of their reforms show not only that no development of Hinduism can satisfy it, but that the inevitable tendency of Hinduism is in the opposite direction. We are inclined to doubt whether there has ever been in Hindu theology anything which can be legitimately described as a "growing Monotheism," and the Brahmo Samaj cannot in any of its various forms be regarded as a golden bridge from a theistic Hinduism to Christianity. Nay, although as Rammohun Roy left it, it seemed so far to mark an improvement on earlier reforms as that it left no opportunity for a relapse into either pantheism or polytheism, yet in some of its later manifestations (*e.g.*, the worship of Hari) it already shows unmistakable signs of a falling away from the purity of theistic belief.

It would seem, therefore, that between Hinduism and Christianity there is a great gulf which no process of natural development can serve to bridge. From this point of view the Brahmo Samaj might be thought to have a purely academic interest for us. It has, however, something more than that, partly because of the attitude which it has adopted towards Christianity, partly because of the lessons which the careful observer may learn from it as to the missionary policy to be pursued in dealing with the educated Hindu. As has already been observed, a certain supposed approximation to Christianity in the tenets of the Brahmo Samaj led to the foundation of the Oxford Mission at Calcutta. And though it was speedily discovered that the approximation was only apparent, and that Keshub Chunder Sen and his followers were using Christian terminology to denote something quite other than the Christian idea, those who sympathised with the movement undoubtedly believed that here were overtures being made which it seemed narrow in our missionaries to refuse to meet half way. This view of the situation has been stated, somewhat querulously, by Max Müller in the second series of "Auld Lang Syne" (a book to which Mr. Lillingston does not refer, though it deals largely with the Brahmo Samaj). But if anyone wants to know why our missionaries (with all the sympathy in the world for the reformers, whose piety and goodwill were undoubted) could not accept "the proffered hand," he need only read Mr. Lillingston's clear and impartial discussion. "It is in its fundamental subjectivity," he says, "that we find the weak point in the teaching of the Brahmo Samaj." But this subjectivity is not peculiar to it, but is a fundamental weakness of Hinduism itself. A philosophic system which regards the external world as illusion (Maya) can be nothing but subjective. For first, where subject and object are alike illusion, the idea of personality is almost non-existent, and the doctrine of the personality of God was accordingly but weakly held by the Samaj. Again, unless the personality of God is clearly recognised, the meaning of sin is never grasped, and unless that is grasped the whole idea of Atonement and Redemption is unintelligible. Now, though the Brahmo Samaj in its later days went beyond its founder in recognising the gravity of sin, it continued to maintain that man can work out his own salvation by his own efforts; and where there is no Atonement no Incarnation is necessary either—"true incarnation simply means God manifest in

* THE BRAHMO SAMAJ AND ARYA SAMAJ. By the Rev. Frank Lillingston, M.A. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

humanity; not God made man, but God *in* man." Thirdly, the subjective mind is essentially unhistorical; for its facts have no objective value. The very idea of history seems strange to the Hindu (as anyone who picks up a Bengali newspaper may learn for himself), and the Brahmo Samaj was almost incredibly unhistorical in its methods—unhistorical in its criticism of the Hindu sacred books, and of the Gospel narrative; unhistorical also in the sense that it claimed to be "no restoration appealing to recognised historical authority, but a movement creative of faith 'de novo.'"

Enough has been said to show how illusory were any hopes founded on the use of Christian language by the Brahmo Samaj. The weakness of that system is the weakness of Hinduism, and the tendencies which the missionary has to combat in its adherents are those which he has to combat in any educated Hindu. Mr. Lillingston does not draw any practical conclusions from the examination of its tenets. But at least we may learn that it represents no advance towards the conversion of India. It may represent that *pius credulitatis affectus* which must precede faith, and if so, that is something. And it suggests that what is most wanted among educated Hindus is a rehabilitation of the idea of personality. For, contrasting curiously with his theoretical beliefs and bearing witness to the eternal craving of the human heart, is the dependence of the Hindu in the practical affairs of life on persons rather than on abstract ideas. We believe that that feeling of dependence can be educated (very slowly, no doubt, but none the less really) up to the person of Christ as the all-sufficing.

THE MOUNTAINS OF THE MOON.*

Mr. Moore was sent out by the Tanganyika Committee, in command of the expedition referred to in the title of this work, with the primary object of comparing the fauna of Lake Tanganyika, which are of a distinctly marine type, with those of the other great lakes in the central valley of the African continent. It had been assumed that they were of similar nature, the surmise being strengthened by the idea then prevalent that Africa was unique in the stability of its terrestrial conditions. Mr. Moore, however, finding that the marine organisms are absolutely confined to the Tanganyika Lake, holds that this theory was altogether erroneous, and cites the flora and the geological formation of the country in confirmation of his conviction that movements of great magnitude have occurred, and are still in progress in the land.

The present volume, however, touches very lightly on his scientific conclusions, which are to be recorded elsewhere. The author's design is to give a more popular account of the incidents of a journey through unknown lands, which he does with a pen occasionally almost too facile, as, for instance, where it writes of "making hay" with preconceived scientific ideas, or when it makes him say "and which," as it does with exasperating frequency. Another serious blemish in the volume for which the author is, perhaps, not entirely responsible, is that the illustrations have been distributed in a very casual manner, appearing in many cases fully sixty pages before their context.

Mr. Moore's style is fluent, and, though his language is occasionally somewhat colloquial, he has a decided faculty of drawing vivid word-pictures, as is shown in the following description of a march through the desert:—

> We had been without water since morning. . . . The golden evening was approaching, and faint, mysterious shadows were beginning to form in the hollows of the vast plain, and to throw up its undulating immensities into a very vivid shape. We were adrift with our hundred and odd thirsty ruffians. . . . There was no green patch, no dark forest in any river cutting that gave hope of water for the men, whose generally continuous chants had become hushed into the silence that characterises physical exhaustion, and the whole caravan now slouched on ominously quiet, the soft tread of hundreds of feet over the desert only now and then proclaimed by the cracking of some dried herbage on the ground . . . We looked anxiously for the village . . . those were surely huts in the distance grouped along a ridge perhaps two miles away, but, as we approached, the huts resolved themselves into shadows, stones, and dusky patches on the ground. As I walked every sort of thing that is good to drink flitted before my eyes with the strange realness that is born of an exhausted frame. The rustle of our feet among the desert grass wove itself with the phantoms of disordered fancy into the ripple and murmur of lakes and streams. The sun sank at length, and the short-lived glory of the twilight died out among the stars. The guides seemed not only to have lost their way but their heads as well; they said they did not know where to go. We were some hundreds of yards in front of the men, and as I sat exhaustedly on the ground, the sullen evening wind stirred the grass about our faces; it played with dried leaves for a second, and then threw them down and rustled off into space. It was the herald of the hot, limp night of the desert. While I sat there, however, one of the Soudanese came up and whispered "Bwana, maji Karibri!" ("Master, water is near!")

Mr. Moore's estimate of the country as a possible field for European enterprise will doubtless excite considerable interest. His opinion is diametrically opposed to those expressed by Mr. Rhodes and Sir Harry Johnston (whose name, by the way, is consistently mis-spelled throughout the book), and by others who "have axes to grind":—

> Nowhere (says he) in this vast interior, along any of the thousands of miles of route over which I have travelled, have I ever come across any places at all comparable to the very worst districts of New Zealand or the Far West of America. When low, the country is enervating, fever stricken, and hot: when high, wild, changeable, and wet. Can anyone who has been in Equatorial Africa name a single place anywhere, where he would like to go and live, and where he thinks he could make farming pay in any other sense than that of providing him with foodstuffs until he died of fever?

After an allusion to "the departed ivory trade," Mr. Moore goes on to say that out of the land "there comes absolutely nothing of a paying kind," but is he quite fair to land on which no clearing, draining, tilling, or sowing has been done? On the subject of mineral wealth he is equally pessimistic, but until the ground has been prospected by the only competent judge—the practical miner—and has been proved by the practical farmer, the views of men who have spent years in the country should surely carry greater weight than those of a naturalist and man of science, the duration of whose sojourn is reckoned in months.

* To the Mountains of the Moon, being an account of the Modern Aspect of Central Africa and of some little-known Regions traversed by the Tanganyika Expedition in 1899 and 1900. By J. E. S. Moore, F.R.G.S. Hurst and Blackett. 21s. net.

LAKE GENEVA.*

It is hardly necessary to remind the judicious traveller of the numerous claims on his notice that are possessed by the beautiful Lake of Geneva. He would, indeed, be a very dull or a very ignorant man who could spend a week at Geneva without caring to see the glades in which Rousseau strolled with Madame de Warens, the chapel where Voltaire raised an altar to the Unknown God, or the garden in which Gibbon took a final leave of the "Decline and Fall." It was a good idea of Mr. Francis Gribble to give us an entertaining and comprehensive summary of these and other literary pleasures for the Genevan tourist. He begins his narrative with Bonward, the world-famous "Prisoner of Chillon," whom he defends with vigour and success against the destructive criticism of those antiquarians who have tried to show that this amiable patriot was unworthy of the laurel-wreaths which Byron heaped on his tomb. There follows a graphic picture of Geneva in the time of the Reformation, when Calvin and Beza divided the admiration of its citizens and competed to set its moral tone. In the eighteenth century the Lake of Geneva became one of the chief of European literary centres, and Mr. Gribble has dealt gracefully with its associations with Voltaire, Rousseau, Gibbon, Madame de Stael, and many others of lesser note.

* Lake Geneva, and its Literary Landmarks. By Francis Gribble. Constable. 18s.

We miss some things that might have been added to his pages —such as Casanova's anecdotes of his visit to Voltaire, and Beckford's purchase of Gibbon's library—but in return we learn much that will be new to the English reader. The book has a good index and some portraits, and is not too heavy to be profitably introduced into a traveller's portmanteau.

FICTION.

The History of Sir Richard Calmady: A Romance. By Lucas Malet. Methuen and Co. 6s.—Like all the novels of Lucas Malet, *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* pushes its roots into deep problems of physiology and psychology, and starts vital questions as to the justice of God and the destiny of man. But unlike its predecessors, it attempts to answer the questions it asks, and it answers them from the side of faith. It is a very remarkable book, so remarkable that one wonders how it has missed the "one turn more" that might have made it magnificent. Probably because the positions of thought and belief it embodies are too newly arrived at by the writer to yield themselves with perfect flexibility to the requirements of artistic construction. All the characters are clear and convincing. We see them and know them. They are squarely drawn and warmly coloured. But they move a little stiffly, carrying with them rather too much impedimenta of adventitious detail. Mrs. Harrison has a special gift for defining outward and inward characteristics in terse and vivid phrases that live in the eye of the mind. But she forgets too often that just because her phrases live, it is unnecessary to repeat them, and that repetition in description weakens instead of strengthens the effect. That is a mistake that rather spoils the style of the book. The corresponding mistake in the substance of the story is an over-explicitness as to the motives, quests, aims, and self-consciousness of her characters. Julius March, the Tractarian, arrested mid-way to Rome and established as chaplain and librarian in his cousin's stately house; Richard Calmady the First, happily expressed on the spiritual side as one of those fortunate persons "who have a strong sense of God with small need of defining Him." Katherine, his wife, so splendid in her beauty, her short-lived happiness and her long tragedy of tortured motherhood and widowhood; wicked and captivating Helen de Vallorbes; all the Fallowfield and Quayle family who make up among them a complete repertory of the better sort of typical worldlings; the country doctor, rough and superfically cynical, but sound at heart—all these characters who surround the central personage (Richard Calmady the Second) are admirably conceived and executed. The only person one would like to dispense with is Honoria, who dots everybody's i's and crosses everybody's t's, and finally does the hero the irreparable wrong, from an artistic point of view, of marrying him magnanimously, and so bringing him down from the high level of tragic loneliness, which was his proper place, to snug domestic pastures. Brockhurst, the fine house and estate of the Calmadys, had been for six or seven generations under a curse when the hero of this novel was born. The two first very beautiful chapters introduce us to his parents in the ideal happiness of a perfect union; and at the same time make known to us the strange prophecy of which the yet unborn hero is destined to complete the fulfilment. A wicked baronet of Restoration days seduced a forester's daughter and then married a fine lady of the court. When the bride came home the bastard child of the forester's daughter was among those who crowded to see her grand coach drive up. Coming too near, it was pushed back, fell under the wheels, and was killed by the sharp cutting off of both its legs above the knee. The mother straightway cursed the house of Calmady to the sixth and seventh generation, and her curse, afterwards embodied in rhyme, declared that no Master of Brockhurst should reach old age or die a natural death, until an heir should be born "fatherless" and without "a foot to wear stocking or shoe." Some little dirty chap-books, containing this story and prophecy, were found by Julius March very soon after the coming home of his patron as a happy bridegroom. In a few months the patron was thrown from his horse, suffered amputation of a leg, and died. His posthumous heir was born with precisely the deformity described in the prophecy. But Julius kept the chap-books out of sight, and neither Katherine Calmady nor her son knew for many years that there was this element of mysterious fate in their misfortune. In spite of his deformity, the boyhood of Sir Richard was gracious and pleasant. At Oxford he develops talents, tastes, personal charm. Then comes the craving for young companionship at Brockhurst, and one part of the novel, called "La Belle Dame Sans Merci," shows him passing under the influence of his wicked and witty cousin, Helen de Vallorbes. The scene of the storm at night, which drives Katherine, after hours of restless anxiety, to her son's room, where she finds Helen *en déshabille*, marks the first grand crisis in Richard's development. Katherine retreats, feeling herself supplanted, and, in solitary agony, makes her submission to God. The conclusion of this chapter would have been perfect if it had come after the terse paragraph, which records the fact that within the curtains she prayed. But the text of Katherine's prayer, given after that paragraph, spoils it. After this, Richard, in a very bold scene, tells his mother that he must marry. He wants a wife in order that he may have a son. The Quayle family try to catch him for their youngest member, Lady Constance Quayle, a very gentle *ingénue*, who does her best not to be afraid of him, but fails signally. The affair collapses miserably, and leaves Richard bitter and defiant. Again there is a bold scene, in which he declares his intention of going to the devil. Four years of "Rake's Progress" bring him to the depths of degradation and disgust. He returns to his passion for Helen de Vallorbes, is led an ugly dance, and finally realises her absolute worthlessness and cruelty. Then come illness, the gates of death, reluctant recovery, and his mother to the rescue. Returning to Brockhurst, a humbled and rather soured man, he makes acquaintance with the tragic history of his family and the doggrel prophecy. He finds in it the clue to the mystery of his suffering, and accepts the part of saviour it indicates for him. And here again one wishes that the curtain had been allowed to fall sooner. The moment when Katherine discovers her son in the chapel and learns from him that he has found the first step of the ladder of reconciliation, was the moment for the final close. The details of the cripples' home he establishes afterwards, and—as has been said already—Honoria's offer of herself as wife, introduce an element of bathos. But, in spite of faults which it shares with all the serious as well as many of the non-serious novels of the day, *The History of Sir Richard Calmady* is a remarkably fine book with a noble motive and a sound conclusion.

The Snares of the World. By Hamilton Aïdé. Murray. 6s. —This is a well-worn theme with novel writers, and the chief impression left after reading this book is one of amazement that anyone should have had the industry to write four hundred pages about things of which so little new was to be said. Not that the book is uninteresting—hardly that; it is interesting enough to make one wish to finish it, and that is something to be thankful for nowadays. And there is at least one good piece of study in the story—the study in temptation to a young girl, when her friend's clever husband makes love to her on the ground that she alone is able to give him the sympathy and encouragement he needs in the furthering of certain philanthropic schemes. Moyra O'Connell, the daughter of an Irish peer, is a pleasant, though commonplace, character; Lord Desmond is a rather unpleasant, but equally commonplace person; but the effect that these two people have upon each other is realised and made use of by the author in a way that is something better than commonplace. It is such an old story, this—"I need you, my work needs you, you alone can understand me," etc.—the Egoist in his very best form—but it is a plea that has always had and will always have its effect on women, especially young women, who would not listen to a declaration put in any other form. Of course, Moyra is much too virtuous and commonplace

to yield to this seductive temptation, although she is silly enough to fall in love with the tempter. Her friend Lady Desmond is beautiful, stupid, and in this story impossibly blind. A woman who is beautiful enough to receive a great deal of flattery and attention on her own account is hardly ever blind to the state of her husband's affections, especially when she adores him, as this woman did. How Moyra resisted her temptation, how she abstained from falling in love with a fascinating Hungarian count with ideal notions about the condition of unenlightenment in which his peasantry ought to dwell, and how she finally fell in love with a penniless captain, who came into the inevitable fortune at the right moment, are related at some length in the pages of the book. The condition of the Hungarian peasantry is evidently a hobby with the author ; and, not unnaturally, it is the dullest part of the story, the local colour being laid on with an amount of laborious detail which is extremely tedious to the reader.

The Devastators. By Ada Cambridge. Methuen. 6s.—We must confess to something like a weakness for Miss Cambridge's way of telling a story. Milk and water is wholesome sometimes ; at any rate it is a better mixture than blood and thunder, and is even delightful in contrast to the lees and dregs of human nature out of which some writers of fiction like to compound their draughts. The title is rather too serious, for we take it to imply that beautiful people of either sex are generally devastators of someone's happiness. It is a curiously pessimistic view for anyone of Miss Cambridge's happy and wholesome outlook upon life, and, we beg to submit, it is by no means true. In this story Peggy Le Marchand, a really delightfully portrayed and thoroughly attractive girl (although the authoress keeps on insisting that she was *not* beautiful), is betrothed and married to one Harry Bedingfield, who slips away from his allegiance to his wife to run after a pretty but thoroughly unattractive friend of his youth. He neglects Peggy, who dies without even letting him see that she knew of his defection. Of course there is the silent, uncouth, steadfast man who loves her all the time but never tells his love. The merit of the story consists in its atmosphere of pleasant, wholesome family life, and in places it rises to something like excellence. The scene between the two men after Peggy's death is really well done, and the pathos of the whole occurrence is perfectly natural and unforced. The early scene in church, where the atmosphere of a wet summer evening indoors, the gas-lit, steamy church, and sentimental evening hymn blends with a highly emotional effect upon two young people, is a piece of very wholesome common sense. The style of the book is good throughout, and there is something of Meredith's compactness in "it was the hour when the men snatched a whiff of tobacco, while the women were upstairs for gloves and a last flirt of the hair-comb." There is all the atmosphere of a house-party between dinner and a big dance in that sentence.

John Topp, Pirate, by Weatherby Chesney (Methuen, 6s.), is a first-rate book of its kind, and full of vigour from end to end. The hero and his friends were pirates only when they were driven to preserve their lives against the Spaniard and the Inquisition. The scenes in the Spanish Main, when first the English got the upper hand, and then lost it again by carelessness and over good-nature, are always exciting. A good portrait is "the Old Man," whose brain has been unhinged by Spanish tortures, but who retains cunning enough to save the mariners' treasures, and has a queer kind of prophetic vision. The mighty struggle which was splitting the Old World in two is carried on here on the shores of the New on exactly the same lines—"the same enemies, the same result."

Mrs. Green. By Evelyne Elsye Rynd. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.—This is a fairly amusing specimen of journalistic humour. It portrays the conversational entanglements and ghoulish propensities of the typical charwoman, an ideal begin who is loftily unlike the mere average actual woman. The monologue would undoubtedly be laughter-provoking if read with discreet intervals in a weekly paper, but we are not convinced of any justification for its existence in volume form.

The Great Noodleshire Election, by J. A. Fraser (Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.), is a series of amusing letters from the Conservative candidate to a friend, describing the acts of the Primrose League and the Duchess to secure his seat. The best hit is a prophecy by Lord Loosestrife (a Cabinet Minister wearing an orchid) of the time "when the Anglo-Saxon Empire will stand armed to the teeth in a spirit of deadly hostility to all the nations." However, it must be understood that the book is a slight one.

MAGAZINES.

SIR WILLIAM HUNTER'S interesting article in the *Cornhill Magazine,* on "The Indian Civil Service, Past and Present," will bring home to his readers how greatly things have changed in the last 150 years. In no respect is this more marked than in the scale of salaries paid to the chief civil servants. Thackeray, the grandfather of the novelist, receiving only £62 a year as fourth member of the Dacca Council. No doubt these incomes were greatly added to by private trade and perquisites, which were very rightly suppressed in later days, an increase of salary being put in their place. But the Indian Civil Service has produced some of the best types of English heroism, which in times of danger is far above all money consideration. Bloomsbury is the subject of the "Provincial Letters," and the loyalty allied with Protestantism that distinguished the district in the days of the Georges' seems to have lessened but little. The Relief of Mafeking was nowhere more enthusiastically celebrated, and most of the churches of the district are still the strongholds of the Protestant party. "The Londoner's Logbook" is full of good-humoured satire on men and matters which, perhaps, sails a little near the wind in parts, but it is only those who are not quite sure of their standpoints who will seriously take the satire to heart, and Mr. George Paston's article, "The Penciller by the Way," revive several good stories of D'Israeli and others, and bring before the public a man who must have been good company in his day. Perhaps the article which all will turn to first is Mrs. Austruther's "That Tyrant Income." All are slaves to that tyrant in more or less degree, but the advice she gives to treat your income as your enemy is one that can only be successful when the tyrant is one of a certain magnitude. Most people have little "oil" wherewith to ease the wheels of daily existence.

In the *Revue de Paris* (London publisher, T. Fisher Unwin) light historical articles are a leading feature. An account of the procedure of the city of Lyons in raising a municipal loan in Paris under Louis XIV., and then, as was to be expected, defaulting upon it, after having used most of the proceeds in pensioning the relatives of the local authorities, exhibits a naïve and barefaced roguery which (except in scale) could hardly be surpassed in South America. A sketch of the life and work of Ambroise Paré, the great French surgeon of the sixteenth century, whose chief title to be remembered in his profession is that he made use of the ligature in amputations, contains a good deal of interesting information as to the surgical practice, and the ideas, of the time. Paré (like others before him, apparently) thought that anæsthetics might be used, but never tested his belief by experiment, and as was the case with many other mediæval surgeons his practice was more sensible than his theories. But the brutality of some of his methods is almost incredible ; imagine a surgeon who, extracting a spear broken in the bowels of a wounded man, and wishing to get a purchase on the weapon, put one foot on the patient's face ! Accounts of the return of Louis XVIII. to the Tuileries in 1815, and of the rout of Sedan, are other historical items. M. Henri Potez describes his impression of Ireland correctly enough, no doubt, but with little sympathy and overmuch realism. MM. Leon Bollack and Michael Bréal discuss the constitution of the future "pidgin" language which (more successfully, let us hope, than Volapük) is to free commerce from the curse of Babel.

Blackwood.—The late Charles Salaman's reminiscences of "Pianists of the Past" (a group of which the writer has, since the writing of the article, become one) cover a period of over seventy years. Muzio Clementi, an old man of seventy-five, intently listening to the boy Liszt's interpretation of Hummel's concerto, is the first of the many great figures brought before the reader. John Baptist Cramer, "dignified and elegant in appearance, with something of the look of the Kembles, displaying his mastery of the instrument in a tranquil manner so different from the exhibitions of restless exaggeration and affectation one so often sees at the modern pianoforte recitals," comes next. Ignace Moscheles, John Field, Charles Neate—whose friendship with Beethoven seems to bring the latter too within touch—Hummel; Mendelssohn, most gracious and attractive personality perhaps of all; Liszt, as boy and man; Sterndale Bennett, Thalberg, Chopin, Schumann, Czerny, and many another great spirit is evoked. Of one mediocre figure—that of Wolfgang Mozart—there is a sad little picture. Middle-aged, shabbily dressed, he met the enthusiastic remark, "How proud you must be to be called Mozart," by the disillusioning answer, "Well, it has been rather an injury to me." "It was a bitter truth. If the son had not been a musician the father's fame would have been a glorious legacy. As it was, it overwhelmed him." Mr. Gwynn's "With the Pilchard Fleet" is a picturesque and thoroughly charming description of a night's fishing, and contains parenthetically an enthusiastic appreciation of the Cornish fisherman and the trade he wages. "Skinner and Skinner's Horse" is the effectively-told story of a notable man and his services to India. By way of moral, the writer quotes Sir John Malcolm's letter to Skinner, in which the reasons for the superiority of the latter's corps over other corps is pointed out, and the warning given that the commander has "gone *to the very verge* of making bad regulars of admirable irregulars." The writer fears that this verge has now been passed, and that while the Bengal cavalry soldier of the day is more highly trained than was his predecessor in the old days, he is at least in danger of losing the qualities for which that predecessor was especially valuable. Speaking elsewhere of the state of Ireland, a writer traces its troubles to the old causes which had reduced it to anarchy in Cromwell's time. "The country is suffering not for the reason that it is governed in an arbitrary manner, for it enjoys equal liberty of self rule with England and Scotland, but on account of its own internal dissensions and jealousies." The fatal separation between the classes, embittered rather than assuaged by the influence of religious belief, the ideas firmly held by the bulk of the peasants on the land question, the grave difficulties in the way of inducing peace, are fairly summed up, together with the signs, hopeful and otherwise, of the time. The writer of the musings treats of three people, Lord Rosebery, Lord Chesterfield, and Mr. Hall Caine, only one of whom—he who, unfortunately, is least likely to see the paper—Lord Chesterfield—would find the remarks in it as delightful as will readers less immediately concerned in them.

Temple Bar.—Mr. A. Montefiore Brice has an interesting and lucid article on Old Age Pensions. Seeing that "they are inevitably destined to become part of the law of our realm," Mr. Brice considers time and thought given to the subject to be in no way thrown away, and he does his best to give his readers "knowledge in the potted form" in the most satisfactory way. The main schemes reviewed are four in number, *i.e.*, those of Canon Blackley, of Mr. Charles Booth, the system of State-aided deferred annuities for which Mr. Chamberlain has stood sponsor, and the scheme proposed by the Select Committee of the House of Commons in 1899. This last scheme Mr. Brice regards as roughly the fixed form of the whole movement, and he therefore considers the cost and machinery of working it. That the scheme has vulnerable points he admits, but holds that it is in the whole a plain, straightforward workable scheme. An amusing semi-ironical article on the "Pyschology of Croquet" and the difficulty of overcoming the fact that "there is too much 'trick' about the game" to ensure equal advantages to both players has something of a parallel in "Blackwood," where the consequences of "prepared wickets" upon the game of cricket are treated with the seriousness proper to the subject. Dr. Johnson would scarcely be satisfied with "Sport of any kind" as a definition of the modern idea of "game." Elaborate and complicated pedigrees of Thackeray's characters drawn up in another article bring out certain relationships more than likely to be missed by the general reader, and it would perhaps puzzle even the more careful to state offhand George Warrington's precise connection with the Esmond family. Mr. Egerton Castle brings "The Secret Orchard"—not, we think, the most satisfactory of his novels—to a close, and the fiction for the month includes several unusually good and bright short stories.

Macmillan's.—The approaching Montenegrin Jubilee gives Mr. W. Miller an opportunity, of which he makes good use, to describe the alteration in the little State during the last fifty years, and the progress it has made under its present head, Prince Nicholas, whose personal government has brought about its prosperity, whose pen has enriched its literature, and who shares with the King of Denmark "the congenial part of father-in-law to all Europe." Mr. Levitt Yeats has a good deal that is interesting to record of the superstitions in "The Land of the Poppy." Mr. Langdon Davies traces the rise of the modern party system, admits the weakness which is apt, as at the present moment, to beset it—weakness inevitable when "parties are not divided on a main principle of Government nor on a measure of supreme importance"—but scouts, as wild and absurd, the prophecies of its decay and the approach of departmental government. In "Our Title-Deeds in South Africa" certain discrepancies between Dr. Theal's earlier and later histories are pointed out, and some comparisons drawn between the value of Boer and British rule in South Africa.

Longman's.—A fairly entertaining article on "Eighteenth Century London through French Eye-glasses" gives a not altogether flattering picture of the city and her inhabitants. Mr. Grosley, who is the chief wearer of the eye-glasses, seems to have, not unlike some modern travellers, based a large volume on a very small amount of facts, but the facts are to be disinterred, and are, on the whole, worth the trouble. Another writer has some pleasant gossip concerning the early botanists Turner, Gerards, Ray, and others, and their Essex homes. "English Flowers in an Egyptian Garden" is a charming record of a successful attempt at home-making.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

AMERICAN EDITORS.

SIR,—American editors have been accused pretty largely by many English journalists of literary plagiarism; this is, no doubt, partially correct, but there are a few better class journals which do not descend to such a level. The *Critic* for instance, one of the best literary magazines in the States, never publishes an unauthorised article. The *New Age* recently told how an editor of one of the leading American reviews sent them a cheque for five pounds and a note thanking them for two articles which they had reproduced in New York in their own journal. It seems, therefore, that there are still a few gentlemen left in American journalism, although there are many who would have us believe otherwise. I only hope that when an American editor is so good as to pay for what he publishes out of English journals that the author of the article gets his share of the spoils also. A good many American editors are undoubtedly cognisant of their duties, and in support of this I quote the following remark made the other day by an editor of wide experience in charge of one of the most influential papers in the United States. He said: "The duties of editors to the public, the country, and the generation are unquestioned, and we are, I am sure, deeply conscious of the great power with which we are entrusted and our corresponding obligations. We try to lead public opinion and to be a patriotic factor in our country's literary development." Surely this, without being idealistic, is as true and high a conception of the editor's obligations as it is possible to conceive. On the other hand, I have seen it stated in New York that

the object of an editor is to keep the literary aspirant out and get the celebrity in, which is just the other extreme of literary generosity. Although there are exceptions, the contents of the popular magazine bear this out. I do not believe for one moment that the young literary man has any better chance in New York than he has here in London, because, although there are a greater number of mediums for his work in the States, there are infinitely more literary aspirants in proportion than there are in England. To use a common expression which I have myself heard, "every other person claims literary ability in America," which is not far out. Of course, both here and there are to be found those whose determined spirits enable them to find places in the magazines "in spite of editors." And they fully deserve their success for such dogged perseverance. In America the contributor-to-be must either be well known, or have some personal connection with the matter about which he writes; otherwise his chance of success is very minute. This reference is also as necessary in London, although I do not think that the percentage of unknown writers is higher than across the Atlantic. But in any case and wherever it may be, experience of some sort or other is undoubtedly very essential. The American dailies are more varied than our own and offer more scope to the contributor, whilst another corner in their journalistic life is poetry; nearly every paper, great or small, makes a point of publishing poetry, which is more than can be said of most English editors.

Although the conditions of work are a little different in America from our own, the principles are the same. Often a writer is bitterly disappointed at the rejection of an MS. which has not possibly been returned because it lacks merit, but simply because it has not been read through, owing to the lack of time that has been available for it. I doubt if a personal knowledge of the author by the editor would have remedied it, for it seems to me that he has got to get a day and a half's work into one, and is only irritated by unnecessary interviews. The aspirant must persist in his efforts and some day he will be rejoiced at his success. Editors are ordinary mortals and generally mean well. As there are so many writers to one editor he is able to pick and choose, or, as someone has said, "to make friends of the few and enemies of the many." MATTHEW CRIPPS.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. Stone's and D. J.'s letters of August 31st, may I say that it seems to me one of the greatest of current delusions to suppose that "the Darwinian theory" (in general) is incompatible with the Christian doctrine of sin as something more than a survival, as lawlessness and (consequently) the ruin of our human nature. No sane theory of development, based on scientific evidence, can teach that the actual human evolution has been the best possible; only that there *has been* upward development, with immense qualifications in view of widespread deterioration and stagnation. On the other hand Christian theology only needs to teach that sin disorders and taints and weakens human development, in the individual and in the race, as being the refusal of the higher life in favour of the lower; and renders it therefore something quite different from what apart from sin it might have been. The Christian doctrine of sin is a fundamental postulate of our moral consciousness; and has no adversary really except such philosophy as denies the reality of moral freedom.

CHARLES GORE.

MAGIC AND RELIGION.

SIR,—I am sorry if I have misunderstood Mr. Lang, but I think the fault is not mine. Although I had some difficulty, while reading Mr. Lang's book, in following his arguments when he leaves destructive criticism, I was careful to put my suggestion that he accepted the doctrine of a primitive revelation as tentatively as possible, and the qualification "in a supernatural sense" is, of course, his own gloss on my commentary. I do not agree with his dictum that "anthropologists cannot accept written documents as testimony to what men believed long before they could write" in its literal sense, because it seems to me that this is exactly what anthropologists do when they draw arguments from the written reports of missionaries and other travellers as to the beliefs of savages. So far as the Egyptian monuments are concerned—here again I said nothing about "written documents"—those lately discovered go back to 5000 B.C., and to a time when their makers had not yet fully emerged from the stage of neolithic culture. Hence they seem to me better evidence for the early magical and religious beliefs of mankind than hearsay tales collected from savages who have, from the facts of the case, come into contact with Europeans.

May I also draw Mr. Lang's attention to an explanation of the fire-walking phenomena he records in his book which is mentioned in the *Athenæum* of the 31st ult. This is, that the fire-bed is in all cases made of coral or some excessively porous stone which will cool so rapidly that its upper surface can be touched with impunity while the lower part is red hot. If this be so, the "sacring" of the fire-bed may be intended to give the surface time to cool. The explanation is said in the *Athenæum* to be given by Professor Langley in *Nature*. Whether this is the French or English journal of the name I do not know, and up till now I have been unable to verify the reference. YOUR REVIEWER.

SYNESIUS.

SIR,—Will you allow me to offer an explanation on two matters referred to in the very kind review of my book which appeared in THE PILOT of August 31st?

I am aware that βασιλεύς is the usual title given to the Emperor by Greek writers. The object of my note on page 429 was merely to show why, in dealing with Synesius, I rendered the word in two different ways.

Unless the "Notitia Utriusque Imperii" is a more common work than I imagine, it can hardly be easily accessible to me; for, as I have said in my preface, I am quite out of the reach of great libraries.

Mrs. Wedgwood's letter places me under a considerable obligation to her. It is a real encouragement to know that one has gained so generous and appreciative a reader.

W. S. CRAWFORD.

THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION AND EDUCATION.

SIR,—One of the objects of the British Association, I learn, is "to obtain more general attention to the objects of science, and the removal of any disadvantages of a public kind which impede its progress," and this year, at any rate, the British Association has devoted a section to "Educational Science."

There are at present numerous disadvantages which impede the progress of education in England. I will in this letter mention one only, but that a very important one—viz., the present insecurity of tenure of teachers.

Whether the officers of that section are thoroughly alive to the above fact I do not know, but I shall be glad to supply any member of the British Association who is interested in "Educational Science" with a copy of extracts from Letters of headmasters on the insecurity of tenure which at present exists in most of their cases in Secondary Endowed Schools in England. THOMAS ALLEN, M.A.

Egebridge, Lidbury. September 15th, 1901.

SOVRAN *not* SOVEREIGN.

SIR,—I have only just seen Mr. Frere's reply to what he, with "apt alliteration's artful aid," styles my "pessimistic parlance," the point of which I fear he missed. May I be permitted to supplement Mr. Tyrrell's quaint question by also enquiring if Mr. Frere will recommend *barymeter* for *barometer*, *seiren* for *syren*, *aneurysm* for *aneurism*, *chirurgeon* for *surgeon*, *sent* for *scent*, (+sentire) cissors for scissors, (+caedere) *stile* for *style*, (+stilus)? "Instead of wrangling over what is 'correct,' it is much more helpful to inquire how it all came about. To say that English spelling is 'etymological,' merely because it sometimes keeps up or assumes Greek and Latin habits in spelling words of Greek and Latin origin, is very inadequate as a description of the facts." (Skeat.) Thus *sythe* and *sent* were mis-spelt, after A.D. 1500, *scythe* and *scent*, BECAUSE an *sc* was written in the classical word *science!* Surely now, Mr. Frere will write *giv* for *give?* The *e* in *give* is simply, as the Rev. Professor Skeat says, 'idle.' The middle English *u* denoted a vowel, unless succeeded by *e*. The final *ue* for *v* exists in the first folio of Shakespeare, and I believe we owe the final *ve* with the sound of *v* to the printing petrifactions of Caxton. Mr. Frere is pleased to suppose my knowledge of Coleridge. Does he know that Cowper has the *ea* in *sea* to be pronounced as in the word *great*, and not as in the word *treat?* No doubt of it! Therefore I trust Mr. Frere will never be at *say* (sea), always enjoy his *tay* (tea), and not think me quite a *baste* (beast), seeing that for these pronunciations there is a three hundred years' prescription too sacrosanct to be derided by anyone not owing allegiance to a "foran sovran," but to "this imperial sovranty." [Par: Lost. Bk. II. 446.] HERBERT JONES.

Shelford, Cambridge, September 9th, 1901.

A QUESTION.

SIR,—Some time ago, when Canon C. H. Robinson, of Ripon, was at Poole, near Leeds, he saw an old man who

related the following curious story when he was asked if he had ever been confirmed. He said that a great many years ago he went as a boy into a church near Leeds. There he saw the Archbishop of York walking slowly down the centre of the church with his arms outstretched on each side, and slowly repeating the words of the Confirmation Service. The old man took a seat in a pew, and the Archbishop passed by him in the same way that he had passed by all the others.

As Leeds has not been in York diocese since the formation of the see of Ripon nearly seventy years ago, that will give an idea how long ago the incident happened and who was the Archbishop of York.

Was the old man confirmed or not?

Last week I was looking at an old bound volume of some periodical in a house in Wensleydale, Yorkshire, when I came across an extract from the diary of H. C. Robinson, giving an account of how in 1816 he was walking up Manchester parish church when he heard a great squealing, and looking he saw a long row of women holding infants in their arms. Down this row was walking the clergyman carrying a bowl of water and sprinkling the children, whilst he repeated the baptismal words. Mr. Robinson wondered whether the children were baptised or not.

It would be interesting to know whether there are any more accounts of similar practices in other parts of the country, and whether the man was confirmed and the children baptised or not in the two cases quoted.

J. W. R.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN ENGLAND.

SIR,—Your reviewer, in dealing with Miall and Fowler's edition of White's "Selborne," adduces good evidence for the occurrence of the nightingale in south-west England. The bird is known to occur sometimes even in some of the Welsh counties; it was heard this spring near Cardiff, though I believe that tales of its being heard in Cardiganshire, etc., have arisen from an inability to distinguish such songsters as the woodlark from the better known bird.

But is it a "popular error" to suppose the nightingale is unknown in the "extreme northern" counties of England? In the "Transactions of the Yorkshire Naturalists' Union," Part 24, pp. 90 to 109, Mr. Nelson establishes the ordinary and the extraordinary limits of its occurrence in England. Boroughbridge is the most northern point which the nightingale regularly reaches, and there is no satisfactory evidence of its occurrence anywhere north or north-west of Thirsk and Scarborough. That is, of the six northern counties, five, or at least four, appear to have no good record of the occurrence of the bird, while in Yorkshire it is not known within fifteen miles of the most southern point of Teesdale, nor within one hundred miles of Berwick. This, of course, excludes it from "the extreme northern" counties of England.

H. J. RIDDELSDELL.

MORAL GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—Is not the true criterion of moral progress the establishment of what we term "rights" by a popularly-elected legislature?—such "rights" receiving support of so assured a kind that we cannot imagine their being taken back. Such are the abolition of slavery by legislative enactment, the right to hospitals, the right to education, the right to freedom of belief.

That in past times many an individual subscribed to the above we may be sure, but when a country's popularly elected legislature enforces such "rights," this constitutes progress.

D. J.

S. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

SIR,—The father of the Franciscan Order is probably the saint cited by your contributor, F. G., as having addressed a sermon to an attentive audience of lower animals. "S. Francis preaching to the birds" was the title of a picture—exquisitely limned by a Royal Academician—that fairly "took the town by storm" twenty or thirty years ago. Here is the incident as recorded by Mr. Baring-Gould: "On another occasion, when he was preaching in the town of Alvia, the swallows, with their perpetual screaming, incommoded the audience. Francis had gone up to a piece of high ground, that he might be seen of all, and had asked for silence from the assembled people. But the birds were flitting all about in airy circles, making their nests, chirping, and calling to each other overhead in the blue heaven of the Italian sky. When it became apparent that these sweet disturbers of the peace prevented their human companions from hearing the Word of God, the preacher turned and courteously saluted the little nest-builders. 'My sisters!' he said, 'it is now time that I should speak. Since you have had your say, listen now in your turn to the Word of God, and be silent till the sermon is finished!' It is needless to say that he was perfectly obeyed."

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss. E. T. FRERE.
September 10th, 1901.

ANDREW JUKES.

SIR,—Having been invited by the family of the Rev. Andrew Jukes to edit a selection of his letters, I venture to ask your courteous permission to request any of your readers who may have been in correspondence with him to lend me such papers as may seem to them suitable for publication. I need hardly say that such papers will be treated by me with the greatest care, and returned with the least possible delay. I should be glad to learn whether the lenders would prefer that their names should be kept private.

To reduce the cost of postage, letters, etc., may be addressed to the Rev. H. H. Jeaffreson, care of Miss E. R. Cuff, Two Elms, Canfield Gardens, London, N.W.

HERBERT H. JEAFFRESON.

Villa degli Angeli, Fiesole, Italy, August 26th, 1901.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL AND SONS have added *The Merry Wives of Windsor* and *Love's Labour's Lost* to their charming *Chiswick Shakespeare*. This is the only serious rival to Messrs. Dent's Temple edition, and it has the advantage of the excellent line illustrations by Mr. Byam Shaw. Mr. Shaw is unequal both in his inspiration and his execution, but the best of his work in these little volumes is very good indeed, and his adornment of the chapter-headings and endings adds an additional charm to these pages. The books are published at 1s. 6d.

Messrs. Gowans and Gray send us the second volume of their new edition of *Don Quixote*, which is admirably turned out at the low price of 1s. The text is that of John Ormsby, and Mr. James Fitzmaurice Kelly contributes an introduction and valuable notes.

We have also received the following:—

A Horse Book (dumpy books for children), by Mary Tourtel. Illustrated: Grant Richards, 1s. 6d.

Domestic Economy in Theory and Practice, by Marion Greenwood, Bidder, and Florence Baddeley: Cambridge University Press, 4s. 6d.

Justification by Faith, by H. W. Holden: Skeffington, 2s.

The Greek Testament, with the Reviser's Readings: Clarendon Press, India-paper Edition.

The Reformation Settlement Examined in the Light of History and Law, by the Rev. Malcolm MacColl, D.D., tenth edition, with a new preface: Longmans, Green, 6s.

Sant' Ilario, by F. Marion Crawford: Macmillan's Sixpenny Series.

Julian Home, by Frederic W. Farrar; *Under Two Skies*, by E. W. Hornung; *Rab and His Friends*, by John Brown: A. and C. Black. 6d. each.

Follow Thou Me, by Shaw Maclaren. Inverness: Melven Bros. 1s.

Sympathy, by May Wynne: Skeffington and Son. 1s.

The Child's Guide to the Book of Common Prayer, by Ernest Desdaile: Eyre and Spottiswoode. 1s.

Poems of Shelley, selected for use in schools, by E. E. Speight, B.A.; *The Story of the Pirate*, from the original of Walter Scott by Harriet Gassiot: A. and C. Black. 6d. each.

The Millenary of Alfred the Great, sermon by Rev. C. Lloyd Engström, M.A.: Longmans, Green, and Co. 1s.

The Holy Eucharist in the New Testament, by the Bishop of Fond Du Lac. Milwaukee; The Young Churchman Co., 15 cents.

The Eucharist Sacrifice, by the Bishop of Fond Du Lac: The Harber Printing Co.

Ourselves, by Brownlow North, twelfth edition; *Gathered Leaves*, by Brownlow North, second edition: London, Chas. J. Thynne.

The History of English Church Architecture, by George Gilbert Scott, with illustrations: B. T. Batsford, 12s. 6d.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

TRAVEL.

The Sherbro and its Hinterland, by T. J. Alldridge; *Glories of Spain*, by Charles W. Wood; *The Island of Formosa*, by James W. Davidson: Macmillan. *Burmah under British Rule*, by John Nisbet; *Asia and Europe*, by Meredith Townsend: Constable.

HISTORY AND ANTIQUITIES.

A History of Greece, by Professor Burn, a library edition in two volumes; *George Washington*, and other American Addresses, by

Frederic Harrison; *Oxford Studies*, by John Richard Green (a new volume of the *Eversley Series*); *Rome and Reform*, by T. K. Oliphant; *The Roman Theocracy and the Republic*, by R. M. Johnston; *Handbook of European History*, by Oscar Browning; *Atlas Antiquus*, fifty maps; *New Historical Atlas for British History*, fifty maps; *New Historical Atlas for Modern History*, fifteen large maps—all the maps printed in colours, and each Atlas has an Index, by Dr. Emil Reich: Macmillan. *Time Table of Modern History*, A.D. 400-1870, by M. Morison; *A Ribbon of Iron* (the Siberian Railway), by Annette M. B. Meakin: Constable.

THEOLOGY.

Sermons, by T. E. Brown, with Introduction by the Bishop of Hereford: Constable. *Pontifical Services*, illustrated from miniatures of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, with Notes and Introduction, by W. H. Frere; *The Faith of the Millions*, Essays by George Tyrell, S.J.: Longmans. *Addresses on the Acts of the Apostles*, by the late Archbishop Benson, with an introduction by the Duchess of Bedford; *Notes on the Clementine Recognitions*, by the late F. J. A. Hort; *St. Luke the Prophet*, by Edward Carus Selwyn; *The Earliest Gospel: a Commentary on the Gospel of St. Mark*, by Allan Menzies, Professor of Divinity at St. Mary's College, St. Andrews; *Handbook to the Textual Criticism of the New Testament*, by F. G. Kenyon, Assistant Keeper of MSS. in the British Museum; *The Christian Ministry*, by the late Bishop Lightfoot; *Inns of Courts Sermons*, by the Rev. H. E. Beeching; *The Corn of Heaven*, by the Rev. Hugh Macmillan; *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, Vol. V., edited by the Rev. Ronald Bayne; *Laud's Controversy with Fisher*, edited by the Rev. C. H. Simpkinson: Macmillan.

FICTION.

The Failure of Success, by Lady Mabel Howard, author of "The Undoing of John Brewster": Longmans. New novels by Edna Lyall, Beatrice Whitby, Lady Fairlie Cuninghame, Cecil Headlam, Mrs. Tanqueray, and Lucas Cleeve: Hurst and Blackett. *The Million*, by Dorothea Gerard: Methuen. *Swallow*, by H. Rider Haggard: Longmans. *George Meredith's Novels*, in 15 volumes, pocket edition; and new books by Tom Gallon, Maurice Hewlett, Robert Mackay, R. W. Chambers, Bernard Capes, Julian Sturgis, Gabriel Setoun, Stewart White, Dmitri Merejkowski (translated by Herbert Trench), Lafayette, McLaws, and the works of Tobias Smollett: Constable. Michael Fairless, G. W. Cable, Samuel Mervin, the Editor of "An Englishman's Love Letters," S. R. Crockett, and Jessie Van Z. Belden: Murray. *Kim*, by Rudyard Kipling. *The Benefactress*, by the Author of "Elizabeth and Her German Garden," and New Stories by Marion Crawford, S. R. Crockett, Roza N. Carey, Egerton Castle, Dr. Weir Mitchell, Una L. Silberrad, Mrs. Farquharson, Stephen Gwynn, Evelyn Sharp, Eric Parker, B. K. Benson, S. Mervin and H. K. Webster, Alfred Hodder, and W. S. Davis. Macmillan.

MILITARY AND NAVAL.

Arts Under Arms, by Maurice FitzGibbon: Longmans. *Pictures of War*, by John Stuart; *With the Flag at Sea*, by Walter Wood, with illustrations by H. Seppings Wright: Constable.

SCIENCE.

Researches on Cellulose, by Cross and Bevan; *Practical Text-book of Plant Physiology*, by D. T. MacDougall: Longmans. *The Prevention of Disease*, translated from the German: Constable. *The Scientific Memoirs of T. H. Huxley* (concluding volume), edited by Sir Michael Foster and Professor Ray Lankester; *Atlas of Elementary Zootomy*, by G. B. Howes; *The Scenery of England and the Causes to Which it is Due*, by Lord Avebury; two volumes completing *Macmillan's Manuals of Medicine and Surgery*, edited by W. H. Allchin; *Assimilation and Digestion*, by Sir T. L. Brunton, *The Climates and Baths of Great Britain*, Vol. II; *Outlines of Inorganic Chemistry*, by W. Ostwald; *An Experimental Study of Gases*, by M. W. Travers; *Lectures and Essays*, by the late W. K. Clifford, edited by Leslie Stephen and F. Pollock; *The Mystic Rose: A Study of Primitive Marriage*, by A. E. Crawley; *The History of Human Marriage*, by Edward Westermarck; *Mammals*, being Vol. X. of the *Cambridge Natural History*, by F. E. Beddard; *Insect Life*, by M. J. H. Fabre: Macmillan.

ART.

A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery, in 2 vols., by E. T. Cook: Macmillan. Messrs. Bell are about to bring out an illustrated series of shilling monographs under the title of *Bell's Miniature Series of Painters*. Each volume will contain a short life of the artist, an essay on his art, a chapter on the works illustrated, a list of his chief pictures, etc. The first volumes deal with "Velasquez," "Burne-Jones," "Fra Angelico," "Watteau and his Pupils," "Watts," and "Romney." The first two will be ready in September.

PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy, its Scope and Method, by the late Professor H. Sidgwick; *The Growth of Hegel's Logic*, by J. B. Baillie; *Mind in Evolution*, by L. T. Hobhouse; *Richard L. Nettleship's Works*, edited by A. C. Bradley and G. R. Benson; *Texts for a Course of Lectures on Greek Philosophy*, edited by Henry Jackson: Macmillan.

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS.

Poverty: A Study of Town Life, by B. S. Rowntree; *English Local Government*, by Dr. Joseph Redlich; *The Settlement after the War in South Africa*, by M. J. Farelly: Macmillan.

JUVENILE.

God Save King Alfred, by the Rev. E. Gilliat, illustrated; *The Boys' Odyssey*, by W. C. Perry, illustrated by Jacomb Hood; *Tales of the Spanish Main*, by Mowbray Morris, with illustrations by G. M. Borglum; *Old King Cole's Nursery Rhymes*, illustrated by Byam Shaw; *The Wood Pigeons and Mary*, by Mrs. Molesworth; *The Old Irish Rimes of Brian O'Linn*, illustrated by S. R. Praeger: Macmillan.

RELIGION.

The Hearts of Men, by H. Fielding, author of "The Soul of a People": Hurst and Blackett. *The Ministry of Grace*, by the Right Rev. John Wordsworth, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury; *Purgatory; the State of the Faithful Dead: Invocation of Saints*, by A. J. Mason, D.D., Canon of Canterbury; *Biblia Innocentium*, Part II., by J. W. Mackail; *The Company of Heaven*, by various authors: Longmans; *In Many Keys*, Thirty Sermons on Thirty Psalms, by H. J. Wilmot Buxton; *A Thousand Things to Say in Sermons*, by F. St. John Corbett; *Saints and Worthies*, by J. H. Skrine; *The Marks of the Church*, by Barton R. V. Mills; *The Coronation Service*, edited by Joseph H. Pemberton; *Hymns for the Coronation of King Edward VII.; Sermons for the Coronation*, by various clergymen; *Justification by Faith*, by H. W. Holden; *Guidance for Men and Other Sacred Trusts*, by H. W. Holden; *Religious and Social Work Amongst Girls*, by Flora L. Freeman, with preface by the Rev. R. R. Dolling; *Old Anglicanism and Modern Ritualism*, by F. Meyrick; *Scriptural and Catholic Truth and Worship*, by F. Meyrick; *The Confirmation and Communion of Infants and Young Children*, by H. Holloway, with preface by Lord Halifax; *Catechisings for Church and Sunday School*, by J. Haslock Potter and A. E. W. Sheard; *Outline Lessons on the Church Catechism*, by Henry Stewart, D.D., with preface by Canon Body: Skeffington.

LITERATURE.

Selected Essays, by Richard Copley Christie, M.A. Edited with a memoir by W. A. Shaw, Litt. D.; *Selections from the Writings of James A. Froude*, edited by P. S. Allen, M.A., a new volume of the "Silver Library"; *The Epistles of Erasmus*, by Francis M. Nichols: Longmans.

SPORT.

Modern Polo, by E. D. Miller. Edited by Captain M. H. Hayes: Hurst and Blackett.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Wagner's Niebelungen Ring, in English verse, by Reginald Rankin, B.A.; Vol. II., *Siegfried* and *The Twilight of the Gods*; *Perspective*, by Robert Pratt, author of "Sciography"; *A Practical Treatise on Mine Surveying*, by Arnold Lupton; *Bricklaying and Brick-cutting*, by H. W. Richards; *Clubby, a Nuisance*, by Mrs. Penrose: Longmans. *The Book of the Greenhouse*, by J. C. Tallack, will be included in the series of *Handbooks of Practical Gardening*, edited by Dr. Harry Roberts: John Lane. A new edition of Dickens's works, including the additional stories and sketches which appear in the Gadshill and Authentic editions, will be issued by Messrs. Chapman and Hall, in conjunction with Mr. Henry Frowde, the Oxford India paper being employed. The original drawings of Seymour, "Phiz," Cruikshank, Landseer, and Leech, numbering upwards of 600, will be reproduced in the volumes, the size of which will be convenient for carrying in the pocket. Prefixed to each volume will be a list of the chief characters mentioned therein.

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NOTICE.—A Literary *and* Educational Supplement *will be issued, gratis, with* The Pilot *of Saturday, September 28. All advertisements in the Supplement will face reading matter. Applications for space should be sent in by Tuesday next.*

THE WEEK.

Home. The chief theme of thought and interest in England during the past week has been the fatal ending to President McKinley's short struggle for life. Amidst universal demonstrations of public sorrow and sympathy, which have been all the more impressive because they have been so largely unconventional, the remains of the murdered President of the United States, after lying in state at Buffalo, were taken to the White House, and thence to the Capitol, where a national funeral service was held preparatory to the removal of the remains to the family burial-place in Ohio. On the way thither the demonstrations were continued; at the hour of burial, throughout the Union, work was suspended and the noise of traffic hushed. The whole civilised world has participated in the manifestations of grief and mourning, and, for once, the sympathies of the governments and nations of the Continent of Europe have been heartily given to their prospective rival. Ordinary expressions of sympathy and grief on an occasion like this are utterly inadequate to represent the real state of feeling to which it gives rise, for we are convinced that England's sympathy with the American people and with the woman who has been wounded most sharply and deeply by this calamity is something very far from ordinary. Apart from the feelings of humanity which are outraged by this shameful act, it is right that we in England should regard it as a loss and a disaster to ourselves. The common blood that flows in our veins and in those of our cousins across the sea is thicker than all the waters that roll between us. If his death does anything to promote the brotherhood of two great nations, President McKinley will not have died in vain.

At a time like this one cannot help noticing and deploring a change that has lately come over the English press. It is right that every expression should be given to our feelings of sympathy and grief; it is right that, when we are so deeply interested, we should be able to follow in detail all the public events connected with a great national tragedy; it is in these ways that we are able to share the joys and sorrows of our friends at a distance. But is it necessary or seemly that simple and solemn things should be exploited for the sake of their sensational qualities, and that exaggeration and sentimentality should be allowed to rob them of their true dignity? This week all the English daily newspapers, with very few exceptions, have been rioting in sensationalism and mawkish sentimentality over the details of the late President's funeral, even turning their limelight full upon scenes that should be regarded as sacred. "A White Dove," "Weeping Negroes," "Nearer, my God to Thee," are some of the headlines by which the fulsome narratives have been interrupted. Such expressions in such a setting tend to degrade what they are meant to celebrate, and cannot but be painful to people who think while they read. A few years ago they would not have been tolerated in a respectable English newspaper. English public interest in and sympathy for the Americans has been very real and heartfelt, and it is all the more deplorable that it should be represented so unworthily.

The unfortunate Liberal party seems doomed to be divided even upon the question of an election. The preliminary campaign at North-east Lanark has resolved itself into a contest between Mr. Cecil Harmsworth and Mr. Smillie for the Irish vote. From the addresses to the electors one gathered that Mr. Harmsworth, who called himself a Liberal, seemed to hold views which would be most agreeable to the present Government, while the position of Mr. Smillie, who called himself a Labour candidate, seemed to be identical with that of the small party which is really Liberal. On Wednesday, however, the position became

further complicated by the declaration of Mr. Smillie that he did not know what Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's policy was, and therefore could not promise to follow it, and by the declaration of Mr. Harmsworth that he recognised Sir Henry as his leader, and would follow him. The Liberals are quite right in taking every precaution to make sure that the views of their candidate are thoroughly sound, for a member who sympathises with the opposite party is worse than useless. We cannot have a healthy Government until we have a healthy Opposition, and the Liberal electors of Lanark will do well for themselves and for the country if they unite in supporting the candidate whose Liberal views are robust. Just at present we admit that it is difficult to choose between the two claimants for Liberal votes.

The outbreak on Wednesday of violence among the fishermen and engineers at Grimsby and the more serious disurbances on Thursday and Friday will be regretted by none more deeply than by their friends. Everyone had admired their steadfast and heroic conduct in choosing to suffer privation quietly for the sake of their cause; now, we fear, a great deal of sympathy which their praiseworthy attitude had won for the men will be alienated from them by the violent and riotous outbursts. Yet those who desire to be just in matters of this kind will do well to remember the circumstances under which the men's patience broke down. They had made every concession in their power short of complete surrender, and they had made the very handsome offer to go to sea on the old terms and to submit their quarrel to arbitration. The next thing they knew was that "blacklegs," or imported non-union hands, were being collected to man and send to sea some of the trawlers. When they were assembled to protest against this a Federation official, it is said, came out and jeered at them. Of course it was like a spark on gunpowder, and the long-suppressed fire of rage kindled and spread in the crowd. Considering the tragedies that might have followed and may still follow on such an outbreak, we consider that the man who provoked it was guilty of a very serious crime. It is gratifying to note that the correspondent of the *Daily Express* asserts emphatically that the mob was not composed of fishermen, but chiefly of roughs and sympathisers; and that most of the fishermen are utterly disgusted at the turn which affairs have taken. We are not among those who think that men may justly enforce their demands, however reasonable, by violence, or should use on their own side the law of might against a form of which they are fighting, and we have not a word to say in excuse for this foolish and criminal riot. But we do hold that the blame is not all on the side of those who transgressed, and that the responsibility for crime should never be laid on the criminal alone, although he cannot expect to escape its consequences.

On Monday the Duke and Duchess of York landed at Quebec, and throughout the week they have made through Canada a kind of triumphal progress that seems to have been one of the most brilliant successes of their tour. The enthusiasm and genuine loyalty shown by the French Canadians was particularly gratifying, and it must have been an odd and pleasing experience for the Duke to receive addresses of loyalty in French as well as English, and to hear the National Anthem sung in French. The natural wish that the Duke should attend President McKinley's funeral was father to the thought that he really intended to do so, and there was some anxiety in Montreal lest the elaborate arrangements made there for the Duke's reception should be interfered with. But there are many excellent reasons against such an action on the Duke's part, popular as it would undoubtedly have been, and not the least consideration was that his first duty was to our colonists who had for so long been preparing to receive him in their own country. The importance to us of Canada's loyalty can hardly be exaggerated, and the excellent service rendered by her sons in the present war is an earnest of what we may look for in any troubles that may lie ahead.

The man who is accustomed to lay in his yearly stock of scientific knowledge at the fountains of the British Association must have been somewhat daunted by the ponderous nature of this year's deliberations. With the exception of two addresses, there has been little the speeches or discussions either very practical or very suggestive. The exceptions, however, are noteworthy. Professor Rücker's address, to which we referred last week, was distinguished by brilliant learning and sound judgment; and on Tuesday the Bishop of Hereford initiated in the Educational Science Department a discussion on the influence of Universities and examining bodies upon the curricula of secondary schools. Dr. Perceval's experience at Rugby and Clifton entitles him to be heard with attention on this subject, and he deserves the thanks of all who are interested in secondary education for drawing attention so clearly and convincingly to the thoroughly obsolete nature of the existing links between universities and public schools. As things are at present, a youth who wishes to get a scholarship or an exhibition, or even to pass his "responsions," has to take his attention away from really useful study and direct it to subjects which are likely to be of little practical use to him. The substitution of science for Greek in certain examinations would be an unmixed benefit to nine public school boys out of ten. It is a big question, of course, but Dr. Perceval's speech should do much to clear people's ideas on the subject and show them the direction that reforms should take.

On Wednesday morning a shocking disaster took place in the North Sea, when H.M. destroyer *Cobra* went ashore on the outer Dowsing Shoal, off the Lincolnshire coast, and almost immediately became a total wreck and sank. The news did not reach London until mid-day on Thursday, the twelve survivors of the disaster having been for ten hours drifting in a small boat in a heavy sea. The Admiralty report issued on Thursday stated that the *Cobra*, which was not yet in commission, was being navigated from the contractor's yard on the Tyne to Portsmouth. She had on board, besides the navigating officer (Lieut. A. W. Bosworth-Smith) and a navigating party of 53, 25 mechanics in the employ of Messrs. Parsons; and out of this company of 79 it is feared that all but twelve have been drowned. The *Cobra* was the second destroyer fitted with turbine engines, the *Viper*, her sister ship, having been wrecked at Alderney during the recent naval manœuvres. The occurrence is

well-nigh inexplicable, and the first narratives of the survivors do not throw any light on it. One is naturally unwilling to blame a man who has lost his life through his own mistake or neglect, but the fact that a wholesale disaster happened in daylight and in clear, though rough, weather on such an open and well-known shipping track as that between the Tyne and the English Channel is hard to account for on any other grounds than those of the gravest and most culpable neglect. Until the Government inquiry is held, however, speculation as to the origin of the disaster is idle.

As though to complete the depression of this gloomy week, news came on Thursday of two serious British reverses in South Africa, resulting in the loss of 5 officers and 34 men killed, 5 officers and 55 men wounded, and 5 officers and 150 men prisoners—254 casualties altogether. One of the reverses took place near Utrecht, in the South-East Transvaal, where Major Gough, reconnoitring with three companies of mounted infantry and three guns, fell into a trap, and was surrounded by a large force of Boers, who hemmed him in and, after a sharp fight, captured his entire force and guns. The other reverse was at Eland's River Poort, in Cape Colony, where Commandant Smuts rushed a squadron of the 17th Lancers, killing 23 and wounding 31 of our men. With regard to this second disaster, it is worth noting that Lord Kitchener describes Smuts as being "hemmed in" by a "cordon," and that he simply broke through at the point at which the Lancers were stationed. It seems, then, that even when we do succeed in surrounding a Boer force, there is still the simple escape open of breaking through.

Is it too much to ask if these mishaps will rouse people to a sense of the real situation in South Africa—a situation to which some of us have continued to call attention, only to be denounced as pessimistic and even disloyal? Is there any disloyalty, we should like to ask, equal to that of saying "The war is over, there is only a little tidying up and rounding in to be done, all will be well if we issue a proclamation," when all the time our soldiers in the field are still engaged in a task of deadly difficulty, and in need of every possible kind of military support? Let us glance at the news from South Africa last week. On Monday correspondents in every part of the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and Cape Colony announced that the Proclamation had produced absolutely no effect. A correspondent of the *Daily Mail*, by no means given to pessimism, writes in a letter, dated August 28th, that "A Boer commando gathers in recruits, no matter in what direction it travels," that "the condition of Cape Colony at the present time is worse than it has ever been, and that it is getting worse every day," and that "places near the coasts in the midland districts have of late yielded sufficient men to constitute whole commandoes."

So much for the condition of Cape Colony. Early in the week there were several sharp fights, in the course of one of which thirteen of our men were captured, and afterwards retaken. On Wednesday a patrol of Grenadier Guards was surrounded and captured on a farm near Reit Siding on the De Aar-Naauwpoort line. And on Thursday the two serious reverses described above were inflicted upon us. Lord Kitchener's report on Wednesday announced 47 Boers killed, 7 wounded, 371 prisoners, and 134 surrenders. This shows that there is no lack of activity on the part of our men, and it therefore makes the Boer successes the more serious. The effect of the Proclamation has been exactly as we predicted; it has not only been useless as a means of ending the war, but it has served to win for the enemy more sympathisers amongst our own colonists, to deepen their sense of injustice, and generally to prolong the war. Botha is threatening Natal with 1,500 men, and, apparently, with no lack of arms. Lord Kitchener's message ends with the sentence—"In Cape Colony no change." Is he sure? There seems to have been a very serious change taking place lately in Cape Colony, a change wholly to our disadvantage, and one which, in our opinion, justifies an immediate concentration of all our military force upon the Colony, in order to stamp out, if possible, this dangerous, smouldering, quick-spreading insurrection. And we must repeat what we have so often said before—more troops are needed, more troops, and still more, until the war is over.

Foreign. Mr. Roosevelt's character and record naturally at first excited some apprehension as to the future policy of the American Executive, especially in Germany, and with special reference to the complications which seem likely to arise over the European interests threatened by the war between Colombia and Venezuela. His declarations, however, have allayed most of these fears. He favours a more liberal tariff policy, both in the conclusion of reciprocity treaties and the abolition of such duties as are no longer needed either for revenue or for the maintenance of special industries, so that the historic policy of the school of H. C. Carey may be, after all, honestly carried out. He is anxious, again, that the Isthmian Canal shall be constructed as soon as possible; and his designs on South America are concerned purely with commercial ends. That trade between that continent and the United States is to be encouraged by subsidised lines of steamers is unpleasant news for English and German exporters and shipowners, but it can hardly have been unlooked for. Stocks have felt the catastrophe much less than had been expected—the compulsory suspension of business due to the mourning has probably helped the great financiers in preventing panic—and it is positively stated that the members of the late President's Cabinet have been asked by Mr. Roosevelt to remain. Mr. Hay, of course, has been anxious to retire for some time on purely personal grounds; but he confirms the announcement that he will stay, as will Mr. Gage. Just now America could ill spare either.

In weather which must have severely tried the dignity both of host and guest, the Czar arrived at Dunkirk on Wednesday, and President Loubet, who assuredly is no sailor, went out to meet him on the torpedo destroyer *Cassini*, perhaps the least suitable type of vessel for the purpose. The naval display was splendid. The crowds on shore were vast, and their enthusiasm, of course, intense; and the same may be said of the multitude at Compiègne, where the Imperial guests are housed under careful protection from any possible harm. Next day they witnessed a brilliant, if rather theatrical, battle scene at Reims. When these lines are read, the Czar will have paid his final salutation to the army and will have quitted France—leaving her strengthened both externally and internally by the consciousness that in spite of all calumnies and all solvents, the Dual Alliance continues unshaken.

While the Dual and the Triple Alliances, according to the semi-official Press of the countries respectively concerned, have both received fresh strength from the movements of the Czar, the popular forces that affect their working are necessarily undergoing slow modifications which may by-and-by tell upon the stability of both. Hungary is the central pillar of the Triple Alliance; and it is at present preparing for a general election, which will begin on Wednesday, October 2nd, and conclude on Saturday, October 12th. Of course, the Liberal party has for years been dominant—forecasts of the net result give it a majority of 150 in a House of 413, excluding the Croats—and the Opposition is divided into mutually irreconcilable factions, of which no single one is likely to increase its numbers much. Indeed, the least anti-Clerical of the Ultra-Nationalist factions is to lose its leader, M. Gabriel Ugron, whose recent efforts to obtain French capitalistic and official support for a paper which should combat the Triple Alliance have resulted in a ludicrous failure, and caused his retirement from public life.

The Triple Alliance, therefore, is to all appearance stronger than ever in the affections of the Hungarian electorate, but the Liberal party is so large that it is losing its compactness. Liberals of different shades are competing, it would seem, in many cases for the same seat, and it is stated that a new type of Liberal is appearing which is less anti-Clerical than the ordinary Ministerialist, as well as more "Agrarian." Should these new Liberals obtain any appreciable success, the Viennese Ultramontanes will find new allies among the nominal supporters of the Hungarian Ministry, as they already find them in the members for the Slovak districts, and to some extent in the Roumanians, who, according to their own account, are kept out of their due representation in Parliament by a mixture of gerrymandering and terrorism. The election, therefore, may be the beginning of a far-reaching change in Hungarian politics; but considering the utter failure of the "Catholic People's Party" at the election of 1896, we can hardly suppose that its disguised successors will fare much better. And the return of Baron Banffy to parliamentary life will probably more than counterbalance their efforts.

A little light has been thrown on German tariff policy by the utterances of Herr Möller, the new Prussian Minister of Commerce. He has told his former constituents at Duisburg that commercial treaties would certainly be concluded, and that the new tariff, with its prohibitive scale of duties, was merely an intimation to foreign Powers what they might expect if they would not come to terms. Germany, however, wants foreign food more than her industrial competitors want her manufactures, and therefore is handicapped in any such negotiations. According to one report, Herr Möller also added that the conflict between the demands of the agricultural and the industrial interests would be terminated by the intervention of the Kaiser himself. That the Kaiser used to extol commercial treaties everyone knows; but it is difficult to imagine him sitting as conciliator in a dispute involving highly specialised and technical economic knowledge. It is still more difficult to suppose that the Agrarians will be satisfied with any duties on foreign food which are not approximately prohibitive, or that the Kaiser will forget that the great landowners are the historic support of the Prussian throne.

The Kaiser is again in conflict with the Municipality of Berlin. He had refused to confirm the election of Herr Kaufmann as second burgomaster because, some years ago, that functionary, when a member of the Reichstag, opposed the financial schemes of the Government, and was therefore relieved of his post as officer of the Reserve. On Thursday of last week the Municipality elected him again by an increased majority—his opponents either staying away, or using blank voting papers in silent protest. Speaking next day at Dantzig, the Kaiser congratulated the city on having got rid of the political clouds which formerly interfered with its administration—an allusion to a former burgomaster who was also a Liberal deputy, and not only voted against the increase of the army but misquoted the French Ambassador in support of his views. It is inferred from this that Herr Kaufmann will not be accepted. As he is an eminently capable administrator, and is now dissociated from politics, the Kaiser has clearly put himself in the wrong, especially as the clouds in this case are his own making.

The dispute between Spain and Morocco, though not very alarming taken by itself, is extremely suggestive of coming complications in view of recent experience in China. Last April two Spanish subjects, a boy and a girl, were carried away captive from Arzeilah by mountain tribes. The Spanish Government made representations to the Sultan, but it is hardly probable that he could coerce the captors if he would. However, with the approval of the other representatives of foreign Powers at Tangier, but without their formal participation, the Spanish Minister has sent a note to the Sultan demanding restitution and an indemnity. If it is not complied with, there will be a Spanish naval demonstration—one wonders where the ships are to come from—for which Abdul Aziz will care as little as did Abdul Hamid for that of Dulcigno; for troops will not be landed, nor will a port be seized—and it was the prospect of the latter measure that overcame Abdul Hamid's resistance in 1880. In short, no single Power, not even Spain, whose claims are supposed to take precedence of the rest, dare touch Morocco for fear of exciting European jealousies; and the care shown by the other Powers in maintaining the distinction between a Spanish and an "international" note shows that the European Concert is not yet likely to be called into action to deal with that Western Question which Prince Bismarck regarded with more apprehension than the Eastern. The Spanish Press, however, has been discussing whether it is best for Spain to come to an understanding, as regards her claims in Morocco, with France or with ourselves. An article attributed to Senor Silvela has suggested the former course. The Liberal Press of Madrid prefer the latter. Neither, it need hardly be said, could be openly adopted without eventual risk of a European war. And, therefore, if the incident is not closed speedily, we may see the Concert of Europe again called into action.

The great steel strike in the United States has been quietly terminated by an arrangement which is stated to leave the Trust victorious. At any rate, a section of the strikers were dissatisfied, and attempted to check the resumption of work at McKeesport, but with only temporary success. No other result was to be expected; public sympathy, always an important factor in the success of a great strike in England, being seldom actively manifested in labour disputes in democratic America. Two points only are clear as to the settlement. The mills are classed as unionist and non-unionist—which, after all, is a fair concession to the liberty of labour; and the Trust will not recognise unions unless they become incorporated, and therefore liable to be sued for damages in the event of a strike. The labour leaders object to incorporation "because the Courts are generally on the side of capital." Over here this statement has been received with surprise and indignation; but remembering that the Courts in question are mostly State—not Federal—Courts, that "controlling a judge" is an essential part of the plot of some American novels, not to speak of certain notorious scandals in American history, and that the Illinois Courts have considerably strained their powers of granting injunctions in the interest of capital against labour, we can well understand the objection. But under a democratic Government there ought to be ways of meeting it.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, September 21, 1901.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY—PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT.

THE story of great men's deaths has often this comfort for the lowly, that six eminent physicians about your bed offer little more assurance of knowledgeable treatment than your respectable general practitioner must be trusted to equal. Mr. McKinley's case is one of these. The many physicians and surgeons who were called to his aid included men who are really as great in their profession as they are reputed to be: of that there can be no doubt. Yet, evidently, there was a fatal moment when, as a first-rate committee of experts, they were no less surprised at their own erring judgment—or shall we say limited guess-work?—than any well-practised medical man from round the corner might be. This is not to say that anything was done that should not have been done, or that anything was left undone that could have helped the stricken man to recovery. After-death investigation seems to make it clear that all the skill of all the States could not have availed to save him. As to the event, the assassin's missile had put the highest surgical competence on the level with the lowest; only, while the lowest might be easily pardoned for not knowing them, the facts might have been expected to occur to the imagination of the highest. That they did not, however, is evident; for any suspicion of the facts, deadly as they were, would have altered the language of the bulletins appreciably. And so, day after day, confident hopes were encouraged where there was no hope; disappointment ending them with as rude a shock as if they, too, were assassinated. Yet some good came of it—good to the memory of the murdered President, solace to the wounded minds of his friends; for the disappointment, keen and sudden as it was, sharpened the sense of loss, and heightened the sympathy of every people in every land for the hopeless undeserved suffering of that bad week. He has now been laid to rest, with more than is usually signified by the words, "every token of grief and every mark of honour and respect." Not a great man, as greatness should count in the land of Washington—not a great President; but an honest man and good manager, safe, sufficing, and content to give satisfaction as such.

President McKinley's place was filled with so much expedition, so much quietude, so complete an absence of opportunity for corruption and blague, that many good citizens must have sighed to think that the hand of death alone can give them so benign a change of rulers. Benign in that sense, assuredly; but as to the rest there has been and is a good deal of uneasiness. Anxiety would be too strong a word. Were it likely that the Theodore Roosevelt of private life will assert himself in the Presidential chair, giving full play at once to the eager and romantic impulses of a pioneer Imperialist, anxiety would be natural enough. The probability is, however, that the Presidential Theodore will hold the natural man in some restraint awhile, and might even do so to the end of his official life but for some things to be mentioned presently. Since he is hardly out of the surprise of the situation in which he found himself a week ago, no doubt it is too soon for a confident guess at what start he will make; but there are signs of the adoption of a certain principle of conduct which, if they are not mistaken, would put us upon comfortable ground at once. Mr. Roosevelt seems to have taken the idea that as Mr. McKinley's Presidency was broken by accident, but, more especially, by guilty violence which should have no appearance of changing anything, it is for him to carry on the Government to the end of the Presidential term as McKinley would have carried it on, as far as can be judged.

If we do not mistake Mr. Roosevelt, that is precisely the sort of idea to fascinate him from the moment of conception; and there is more in it than the prompting of a cavalier fancy. What it suggests would be a romantically just thing to do, and politic in so far (though that may not be much) as it is an answer to Anarchism. But it would also be the easiest line to take, the most conservative of existing means and appliances (in which the *personnel* of Government stands first), the least responsible, the most convenient of adoption while acquiring familiarity with what are called "the ropes." For there must be something to learn when settled at the White House; and even if Mr. Roosevelt has no need of getting accustomed to the Government, he may feel that there is much in the Government which has to get accustomed to Mr. Roosevelt. On these and other grounds, therefore, we think it extremely likely that the new President's intention is not misread if we suppose him setting out with a determination to finish Mr. McKinley's second term of office as that gentleman's *alter ego*. If so, he will naturally make his intention known.

Except the Americans themselves, no people is so interested as the English in the questions which thus arise. Mr. Roosevelt being President, we can hope for nothing better than that he will put himself into Mr. McKinley's shoes, and, in all that relates to foreign

policy, tread as deliberately and cautiously the same path. Yet no *de mortuis* considerations forbid remembrance that Mr. McKinley's deliberation on that path, where it leads to Panama questions, Alaska questions, and the like, was palpably giving way to the pressure of Imperialism and a somewhat infuriated Monroe doctrine. The more important of these questions, so far as we are concerned, must soon come up again for settlement, and this time more imperatively than before. In what mood Mr. McKinley would have approached them anew, had he lived, it is impossible to say of course; but, for our own part, we should not feel justified in contradicting any American Imperialist who averred that it would have been a more "jingo" mood distinctly. Mr. Roosevelt is of course entitled to ask himself what his predecessor's second or third thoughts on the subject would have been, and he has probably done so twenty times already. If he answers the question as most Englishmen would answer it, the reply will not be open to the reproach of American fanaticism; and if thereupon he yields more to the will of the American Senate in such affairs than Mr. McKinley seemed disposed for till lately, the new President will be able to say with a clear conscience that he is simply following the course that Mr. McKinley's ripening mind would have favoured. It appears, therefore, that if Mr. Roosevelt has really adopted the supposed intention, and that if he is able to carry it out so faithfully that no prejudice and no aspiration of his own shall materially change the McKinley policy, we must not look for quieter times with the United States but rather the contrary.

It is hardly credible, however, that any such intention could be carried out consistently for long. For a time it is possible, and that, perhaps, is understood and thought enough. Principles and passions like those for which Mr. Roosevelt is conspicuous are not easy of suppression even in the most tranquil days. No doubt it is true that, in coming to the throne, popes, kings, and ministers have dropped what seemed to be, and perhaps were, their most ardent desires. But when they have done so it was not because the rising forces of the time were with them, but because they were against them. And when we consider Mr. Theodore Roosevelt we look upon a man who, in the first place, is not of the stuff that such popes, and kings, and ministers are made of; and in the next place we see that, standing at the head of the State by sudden apparition, he represents the forces which, even without any distinct authoritative leadership, have changed the current of America's future. Were these restful times, Mr. Roosevelt might nevertheless contrive to shepherd affairs for a year or two in strict continuation of the McKinley method. But they are not. The late President evidently began to feel that he could do little to check a precipitate settlement of the Canal question; what is Mr. Roosevelt expected to do on the revival of that question, as preacher and prophet of "a broad, radical, and intense Americanism"? Not to attempt the postponement of intensely American projects and aspirations—to do that would be to hang back where Mr. McKinley was moving forward; nor is it readily conceivable that, once launched upon a conclusive settlement of the Canal question, or the Alaska question, the gallant Roosevelt would succeed in stifling his feelings on such subjects.

A yet larger consideration is that the presence in the White House of so sturdy an American, an Imperialist so flamboyant and eager, may call out the new national spirit in such force that a Roosevelt in the last degree of politic refrigeration must needs melt to its desires and its purposes. We know of old what to expect from the conjuncture of the Hour and the Man. Usually it is the Man that seizes on the Hour, making use of it to its willing utmost. In this case, more probably, the Hour will seize upon the Man. Since Theodore Roosevelt has not been under a bushel, and since no man so fitly qualified has yet blessed the eyes of the Hour, it may be asked why he was not seized upon before. The answer is plain: he has never been seen before in such a place or in such a light as these that he stands in now. The Hour views him there through a certain glamour of superstition; and becoming itself more insensed and fiery, is likely to whirl Mr. Roosevelt away from the narrower McKinley path into the full stream of Imperialism. It may not be so. It may be so; and we are to remember that long before this McKinley term comes to an end Mr. Roosevelt will have to think of the next, which is to be quite his own.

THE CZAR'S TOUR.

THE Czar has visited the German Emperor at Dantzig, and is now the guest of the French Republic, and the world has been informed, on the best possible authority, that both visits are a guarantee of European peace. This conclusion, of course, is obvious—so far, at least, as such guarantees depend on conscious intention—but the evidence on which it rests is a good deal stronger than that adduced by the semi-official Press agencies, or even by the Kaiser himself. On these State occasions the world, and especially the official part of it, looks too exclusively at the high personages concerned and neglects the forces behind them. That the Czar is pacific by temperament and convictions nobody doubts for a moment; that he is impressed with the value of Germany as an ally, as the Kaiser told the Burgomaster of Dantzig, is very possible, though that consideration may be outweighed by others when German and Russian rivalries have developed a little further at Constantinople and in Persia. That no European Power seeks war, or has any domestic reason for seeking it, is the most palpable of truths. But the peace of Europe does not depend on the mere goodwill of European sovereigns or statesmen. In the Balkans and in Morocco to-day, in China to-morrow, all sorts of complications are possible, involving the commercial interest, or the defensive strength, or the national sentiment, now of some and now of others of the nations of Europe. The Dual Monarchy, under its next Emperor-King, will be a storehouse of explosives rivalling in their variety and destructive character those which have tended to spontaneous combustion in the Balkans ever since the Treaty of Berlin. It was to guard against the danger of the ignition of these latter by Russia that the alliance was originally formed between the Dual Monarchy and Germany which, after the French seizure of Tunis, developed into the Triple Alliance. For years past, however, this league of peace has been threatened by disintegrating influences from within. The economic strain on Italy, the hostility against her sometimes openly expressed at the Court of Vienna, her commercial *rapprochement* with France, and the occasional jars which have interrupted trade with her political allies, have all tended to reduce the probability that the league, if called

into action, would bear much strain. Now, the formal re-affirmation of the Dual Alliance counteracts these disintegrating tendencies. The peace of Europe would hardly be guaranteed either by the mere personal goodwill of the Czar and the Kaiser, or by the existence of a league containing so many hopelessly incompatible elements as that of Germany, Italy, and Austria-Hungary. But the reminder that a second league exists redintegrates the Triple Alliance and enables the politicians of the nations concerned—who, after all, are collectively a good deal more important than their sovereigns—to realise that there is such a thing as a European equilibrium. France, again, is steadied by her partner ; indeed, as M. de Cassagnac has ruefully pointed out, the alliance not only does not help her towards the recovery of her lost provinces, but ensures that she shall never try to get them. And Russia, which for some years after the Berlin Treaty was driven by the disappointment of her Panslavists dangerously near a war of compensation, has now her hands so full with industrial development and the "winning of the East"—if we may adopt a convenient phrase from the new President of the United States—that she wants not military aid, but money. And that is best got in Paris, with the assistance of the patriotic enthusiasm of the French for the Power that rescued them from their isolation.

The Czar's two visits are the symbol of all this, and the conscious expression of a small part of it, though, as we have said, there would not be much guarantee for the peace of Europe if it depended on the intentions of the Sovereigns and of their Chancellors alone. A secondary aspect is the effect on French domestic politics. In spite of the zealous efforts of the French Nationalists to turn the visit to their own profit, and of the Socialists, even the Opportunist wing of them, to dissociate themselves from any complicity in the Czar's welcome, there is no doubt that the visit marks a truce in French domestic politics, and indicates, also, that the Czar does not concern himself with them. Russian military papers, with their limited field for copy, may attack General André, but the Russian Government recognises that his action is purely a matter of domestic, not to say departmental, concern. M. Delcassé, for years the butt of foul-mouthed "patriots" of the stamp of M. Rochefort, remains in office and is fully accepted by the Czar ; what is even more notable, Count Lamsdorff is brought to Paris, apparently for the first time in his life, to confer with him. The studied courtesy of the Czar towards the representatives of France, his "salutation of the army of an allied nation," gives the present *régime*, including M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry, just the support it needs from the patriotic sentiment which is specially strong in most Frenchmen, and of which its opponents have hitherto claimed the sole possession. All this must tell at the elections next May ; and so, whatever the Socialists may say or do, there is a fair prospect that the Ministry may be able to dispense with their aid—a result which will conduce greatly to the stability of the present *régime*.

Still, we should be wrong to regard the visits as a mere demonstration emphasizing facts already known. Count von Bülow and Count Lamsdorff conferred at Dantzig; the latter has seen M. Delcassé at Paris; and we can hardly suppose they have been brought together merely to make each other's acquaintance, or to coach their respective chiefs. What did they talk about ? The recalcitrance of the Sultan, the situation in Armenia, the future of Austria-Hungary, the possibility of a Concert of Europe against Morocco, the next act of the tragedy in China ? On all these the need of some kind of international understanding is obvious, while in two, if not three, we are closely concerned. It is an unfortunate incident of our present difficulties that the arrangements made will not, at present, take much account of us.

KING ALFRED TO HIS CLERGY.

THE cause of religious education in this country has never had a better friend than King Alfred. Nothing, perhaps, would bring this home to us more convincingly than the study of a book that is now little read, the English translation of Pope Gregory the Great's "Cura Pastoralis,"* which Alfred sent with a preface of his own to each of his bishops. We hear him regretfully recalling "how happy were the times" when learning flourished in the land and foreigners came hither for wisdom and instruction, whereas "now we must get teachers from abroad if we want them." "So clean has learning fallen among the English nation, so that there has been very few on this side Humber that were able to understand the English of their service,† or turn an Epistle from Latin into English, and I wot there were not many beyond Humber that could do it. There were so few as that I cannot bethink me of one on the south side of the Thames, when I first began to reign. God Almighty be thanked that we have ever a Teacher in Pulpit now."‡

To meet this present distress Alfred gathered about him his group of scholars, "Plegmond my archbishop, and Asser my bishop, and Grimbald my Mass priest, and John my Mass priest," and with their help set about translations of the great classics in the early hours of the morning before the kingly duties of the day had begun. Gregory's "Pastoral" was a famous, and a justly famous, book for centuries in the Western Church, but for Alfred and for Englishmen it had a more than common interest. The very manuscript which they handled might claim veneration "as a sacred relic, because it was one of the books which were brought to this island by Augustine, Gregory's chosen missionary."§ In Alfred's edition that fact is recorded : "This message Augustine over the salt sea brought from the South to the islanders, as the Lord's champion had formerly decreed it, the Pope of Rome."

The Pastoral belongs to its own day, and it has done its work ; but it were a pity that the English clergy should not know something of this book, of which Professor Earle has boldly said, "as it is the first, so it may safely be pronounced the best of all manuals of the kind." It was intended to be a guide to the clergy in dealing with those who came to them for spiritual counsel. Its contents fall roughly into two parts : the first discusses the qualification of the teacher, the second the methods which he should pursue in dealing with different characters. The importance attached to "Teaching" is in itself instructive. The performance of the Church services and other duties did not exhaust the work of the priest, or exempt him from teaching and study. The serving of tables, then as now, was no fit excuse for the neglect of teaching or the decay of learning; therefore "disentangle thyself from worldly matters as much as thou canst."

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* There is an excellent edition prepared for the Early English Text Society by Mr. Sweet. Unless otherwise stated, quotations are made from this edition.

† Better, "who could understand their rituals in English." (Sweet.)

‡ Spelman's "Life of Alfred," p. 141.

§ Professor Earle in A. Bowker's "Alfred the Great."

Who, then, is fitted to undertake this teaching office? It is not anyone's task, for there is no higher calling; it is "the art of all arts." Those who take it up lightly can only "think the burden of teaching very light, because they do not know the power of its greatness." It needs preparation; yet there are "those who arrogate to themselves the art of teaching which they never learned." But if there are fools who "rush in where angels fear to tread," there are some who hold back from undue diffidence. The call came alike to Jeremiah and Isaiah. The former tried to beg off, "Behold, Lord, I am a youth, what can I say?" The latter said at once, "I am ready, send me." "But we ought to consider both cases very narrowly, for he who refused did not altogether refuse, and he who wished to be sent saw that he was first purified by the coals of the altar." Some then will need encouraging, and some checking. The ambitious must be checked who try to justify themselves by seizing on the words of "Paul, the great craftsman": "He who desires to be a bishop desires a good work." But in Paul's time, says Gregory, it was praiseworthy to desire it, for often to accept a bishopric was to accept a cruel martyrdom. The difficulties of the ruler's path are keenly realised; there are pitfalls on either hand; he is warned against pride and equally against "affecting familiarity rather than authority." He must be gentle, and yet he must avoid "the false humanity of Eli," who would not punish his sons. He must "mingle gentleness and severity"; and this is quaintly reinforced by the conjunction of the "rod of correction" and the sweet manna in the Ark, and "the rod and staff" in the Psalmist's hands: "If there is a rod to beat with, let there be also a staff to support with." Above all, the pastor may not neglect his own spiritual health, or he would resemble a bad doctor, visiting the sick man and "undertaking to cure them while he has on his own face an open wound unhealed."

The greater part of the book is taken up with working out in detail the theme that the good teacher must study individual characters, and adapt his teaching to their separate needs. The thoughts of men are "as the stretched strings of a harp, which the harper very variously draws and touches," and even because of the variety they will "sound harmoniously." "The same instruction which benefits one injures another"; just as "with the same gentle whistling with which a horse is soothed, a dog can be roused."

"These, then, are the modes in which the shepherds of the mind and soul are to teach all men, that they may always have the salve ready which belongs to the wound that they perceive." The pastor is not merely to point out the obvious abuses of pride and passion, but to show what elements of good and of use there are in them. "Tell the proud what need we have of them." The passionate is "not to give up his zeal," but to direct it better; "for the Holy Ghost is both love and fire." Similarly, the writer has a very clear perception of the risks which the virtuous run from the defects of their qualities. "We must admonish the gentle to keep their gentleness, and to avoid what is nearly allied to gentleness, that is remissness" (or slackness, "sleacnes"). Nor is it any good to blurt out unpleasant truths unseasonably, for we must win the ears of those whom we would correct, and blend "reproof with a certain amount of praise." It is an older version of the powder in the jam. "So also the physician, when he makes a draught of bitter herbs, sweetens it with honey, that the patient may not at first notice the bitterness of the herbs which are to cure him." The lesson of patience is enforced by the example of Christ. "He who gave us eternal honour in the company of his angels allowed himself to be struck with fists." The teacher, too, will need patience, for his life will be full of disappointments, and he will echo the prophet's words, "We physicked Babylon, but without curing her."

A few general chacteristics of the Pastoral may be noticed in conclusion. One is surprised at the total absence of superstition or of distinctively mediæval theology. This is, no doubt, partly because the interest is moral rather than theological; but there is nothing resembling the childishness of the Dialogues or Moral Stories of Gregory, which Alfred also caused to be translated. The metaphors and similes which abound are often fanciful and quaint. It is not enough to find a meaning for the "apples" or "pomegranates" on Aaron's robe, but a lesson is drawn from the pips inside. The duplicity of the impure mind, "which is always making cunning excuses," is likened to the hedgehog, "whose feet and head and whole body can be seen before he is caught; but as soon as he is caught he curls up into a clew, drawing in his feet as far as he can and hiding his head, so that when you have him in your hands you do not know which comes first, feet or head." But, apart from the manner which reflects its own age, the matter is distinguished by its sanity and its charity. When it has to deal with a part of the Church's system, such as fasting, its treatment is just what we should admire to-day, reverent, independent, large-minded. Abstinence is shown to have its use; it was the fault of Dives, not that he had done anything unlawful, but that "he would not abstain from anything of that which was lawful, but enjoyed it immoderately." And many rich men still "let Christ's poor die in hunger, and support idle gleemen in luxury." But the abstinent must not despise those who do not abstain. They are warned that, "even after much abstinence," if they have not charity, they may "lose that which is better than abstinence, that is concord." The whole treatment is worthy of the Pope who bade Augustine choose his liturgy for the English from any source, Roman or otherwise, which he should deem suitable; for "things are not to be honoured for places, but places for good things."

THE LATE LORD MORRIS: SOME REFLECTIONS.

IT is a little odd to reflect that none of the English newspapers which publish a crop of stories, good and bad, about the late Lord Morris, show the least perception of the fact that the author of the witticisms which they retail was for a quarter of a century one of the small group that governs Ireland. This is not to suggest the thought of any irreparable loss. *Uno avulso, non deficit alter.* There will never, under the existing system, be any lack in Ireland of well-placed and well-paid lawyers with precisely the same training, principles, and motives as governed Lord Morris; and though they are not likely to attain his level of wit, they will be witty in the same way. But it needed Lord Morris to crystallise once and for all into an epigram the governing belief of the governing class in Ireland. "I never knew a small town yet in Ireland that hadn't some blackguard in it who called himself the people." For a half-truth it would be impossible to beat that, and government in Ireland is based on an acute comprehension of half-truths. That government has always refused to perceive that Lord Morris's dictum is of Catholic application, and would have been accepted with enthusiasm by the official class—the optimates—about the others, the blackguards who call themselves the people, in any country at any period of the world's history where there is an unpopular government.

The noticeable thing is that the "blackguards" never had any special hostility to this particular optimate, though they were perfectly well aware how he regarded them and their aspirations. The special hatred which is accorded to Lord O'Brien—in some respects Lord Morris's successor—is the perquisite of those who change their convictions to their own profit; Lord O'Brien began as a Nationalist. But Lord Morris,

perhaps, came as near to being popular as any man holding his opinions and expressing them vigorously both in act and word can be in Ireland. One reason, no doubt, is that genuine ability commands respect, and Lord Morris was very different from the successful placeman. Another, and perhaps a stronger, was that he neither glossed over nor apologised for the fact that he was an Irishman. He was in no way inclined to admit racial inferiority. And, from his own point of view, Irish interests were always paramount. Accepting the conditions of the partnership as final, he would do his best to get the best terms for the partner whose interest included his own, and on the financial relations question he held Irish and not West British views. Nobody would have called him a patriot, and nothing would have annoyed him so much as to be so described, but he was a very representative Irishman, and locally at least his people were proud of him. There was a story, in which he is said to have delighted, of a conversation overheard by a friend of his travelling on the post car to Spiddal. One countryman was questioning another, had his lordship come to the big house yet. "Isn't he a wonderful man now — a wonderful clever man?" "Ay, troth; and a wonderful fine place he has in Dublin: bags of money—as much as seven or eight hundred, aye, or a thousand a year." "A thousand a year! 'tis two thousand, man dear, or three thousand at the least." "Do ye tell me that? Well, now, I seen that man constant, back and forward, morning and night, and the divil a sign of drink ever I seen on him." It was a great view of wasted possibilities.

One of the most characteristic of his sayings does not seem as yet to have got into print. There was some discussion on theological matters at a club in Dublin, and one of the disputants was ironical over the credulity of educated Catholics. He admired it, he said, as something entirely beyond his own powers. Lord Morris broke in with his great brogue: "Ah, now, ye think yourself a fine intelligence becase ye can only believe this and believe that. I'll tell you now, I'll send out to the public-house at the corner, and for sixpence I'll get you a fellow that doesn't believe the half of it." It was this rough, unexpected, and in a way paradoxical application of common sense that distinguished Lord Morris's wit: as it does also that of Mr. Tim Healy. Lord Morris had kissed the blarney stone, as anyone would realise who had heard him dilating in the presence of Mr. Wyndham on the personal charm and beauty of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and all his descendants. But essentially and characteristically his tongue was caustic and biting, and anything less sentimental or more clear-headed than this typical representative of the traditionally impulsive and sentimental Irishman it would be hard to discover—unless, indeed, it were Mr. Healy.

In plain truth, cynicism rather than sentimentalism is the fault of the Irish, and Lord Morris was cynical to a fault. Since Mr. Healy's name has turned up, it may be as well to remind oneself that Mr. Healy and the other "blackguards," professional agitators, scum of the country, or whatever other name you please, have entered on and stuck to a political career which brings certainly large windfalls in the way of rent reductions and so forth to their backers, but to themselves no emolument beyond a (precarious) thirty shillings a week for the duration of each session; whereas Lord Morris is only the extreme type of many gentlemen who, after a brief and agreeable career in Parliament, have been rewarded with a position that enables them to spend the rest of life in the conscientious discharge of moderate duties, and in the end die full of riches and honours. An adequate literary portrait of Lord Morris would sum up in itself the qualities of the Irish Bench of his day, just as Stevenson's magnificent study in *Weir of Hermiston* enabled one to understand not only the famous judge, but his intellectual and moral environment.

THE "OLD RITUALIST" EPISCOPATE IN RUSSIA.

THE Nicholean persecution began in 1827, when the "Old Ritualists" were forbidden to move from one district to another. In 1832 another ukaz commanded that fugitive orthodox priests should be arrested and sent back to their respective dioceses. Shortly afterwards the Irgiz monasteries were transformed by force into Uniate establishments. The "Old Ritualists" were in great distress. The number of priests to which they were now strictly limited, according to the ancient statute of 1722, was ridiculously inadequate for the needs of congregations numbering many millions, and extending from Khotin in Poland to the Lake of Baikal in mid-Siberia. By 1840 even the clergy of the wealthy and powerfully protected "Old Ritualist" community of Moscow had dwindled to five persons. The most desperate shifts had to be resorted to, many congregations being obliged to put up with criminous clerks who risked but little in deserting orthodoxy, or even with persons who gave themselves out for priests but could show no credentials. The consequence was a leaning towards the Priestless Communities, as the easiest and most natural way out of the difficulty, especially in Siberia and along the banks of the Don, where laymen began to christen children and couples to live together as man and wife with the simple consent of their parents.

In this extremity the Fathers of the Old Ritualist Movement bethought them of the ancient plan of seeking for an episcopate abroad, and the execution of the project was entrusted to the monk Pavel. This singularly able and audacious ecclesiastic (his secular name was Peter Velikodvonsky) was born in 1808, received a relatively superior education, and firmly believed it to be his mission to save the "Old Orthodox Church" from the Sacerdotal exhaustion from which it was suffering. In 1839 Pavel was received into the monastery at Byelokrinitsa, in Bukovina, which, by a special patent of the Emperor Joseph II. in 1783, was allowed full liberty of worship and other extraordinary privileges. It had already occurred to the acute and enterprising Pavel that this little Austrian monastery might, with skilful management, be utilised for the purposes of the Russian Schismatics. Accordingly, on February 26th, 1840, in the name of all the Schismatic monks in Bukovina, and basing his demands on the Imperial patent of 1783, he petitioned the local Kreisamt for leave to bring from over the border into the Byelokrinitska Monastery a bishop who should be independent of all the other orthodox churches. Unable to move the local authorities, the indefatigable Pavel proceeded to Vienna, and in 1843 obtained an audience of the Emperor Ferdinand, who, grasping the political significance of the matter and flattered at the notion of establishing in his own domains a new religious centre to which all the Russian Schismatics might gravitate, issued a decree, dated September 18th, 1844, permitting the monks of Byelokrinitsa to have a bishop if they could get him. Accordingly Pavel, with a comrade, Alimpy, well provided with funds from their co-religionists at Moscow and St. Petersburg, set off for the East in quest of one of those old uncorrupted orthodox bishops, in whose existence the Old Ritualists so obstinately believed.

Proceeding first of all to Constantinople, they traversed Syria, Palestine, and Egypt, but nowhere could they find a trace of orthodox bishops untainted by Nikonianism. So they returned to Constantinople, where, as a Russian ecclesiastical historian reminds us, mendicant bishops very much in want of a place are always to be found, and there they pitched upon a candidate of whom they had no cause to be ashamed. The prelate selected was Amvrosy, who in 1835 had been consecrated Metropolitan of Bosnia by the Constantinopolitan Patriarch. Unlike the majority of the Fanariot prelates, whose venality was proverbial, Amvrosy had courageously and consistently protected his flock against Turkish exactions to his own detriment, for,

in consequence thereof, he was recalled by the Patriarch, who left the see vacant. Amvrosy was in a state bordering on destitution when he encountered Pavel, who promised him a safe and certain livelihood if he would consent to become Bishop of Byelokrinitsa. After long and anxious consideration, Amvrosy appears to have satisfied himself that he would not be renouncing orthodoxy if he accepted the tempting proposal, and accordingly, on October 24th, 1846, he appeared at Byelokrinitsa. Once there, he burnt his ships, accepted all the teaching of the Old Ritualists, "initiation by anointing" included, and entered upon his episcopal functions forthwith. Two months later, on the urgent representations of the Russian Government, he was banished to Cilli in Styria, but not before he had consecrated as his successor the monk Kirill,* "a man of little wit but great obstinacy," as the orthodox writers are careful to inform us. Twelve years later the Austrian Government, bowing before accomplished facts, formally recognised Kirill as bishop, but with the proviso (which, by the way, remained a dead letter) that his jurisdiction was only to extend to the Schismatics in Austrian territory, and that he was to have no relations whatever with the Russian Raskolniki. One of Kirill's first acts on becoming bishop was to consecrate his successor, Onufry,† a prelate justly venerated by all the Old Ritualists for his benevolence and saintly life. Thus the Byelokrinitska Hierarchy was definitely established.

The new episcopate was welcomed with enthusiasm by all the "Old Ritualist" communities. Bishopric after bishopric sprang up in Wallachia and Moldavia, and on January 4th, 1849, the monk Sofrony (Stephen Zhirov) was consecrated Bishop of Simbirsk, and of "all the Russian Christians of the old religion." Unfortunately, this, the first Russian schismatical bishop, proved a failure and even a scandal. Sofrony, who settled first of all at Moscow, was speedily rejected for uncanonical practices by many of his own clergy, who compelled him to retire to his nominal see of Simbirsk, and his place was taken, February 3rd, 1853, by a new bishop, Antony (A. J. Shutov). Sofrony, however, was not so easily got rid of. Proceeding to the Urals, he made one Brednev, a runaway cossack, "Patriarch of Moscow and all Russia," at the same time styling himself Metropolitan of Kazan. Kirill of Byelokrinitsa, thereupon deprived him of his bishopric (1856), an act of authority confirmed at an Old Ritualist Synod held at Moscow in 1863, though the irrepressible Sofrony continued episcopizing on his own account in the Ural district till his death in 1881.

Despite these divisions, the Byelokrinitska Hierarchy continued to flourish in Russia, and spread continually. From 1855 to 1865 no fewer than ten Schismatical bishoprics were founded within the limits of the Empire, and so many clergy were consecrated that almost every "Old Ritualist" community had its own priest. The central administration was in the hands of a Spiritual Consecrated Council, the majority of whose members consisted of the newly made prelates. It is very interesting to note that the priestless branches of the Raskol, regarded this new hierarchy in much the same way as they regarded the Orthodox Church. Both establishments, according to their rigid unbending logic, were, as Churches, non-existent in view of the universal reign of Antichrist. This led to a lively polemic between the two great branches of Russian Dissent, the "Old Ritualist" Hierarchy finding an accomplished and enlightened champion in Ilarion Ksenov, of Starodub, who, by command of the Old Ritualist Council, composed an Encyclical, on the unity of the "Holy Conciliar Apostolic Old Orthodox Catholic Church." This remarkable document, which was issued February 24th, 1862, with the *imprimatur* of the Spiritual Consecrated Council, refuted the Priestless Communities' doctrine of Antichrist with considerable acumen and erudition. It defends with great ability the necessity of a priesthood "to offer up the bloodless sacrifice till the Judgment Day"; declares in the frankest possible terms that, on this important point, the Russian Orthodox and the Old Ritualist Churches, both of whom originally received their teaching from Greece, though at different times, are agreed; and ridicules the absurdity of regarding* Iisus and Isus as two different persons, whereas the two words were only different forms for one and the same name. Such arguments naturally raised the further question: if, then, the Russian Orthodox Church possesses the Apostolic Succession and the Sacraments, were the Founders of the Old Ritualistic Communities justified in leaving her? To this Ksenov replies that the Fathers of the Russian Church were alone to blame for the original secession and all its consequences, inasmuch as the Council of Moscow (1667), had no right to anathematize the Old Believers for differing from the Church on minor points of ritual observance. Nevertheless, the Encyclical of Ksenov was undoubtedly an eirenicon from the orthodox point of view, and had important consequences. Its immediate effect was to divide the "Old Ritualists" into two hostile camps, the "Encyclicalists" and the "Anti-encyclicalists" and the confusion was still further increased, when, in the course of 1865, the Metropolitan Onufry and two other bishops went over to the Orthodox Church. Kirill, of Byelokrinitsa, was now summoned to Moscow to restore peace to the Church, and in 1866 he solemnly anathematised and excommunicated all the defenders of the Encyclical. Moreover, a so-called Ecumenical Council held at Byelokrinitsa, in July, 1868, confirmed the anathemas of Kirill, and pronounced Ksenov's Encyclical heretical, so that the militant party in the Old Ritualist Church had every reason to be satisfied with its triumph. In 1869, however, an extraordinary change took place. Kirill, the Supreme Pontiff of the Episcopalian Schismatics, stultified his own decisions by openly going over to the Encyclicalists, and on June 8th, 1870, issued an Eirenicon blaming the Anti-encyclicalists for their uncharitable violence, and approving of all the points insisted on by Ksenov. The result of this perplexing *volte-face* was an irreparable breach between the Encyclicalists and the Anti-encyclicalists, who now hold no communion with each other, though repeated attempts at a reconciliation have been made. Moreover, of late years the authority of Byelokrinitsa has not been generally recognised by the Old Ritualists of Russia, who feel strong enough now to proceed on lines of their own. At the present time they possess nineteen prelates, thirteen of whom belong to the Encyclicalists, and the remaining six to the Anti-encyclicalists.

R. Nisbet Bain.

* In the world, Kiprian Timofeev.

† In the world, Andrei Parusov, of Yaroslav.

* According to many of the Raskolniki, Iisus, "under which name must be understood the Son of Perdition," was born eight years after the birth of Isus, the true Saviour of the World.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

THE HOOPSTAD ROAD.—II.

One memorable fact in connection with the Hoopstad Road was that it did not lead to Hoopstad, at least in so far as we had to do with it. We started bravely enough one morning out of Boshof, with a great open fan of scouts spread out over the bare country to our front; made Zwartkopjes that afternoon, and marched next morning to Mahemsfontein. Orders from Lord Roberts bade us halt there, but as the pasture was poor we withdrew to Zwartkopjes, from whence, after waiting for a fortnight, we were ignominiously ordered to retire again on Boshof. The fortnight was occupied by merry scampers with light columns after the Boers, whom we never caught, although we had many skirmishes with them, and by a few expeditions to Boshof to replenish our larder. There was a store at Boshof. Need I say more? Ah, Mr. Beck, with what patience you waited while we strayed round your counters, fingering

this and tasting that! Well you knew that your patience would be rewarded, and that we should not leave you until our pockets bulged and our cart-springs creaked again.

But these expeditions were comparatively rare, and were never undertaken without anxious forethought as to the state of the road and the whereabouts of the Boers. If the roads were heavy the Uglies could not pull the cart; and as we had no pickets between Boshof and Zwartkopjes it behoved us to find out what the Intelligence Department knew of the whereabouts of the enemy. If they told us the road was not safe we went with light hearts, but if they reported all clear we preferred to stay at home. At such times as these, and when the mists and rain came drifting across the plain and hung about the camp, we retired within our tent and wrote letters, cast up our accounts, worried the servants, gossiped about the probable developments of the campaign (it was then at a dead halt), paid visits of ceremony at headquarters, read last month's newspapers, and thought about what we should have for dinner. Perhaps there would be an alarm that Boers had been seen on a kopje three miles away, and then ensued a frantic chase after horses, a rapid saddling up, and a wild cross-country canter with Lord Chesham; and, perhaps, the sight through powerful glasses of three Boers galloping away in front of us.

But when the corn was running low and the store of soap dwindling, the Uglies would be called in from their pretence at grazing on the bare scrub, given an almost generous feed, and harnessed to the cart. Two servants would invariably stand at their heads while Major Pollock (my partner in these possessions) and I climbed to our seats; but when the horses' heads were "let go" and the reins tightened, there was generally a flatness of effect akin to that experienced on opening a bottle of dead champagne. But by plying the whip a start was made, and we rumbled over the short grass, past the sentries and the examining post, out on to the lonely road. There was always enough risk to add a considerable spice of adventure to these journeys, and it was strange to drive along the bare, empty plain, and wonder how many eyes saw us, and how many watchers on the flanking hills took note of our movements. For watch us they did, and although they were never seen by us, every movement along that road was known to the enemy. Fortunately for us it did not suit their purpose to molest us, and we made our way unharmed along the undulating track, feeling very much like men sitting in a lighted signal-box at night. We could see nothing, but we ourselves were seen.

Having triumphantly passed the Boshof sentry the Uglies would be once more whipped up to their poor best for a dignified entry down the main street, fringed with willows and poplars and bordered with clear running streams. Round the stoep of the inn a number of the citizens of Boshof were unwillingly loafing, for there was no commerce going on in the village, and no one was allowed to go out beyond the lines to the farms. We would be hailed for news of the world, and, while the Uglies were being put up like real horses in the inn stables (only there was nothing for them to eat except the humble fare they had brought with them), we would pretend we knew it, and discuss glibly the latest doings of Bloemfontein and London. But more serious occupations were on hand. We might presently have been seen departing on our domestic errands, Pollock to the store, with a long list in his hand, I to the Army Service Corps, where I had a friend. Truly friendship oileth the wheels of business; I present a "chit" on which it is definitely stated that I am entitled to draw, on payment, ten pounds of oats a day, and my friend, smiling, points to goodly sacks of oats and bales of forage, and instructs his orderly to "load up Mr. Young's cart with those." Then in haste to the store (just in time to prevent Pollock from buying a sewing-machine), and thereafter to a merry lunch with Colonel Winter, who was the "life and soul" of Boshof in those uneventful days. The early part of the afternoon passed quickly, and soon the Uglies were harnessed and brought round to the inn; and then, with a pause at the baker's to fill up our spare space with bread, we drove down the straight, fragrant street, followed by the envious eyes of the idlers, passed the jealous sentry, and were out again on the white road.

There was a joy in those journeys that cannot be known to people who regard a railway as the only practicable means of land travel. Every rise in the road, every stony place, the point where lay a dead ox who was a little more dead every time we passed, the prospect of getting home before dark, the arguments as to whether the Uglies were or were not getting a little fatter—things like these belonged to the interest and fascination of our expeditions. Generally we had stayed over-long gossiping at Boshof, and it was dark before we reached our journey's end. When we had still perhaps half of our way to go the sun sank; before the blaze had faded behind the western hills we were drawing a rug round us; five minutes later the veldt on each side of the road was growing dim, and the horizon narrowing on each side of us into hedges of misty purple; another five minutes, and we drove through a dimness that was only broken by the white road visible for fifty yards in front of us; five minutes more and it was night, black and chill as winter; not a sight of anything but a glint of white road, not a sound but the beat of hoofs and the grating and chirping of wheels over the stones. Then came a time of careful driving over treacherous bits of ground, anxious watching for the first sight of the camp lights, and, finally, round a sudden bend, the snug glow of our own camp fire and lamps. Kind hands were waiting to unharness the Uglies, expectant hands bore off our boxes and bales and packages, willing hands laid our table and spread our meal. From along the picket lines odd snortings and whinnyings were heard, and absurd pawings and stampings of people who knew well what the Uglies had brought; but these sounds soon gave place to a solid, regular noise of munching, and, a little while after, to steady breathing and snoring; for on such nights even the loose skins of the Uglies grew tight before they lay down to sleep.

FILSON YOUNG.

ATOMS.

THE intellect of mankind has always brooded over the ultimate constitution of the material universe. Again and again it has thought of some definition or some apparent solution which has never been complete or satisfactory. It has spent marvellous energy in the effort to crystallise its experience, but it has never given us the answer which will solve the problem. The mystery of the final constitution of that which we call matter remains an abiding one. Boscovich's theory is that the ultimate elements of matter are indivisible points without extension, but surrounded by spheres of attractive and repulsive force.

Kelvin's hypothesis is that all material substances are composed of atoms of vibratory rings of an incompressible, frictionless fluid which is homogeneous and perfect. The chemical theory, which is that of John Dalton, is that all gases, liquids, and solids can be divided into elementary substances called molecules, and that these again can be further divided into atoms which possess differences both of a qualitative and of a quantitative nature. The modern theory of chemistry is based upon this conception of the atom and the molecule, and its experience bears out the view of the atomic constitution of matter. One hundred years ago, when Lavoisier asserted from his experiments that there is no ultimate destruction of matter, whatever changes it may undergo on combustion, he laid the

foundation stone of modern chemistry ; and John Dalton, the Quaker teacher of mathematics, formulated the theory of atoms in exact mathematical language. He based this theory upon experiment. He weighed the varying quantities of the element carbon when it is united with hydrogen gas in the formation of two well-known substances—viz., marsh gas and ethylene gas, the former being the deadly "fire damp" of coal mines, and the latter the most important illuminant in ordinary coal gas—and he argued from the results that when one element unites with another, it always does so in a constant and definite proportion by weight; that nothing more nor less than a certain weight, which is definite for each single element, takes part in the almost infinite number of permutations and combinations of which it is capable. Whatever other properties it may acquire in these various changes, there is one character which the atom never loses, and this is its weight. It may exist free and uncontrolled, as in several of the so-called elements; or it may unite with an atom similar to itself in every way to form more complex molecules; or again, it may unite with other quite different atoms in various multiple and reciprocal proportions, in order to form very highly complex molecules either of gases or of liquids or of solids. Still, in all its possible unions, during which the atom may lose the marks and signs by which it is known in a single and unalloyed condition, it carefully preserves its weight without loss or gain. Nothing is broken off nor added to, so far as experiment proves. There seems to be no lopping off of sharp corners. There is no peeling and there is no wearing down. Whatever the nature or the number of the changes which each single element may go through in its chequered career, the weight of its atom always remains definite and constant. Now the material universe is built of about seventy such different atoms. They are the bricks used in the structure of the glorious edifice of the sensible world. They form the most delicate flower as well as the mighty suns which rush through illimitable space. The whole world is made of these various atoms. Singly and by themselves they have markedly different characters. Each is, as it were, self-existent and self-contained. They seem to be independent of all dangers which arise from the struggle for existence; and the theory of evolution cannot properly be applied to such bodies, for they are not born, nor do they die. They have no powers of pro-creation. They cannot propagate themselves, nor can they commit suicide. They have no ancestors, and no descendants. Moreover, it has been suggested that they have all the appearance of being manufactured articles. They seem to have been made for some specific purpose, just as a hat is made to wear on the head, or a chair made to sit upon.

Within the last few years, the atomic theory has been developed in a most striking way. The older view has been considerably modified. Crookes has suggested that the various atoms may be derived from some primary atom or "protyle" ; and J. J. Thomson has deduced a theory that sub-atoms or "corpuscles" may and can exist whose mass is several hundred times less than the mass of hydrogen, which is the fundamental unit with which the other atoms are composed and weighed. Years ago, Prout assumed that the atoms of the different chemical elements are aggregations of the same kind, and further that these aggregations are hydrogen atoms. The later theory substitutes for hydrogen some primordial unknown substance whose mass is experimentally found to be considerably less than that of the atom of hydrogen. When an electric discharge is passed through a highly rarefied gas in a glass tube, very beautiful effects are seen; and at the negative end of the tube the "cathode" rays, as they are called, are claimed by Thomson to be in a new state—a state in which the subdivision of matter is carried very much further than in the ordinary gaseous state, and also that this matter is highly charged with electricity. The possibility of any direct chemical investigation of its properties seems to be precluded, because with appliances of ordinary magnitude the quantity of substance so produced is very small. Thomson has calculated that, if for a year and continued night and day, he kept working the instrument which he used, he would only produce one three-millionth part of a gram of the substance. It is interesting to note that many physical facts may be explained by this theory which have hitherto eluded a reasonable explanation ; and Lockyer supports it from a study of the spectra of the stars. The new view revolutionises the old conception of an atom as a substance which cannot be further subdivided; but it does not solve the eternal problem.

MUSIC.

THE GLOUCESTER FESTIVAL OF THE THREE CHOIRS.

THE Festival so successfully held last week at Gloucester by "The Three Choirs of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford," was their one hundred and seventy-eighth annual meeting. Once again the financial result adds a substantial sum to the fund (for the benefit of widows and orphans of the clergy in the dioceses) to which the "Three Choirs" have, almost from their earliest years, devoted the proceeds of their performances. In this identity of their immediate sphere of action with the area over which their practical benefits are spread lies one secret of the success of these annual meetings. But the sphere of their influence extends nowadays far beyond the limits of the three dioceses ; and their original *raison d'être*—which was an artistic one pure and simple—is still the most essential element in their existence. The provincial festival, generally speaking, has spread and multiplied itself throughout the land in a way that could hardly have been contemplated in those early days of the eighteenth century when the musicians of the cathedral cities of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester first began to meet year by year for the practice and celebration of their art. Yet at the present day, without any loss of their historic character, these annual meetings of the Three Choirs are well abreast, in organisation and enterprise, with the most modern development of the "provincial festival" system ; and they form an apt illustration of Burke's truism, that the health of an institution is best preserved by those who, "in what they improve, are never wholly new, and in what they retain are never wholly obsolete." Not a little of their continuous vitality is due to the judicious admixture of the old and the new which marks the manner of their administration and the composition of their annual programmes.

Setting on one side the days devoted to the "Elijah" and "The Messiah," the Festival of last week comprised four performances and one special service in the Cathedral, and one secular concert in the Shire Hall ; and in this scheme, which was framed throughout in a familiar mould, the composers of the past and those of the present day were represented in about equal proportions. Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms were each represented by one of their greatest symphonies—Mozart by the "Jupiter" symphony, Beethoven by the "Eroica," and Brahms by his First Symphony in C Minor. For the performance of such orchestral masterpieces one would hardly select, as the ideal occasion and the ideal interpreters, a Festival which is primarily a choral one, a conductor who (however able) holds the position *ex officio* as Cathedral organist, and a band of players who (however eminent) are brought together 'for this occasion only." Cathedrals, moreover, great as is their impressiveness to the eye, are not always, acoustically, ideal buildings for hearing purely orchestral music. Yet to many of the Gloucester audiences the performance which, perhaps, appealed more strongly than any other during the Festival was that which

Mr. Brewer secured on the second morning in the week of Brahms's First Symphony in C Minor.

Brahms's work was followed by Cherubini's Mass in D Minor ; and the next Cathedral programme included an admirably impressive performance of Verdi's great "Manzoni" Requiem. In total number and volume, of course, Cherubini's compositions for the Church far exceed those of Verdi ; but Verdi's career as a Church composer, though brief by comparison, has a strange family likeness to that of Cherubini. Both composers produced their great sacred works late in life, after making their fame in another form of creative activity —in opera. Both of them, moreover, on first breaking thus into new ground, were assailed by the charge of importing a theatrical, even a sensuous, style into the musical treatment of sacred subjects. The adverse criticisms which were aroused by the first appearance of Verdi's Requiem differ little in kind from those which, sixty or seventy years before, had greeted Cherubini when, at the age of fifty, he first produced his fine Mass in F and the Mass in D Minor given last week. Views may still vary as to the appropriateness with which Verdi—in his Requiem, at all events—has treated a religious theme. But Cherubini's music of the same kind is as appropriate in spirit to his subject as it is, in exactness of emphasis, to the words of his text. It seems throughout to reveal a surer and more innate sense of fitness than the Requiem of Verdi; and, even allowing for the difference between to-day's point of view and the point of view of a century ago, it is difficult to understand the attitude with which the first of his great compositions for the Church were received on their appearance, not so much by the public, indeed, as by fellow-composers like Spohr.

The bare outline of the Mass in D Minor is laid along lines which Cherubini had learned in his early youth from the best examples of the older Church composers, but it is overlaid with a structure more ornate in treatment than was customary at Cherubini's time in the music of the Church ; and his music—if it often falls below the highest planes of inspiration—has the rare virtue of combining a due observance of the best traditions with a complete freedom from mere conventionality or academicism. The element, however, in his work for the Church, which by its novelty essentially distinguished it from that of his contemporaries, was the direct and strongly coloured appeal which it makes to the emotions. That it should attain this end without any resort to theatrical devices is the more remarkable when we remember the almost precipitant manner in which Cherubini turned, at an advanced age, from composition for the stage to composition for the Church.

Portions of the Mass in D Minor—the Benedictus, for example—are generally familiar, but the work as a whole had never been given at a Gloucester Festival before. It has the rather dubious distinction of being the longest Mass in existence. Perhaps on account of its length the performance of it at Gloucester was hardly the most satisfactory achievement in the work of the week. During most of the Festival, however, the chorus —drawn entirely from the three dioceses—acquitted themselves with ample credit, not merely in the shorter works, such as Bach's noble cantata, "Wachet Auf," but in the more continuous efforts involved by the "Elijah," "The Messiah," and Spohr's "Last Judgment." In Bach's work the organ part was excellently played by Mr. Ivor Atkins ; but the position of the instrument in the Cathedral makes it difficult for the player to hear what the performers below him are doing, and the understanding between them was not always very satisfactory in consequence. This lack of unanimity was the only fault in the performance of Bach's beautiful masterpiece, but it is one which might have been avoided by more combined rehearsal, and which it will be well to guard against when the work is rehearsed for renewed performance next month at Leeds.

It is impossible here to detail the various works which in the programme of the week stood against the names of contemporary composers. Only two new choral works were produced during the five Cathedral performances, and they, appropriately enough, were contributed by the former and the present organists of Gloucester, Dr. Harford Lloyd and Mr. Brewer; but a distinct individuality was given to the Festival by the triad of orchestral novelties produced by Dr. Cowen, Mr. Coleridge-Taylor, and Mr. W. H. Bell. Neither Sir Hubert Parry nor Mr. Elgar were represented by anything new, though a very happy selection was made for the occasion out of the store of their past works. W. G.

DRAMA.

SHERLOCK HOLMES.—A WELCOME INNOVATION.

THE chronicler tells us that the inhabitants of Erewhon decided to destroy, and did destroy, all their machinery, apprehensive lest it should develop novel possibilities of a dangerous nature. They argued after this manner : "Here is a man working a machine, suppose a loom ; the machine becomes more and more perfect, the man remains stationary ; gradually the machine becomes independent of the man, stops when anything goes wrong, and so forth ; who knows but the day may arrive when it will become entirely independent, will start itself, do as much or as little as it chooses, knock off work at its own pleasure ? and should that day ever arrive man will be nowhere, for the machine being far the stronger of the two, being likewise made of iron and other substances which hurt when struck, would at once get the upper hand."

If the prescience of that ingenious and philosophical people had been shared by writers of melodrama, they would long since have applied the moral to the case of the detective. For thirty or forty years the hero has wallowed in fatuity, to be again and again saved from deserved calamity by his silent companion. Had the authors kept their eyes open they must have guessed the consequences. They would have seen that while heroes are from the nature of things incapable of improvement (since any infusion of intelligence would disqualify them for the discharge of their peculiar functions), detectives (whether amateur or from Scotland Yard) can be elaborated indefinitely. Further, they would have seen that detectives, notwithstanding their ostentatious quietness of demeanour—an inheritance from their common ancestor, Hawkshaw—are a pushing and greedy tribe, ever striving for the centre of the stage and an uninterrupted flow of limelight. But they saw nothing of this, and so plodded on unheedful. Now the inevitable has come. The detective has asserted himself, has ousted the hero, has taken his place, and is master of the situation.

It must be admitted that the newcomer starts with every advantage. Dr. Conan Doyle has made the name of Sherlock Holmes known to everyone who finds time to read fiction. He has created a fascinating and, on the whole, a convincing figure. Therefore Mr. Gillette has the bulk of the audience with him before he opens his mouth. They rapturously applaud his appearance, the evident result of a long course of low living and high thinking ; they hang upon his every utterance ; when he drawls out the first sample of his familiar inferences they are in ecstacies ; when he snubs and sells the villains they fairly shriek with delight ; and when he personally handcuffs the idiotic leader of the gang they can contain themselves no longer. It is a triumphal progress. Without doubt, the part is played in a very attractive style, and with an air of distinction rarely to be seen on our stage. Accept the play as it is composed, accept Mr. Gillette's interpretation of the character, and there is no fault to be found. But the question will obtrude

itself: Might not both play and interpretation have been something very different with advantage?

The story of a detective, whether in print or on the stage, is nothing if not realistic. The circumstances of the crime he is engaged in discovering, the doings of the scoundrels he is occupied in defeating, above all his own conduct down to the minutest detail, must be made quite clear to the evidence of the senses, and must be sufficiently probable to be credible. We are not hard to satisfy in this matter. We do not inquire too curiously. In this branch of the drama, at least, it is as true now as in the days of Mr. Puff that "a play is not to show occurrences which happen every day, but things just so strange that though they never did they might happen." But the line must be drawn somewhere. Tolerance and credibility have their limits, and if these limits are overstepped an inconvenient amusement is likely to be felt. We expect the detective to be extraordinarily cool and courageous, and astute and indefatigable; but if he is made in addition as invulnerable as Achilles and as intangible as Hamlet the elder we cannot take him seriously. Now watch closely this stage Sherlock Holmes. Throughout the play he habitually exhibits a cheap contempt for his enemies, only to be justified by the fact that, being now the hero of the piece, he is bound to come through safe, spite of all risks. His enemies invite him to visit them in an unnamed spot, to which he is to be driven alone in a cab with wooden shutters (so that he cannot see the route). If he had not inherited the crass folly of the conventional hero whom he has dispossessed, he certainly would not walk into so obvious a snare with his eyes open. But he has to live up to his new character. He goes in the cab, walks up into the room, and finds himself one man against four who have banded together to take his life. Of course he escapes, even though handicapped by having to carry away the heroine with him, but at the expense of all probability.

Or take the chief villain. It is really too thin—if the expression may be allowed—that this prince of scoundrels, this man of superhuman cunning, should deliberately walk into the consulting room of Dr. Watson (the bosom friend of Sherlock Holmes), and should there kneel down and allow Sherlock Holmes to handcuff him. The incident is highly ingenious and quite natural in the book in which it originally appeared. In this play the circumstances make it absurd. How a man of Mr. Gillette's strong sense of humour could have missed seeing the utterly unreal manner in which throughout the play both he and his adversaries, and especially he himself, give easy opportunities of this kind, and how regularly these opportunities are neglected, passes comprehension. It would be wrong to end these remarks without a word of pity for the long-suffering Mrs. Watson, whom we do not see, but who must have a terrible time of it with a continuous succession of hanky-panky going on in close proximity to her drawing-room.

On the 17th of January, 1775, a play was produced at Covent Garden and failed. That play was *The Rivals.* There were two reasons for the failure, one of which lay in the bad acting of the part of Sir Lucius O'Trigger. The mistakes were rectified. Another actor was substituted for the delinquent, and the comedy at once took the place which it has ever since held. How often does the playgoer wish that a similar heroic remedy were applied! But no; it seems to be the etiquette of the profession that when a play has once been produced the cast must remain unaltered unless the actor leaves to better himself elsewhere. This is false delicacy. Why should not a mistake be honestly recognised? But at last we have an example of how things should be done. Miss Hilda Rivers was by no means a failure in Mr. Waring's new play, but she read her part in a manner which in a certain sense was ineffective. She did not supply the emotion which was required to make the last act find its way to the hearts of the audience. She has now given place to Miss Sybil Carlisle, who does. Both Esthers are equally natural, but the new one is by far the more sympathetic, and the play gains accordingly. I do not know how the substitution was brought about, but its accomplishment does great credit to all concerned. Miss Carlisle fully confirms the excellent impression she lately made at the Haymarket, and proves herself an actress who ought never to be out of an engagement. She is particularly good when she meets Sir Philip Pangdon on his return, and has to listen to his claim for a love which she cannot reciprocate. She is not less good in the very difficult (and rather improbable) scene in which she harangues the assembled officers and pleads the cause of Meredith. Here she speaks direct from a heart charged full with emotion, whereas Miss Rivers adopted a tone of judicial calmness which—though quite natural to a certain type of woman—was less effective. It is a play to interest all, and I note with pleasure that Mrs. Cecil Raleigh has toned down her clever performance and so brought it into the picture.

W. Hughes Hallett.

GARDEN SECRETS.

We only know what nature means
Who mark the play behind the scenes;
Who watch the robin's dappled young
Lurking the hazel shoots among;
Or hear the golden broom expel
Her blackened seeds from twisted cell,
Or spy where in the lily* stirs
The prisoned band of pilferers.

I find this little garden's ring
A world of secrets compassing;
Here greetings of the season come
From jasmine scent, from insect hum.
The pigeon's coo from storied shade,
Where she her careless nest has laid,
And whispers from the golden wren
Bring each their messages for men.

The bee pulls wide the flower lips
And, deep within, the honey sips:
For she has marked the secret signs,
The centred tints, the pointing lines,
That tell the path in every head
To hidden stores of honey-bread:
While she in turn from loaded thighs
The generous flower fructifies.

So we are friends, the world and I,
Within my garden hostelry;
Where God in his good order hath
Put pleasure in our duty's path;
And all, alert this summer day
To help the others on their way,
Are busied every hour to do
The work successive springs renew.

Although even now some petals fall
To hint our summer's funeral;
Though soon the autumn chills may freeze
The sunny vigour of the bees;
Yet safe the withered stems beneath
The seed lies cosy in the sheath,
And snug within some crevice thrives
The Queen-creator of the hives.

W. Beach Thomas.

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* The Arum lily.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

THE lamented death of the President, occurring just as we had made up our minds that he was to recover, has set us all on thinking about resemblances and parallels. Perhaps Canon Holland's allusion to the three bloodstained *soutanes* at Notre Dame was the aptest illustration of the tragedy as it must have presented itself to American minds. But, for my own part, the dominant thought was not of parallel but of contrast. Here in England we have seen a Ruler's death which was, in truth, a translation; free—so far as death can ever be free—from all elements of gloom and horror; so ordered in every circumstance and detail that, when it was over, we felt that we would not, if we could, have had it otherwise. There, in America, the vast Commonwealth sees its "Master taken away from its head to-day," in the fulness of vigour, in the pride and prime of life, with his work not half accomplished, and the fatal blow dealt by the mad cruelty of social discontent. Here, we saw "the good old age, the expected gathering, the superfluous lingering on the scene and awaiting the summons. There, the sudden rending of life's silver cord in its utmost beauty and strength, with the breaking of hearts and the crushing of fondest affections. But to both alike the common rest and the desired haven, and the welcome in a happier world."

And though contrast is the dominating thought, there is at least one parallel which keeps pressing itself on recollection. On May 6th, 1882, Queen Victoria performed the public ceremony of dedicating Epping Forest to the enjoyment of the people for all time. The sky was blue, and the sun was bright, and the great mass of rolling woodland was bursting into summer green. The huge crowd was rapturous with loyalty and delight, and an Irish Member of Parliament, standing by my side, said: "This is a fine sight, and please God we shall yet see something like it in Ireland. We have entered at last upon the right path. You will hear no more of the Irish difficulty." Within an hour of the time at which he spoke, in a scene as beautiful and under skies as bright, Lord Frederick Cavendish and Mr. Burke fell beneath the assassin's knife; and the Irish difficulty entered on the acutest phase it has ever known.

At that moment of staggering horror, when, if ever in my lifetime, hell seemed to have opened its mouth and vomited its fires, and consumed every struggling hope of better days for Ireland, one heart was strong enough to scorn despair: and that was the heart on which the blow had fallen with the most crushing weight. Speaking of Lord Frederick Cavendish, two days after the murder, Lord Granville said, "His death has left a noble woman desolate; and may we all join in her most courageous prayer at this moment that God may influence the results of this fearful crime in a manner contrary to the hopes and expectations of its perpetrators, and that it may result in the eventual good of Ireland."

These words, uttered in a very dark hour of English experience, apply themselves quite naturally to the present sorrow of America, both in its private and its public aspects; and there seem to be two obvious lines along which the desired benefit may come.

1. The President will not have died in vain if the manner of his removal serves to write deep on the Christian conscience that most penetrating word of self-examination, "Am I my brother's keeper?" It seems to be part of the providential order that the innocent are to suffer for the guilty. On the most blameless of French kings was wreaked the vengeance which his predecessors had deserved. President McKinley may have fallen a victim to that frantic eagerness for illimitable wealth which has seized some sections of his people. The accumulation of unbounded riches, sometimes even created by a monopoly in the prime necessaries of life, in the hands of a very few, stands in appalling and most anti-Christian contrast to the hopeless want and degradation of the "dim common populations." There is no need to tell Christian people that the sight of the contrast does not justify murder. We only say that it breeds that moral insanity which blinds men to the true nature of desperate acts. And those who feel this truth most keenly with regard to other countries are the foremost to recognise it as lying at the root of our own social and political decadence.

2. It is possible that the President's death may do something towards strengthening the bond which unites, or ought to unite, Englishmen to the people of the United States. Beyond question that bond has of late years been relaxed. This is not the occasion to discuss the reasons, but there can be little doubt that the attractive dream of a great permanent alliance between the peoples of the United States and of the United Kingdom, which would have made both countries "confident from foreign purposes," has faded from the thoughts of men. International rivalries and contempts, and even animosities, have taken the place which once it filled, and the warmest protestations of friendliness from this side of the Atlantic are received with a certain incredulity on the other. Is it too much to hope that calamity may do the same beneficent work between two nations which it so often does between two persons? Sorrow is keen to recognise sympathy, and to detect its counterfeit. Unreality and affectation only disgust and alienate. But a genuine sympathy with a real sorrow unites the sufferer's heart to the heart which offers it. Old grudges are forgotten, obstinate prejudices are conquered, unlucky misunderstandings are cleared away, and a comparative stranger who has honestly participated in a sorrow is reckoned henceforward as a friend and brother.

America, one would think, cannot mistake the genuineness of our present sympathy. Perhaps she may remember it in some future day of international friction, and then such a memory may help to maintain the peace of the world. *Semen est sanguis.*

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE ROMAN INTERREGNUM.

(FROM A ROMAN CATHOLIC CORRESPONDENT.)

No other name will fit the state of things. Pope Leo is not dead, nor does he mean to abdicate; he never was the man to make, as Pope Celestine did, *il gran rifiuto.* But he has ceased to reign in fact. As M. Rouher before 1870 was called the Vice-Emperor, so Cardinal Rampolla is the Vice-Pope. Sad stories, true or half true, show us Leo XIII., once his own Prime Minister, now lethargic, dreamy, dressed up for public rites and functions like a child, shadow not substance of himself. A venerable, a touching symbol, doubtless, in his frail person, of the spiritual unseen which even our age, steeped in matter, reveres. But the government is no more upon his shoulder. The Sicilian, to all intents, is Pope. Should Cardinal Rampolla mount the Papal Chair—and it becomes a possibility—his power will hardly be so great as it is. Politic, charming, even devout, after a fashion which to the English mind remains a mystery, this cleric-noble from the slopes of Etna pursues with vigour, almost with passion, the line on which he has compelled Leo XIII. to follow him. It can be described in two words; it is pro-French, anti-German. To which add anti-American, and all is said.

Illustrations are to the purpose. Begin with the Emperor William. This ingenious, wary, yet impetuous man combines religion with policy, as does the Sicilian Cardinal. He wants to be the new Charlemagne—head of Catholic Church in German lands, protector of the Holy See, an edifying lesson to that wicked France. Some time back he proposed to set up a Nuncio at Berlin; holding the Nuncio, he held the Bishops, and, sincerely, for the good of religion. But the Centre party prefers to live without a Nuncio; and Rampolla

did not see the benefit of giving hostages in exchange for nothing. He declined. Berlin had not the accommodation which a Nunciature demanded, face to face with the Court and Prince Bishops. The Cardinal—to put it frankly—hates all Germans, Catholics as heartily as Protestants. He can get no good of them. The Emperor is head and heart of *la Triplice*, which means that he will not stir a finger towards restoring Rome to the Pope. German prelates, almost alone in Christendom, are independent, self-willed, and unmanageable. The German people—let this be marked, for it will tell by-and-by—send next to nothing in the way of Peter's Pence to the Vatican. And though circulars recommending, or insisting on, collections (it is said even quarterly collections) have been issued to the German Hierarchy from Rome, no heed is given to them. In what condition the finances of the Holy See stand at present is probably a dead secret, except to a small camarilla of stockjobbers. But two-fifths at least of its income, well over a hundred thousand pounds, must be raised by subscriptions annually, of which sum France has hitherto yielded the larger half and Germany a mere trifle. Things are thus at a deadlock. If the Teutons will not pay, they can be deprived of the Roman purple. They have got one solitary representative in the Sacred College; more they shall not have while the Sicilian is master. With a coolness that might be termed splendid, the Vice-Pope has called up from villages like Reggio his countrymen into the Senate which any day may be a Conclave. Ten fresh Electors were brought in, and not one German. Cardinal Rampolla defies the North—flouts it openly; as good as tells all Catholics beyond the Alps that he intends to be the Grand Elector. To which they make no reply; but they do not like it.

A lively little breeze springing up the other day warned the Emperor that he must not expect to play Charlemagne just yet. The See of Metz being vacant, he intimated that he should be pleased if his friend, Monsignor von Bulach, were elected. The Chapter hastened to comply, but so did not Cardinal Rampolla. He put aside the Imperial nominee; a good deal of cross-firing took place; but Monsignor von Bulach is not Bishop of Metz. This difficult position was entrusted to a Benedictine, the Abbot Benzler of Maria Laach—a man of high character, mediæval-aristocratic, or as the jest runs, "Hildebrandine," in his views; that is to say, loyal to Hildebrand de Hemptinne, Abbot-General O.S.B., whose aspirations to the Cardinalate and even to the Papacy have been discussed in many quarters, "not without heat and dust." As consolation stakes, the Coadjutorship of Strasburg was bestowed on Monsignor von Bulach, who, it is to be hoped, will at once read Carlyle's "Diamond Necklace," in which Cardinal Prince Louis de Rohan figures as quondam Coadjutor of the same See—read, mark, learn, and avoid the frightful example. But the breeze did not, on his appointment, die down immediately. Cardinal Secretary of State—such was his indignation—issued a circular to all the German Chapters in which, without any great expenditure of politeness, he reminded them that they were free and independent, so far as heretical Princes were concerned. They must not let themselves be tricked into accepting a *congé d'élire*; no Government commissioner must be present at their meetings; and until the Holy See had confirmed their choice, no name was to be published, still less were Te Deums to be sung in church on the happy occasion. If they broke this rule, observed the Cardinal, with a gleam in his eye, they might find themselves nominating old and incapable mediocrities where vigour was wanted. In short, the Emperor was told "Hands off!" and investiture from Berlin was nipped in the bud. An excessively interesting situation! For what would happen if the German Bishops, not getting their fair share in the Sacred College, should make the Emperor their Cardinal? Prince Bismarck, who in Church matters was the stupidest of Junkers and would never take advice, created the Centre party by his Kulturkampf, made Bishops like Von Ketteler Ultramontane in their own despite, and transplanted Ledochowski from Posen, where he was doing no great harm, to Propaganda, from which coign of vantage he can do as much as he pleases. The Emperor William has counsellors who know their business better; yet he cannot but feel, after this affair in the Reichsland, that, as the French say, he is going home *avec un pied de nez*. It is amusing, instructive, perhaps significant.

That imbroglio which has been labelled Americanism frets and fumes, but over it the Cardinal Secretary holds out his rod with confidence. The question was, "Should there be another American Cardinal, and if so, would Archbishop Ireland be the man?" Leo XIII. owed him and his friends compensation which, if words may be relied on, he was ready to give. The Archbishop is also a pillar of the Republican party in the West, and President McKinley, who did not venture on sending him officially to the Hague Conference, despatched him to Paris with a statue of Lafayette, in recognition whereof President Loubet threw round his neck the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour. At Rome these things made an impression. Personally, the Pope has always liked the Archbishop. But no formal demand came from either Paris or Washington. And some guarantees were expected. Archbishop Ireland gave them; his speech on the Pope's name-day last year was prologue to one much more descriptive, in which he spoke up for the Temporal Power. Nothing remained except to complete the transaction. Rampolla, who is neither a theologian nor a fanatic, has always professed the friendliest feelings towards the Archbishop of St. Paul, whose enemies were of the Satolli and Mazzella stamp; he could not, therefore, turn round and veto the nomination. But a delightful little gambit was now played. Cardinal Ledochowski, also Ireland's friend, saw the Holy Father, abounded in expressions of amity for the Archbishop, whom he had openly congratulated last year on his famous speech, and pointedly made no objection to these fresh honours. Provided always, he went on to say, that another American, who was never tarred with Americanism and did not need to give any guarantees, were equally rewarded. The Archbishop of New York, Dr. Corrigan, had proved himself their man through thick and thin: let both prelates be decorated or none at all. This amounted to stalemate. For in came others of the Curia with a decisive move; three Cardinals in the United States, and not one in Latin America? How would this work, especially after the South American Council, which had disclosed so many reasons for attending to those parts? It could not be thought of. So neither Ireland nor Corrigan was invited to the Upper House. When the Pole and the Sicilian exchanged looks afterwards their faces must have been worth a study.

At present, then, Cardinal Rampolla has won all the tricks. His influence in the next Conclave is assured—so far as such a thing can be; he has snubbed the Emperor—not to put too fine a point on it; and he has got the leading American Bishop to declare on the side of the Temporal Power. He stands forth heir-presumptive to the Papacy. But will he be Pope? *"Chi lo sa?"* says the wise Roman and shrugs his shoulders.

ECCENTRICITIES IN MOROCCO.

(From a Correspondent.)

The conflicting interests which seem likely at no distant period to involve the potentates of Europe in one of those complications which cost so dear in the unravelling, have lately drawn forth a good deal of foreign comment interlarded with some interesting data regarding the wild people who inhabit that coveted district of North Africa, Morocco—a people whose resistance to all that savours of European civilisation or proselytism is unique in modern history. Fanaticism is the strongest element in the character of those tribes. It is maintained ferociously wherever European influence exists, but culture, to use the words of a distinguished Spanish writer is not by any means so slight as we are taught to suppose, especially among those who surround the throne of the Sultan; and among the functionaries deputed by His Majesty to administer to public affairs at Marrakead we are

told, a library is conserved, rich in ancient manuscripts, which are, by order of the Sultan, copied carefully, that those literary relics of greater days may be preserved to futurity. The middle classes send their children to the schools, and many of the dwellers along the coast read and write. Such is the hate borne by these people towards Christians and strangers, that contact with all such is deemed profanation, and much more furious is this hate in Morocco than in any other Mohammedan region to-day; indeed, all who have studied this country are of opinion that, owing to this odium, Europeans can never expect to establish a protectorate at Morocco as has been done at Tunis and Egypt.

The writer above cited mentions an incident illustrating this superstitious dislike. During a visit paid by him to Tangier a little time ago, he and a friend, seeing a group squatting round the stall of an itinerant Moor, approached. Among other wares was a sackful of devotional books. The owner declaimed in a loud voice, accompanied by fervent gestures, a fantastic history, in which he embellished his characters enormously, and the narrative was listened to with the interest of children to the recital of a fairy tale. A collection followed which concluded the entertainment, and then one of the Europeans who had approached, and who understood Arabic, put forth his hand to look at one of the volumes which were on sale, when, to his horror, the whole circle set upon him, uttering inarticulate curses and yells, while they pinioned his arms, for upon the cover of each book was inscribed the sacred name "Allah," and no Christian could, without profanity, touch these volumes. Our informant adds that he can never forget the look of horror upon the countenances of the youth of this group, the defiance on that of the more mature, and the sorrow of the aged who bewailed their lot in having lived to see such sacrilege. This incident revealed to the Spaniards a force of conviction in their religious belief and the abnegation of their entire lives to the principles of that admirable faith, but also that the presence of a Christian protectorate was not to be thought of here. A mere Christian signature coming from the court of the Sultan, who is—like our own sovereign—at once the sovereign and the head of the religion of his country, would instantly produce a rising throughout all those tribes which, let them differ as they will in temporal affairs, cling together in the greater matter of their undivided belief. The administration in the levying of the imposts remains in its primitive state in Morocco. The people opposed to reform suffer, with the fatalism imposed by their religion and traditions, the million vexations and tricks of the system employed. Their acquiescence is varied by occasional furious protests organised by the frontier hordes, when terrible and bloody contests take place between his most sacred majesty's oppressed subjects and his troops.

The antipathies to Christianity so evident in Morocco permit quite a friendly feeling towards the Jews, perhaps accounted for in the Moorish Spanish traditions. Quite a prosperous colony of the chosen people exists at Tetwan, which lies in their midst peaceably. This quaint old town of Tetwan possesses a Hebrew settlement, the manners and customs of which render their colony unique and interesting in these modern times. The formation of this primitive encampment is lost in the mists of time. Complying with traditional ordinances, the quarter dedicated to the "chosen people" is to be found a little apart from that of the aborigines. The commerce, however, of Tetwan is entirely in the hands of the Jews, as is that of Centa, which belongs to Spain, and whose importance—as commanding Gibraltar—renders it specially noticeable at present. The Israelite community at Tetwan is original in the matter of dress, the correct costume being a long garment, or tunic, which falls to the ground and is confined at the waist by a girdle or sash. As head gear a soft casquette merely covering the crown of the head, and termed a "Chichia," is used. Marriages are conducted on lines the prudence of which may not be disputed. Corredores, or agents, are employed to look up suitable brides for the men, a proceeding which saves time and trouble. The commission allowed is in proportion to the fortune of the bride. The parents of the young lady on their side require from the future son-in-law a certain amount in cash, a treaty convened in the interest of the girl, lest within the period of courtship determined upon the son of Adam might change his mind, and in view of any other contingency which might prevent the match. The money remains with the parents of the bride as a sort of pledge that the promise will be complied with on the date specified, unless justifiable cause be forthcoming to prevent the marriage. The future son-in-law has, meanwhile, the right to demand that on the day of marriage his *fiancée* possesses the good looks and other attractions discovered in the first period of contract. If the man draw back the money is lost. The marriage festivities continue for fifteen days. Upon the first the hair of the bride is let loose, ever afterwards it is worn covered in the street by a three cornered kerchief of silk. Next comes the Maiz, which is high festival. Then the signing of the contract, and then the jollification goes on until, upon the fifteenth day, the parents hand the bride over to the bridegroom, and so terminate the preliminaries, canticles being sung by all present in thanksgiving.

The verb to disinherit is a part of speech unknown here, a parent being obliged to leave part of his property to his son A woman is entitled to half the goods of her husband, the eldest son to one-third, and among the others the remainder is equally divided. Law, as understood by us, is unknown to these people. The sage among them, who acts as judge and notary, puts things straight, and is always the guardian of the rights of minors. With regard to burials a sort of red cross society exists whose duty it is to discover the cause of death through indications on the appearance of the corpse. Hygienic and other precautions to be observed in the house of the dead are attended to also by this society, and no authorisation is required from a doctor. If, when the corpse is being borne to the cemetery, a dog happens to pass beneath the coffin or hearse, the dead body is brought back to the house again and not buried until next day. Every punishment except that of death is decided by the sage.

REVIEWS.

MODERN EUROPE.*

THIS volume, which comprises the eighth and last of the "Periods of European History" issued under the general editorship of Mr. Hassall, will naturally be compared with the works of the late Mr. Fyffe, of M. Seignobos, and Mr. Andrews. Better written than the third of those books, and more accurate than the second, it lacks the brightness of the first, and deals in less detail with the events of the time. Mr. Phillips does indeed come down to a much later date than Mr. Fyffe, but we consider his last chapter as the least satisfactory in the book. Throughout there is a lack of proportion; thus one-fifth of the volume is occupied with the not very interesting proceedings of the Powers in the five years after Waterloo, while twenty-four pages out of 546 are devoted to the great changes which marked the twenty-one years from the date of the Treaty of Berlin to the close of the period. Yet that is just the part of the last century about which those for whom this series is chiefly intended are likely to know least. For it is as true now as in the time of Guizot, that *l'histoire d'avant-hier* is the least familiar alike to the professor and to the public. Far more people know something about the July or the February Revolutions than about the Anglo-German Agreement or the establishment of the French Regency in Tunisia.

The author starts with the well-conceived plan of leaving out all that was not essential, and makes the chief interest of the book centre on the attempts, first in 1815 and then in 1899, to establish a "Confederation of Europe." Unless a historian of Modern Europe has a hundred lives, he cannot hope to digest the vast materials which are even now at his

* MODERN EUROPE: 1815—1899. By W. Alison Phillips, M.A. London: Rivingtons.

disposal, and which will be immensely increased when the secrets of all Foreign Offices are made known. Under these circumstances any attempt to describe the current of events, during the last century must be, at best, only "a compromise with truth." It is inevitable that the author should often have to rest content with "secondary authorities," leaving the task of exploring the sources to some industriously dull German who will consecrate a vast monograph to the incidents of a single month in a single country, and at the end produce a *monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.* Yet even among the "secondary authorities," whom Mr. Phillips quotes in his bibliographical note, we miss such excellent works as M. Zevort's "Histoire de la Troisième République," and any allusion to the excellent Italian treatises on the *Risorgimento* and on the Triple Alliance. And, since the author wrote, the publication of the late M. Ristich's memoirs has thrown new light on the relations of Austria-Hungary and the Balkan lands, which are very cursorily examined in these pages. Indeed, both the Western and the Eastern Peninsulas, Spain and the Balkans are only incidentally mentioned by Mr. Phillips, who has shown in another work that he possesses the rare talent of writing about the Greek movement without either enthusiasm or cynicism—the almost inseparable accidents of a history of modern Hellas. This enables him, although he is anything but reactionery in his views, to do more justice to the policy of Metternich than it has usually received at the hands of historians. "He was not," writes the author, "like Bismarck, the product of a great national movement; nor did he understand the innermost workings of the age which he aspired to guide. For a tired and timid generation he was the necessary man; and it was his misfortune that he survived his usefulness." With this very fair appreciation of the statesman who, next to Bismarck, though in a very different direction, exercised the greatest influence over the diplomatic world of the period under review, we may compare Mr. Phillips' estimate of the great Prussian. "Bismarck," he tells us, "was a statesman of the school of Machiavelli, sharing to the full the great Florentine's contempt for those brain-spun fogs of fancy which are apt to obscure the path of practical politics. Yet there was in his character none of the Italian suppleness." And his account of the Bismarckian theory of treaties—arrangements only binding so long as it suited the convenience of any of the signatories—is exactly in accord with the practice of that brutally frank "diplomatist in wooden shoes." The eminent disciple of Bismarck, whom Italy has so recently lost, meets with scarcely adequate recognition in these pages, and the honours of Italian unity are assigned almost wholly to Cavour. Yet the last three decades of Italian history have proved that Crispi knew the South better than the Northern statesman could have known it; nor was it quite so easy as Cavour imagined, to "govern in a state of siege."

England is only incidentally mentioned, but some of the allusions to English affairs are very instructive. To us, in this year of national mourning, it seems extraordinary that the Russian Ambassador at our court during the reign of William IV. could inform his sovereign of the bad prospects of royalty in Great Britain. "The throne might stand during the lifetime of the present king; but the next heir was a young and inexperienced girl, and, even were the Princess Victoria ever to mount the throne—which was unlikely—she would be speedily swept off it again by the rising tide of Republicanism." In this connection we may mention that the author omits the least allusion to the part which the late Queen played in preventing a second Franco-German war in 1875, and an Anglo-French war over the Fashoda incident. The time has not yet come to estimate with accuracy the personal share of Queen Victoria in the European politics of her reign. But the two instances just mentioned prove that the peace of the world found in her, as in her great predecessor, Queen Elizabeth, a warm supporter. It was largely her kindly feeling for Louis Philippe, which maintained cordial relations between France and England up to the time of "the Spanish Marriages," and her tactful recognition of each succeeding form of government across the Channel was ever combined with a kindly courtesy, not always reciprocated, towards the exiled dynasties. The somewhat similar policy of the present Pope in advising the French Royalists to "rally" to the Republic deserved mention, we should have thought, as its effects have not been merely internal. Of the Peace Conference at The Hague, with which the book closes, the author, as might have been expected from so keen a student of diplomacy, had no great expectations. He might have added, however, to his comments on that Utopian gathering the most striking fact of all. At the very moment when the Tsar was summoning the nations to the conference, he was providing his father's "only friend," the Prince of Montenegro, with 30,000 rifles and ammunition to match! No wonder that Montenegro, at The Hague, was represented by a Russian delegate! At least, however, at the end of the last century peace-makers could say with pride that for seventy-five years—a period unexampled in the annals of the two nations—France and England had not been at war. But in 1901 Europe is far more like an armed camp than it was on the morrow of Waterloo, and the "yellow" press and unscrupulous speculation are factors which make for war in a way that was impossible in the days of Wellington and Metternich.

We may conclude by pointing out a few slips in this generally careful volume. Buyukdere and Therapia are not "on either side of the Bosphorus"; Frederick William IV. was not elected "German Emperor" in 1849, but Emperor of the Germans—a very different thing; the meeting of the three Emperors in 1884 was not "at Czernowitz," but at Skiernewice—quite another place; Henri V. was not the "son" of Charles X., nor was the *Triplice* concluded "in 1883." The name of O'Donnell is twice mis-spelt; the German adjective formed from "Baden" is "Badenser" not "Badenese"; "Frederick II." is an obvious error; and in the racial map of Austria-Hungary no account is taken of the Italian fringe of Dalmatia, nor of the Roumanian settlement in Istria. It would have been better, if the map of the near East had been corrected so as to include the Treaty of Constantinople of December, 1897, as well as the arrangements of 1881.

A MEDIÆVAL MYSTIC.

M. Huysmans' "Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam" will be widely read in France. We might wish it to be as widely read in England. It does not, perhaps, possess the sustained charm of "Pages Catholiques." It has to deal with much which must be repellent to a twentieth century. But M. Huysmans has caught the simplicity, the sweet humility, the grave common sense, the absence of self-consciousness, of "pious phrase-making," in that miracle of miracles, the life of a saint. And at times, as in his description of the perhaps most perfect picture in the world, the Van Eycks' Triumph of the Lamb, he has strayed into paths where all his old excellence is displayed.

We might wish the book to be widely read in England, but in approaching it most Englishmen will have need to clear away some misconceptions from which the mind of France is happily free. It may, for instance, be necessary, to prevent too great a shock to the mind of the English reader, to remember that hagiology is by no means the absolutely dogmatic thing which Protestants believe it to be.

Besides the official dogmatic teaching of the Christian Church (says the preface to the English edition of M. Joly's "Psychologie des Saints"), which can be reduced to a comparatively small compass, there is a great mass of traditional beliefs, historical and religious, which she preserves with reverence and respect, not as in any sense setting her seal on every item of which it is composed, but because . . . it has a critical value, not final or decisive, but of an importance varying with the subject in hand. . . .

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* Sainte Lydwine de Schiedam. J. K. Huysmans, Paris.

Taken as a whole, it contains a mingling of truth with error, as does every similar body of tradition ; but for this reason to despise it or to deny it all critical value would be to cast away the gold together with the ore.

This is a different ruling to that to which a Protestant world is accustomed. And it is not the miraculous which is the most strongly appealing force in hagiology. There is something which attracts in spite of miracles, and this something is the personality of the saints. History, and fiction, and life all bear testimony to the power of holiness as distinct from pseudo-sanctity. This power shows itself even by an outward charm. "It is," thought Durtal, when he contemplated this mystic grace, "the soul which is everything in these people, and their physiognomy is modelled by it. There are holy brightnesses in their eyes, on their lips, those doors to the borders of which the soul alone can come, from which it looks forth and all but shows itself."* To look upon such faces is to feel that the hypothesis of a future life must be possible ; such determined longings as can even mould the features must have a final goal. They could not be created to end in the dust of some nameless grave.

And if, although the external manifestations of this beauty of soul are so tangible, the supernatural manifestations which might seem to accompany it are still a stumbling-block to many, one reason of the difficulty is perhaps not far to seek. The saints were, we may say with almost no reservation, ascetics. In the words of William Law they were deeply learned in the mysteries of the kingdom of God, not through "the use of lexicons or meditating upon criticism, but because they passed through every kind of mortification both inward and outward." And it has been left to a Protestant but sympathetic life of St. Catherine of Siena to assert the truth that men must live such lives as the saints lived before they presume to question their power to work miracles.

Another charge brought against the Christian ascetic is that his aim is "to secure amid universal conflagration his individual safety." This, too, is a misapprehension. The constraining power in the saints is that metriopathy which also constrained Christ. In this they are differentiated from both Buddhist and Mussulmen, to whom a Protestant world delights to liken them. As M. Joly has pointed out, a Buddhist undertakes his mortifications to purchase by them annihilation, to preserve himself from existences as joyless as this present life. The Mohammedan saint, on the other hand, hopes to gain by his sufferings eternal happiness, "bright maidens and unfailing vines." In both cases the end is self. But M. Huysmans' Saint Lydwine unfolds the motive which dominates the Christian saint, and to his book we for one moment turn.

It commences with a sketch of the state of Europe in the end of the fourteenth century. It was a state of chaos. Rulers and people alike seemed possessed by the spirit of all evil. Satanism was ensnaring turbulent souls. Heresy was spreading nets for the devout. The faithful were perplexed by the sins of priests and by rival Popes.

But as in Old Testament days, so now. Saints were raised up to combat the evil, to preserve the equilibrium, to stand like Moses in the gap.

For while the mediæval mystic believed as fully as any Protestant that no man may deliver his brother, he could yet believe with St. Paul that what was behind of the sufferings of Christ might be continued in His saints.

> *Nothing* (says St. Augustine) is wanting to the full measure of His Sufferings because all things written of Him are fulfilled, but fulfilled in the *Head*. Sufferings still remain behind in the body. But *ye* are the body of Christ and His members ; therefore the apostle as he was among those members could say, "adimpleo quæ desunt pressuramur."

Among the souls whom the Spirit's dread vocation severed for this work was Lydwine of Schiedam. At fifteen she became a cripple, and never left a bed of suffering until her death in her fifty-third year.

At first she revolted against her lot. Her vocation was awaked by her director. To him belongs the glory of having made a saint. He taught her that doctrine of mystic substitution which was of power to illuminate and soothe her whole after-life. He taught her that those souls who will,

> to make reparation, who recommence the sufferings of Calvary . . . alone give to Almighty God something which He still wants, the possibility of suffering for us : they satisfy this desire which has survived His death, for it is as infinite as that love which brought it into being ; they dispense to this marvellous Pauper the alms of tears : they establish Him afresh in the joy of that holocaust which He has forbidden Himself.

This passage gives the *motif* of the book. It may sound new and strange to English ears. But it is at least one solution to the problem of pain, and one which has, as other books testify, been of power even in our own days. For while some bold spirits are ready to deride the suffering Christ as one who has raised great hopes only to disappoint them, the feeling of a thousand sad and timid hearts is that he came to make earth a Paradise, and has failed to do so ; all things continue as they were. No truth is more certain than that he came for no such purpose. In spite of the dreams of scientists and the perpetual strides which the science of the alleviation of pain is making, suffering continues ; and not the least mysterious fact is that in proportion to this progress so too is the growth of man's sensitiveness to pain. His nerves become more alive to suffering, and he suffers still in ways unknown in former years.

But take the mystic's view of suffering. Think of any sufferer we have known whose life is suffering and must be—science can do no more. Which thought will best assuage that suffering, defiance, or at best sullen patience, or that other thought which is crystallised in the lives of the saints, the belief that they no longer live a separate life, but that they are one with Christ, that Christ still suffers in them, still carries on His redeeming work ?

Saints at least can testify to the alleviating power of this thought :—

> She certified (says M. Huysmans of St. Lydwine) without hesitation that for the lovers of the Saviour suffering, properly speaking, does not exist, that it is only a sort of compromise between two extremes of sensations, of which one even effaces, gives place to the other, and that other is rapture and transport.

Her years of suffering were offered to no haughty deity, careless of mankind. Her poor hovel was brightened by celestial visitors ; angels took her by the hand and led her into a Paradise to which the green flats of Holland where she could no longer walk, its expansive skies which she could no longer see, were poor for all their pleasant beauty. Indeed, when we look at the sweet tranquillity, the calm brightness, the luminosity beyond the light of this world, which still shine in that honoured picture at St. Bavon's in Ghent, where, as M. Huysmans tells us, we may yet see a reflection of the Paradise in which St. Lydwine wandered, we may almost feel that her years of suffering were no excessive price to pay for such heavenly visions. We can but end where we began. We might wish the book to be widely read in England if it could be read without some of those misconceptions at which we have briefly tried to hint.

* *En Route.*

THE CASE FOR THE FACTORY ACTS.*

A SMALL number of ladies united by a belief in the advantages of factory legislation met together to discuss how best the cause of labour legislation could be advanced. The outcome of the conference was the formation of the Labour Law Association, the object of which was to disseminate knowledge of the Factory Acts, what they are, how they came to exist,

* THE CASE FOR THE FACTORY ACTS. Edited by Mrs. Sydney Webb ; with a preface by Mrs. Humphrey Ward. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

and what have been their effects, especially upon working women. The little book before us was produced under the auspices of the Association, and we should like to congratulate that body upon the skill with which it has begun its work. Of factory laws in general there is astonishingly little knowledge among men, still less among women. Yet the cause of factory legislation is believed by its advocates to be one of the best for which those who desire to help working women out of the slough of despond into which all too many have fallen can work. The names of Mrs. Sydney Webb and Mrs. Humphrey Ward should attract many to the little volume, and the Labour Law Association could perhaps have taken no one step which was more likely to fulfil the object of their existence.

In the first chapter of the book, on the economics of factory legislation, Mrs. Sidney Webb explains the why and wherefore of Factory Laws with her accustomed skill. To those who have read "Industrial Democracy," most of what she says will be familiar; those who have not may possibly be irritated by the constant references to that work. But when a thing has once been said, admirably and fully, in 250 large pages, it must be difficult to say it again in seventy small ones without such references, and Mrs. Webb's chapter is an admirable presentation, in a very small space, of a complicated and important question. The history of the factory laws is clearly and tersely told by Miss Hutchins; and Miss Gertrude Tuckwell, whose name is, of course, familiar to all who have to do with women's work, contributes an extremely useful chapter on the more obvious defects in the English factory code—for instance, the problems of how best to cope with that standing difficulty, the home-worker, and with overtime. Mrs. Reeves's chapter upon factory legislation in the colonies is interesting and suggestive. Colonial legislation is in many respects much more advanced than that of the Mother Country. It is not only surprising to our conservative ideas, but, perhaps, to many of us repugnant to read, for instance, that in New Zealand "a mother and child working together make a factory and have to be registered as such. They must observe factory regulations as to hours and sanitation, and are open to inspection at all hours. The only work which can be done uninspected is that prepared by solitary persons, and this, if clothing, must be ticketed 'tenement made' when exposed for sale." Visions of "mother and child" on the one side, and the intrusive inspector upon the other, flash across our horrified mind. There are sayings about an Englishman's home and its sanctity which are hallowed by time, but outraged by New Zealand laws. Fortunately, however, for the cause of factory legislation Mrs. Reeves's chapter—which must be most satisfactory and inspiring reading to the true believer in factory laws, showing as it does not only that advanced legislation exists, but that it works smoothly and well—is followed by a masterly piece of argument. Miss Clementina Black, in the last chapter of the book, deals conclusively with some of the ordinary objections to factory legislation for women. Mrs. Webb has presented the general case for factory laws, Miss Tuckwell has provided illustrations of what happens to those who are not sufficiently protected. Mrs. Reeves describes a stage farther on towards the industrial millenium, and finally Miss Black picks up neatly the shreds of prejudice and doubt which may be lingering in the readers' mind, and shows conclusively how weak and false they are. Lastly, there is an appendix on books recommended. Of Mrs. Ward's preface it is only necessary to say that it is a pleasant and sympathetic introduction to the book.

FOUNDATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE. *

THERE are so many points of view from which this book deserves consideration that it is impossible to do justice to it in a short space. In our opinion it is a work of appreciably greater importance than any that has appeared for very many years. It not only sums up conclusions whose validity has been gradually established through the discussions of a century, but has a constructive value which cannot fail to be recognised by all who are interested in the business of systematising the highest truth attained by human thought. In works on the bases of knowledge, there has always been a tendency either to leave out of consideration certain classes of beliefs which are felt to be as truly knowledge as any of the conclusions of science, or else to deny that they have any value from the epistemological point of view. Yet it is such beliefs that form the foundations of ethics and religion. The present work makes neither mistake, but rather inquires very carefully into the bases of both kinds of knowledge, and investigates with much precision the epistemological value to be attached to beliefs arrived at as "judgments of worth." The result is that we are not only assured that there are not two disparate systems of truth, but also shown, with greater clearness, we believe, than before, the relation between the different elements in the complex structure of human knowledge.

Professor Ormond may be said, without much inaccuracy, to base his method on that of Kant; but in his most fundamental principle he differs absolutely from Kant. The latter had, as is well known, separated the world of experience from the transcendent world of reality; and while giving a very penetrating analysis of the principles immanent in experience, had refused to consider experience as giving any knowledge of reality. The cardinal doctrine of Professor Ormond's book is that all reality must be within experience, and that such a thing as extra-experiential reality is meaningless. In order to explain on these lines how it is possible to get beyond the actual experience of any moment, it is necessary to make a distinction between actual and possible experience, since without the assumption of such a possible experience it could not be shown how the limits of actual experience could be extended. It follows that reality is the context of a possible, not merely of an actual experience, and that therefore the real must always be to a large extent outside actual human knowledge. This has important cousequences. In the first place, so far as human thought is conscious of the necessity of the transcendent, this transcendent is within actual experience; here, therefore, Professor Ormond joins issue with the Spencerian doctrine of the unknowable. In the second place, this theory combined with the principle that a "judgment of worth" which is needed to rationalise the universe for thought must be considered true, and that therefore some Absolute, to which all standards of judgment are relative, is a necessity of thought, gives a foundation for the essential principles of religion, so far as these are viewed in their metaphysical aspect.

The first part is mainly occupied with explaining the relations between experience and reality, while the conclusions in regard to the absolute or transcendent are developed in the third. The second part is a very minute and exhaustive examination of the categories under which the human consciousness shapes itself. Here the Kantian method is followed very closely; but the results are far in advance of those of Kant both in completeness and in value. Kant had treated space and time as forms in which all presentation occurs; while the categories were the forms of conception or judgment. Professor Ormond shows that whether in the case of space and time, or of the categories so named by Kant, there are to be distinguished two stages, and that in the case of space and time Kant neglected the one, in the case of the categories the other, and hence some of the greatest difficulties of the Kantian philosophy. For in both cases, there can be seen first a presentational stage, in which we are immediately conscious, whether of space and time, or of quantity, cause, agency, etc.; and secondly, a reflective stage, in which we have corresponding conceptual ideas, upon which the sciences are based; and besides these stages of "lower immediacy" and reflection, there is a further stage of "higher immediacy" in which the category of unity dominates, and we have, as it were, the intuition of truth (or departments of truth) as a whole. This

* FOUNDATIONS OF KNOWLEDGE. By Alexander Thomas Ormond. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

leads us to speak of a further distinguishing doctrine of this book—that the ultimate form of knowledge is not conceptual but æsthetic. "What consciousness seeks in its world as its very last end is a state of feeling, a satisfaction in which it can rest. The very last word of experience is not knowledge but edification." It is the æsthetic category, again—the category of unification—that "answers the question why the actual is not sufficient, and why there should be this activity in consciousness for ever delineating the features of a world of possible experience." "The æsthetic principle is at the same time a demand and an intuition; that is, it is not only an ideal requirement or prescript, but it is an intuition under which our world completes itself. It is, in fact, a demand accompanied by insight."

We have said enough to show that we have to do with a writer of great boldness of thought; but it would be wrong to suppose that there is any innovation upon older views for the sake of innovation. The impression which is given us by Professor Ormond's attitude to his predecessors is that he has weighed them with the utmost care, and he differs from very many modern writers in the justice with which he recognises their really strong points. His perspective is indeed his own. It is not often that we find a writer who can really appreciate both Locke and Lotze; and it is satisfactory to find the latter given his due place. It is impossible here to discuss any of the theories which are worked out in a course of argument unbroken by digressions or "lighter moments," and extending over more than five hundred pages. Rather than indulge in a superficial sketch, we prefer to emphasise our conviction that the book contains a profounder theory of knowledge than any, we had almost said, since the "Critique of Pure Reason," but at least since Lotze's "Metaphysic" and "Microcosmus." The theory finds room for many more phases of consciousness than are usually recognised in such books; it has the advantage of being thoroughly in harmony with the most recent biological conclusions, which are frequently utilised in it as parallels and illustrations, though the importance of the evolution theory for epistemology is not overrated; and it is based on an extremely careful psychology, the chief feature of which is the doctrine that consciousness always includes feeling, will, and thought, and that none of these can exclude the others, though each may, in its turn, predominate. The importance ascribed to feeling and will as compared with thought is greater than it is now customary to assign to it, but it is far more in accordance with the facts of human life. Our only fear is lest a certain difficulty which the author's style presents, coupled with the danger which any book now must face, that of being swamped in the deluge of inferior work on the same subjects, should lead to this most valuable contribution to human thought being robbed of its due. We sincerely hope it will not be so, and we commend Professor Ormond's work to the most careful study of all who care for thoroughness in philosophy.

FICTION.

Love and His Mask. By Ménie Muriel Dowie, author of "Gallia," etc. Heinemann. 6s.—This is a pretty thing, very prettily done. But it is hardly a novel. It is a handful of theories about love and women, and friendship and paternity, with lively illustrations taken, if not straight from real life, then from something uncommonly like it. It is also a plea for the reinstatement of poetry in a place of honour in the relation of man to woman and woman to man. Leslie Rose belongs to that very tip-top class that the modern novelist so delights to write about—revealing, by the multiplicity of detail, knowledge the most intimate of its characteristics. And nothing in this book—not even the sentiment which is very pleasant—is better done than the little studies of aristocratic interiors. The only question is whether they are not the least bit overdone. Take, for instance, the picture of Lady Candover's luncheon table—"the only square table in London." What exhaustive research must have gone to establish that point—unless, by-the-bye, it is a bold assumption based on ignorance of all the bourgeois and semi-bourgeois tables in the capital. But to come to the description: "The flowers upon the table were exquisite; the food as plain as—plainer than—that in the servant's hall; the three or four vegetables had been handed, cabbage, seakale, cauliflower, braised Portugal onions, and a vast carved wooden bowl of potatoes in their skins. The servants disappeared. The butler had filled everybody's glass. Some of the men were drinking beer, a pale tenuous attaché caressed at intervals a brown jug of draught stout. Sometimes someone got up and fetched himself a plate of corned beef or pigeon pie from the sideboard. A huge Strasburg pâté remained wholly unvisited, though the footman had placed it in the centre. There were one or two covered caneróles, holding vegetable *plats;* that was in case a vegetarian friend or a theosophist appeared. To-day there was neither. The vegetarians and theosophists were mostly Little Englanders, and in this house everybody talked about the war, so they gave up dropping in to luncheon at the square table." At this point you imagine that description of the table is exhausted and that conversation—about the war—is going to begin. Not a bit of it. The next paragraph tells us what was on the "second sideboard." Puddings—"one very large rice pudding with nutmeg and bay leaves about it, some dishes of stewed fruit, biscuits, cheeses, a large flat plum cake." Two more paragraphs and the description ends with the intimation that "there were no table-napkins. If there was fish, you had no fish-knife."

Lady Candover, whose luncheon-table protests heroically against modern and foreign fashions, is the mother of daughters high-bred, well-built, well-dressed, rich in friends, full occupations, able in conversation, too wise to be clever, too much "of the world" to be conscious of possessing souls. All alike—most alike in this last item—save only Leslie, the young widow of a young sculptor, to whom a soul was born in the hour when she suspected that her marriage had not brought her quite all she wanted from a man. This made Leslie different from her sisters. There was one man in the world—that is to say in South Africa—from whom she was sure she could get all she desired, to wit—Brigadier-General Basil Riddington, V.C., etc., etc. To him, therefore, Leslie indited, with the help of a type-writer, a series of confidential but anonymous letters, into which she put the soul of friendship and the news of London. By the same ship that carried the first of these confidences to Riddington, Toby Tollemache went out as a gentleman-yeoman—Toby being the man who loved Leslie with all his heart, but from whom Leslie doubted whether she could get as much as she required. She filled the lives of both men while they were away; when they came home, both wanted her to wife—and Toby won her; the moral of the book being that it is giving all one is, not finding all one wants, that makes happiness in marriage. The book is rich in charming episodes, and much of its detail, while not less clever, is of more essential stuff than the puddings and drinks at Lady Candover's luncheon-table. Notably, the good-bye visit of Toby to his father, and the gifts with which Leslie blesses her comrade's departure. Both Toby and Riddington are heroes *sans peur et sans reproche* of whom it is pleasant to read. Everybody in the book is cultivated, well born, perfectly dressed. Nobody is poor except the girl Lord Warrington kindly marries. The talk is the talk of London at the heart of things, and the leading idea is, in the words of Leslie, that, "When the utilitarian wave has swept over and past us, taking the form of 'Industries,' 'Committees,' and 'Officers' of all kinds, the hideous backwater of selfishness, indulgence, and vulgar vice will go too—and women will try to improve in some of the older arts wherein we have grown slack. . . . Women in the future will try to love better; they'll see—they are quite clever enough—that they have let it go too much. It is almost time for a burst of spirituality, the old sentiment and trancendentalism modernised, regenerated, and strengthened, to come in! When women will try to be *more* of women; when men will be influenced through their hearts again; when love-stories will have the beauty of gospels." To which we gladly say Amen. But in the meantime we wish Mrs. Norman had played

the showman to her nice people and their pretty feelings a little less assiduously. Self-consciousness is the fault of the book.

Mistress Nell. By George C. Haselton, Junior. Murray. 3s. 6d.—The author of *Mistress Nell* has attempted what, if it is not impossible, is quite the most difficult task for a writer to perform successfully. He has made a novel out of a play —worst of all, out of his own play. To construct a good play from a story is difficult enough, but the reverse process is hardly ever attempted with satisfactory results. In this case the author has fallen into all the traps that yawned in his path. The story is incoherent, the characters are unconvincing, the development is spasmodic and inconsequent, and the whole thing very "stagey." We have all the properties of a romance without the life of a romance, and the author constantly falls into the mistake of seeking to make his own statements do duty for the work of creation. "She was charming" has to serve instead of all the careful display of character that would convince us that she was charming. Moreover, pages heavily besprinkled with such expressions as "odspitikins," "'sdeath," "beshrew me," do not necessarily call up the atmosphere of the Restoration; but in this book they are about all we are given towards the making of that atmosphere. Sarcey's rule that a play founded on a novel could be best criticised if the novel were either unknown to the critic or resolutely banished from his mind applies in the reverse case, and in this respect at least we are qualified to criticise this book. The result is that we are left in the dark concerning much that the author—his mind, no doubt, being full of his play—thought unnecessary to relate; and the gaps in the book would possibly be filled in very satisfactorily from a memory of the play. Perhaps people who know and like Mr. Haselton's play will like his story, but to the unenlightened reader it fails in what is obviously its aim, to represent the charm of Nell Gwynn. All the wonderful fascination of the character, some of which Mr. Frankfort Moore succeeded in transcribing into his study, is absent from Mr. Haselton's book. Nell in his pages is simply a hoydenish young woman with an insatiable appetite for attention, and all the author's protestations that she was the most bewitching person on earth will not convince his readers, who, very naturally, will take her as they find her. We must confess that we found her rather tedious company.

A Woman Alone. Three stories by Mrs. W. K. Clifford. Methuen. 6s.—These stories are indescribable. But they are also admirable. The title expresses them all three in turn. There is in each "a woman alone"—a woman who has resented her fate and refused submission, and then found out her dependence on the duty or the sympathy her own act has thrust away from her. But, though all the stories are poignant and arresting, the first of the three is an achievement upon a much higher level than the other two. "A turn, and we stand at the heart of things," says the motto from Browning on the title-page. And so it is. Richard Bowden is a man of the world, a finished egoist who out of fastidiousness "refuses" life. The beautiful Austrian he marries, is a great lady with an insatiable appetite for life. She is, none the less, simple, affectionate, and capable of being domestic. She has attracted Richard by exuberance of the qualities he lacks. He has warmed under her influence, and been superficially and momentarily responsive. In the *tête-à-tête* of married life, he cools down and shrinks from the contact of enthusiasms that have become importunate. Then Blanche sees her husband, as he is in himself, stripped of the reflection of her glow. They drift coldly apart. She tries to stimulate him to public activity; and, failing to move him, consoles herself with a *salon.* The *salon* disgusts and bores him, and he leaves her for travel. They quarrel before parting—with pride and a certain dignity, but still it is a quarrel. Their house is to be shut up. She will not live in it without him. He wishes it to be sold. She buys it with money of her own, and refuses to draw upon his banker. Richard stays away for years. Blanche is defiant at first, but the desolation of her life grows upon her with a stealthy terror. At last she hears that her husband is in England. She writes him a letter, and sends it by the most loyal of friends. But Richard is already dead when Jack Percival comes to his rooms. "Marie Zellinger" is a much slighter episode, full, however, of grace and distinction, and ending, as the other stories do not, happily. "Miss Williamson" is the grimmest tragedy of the three, with a plot both bold and simple, and a motive of ineffectual remorse that leaves an ache behind.

La Bella, and Others. By Egerton Castle. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.—These short stories, which have quickly reached a third edition, written by the brilliant author of the romantic "Light of Scarthey" and "Young April," are recollections of fancies nursed in German and Italian scenery. By far the most striking of them are grouped under the name "Temptations," and contain studies of three women as unpleasant and as void of morality as we have ever met with in fiction. There is a widowed Roman Duchess sated with conquests and homage, and in search of "a new sensation"—a girl in a country house, passing as English, but of Russian, not to say Tartar composition—and a yellow-haired, white-faced, green-eyed Hungarian wife, the worst of all. The insults of the Duchess are returned to her with interest; her aristocratic lover is worsted in the duel, and she has to kneel to the young painter and take back her banknotes which are held out to her with contempt at the point of his bloody sword; truly a humiliating and "new sensation" as the *finale* of a wicked caprice. The Hungarian and the Russian ladies set their mark on their lovers for life, but to no advantage to themselves; indeed, the horrible Hungarian is murdered by someone else, in a note to the tale. A preliminary study, *La Bella* itself, though not so good, shows the author well acquainted with women's caprices. We must not omit to praise Agnes Castle's "Master Huldebrand," a story of love, curiously like Hans Andersen's placid and expressive narratives. She has often been Egerton Castle's collaborateur.

Henry Bourland. By A. E. Hancock. Macmillan. 6s.—Like Mr. Winston Churchill in "The Crisis," Mr. Hancock has chosen for his theme the War of Secession, dealing, however, with its later phases and the bitter strife of parties that ensued. The death of Lincoln, the peacemaker, threw the power into the hands of the Radicals in Congress, and their Acts of Reconstruction, which swamped the polling-booths in the Confederate States with emancipated negroes, and subjected the planters to the political tyranny of their former slaves, were as salt rubbed into the wounds of the helpless South. Mr. Hancock, though of Northern principles, writes with intense sympathy of the downfall of the proud Virginian families. The opening picture of *Henry Bourland* in his ancestral home, which is drawn with much grace and imagination, is followed by a brilliant, if horribly realistic, vignette of the battle of Gettysburg, when Bourland, badly wounded, is transferred to a Yankee hospital, and wins his tender-hearted nurse for his bride. The surrender of the gallant Lee and his starving army is pathetically told, and Bourland returns to Virginia, to face the dark days when stump-orators streamed in to bully the conquered and inflame the blacks. His struggles with poverty and the brief idyll of his married life are luminous patches in the over-long and sombre chapters of intricate politics, which strain the reader's attention. After a courageous fight for Virginia's liberties, he retires into mournful exile. It is a thoughtful book, sprinkled with fine passages, and we shall look with interest for its successor.

A Great Lady. By Adeline Sergeant. Methuen, 6s.—A dissipated baron, Lord Kenwardine, his angelic sister, the Honourable Erminia Palairet, and a struggling musical genius who makes love to her, play the leading parts in *A Great Lady,* not forgetting Kenwardine's "stormy and passionate" young cousin, Isbel, whose conduct nearly turns the little drama into a tragedy. The innocent musician has to relinquish violin-playing for five years' hard labour at his country's expense; and then, from a mistaken sense of unworthiness, gives the slip to the devoted Erminia, who had attached herself to a

Sisterhood in the interval. Isbel, now a duchess, confesses her guilt and clears Anthony, who is run to earth in a hospital, and married to Erminia. The treatment of these strange incidents is too conventional, though it is a brightly written story.

We have also received *Great Men*, by Harold Begbie, with illustrations by F. Carruthers Gould. This most excellent book of caricatures, published by Mr. Grant Richards at 3s. 6d., is among the best that Mr. F. C. Gould has done. It is brilliant without being unkind, and the point chosen in each statesman for caricature is generally one of which we may imagine the owner is secretly proud. Few caricaturists have this happy power of touching the points of character most open to satire with no trace of bitterness. No doubt political bias plays some little part in the choice of the attributes to bring out, and all those who are caricatured in this book will not be equally pleased. But British statesmen have not, as a rule, thin skins, and even Mr. Chamberlain need not be much aggrieved at his comparison with Lord Beaconsfield. Mr. John Morley as Oliver Cromwell is among the best, and Sir William Harcourt doing Hector's work is full of Mr. Gould's especial fun.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

One does not hear much more of the discoveries of Dr. Stein in Khotan, which were announced in the *Standard* last month. I understand that the inscriptions he has excavated have all been temporarily lodged in the British Museum, and that besides those in Chinese and in Greek, there are some in characters which up till now no one has been able to decipher. If all attempts to read these fail, it will make the third unknown script that has lately been sprung upon us, the other two being the Hittite inscriptions and the Cretan tablets of Mr. Arthur Evans. In the two last cases, the learned world seems resolved to wait for some bilingual inscription which will give us a key like that afforded to Champollion and Young by the Rosetta Stone. For my own part, I have lately had reason to think that the services of a professional cypher reader might, in default of anything better, be employed with advantage on any undecipherable *linear* script. Picture-writing or hieroglyphs are a different matter, and the Mexican documents still remain unread.

Dr. Schrader's Indianist lexicon ("Reallexikon der Indogermanische Altertumskunde") is now complete, and has been blessed with the approval of M. Victor Henry and other competent scholars. One of the curious points which show how much religion mingles with the daily life of primitive man is brought out by M. Henry in his criticism wherein he shows that the directions for making the pot for boiling the milk used in the ceremony of *pravargya* prove that it was practised before the potter's wheel was known in India. Dr. Schrader also shows that there existed in very primitive times a rivalry between those who used bloody and unbloody sacrifices respectively, like that between Cain and Abel. On the other hand, the theory of a universal matriarchate, or descent through the female only, is here said to receive its *coup de grace*. It is a pity that this, like so many scientific German books of late, should appear without an index of even the skimpy proportions of the usual "Wortregister."

An account of the Yezidis, or so-called "devil-worshippers" of Kurdistan, which lately appeared in the daily press, though interesting, added little to our knowledge of the real tenets of this curious sect. If any authentic revelation of their doctrine ever comes to light, I do not doubt that they will be seen to be the remains of some of the Gnostic sects, probably of the Cainite or Ophite group once so prevalent in this region, and that they do not really worship the devil in any sense in which we use the word. The notion that the power which now makes for evil will one day be redeemed, and can, in the meantime, be sometimes used for the advantage of mankind, was a great feature in the creed of many of these sects, and was not unknown even in the West.

Meanwhile, another of these fast-fading little religions of Hither Asia has received elucidation at the competent hands of M. René Dussaud. This is that of the Nosairis or Ansariyeh of the Lebanon, whom Lord Beaconsfield describes with poetic license in "Tancred" as secretly worshipping the old Greek gods. M. Dussaud shows pretty conclusively in the "Histoire et Religion des Nosairis," lately published by him, that their worship is that of the Syro-Phenician triad of Sky, Sun, and Moon, adored at Palmyra in Zenobia's time, but transformed under the influence of the Ismaelite doctrine which gave rise among others to the sect of Assassins. Whether he is right in declaring that the Nosairis have managed to keep their faith free from Christian or Mohammedan admixture is another matter, and will require a good deal more proof than he offers in view of the tendency to syncretism always found among religions practised in secret. A translation of part of a confession made by a renegade Nosairi some years ago is given as an appendix. It is to be noted that M. Dussaud thinks that the Nosairis would now gladly welcome a new faith.

Dr. Roscher, of the Mythological Lexicon, has published separately a study of the Ephialtes, or nightmare of the ancients, which is full of interest. He shows that among the doctors of Galen's time, the phenomenon called "incubus" was known to be due to what we now call dyspnoea, produced by indigestion or some other cause, although among the laity it was confidently attributed to a demon sitting on the sleeper's chest. He shows, too, that the name of Opheles, or Epopheles (the helper) was given to the Incubus, perhaps from euphemism, down to fairly late Byzantine times. From this he hazards the guess that the Mephistopheles of the Faust legend may be a corruption of Megistophelse, or "Mighty Helper." Curious, if true. F. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CATHOLICISM, HIGH CHURCHMANSHIP, AND LIBERALISM.

Sir,—"Bystander's" identification of Catholicism with Liberalism is so audacious a paradox, seeing that the whole purpose of the Tractarian movement was, as Newman and Keble declared, to drive back the advancing tide of Liberalism, that he boldly turns his full broadside upon "High Churchmanship," which he regards not as a timid or old-fashioned form of Catholicism but as its direct opposite. It is a good thing to get the air cleared in this way. True Catholicism, in "Bystander's" eyes, is *Manchesterismus* applied to ecclesiastical matters. It is the doctrine of individual liberty and the free Church in the free State, and this not as the miserable corollary of Keble's "National Apostacy," but as an ideal. The heathen philosophers held that the object of the State was to "make men more virtuous." "Bystander," as a Christian, excludes temporal government from the redemptive and consecrating sphere of the Incarnation, and in lieu of a sacramental union and taking up of the State into the Church, regards the former, as Cobden and Macaulay did, in the light of a mere policeman. I speak of *ideals* only.

But let us leave these heights and descend to the concrete, "Bystander" will not consider that an unfair advantage is taken if a typical old-fashioned Georgian High Churchman, a thorough champion of subordination and authority and "the pious ways our fathers trod," and all the other things which "Bystander" scorns, be found in sturdy Dr. Johnson. Such a one believes, we are told, "in everything that is established and Erastian and plausible and worldly." "I would as soon think of contradicting a bishop," said Johnson. And this Erastian told Boswell with trembling anger that he would stand before a gun to revive the spiritual liberties of Convocation. This "plausible and worldly" trampler on the "poor and ignorant" is the writer of the letter to Lord Chesterfield, the friend of the Covent Garden outcasts, the compassionate host of Levett and Mrs. Desmoulins and the rest. This disregarder of the priesthood of the laity is the old man who prayed and ministered so affectingly by the dying bed of Catherine Chambers.

Ken and Keble and Isaac Williams, no doubt, were mere "High Churchmen." They disbelieved in "political Liberty." They opposed the principles of 1688 and 1832. They offered a "besotted resistance" to "emancipation." "I cannot recall," writes Bishop Westcott, "that the leaders of the Oxford Movement ever showed active sympathy with efforts for social reform." Mere Erastians, no doubt, yet men who gave up earthly belongings and worldly promotion to promote that contemptible thing "High Churchmanship." And King Charles died on the scaffold, no doubt, for Erastian principles. Sir, I have Hoadly's works by my hand, and there I find abundance of sentiments about rights of man and liberties and so forth which would delight "Bystander." If Hoadly is too stately and out of date he would be greatly in agreement with Sir. W. Harcourt.

I do not say that the Catholic Church has always opposed Liberalism wisely, but it has in every age instinctively regarded it as the secular foe of the Cross. There are half-truths, no doubt, in Liberal ideas, and these should be carefully discriminated; but it is at bottom identical with naturalism and the spirit of the world. The "rights of the many" is as essentially an irreligious phrase as the "privileges of the few." Christianity knows only duties. Why must every High Churchman who believes that the Catholic Church is *not* a democracy but an apostolic kingdom, or who regards society as a great family based on equality of consideration and not on equality of function, be regarded as despising Christ's poor? "Call no man master," quotes "Bystander." Does he regard a monastery as an essentially anti-Catholic institution? "Servus servorum Dei." But who is this more than our Lord? He is the one true "Representative" and "Organ" of redeemed humanity; but He is so not as elected by us, or as asking for our votes, or as voicing our poor ideas, but as the divinely appointed ideal of perfect man. Does "Bystander" exclude the ideas of authority and obedience from our relation to our elder brother and Lord? What connexion is there between the Church being a "sanctuary for all" and its being an isocratic republic? There is no doubt a selfish and earthy kind of conservatism at which "Bystander" may kick his fiercest. But its distant kinship to High Churchmanship is no excuse for the hatred of orthodox and historical Christianity which is what least divides that party which Pusey called "sacrilegious," and Liddon (with all his ancient sympathy for Gladstone) the "party of unbelief." We all know how fond "Bystander" is of quoting Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Gladstone's combination of Manchester individualism with a devout but mutilated High Churchmanship (if the word is not too abhorrent to "Bystander") is an old puzzle. The same man wrote "Church Principles" and advocated the recognition of dissenting orders. But "Bystander" cannot live on Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies for ever. He must justify himself intellectually and logically. Constant repetition of an *ignoratio elenchi*, assertions of noble sentiments which no one denies, and pushing rather spitefully at open doors are not argument. "Bystander" apparently is not ashamed of the strange bedfellows, historical, philosophical, and political, whom he lies down with. He regards the men who slander what they call "the old alien Hag" in Wales, and desire to crush denominational religious teaching in England, as closer to his "Catholic" ideal than mere Conservatives and High Churchmen like a Stafford Northcote, a Hubbard, a Cecil, or a Stanley Leighton. Be it so. But really it is an intellectual degradation to argue the matter.

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

St. Petrock Minor, Cornwall.

MORAL GOVERNMENT.

SIR,—"D. J." cannot really mean that "the true criterion of moral progress" is "the establishment of what we term 'rights' by a popularly elected legislature," for in that case there could be no evidence of moral progress except in a democratic country. He must mean that the establishment of such rights as he mentions—would it not be better to say the acknowledgment of duties which is implied in the establishment of the rights?—is an important criterion, as no doubt it is. But the question was whether "humanity on the whole is [morally] progressive," and this cannot be tested by a criterion which applies only to a small portion of humanity during a short period of its history. I should have thought that the test would rather be found in an enquiry whether, apart from miraculous intervention, moral ideas, such as those of chastity (the most opposed to brute instinct), justice, truthfulness, honesty, temperance, have steadily acquired a wider and more prevailing influence among mankind generally, not in a few selected countries. Is it possible to find sufficient material to answer such an enquiry, certainly neither Buckle nor Lecky provides it, and, if not, is it scientific to say we know that humanity on the whole is [morally] progressive?

JOHN SHELLY.

TOWN *VERSUS* COUNTRY.

SIR,—Mr. Rider Haggard is publishing in a contemporary a very interesting series of articles on "The Agricultural Outlook." Undoubtedly the state of affairs which he describes is most serious. It really looks as if in another generation there will be many parts of England almost as sparsely populated as the African veldt. The peasants are leaving the villages and flocking into the towns, and there seems to be no contrary tendency. Mr. Haggard has not yet stated his own views of the remedies to be desired, though some of his authorities advocate small holdings, and others a change in the system of education, whereby the boys would attend school in the winter only, and apply themselves to the land during the summer—a change which would be most grateful to parents. But in all the reasons which he has heard for the townward movement, nobody seems to have suggested what to one who has tried both town and country, seems a very obvious fact; and a fact which, though not sufficient in itself to drive men into the towns, is yet strong enough to keep them when they are there, and to lead them to cast longing looks to our big cities even while they linger on the land. Yet is it not obvious when you consider the luxuries of life, and even many of its ordinary comforts, that a town has a vast superiority over most villages?

In a town you can move easily and cheaply from place to place. No need to hire an expensive cart; a few pence procures the omnibus or the smoothly-rolling tramcar. There is no plunging through mud on dark and wintry nights. Gas or electricity light well-swept streets, and the evening is more cheerful than the daytime. Shops cater for every want, while amusements abound for those who have cash to spare. How different in all these ways is the country! The village shop is dear, and probably not better supplied than it was fifty years ago. There are, perhaps, no footpaths, and the roads after rain are ankle-deep in slush. The station is miles away, and a carrier's cart, which moves rather more slowly than a man can walk, is the only public conveyance. For amusements there are two concerts during the winter months, and a dance in the schoolroom at Christmas. If there be a reading-room, it is probably draughty and cheerless, and contains the papers of a week ago. It cannot be a cause for wonder that, when a labourer has tried both, he should prefer the town, with its gaieties, and public libraries, and general up-to-date appearance, to the village where his fathers were content to live and die.

This contrast used not to be so great as it is now. A century ago the country had many more attractions—or, at least, the town had fewer. Then a town was ill-drained and smelly and unwholesome. The streets were narrow and dark and uninviting. There were no omnibuses nor trams. Food was dear and bad compared with the diet of the country. Then a man knew that he probably would shorten his days if he went to live in the town. All these things had weight, and the farmer, as he returned from his visit to a big city, thanked God he had not to live there, but could breathe the pure air of the fields and enjoy wholesome food at home. Now, after tasting dainties brought from all parts of the world, he comes back from a city gay with colour and fresh with beautiful parks, and if he does not wish for the delights he has left, his daughters certainly will.

All the changes which have happened during the last century have been in favour of the towns and against the country. The towns have improved beyond what it was possible to imagine, while the villages have remained much as they were. In the summer time, indeed, there are pleasures which the country alone can give; and the demand for farm house lodgings proves that these delights are not unappreciated in the present day. But in the winter the joys of a country life, except to a sportsman, are few. He indeed may sally forth to slaughter with beaming face, and return at nightfall feeling his body glow with healthy exertion. But for the labourer, who can but rarely even poach, where are the pleasures? And for his wife there is even yet less enjoyment, and much positive discomfort. How she must envy her relations who have moved into the neighbouring town! She must tramp several miles to the nearest station when she wants to do her Christmas marketing. But what glories of beef and turkeys meet her eyes when she gets to her destination! How ashamed she is of her draggled skirts when she takes the 'bus to visit her friends at the other end of the town! No wonder she makes up her mind that she will get John to flit at the first opportunity

Now, the moral of all this is that, if it be thought desirable our peasants should remain on the land, something should be done to make their lives more pleasant while they are there. It is not only wages and material things which a man seeks after; there is a certain grace, or at least decency of life, which men, and still more women, think of nowadays. We must consider what disadvantages are naturally inherent in a country life, and what are not. We cannot give folks who dwell in rural districts all the conveniences of the towns; but, on the other hand, we can reduce the overwhelming disproportion between the comforts of the two. Omnibuses, theatres, and shops must remain the peculiar portion of the towns, for they can only thrive in thickly-inhabited districts. But with a little trouble and arrangement the electric light might be introduced into many villages, and think how this would revolutionise the dreariness of the winters! Then, again, a decent road might be made to the nearest station, and by its side a footpath, along which a woman could walk with clean skirts in all but exceptionally bad weather. And then the most should be made of the one advantage which the country has over a town—or, at least, might have if things were otherwise. Space will always be precious in towns, and even if there be a garden to the house, the citizen will find things grow but reluctantly within its borders. But in the country ground is cheap, and fresh air abundant, so that green things can flourish. Nice cheerful cottages should then be built, with plots of garden adjoining them. This must be done by the County Council or some body appointed for the purpose. At present any laws which may relate to the dwellings of the poor in the country, are dead. Unless some private individual (like a benevolent lady mentioned in one of Mr. Haggard's letters) sets the subject in motion, our labourers are left to pig in the shelters which chance and former ages have produced. "Let the landlord provide for his labourers," says the Londoner, who always knows all about the rest of England. But what if he cannot? or if there be no landlord? Very often on inquiry it appears that the cottages belong to some widow, who depends on the rents for her living. Nobody could make cottage property pay except those who do no repairs, and can personally dun for the rent. Yet a good home is a thing which, more than any other, would keep a man in his village. With what pride will he work in his garden! An allotment half a mile away is much less attractive than the flowers and vegetables which grow around the house, and form part of the family. And the Sunday joy of contemplating the pigs and potatoes! Probably the best plan would be some State-aided scheme of building societies whereby the labourer would buy his freehold within a fixed number of years. But nothing would give a decent man such a love of the country as the possession of a plot of ground, be it ever so small.

Yes, but the expense! And rates so high! And income-tax at one and twopence! This is all quite true, but the nation must consider whether the result would not be worth the outlay. Of course, it might be too dear, and it may be better to see our rural districts turn into sheep-walks than to incur further expense. But if so, let us not wring our hands over the depopulation of the country, and deplore what we make no effort to avoid. If we wish for a race of sturdy peasants to man our army and supply the waste of the cities, then we must be prepared to pay for them. That is the long and the short of the matter, whether we like it or not.

ANTHONY BATHE.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

SIR,—I am neither theologian nor skilled controversialist. My question was asked in all sincerity, and I think it has not been answered. The Darwinian theory postulates the evolution of a conscience by gradual stages, and bases it, if I understand right, on a sense of utility. Combination was felt to be a protection against individual tyranny, and those who combined were from interested motives brought to respect the lives and property of one another; intercourse enlarged the borders of sympathy, and the doctrine of the solidarity of mankind is in a long course of ages evolved. This theory does not contradict the belief in a personal God who has so ordered the course of events as to bring about the result foreseen and predetermined from the very first. From lower motives higher motives spring, and instincts are succeeded by a reasoned plan of action which commends itself to the enlightened conscience. The belief in a divine Ruler makes sins against society sins against Him, who has ordained society.

The protection of the invisible God is claimed specially for those who are too weak to help themselves, and the Third, Fourth, and Fifth Commandments, directed against the fraudulent creditor, the hard taskmaster, the undutiful child, are therefore included in the first table of the Decalogue, because human law was not strong enough to cope with the offenders.

The teaching of the Gospel makes such an appeal nugatory; brotherly kindness has become the natural motive for the children of one Father.

True religion, then, is religion as defined in the "Straw" Epistle, and sin is the deliberate sacrifice of our neighbour's rights to our own supposed advantage, the gratification of unbridled passion with an utter disregard of the ruin we may bring on others, selfishness whether base and brutal or refined and polished; and it is impossible to be at the same time serving God and wronging our neighbour. If sin is not a survival, at what moment in human history was it initiated? Is the story of the fall of Adam to be regarded as a historical event, or an allegory, based on the indisputable facts of human experience? The awakening of the conscience was surely a gradual process, beginning with dim perceptions and shadowy instincts, and still dormant in many hearts. Is not popular Christianity in some degree to blame for this, creating an idea that religion is a thing apart from the ordinary life of mankind, instead of being intimately and constantly associated with it? Let Theology busy herself with the common ways of men, and leave transcendental questions alone; let it not be said of her:—

Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.

E. D. STONE.

A REPLY.

SIR,—I believe that I can partly answer "J. W. R.'s" question about confirmations in the diocese of York. I heard the story from Mr. Gladstone, and can repeat it almost in his own words.

"Archbishop Harcourt (1757-1847) was a very great gentleman, and by no means a bad bishop according to the standard of his times. But he had no notion of going about Yorkshire, laying his hands on the heads of dirty little children. So from time to time he used to collect all the candidates for confirmation in York Minster. They used to kneel in the nave, and the Archbishop came down to the choir-steps, and, lifting up his hands, said the formula of confirmation once for all, over the whole kneeling mass."

I remember the story particularly well, because one of the hearers, not the least seeing Mr. Gladstone's drift, murmured admiringly, "Ah! that must have been very impressive. One doesn't see that sort of thing nowadays."

GEORGE W. E. RUSSELL.

SOVRAN NOT SOVEREIGN.

SIR,—The resuscitation of a defunct discussion tendeth to tedium; and I (at least) will be no party to such an infringement of the laws of literary comity. It may be hoped that Mr. Jones—like "great Anna whom two realms obey"—will "sometimes counsel take" as well as "tay"; and will thereby learn the correct mode of spelling the appellation of the seductive sirens. E. T. FRERE.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss,
September 14th, 1901.

THE FRANCISCAN SERMONS TO ANIMALS.

SIR,—The "Fioretti di San Francesco" record two sermons to animals, that of S. Francis himself to the birds (cap. xvi.), and that of S. Antony of Padua to the fishes (cap. xl.). The incident of which your correspondent quotes a much amplified version is in the same chapter with the sermon to the birds, but precedes it and is quite distinct. S. Antony's sermon to the fish had a peculiar motive, to shame heretical men who would not listen. It was a rather favourite subject of Italian fifteenth century painters. H.

MAGIC AND RELIGION.

SIR,—Mr. Langley's article on a fire-walk which he witnessed will be found by your intelligent reviewer in a serial named "Nature," for August 22nd, 1901, pages 397-399. The publishers are Messrs. Macmillans, of St. Martin's Street, Strand, W.C. (London). A. LANG.

Glencoe, September 16th.

AUSTRALIAN CHURCH CONGRESS.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow me to call the attention of Church people in England to the Church Congress which is appointed to be held in Adelaide at Michaelmas of next year,

in the hope that some of your readers who may be able to voyage to our new Commonwealth may arrange to be present and to take part in its deliberations.

The Motherland and the Greater Britain beyond the seas are now bound together by the strongest ties. Australia has given of her best to the service of the Empire in South Africa, and the federation of the colonies is another element of progress and a fresh inspiration for spiritual work. At this most interesting epoch in our history we should be greatly stimulated and encouraged by the presence of representatives of the Mother Church at the Congress, the members of which will be gathered from all parts of the continent to take counsel for the advancement of the Kingdom of God in Australia.

The hospitable instincts of Australians are proverbial, so that I need scarcely assure any visitors of a very hearty welcome; and we think, moreover, that a close acquaintance with the ecclesiastical and social problems that confront us in the sunny South cannot fail to prove of much interest to them. I may also add that the climatic conditions of this "queen city" of Adelaide at Michaelmas are delightful.

The Honorary Secretary, the Rev. Canon Samwell, The Rectory, Port Adelaide, will be glad to answer any inquiries, and will be obliged if intending visitors will inform him beforehand of the probable time of their arrival in order that they may receive the fullest attention.

Bishop's Court, Adelaide, S. Australia, August, 1901. J. R. ADELAIDE.

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THE WEEK.

Home. We can hardly be surprised that the electors of North-East Lanark, bewildered by the strange divisions and cross currents in the Liberal party, decided to adopt Sir William Rattigan as their candidate. But we cannot help regarding North-East Lanark as a seat wantonly sacrificed by the Liberal party to its unfortunate internal dissensions. The fact that Sir William Rattigan only polled one hundred votes more than at the last election, and that the combined Liberal votes would easily have defeated him, is proof of this. Up to the day of the poll the situation continued to become more and more acute. Mr. Harmsworth was charged with being connected in some way with the *Daily Mail*, an organ inimical to all the principles to which he declared his allegiance. That seemed rather unfair to Mr. Harmsworth, who is much more intimately associated with the *New Liberal Review*, a magazine that reflects faithfully enough the Liberal Imperialist policy avowed by him. But then Mr. Harmsworth declared himself a follower of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, who is very far from being a Liberal Imperialist; he also declared himself in favour of Home Rule for Ireland, and, if the campaign had lasted another week (so rapidly did his views seem to develop) he would probably have enrolled himself among those whom their enemies call pro-Boers. We cannot wonder that the electors of North-East Lanark regarded with some suspicion a candidate whose opinions were so plastic, and that they decided to adopt a candidate of whose policy they knew, at any rate, the worst. As for Mr. Smillie, his programme was of the ideal Quixotic kind that appeals to everyone's sense of chivalry, but to very few people's ideas of common sense or practical politics, and it was bound to fail. A candidate who at this stage of affairs proposes to restore to the Boers their complete independence is in no very likely way of being elected; his views are simply not practical. We can only hope that the Liberal party will give heed to the warning afforded by this election and try to restore unity in their camp, for not otherwise can they make themselves felt or be of use to their country.

Lord Rosebery's speech at Stranraer on Wednesday was a pleasant reminder that in municipal politics there is a field for men who have somehow failed to convince us of their usefulness on higher levels. Lord Rosebery and Mr. Chamberlain are both examples of men whose efforts for the improvement of municipal government have won the cordial approval of political friends and opponents alike. Lord Rosebery's remarks on the purity of civil life were very much to the point. The *bacillus* of municipal corruption, he said, is one which it is extremely difficult to detect in its early growth and extremely difficult to extirpate in its later growth. Here, of course, lies the danger; it is so easy for men when dealing with vast public funds to accustom themselves to a slightly lower standard of morality than that which they would adopt in private affairs. There is the difficulty, too, of getting the right kind of men to interest themselves in civic government, and of keeping out the kind of men who wish to become Councillors or Aldermen for the sake of social or commercial advantage.

In speaking of the Irish Tunnel scheme, Lord Rosebery touched on another vital principle of municipal government—we mean the principle that money may be

laid out to great advantage on many objects which do not "pay" in the slang sense of the word, and produce no dividend upon the capital expended. Parks and playgrounds, hospitals, public halls, baths, and libraries are among such objects; in fact, it is just the things which are of undoubted benefit to a community, but cannot be maintained by private commercial enterprise, that afford the best scope for municipal enterprise. On a larger scale, more national than municipal, the Irish Tunnel scheme seems to us to deserve the same kind of treatment. A parallel case is that of the Manchester Ship Canal, which cost nearly double the money necessary for the construction of the tunnel. The shareholders in the Manchester Ship Canal receive no dividends, but they have more than got their money back by reduced rates of transit for their goods, and a general cheapening of raw material. In the same way a tunnel to Ireland would benefit thousands of people, and possibly (although we doubt this) help on a settlement of national affairs. Lord Rosebery's reasoning, although highly ingenuous, was in one place rather unsound. If we could shorten the war by two months, he said, we should be in possession of the sum required. It was like saying that by abstaining from buying a thing which we do not want, we are richer by the price of that thing. By glancing occasionally into a jeweller's window one could thus amass a fine fortune. Lord Rosebery, however, may be readily forgiven a small quibble when he speaks to such excellent purpose.

The first of the races for the America Cup was sailed at New York on Thursday. It was anticipated both in England and America with a degree of interest and excitement that has never been surpassed in the history of the Cup, and its result—or, rather, its lack of result—came as a bitter disappointment to sportsmen on both sides of the water. After sailing for the prescribed five hours and a half, both yachts found themselves some distance away from the winning-post, and the race, in accordance with the rules drawn up for the Cup competition, was declared void. We in England will have particular reason for disappointment if this should happen often enough to prevent either yacht from winning the Cup, for it is admitted by all experts, whether in America or England, that we have never had so good a chance of winning back the Cup as Sir Thomas Lipton's *Shamrock II.* gives us. On the final measurements for time allowance being made it was found that the time owed by *Shamrock* to *Columbia* had been reduced from a minute and a-half to forty-three seconds. The course of Thursday's race was west by north from Sandy Hook, a fifteen mile beat to windward, with a dead run home. On the outward course the wind was fresh at first, then dropped, then came in puffs, and finally fell so light that the yachts were unable to get home within the time allowed. This is the more regrettable seeing that there was an excellent start, with only nine seconds between the two yachts, and that they were close together throughout the race, both being sailed with consummate skill. We can only hope for a better breeze next time. If, however, the weather continues calm, the course should be shortened, for the "draws" that a time limit renders inevitable are satisfactory to no one.

The decision of the Grimsby owners to refuse the scheme of arbitration suggested by the men came as a sad blow to hopes of an early settlement. It is extremely difficult to be sure as to the rights of such a case; sympathy with one side or the other is apt to colour one's judgment; but the men's proposal to go back to work on the old terms and to submit the whole case to the Board of Trade for arbitration seemed, on the face of it, a very reasonable one. It is to be feared that the deplorable exhibition of violence and the wrecking of the Federation offices has disinclined the owners from accepting any compromise, and we can only say that, if it is so, we cannot wonder. To strike a sudden blow at your opponent while a subject is still under discussion generally puts an end to ordinary argument. At the same time, considering the extent of the interests affected by the lock-out, the owners might have seen their way to accept arbitration. Now only one slender chance stands in the way of a complete deadlock—the chance that the ballot of all the different sections of men will result in the acceptance of the owners' terms. One hardly dares to hope that it will so result; if it does not, Grimsby is threatened with something very like ruin.

We cannot congratulate the London School Board on its method of dealing with an important question raised by the slight outbreak of small-pox in the parishes of St. Pancras and St. Marylebone. The Local Government Board, displaying an excellent readiness to deal with the beginnings of what might or might not develop into a serious epidemic, made a communication to the School Board, the gist of which was a request to that body that it should use its influence with the parents of unvaccinated children in order to secure the protection of those children from disease; whereupon the School Board, summoned in haste, decided that facilities should be given to the public Vaccination Officers to examine school children within the infected districts, in order that they might advise the parents to take the obvious remedy. An excellent decision; but it was wholly nullified by the addition of a clause providing that a circular should be sent to the parents of the children asking them if they objected to the examination. We can sympathise with the School Board in its evident desire not to go beyond its own province, but surely this was an exceptional case, where its influence would have been all on the right side. In the slums the people who refuse to allow their children to be vaccinated, or even to be examined, are, as a rule, the dirtiest and most ignorant people—the very class from which there is most danger of infection. To ask such people whether they object to having their children examined is practically to court a refusal. At a later meeting Mr. George Bernard Shaw said some rather foolish things about vaccination and the "liberty of the subject." But that, in the present connection, is a mere catchword. We do not allow the subject liberty to go about the streets menacing our lives with a knife, neither should we allow him to expose us to the risk of a far more insidious and not less serious danger.

Later statements made by the survivors of the *Cobra* disaster, to which we referred last week, have tended to modify very considerably our first impressions as to the cause of the disaster. The later evidence all goes to support the view that the *Cobra* did not strike the Outer Dowsing Shoal, or touch the ground at all, but simply broke her back in the heavy sea which was running at

the time of the disaster. If this was the case it absolves the officer in command, who died gallantly at his post, from every suspicion of blame. But it makes the occurrence appear in an even graver light than that of an accident caused by careless navigation. It seems that boats of this class, which are very heavily engined, are constructed with hulls so light that they are in constant danger from the effects of heavy seas. All the weight is concentrated in the middle, and consequently when the forward half of the hull is out of the water it can offer practically no resistance to a blow from a heavy wave. A letter written by one of the stokers of the *Cobra* before she sailed contains the significant remark, "We are chancing our lives in the new boat; I should not be surprised if she went up with a smash." The question which we hope will be decided by the Court of Enquiry (and we can take nothing for granted until that has been held) is, do we build our destroyers so lightly that they are practically unseaworthy? Some naval experts have long been of opinion that we do, and their theory would seem to have received a very grim support from the disaster to the *Cobra*.

On Wednesday last the names of ten Boer leaders who have been captured since September 15th were published in the Pretoria *Gazette*, sentence of banishment having been pronounced upon them under the terms of Lord Kitchener's recent proclamation. We have already given the technical and moral grounds upon which we hold that this is a useless and as yet unjustifiable measure; the words in the preamble, "Whereas the Burghers . . . are unable to offer any organised resistance to His Majesty's forces," considered in relation to the events of last week, are themselves the most significant comment possible on this matter. We need only add that this banishment, without a special law being passed, was lately admitted by Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Asquith to be illegal. That, however, is now a comparatively small point. A law could very easily be passed at Pretoria which would probably meet the requirements of national, although not of international law. The most serious thing is that we shall banish the progressives, the liberals, the men of enlightenment and bravery among the Boers, and retain the conservatives, the non-progressives, the unenlightened and the Krugerites.

We may safely assume that we do not know the worst of things in South Africa, but what we do know is serious enough. We know that the Cape Colony insurrection is spreading rapidly, that our efforts to cope with it are practically useless, and that the Boer forces are being reinforced far more quickly than we are depleting them. Kritzinger rushed the camp of Lovat's Scouts near the Herschell border, and inflicted heavy casualties, which included the death of Colonel Murray, the officer in command, and his adjutant. A train was wrecked near the Natal border, 6 men and 30 horses being killed. Botha is still threatening the Natal border, probably waiting to co-operate with De Wet, who also preserves an ominous inactivity somewhere near the border. Theron, Smuts, and Scheepers are in Cape Colony, as are Maritz, Louw, and Smits—all with commandoes. The Natal Volunteers have been called out so as to be in readiness for any attack, and have responded loyally to this somewhat unexpected summons.

Fortunately there is something to be recorded also on the credit side. To everyone's surprise, the Boers released the prisoners captured by them in last week's engagement, although it was fully expected that they would retain them as hostages upon whom to make reprisals for our threats. Two small commandoes were captured, complete, one in the Orange River Colony by Colonel Williams, and one in the Transvaal by Colonel Benson. This is excellent news—the very best kind of news that we can hope to receive. A line of blockhouses has been run out from Potchefstroom to meet another line from Kopjes Station, with the result that an important piece of ground in the Vaal Valley is made thoroughly good. Lord Methuen is, as usual, patrolling the district in the neighbourhood of Zeerust, and the country south of Bloemfontein seems to be, for the moment, fairly clear. Lord Kitchener's figures for the week are 29 Boers killed, 16 wounded, 350 prisoners, and 48 surrenders.

Foreign.

THE Czar's visit to France came to an end on Saturday, after a brilliant, if rather theatrical, display of the pomp and circumstance of war, and with the exchange of emphatic assurances that the Franco-Russian alliance was pacific in origin, in character, and in tendencies, that it maintained the European equilibrium, and that it was strong enough to effect solutions of current problems which should be at once in accordance with its own interests and inspired by justice and humanity. That is all very satisfactory, but the essential part of it is probably, as we said last week, the maintenance of the European equilibrium. For a verification of the rest we must await the development of events in the Near East, where the Armenians are again threatened with outrage and massacre, while the dispute between France and the Sultan has not got much further, in spite of the reiterated assurances from Turkish sources that only one of the French creditors remains to be settled with. And, as the Treasury is empty, it is difficult to see how any settlement can be carried out.

It is so generally agreed that the Czar's visit makes for peace in Europe, that its most immediate interest has come to consist in the effect on French domestic politics. Here its efforts are variously estimated. The Czar drank "to the brave army and fleet of France," and took special pains to be civil to General André; and so he disposed of the Nationalists' assertions that he and his Ministers disapprove of the treatment of the French army by its present rulers. Moreover, it has been noticed that as his visit went on he became more and more cordial and spontaneous. All this, of course, tends to strengthen the Ministry. On the other hand, various little hitches, trifling in themselves, may have an effect out of proportion to their importance. The Senate and Chamber were sent out to sea at Dunkirk in four antiquated tugs, and suffered in a way they will not forget by next Session; but, remembering the howl of execration which arose when an English steamer (the *Brinkburn*) was chartered to take stores to Madagascar during the conquest, one can scarcely blame the responsible authorities for not hiring a cross-channel steamer or *La Marguerite*, which represents a type of vessel seldom needed in France. A more important question is that of the omitted visit to Paris. It had been made clear beforehand that the

Czar could not go there, but the Nationalist papers carefully worked up their readers to such a pitch of expectation that the disappointment on Friday created general indignation. An invitation from the Municipal Council was sent to Dunkirk, but not answered, and at Rheims, M. Dausset, its President, by dint of much persistence, got speech with the Czar, and was assured that he would come to Paris shortly for several days. Of course, the disappointment and the promise together are conducive to the Nationalist aims, and they now declare that M. Loubet and the Czar both favoured such a visit, and that only the Premier stood in the way.

The German Emperor has taken a characteristic method of emphasising the existence of a European equilibrium. On the day of the Czar's departure he unexpectedly crossed the Russian frontier from his shooting-box at Rominten to a little village recently devastated by fire, and presented the population with 5,000 roubles, sent through him for their relief by "their father the Czar." The district is said to be very primitive, and to be the scene of constant difficulties between the authorities on either side of the frontier as to the smugglers and poachers who use one country as a basis for their inroads on the other. Possibly the German Emperor only desired to show these authorities that they must remember that Russia and Germany meant to be friendly, and must not be too tenacious of their rights ; but one cannot help suspecting that he meant to announce to the world that Russo-German relations were as close as ever, whatever might have happened at Rheims. That friendship between the sovereigns is not the same thing as national friendship, however, the discussion on the new tariff and commercial treaties will soon remind him.

While industry is being "socialised," not by democracy, but by "capitalism," the regular Socialist parties in three great Continental States are either going to pieces or already broken up. In France, the process of dismemberment was completed by the Dreyfus case ; in Italy, M. Turati, one of the deputies for Milan, has lately headed a secession in favour of practical reform by Parliamentary action ; in Germany, the action of the Socialist Congress this week shows that a breach is not far off. Two years ago, the veteran leader, Herr Eduard Bernstein, whose long residence in England—originally as a refugee—had familiarised him with the work of the Trades Union Parliamentary Committee, published a pamphlet suggesting that the German Social Democratic party should abandon the sterile ideals of Karl Marx, which necessarily implied revolution, and should strive after practical reform by Parliamentary means. On that occasion the Social Democratic Congress compromised by passing a resolution which reasserted its ideals but did not condemn Parliamentary action ; since then, however, Herr Bernstein has repeated his views, and the older leaders not only oppose them, but denounce him as a heretic. His claim to be allowed the right of free criticism has found influential support within the Congress, but his action has been condemned by 166 votes to 71. He promises to obey, but his friends will hardly do so. Now, whatever we may think of German Socialism generally, there is no doubt that at the present moment the forces of discontent, of which it is the strongest embodiment, have necessary work to do in Germany in opposing the Agrarians' effort to raise the price of food. It would be a pity if, at this crisis, the party should throw away the advantages hitherto given it by its discipline and coherence and break up over such purely theoretical questions as the nationalisation of the land and the instruments of production by means of a great revolution which is as far off now as ever.

A startling piece of information sent by a correspondent at Belgrade has been published by the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna. King Alexander, it is known, has now no hope of an heir-apparent ; his successor, by right of blood, is extremely remote, and it is stated that he desires Queen Draga's brother, M. Nicodème Lunjewitza, to be proclaimed as the future King. The Ministry and the Skupshtina, however, are adverse, and nothing is known about the capacity of the candidate. One would imagine that both the Karageorgevich Pretender and Prince Nicholas of Montenegro would have something to say in the event of such a succession, and the Viennese press hastens to prophesy a period of civil strife. However, though it seems hardly probable that Servia could stand a second family of Pretenders, it must be remembered that all Servian news coming by way of Vienna is tinged with the regret felt by the politicians of that city for the loss of the ex-King Milan, whose chief ambition was to be the tool of the Dual Monarchy. And as most people outside Austria-Hungary are of opinion that Servia is well rid of him, predictions prompted by an opposite feeling may be accepted with reserve.

The Chinese apology for the murder of the Japanese Chancellor, and the Japanese reply to it, are chiefly interesting for their emphatic expression of a desire for closer relations between the two countries, so that we may yet see China guided by Japan. It must in fairness be said, however, that hitherto Japan has remained thoroughly loyal to the European concert, and is credited with successful opposition to some of the attempts at separate action on the part of Russia. The other news from China is not particularly favourable. That the population of Peking has become friendly for the first time in its history is almost too good to be true. The terrible distress in the Yangtse region is expected to mean disorder ; the Court is believed to have again postponed its return to Peking ; and the attempt to collect subscriptions for the indemnity among the Chinese residents abroad is thought by the foreign ministers to be a method of ensuring that the punishment shall not be felt in China, and perhaps of making trouble in the Philippines and the Straits Settlements for their Western rulers.

After a trial lasting only two days and commendably free from the wrangles and delays which counsel for the defence in sensational trials in America regard it as part of their duty to introduce, Czolgosz was found guilty of President McKinley's murder on Tuesday and sentenced to death on Thursday afternoon. He refused to plead, and said very little ; but there was no evidence of his insanity. The dignity and order of the trial has put to shame the impulsive people—including Dr. Talmage and other popular preachers—who had expressed a longing for his instant lynching, and the "electrocution" to which he will be subjected is an adequate vindication of the law.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, September 28, 1901.

AFTER TWO YEARS.

THE subject of the war is rapidly becoming a sore one, avoided by people of different opinions who wish to remain friendly with one another, shirked, even in thought, by the citizen who has never been able to make up his mind as to the original rights and wrongs of it. Only in a few camps of the enthusiasts does the high-pitched voice of optimism sound steadily on; for the most part it has either died into silence, or only occasionally rises to drown the rumble of discontent that sometimes swells alarmingly. This growing hatred of the subject (for it is something very near that) is a natural reaction after our light-headed jubilation two years ago, the natural complement of a state of irritation produced by unfulfilled hopes. In the silence of depression the echo of some of our shouts sounds disagreeably clear, dividing us between anger with our former foolish selves and exasperation that a formidable task should still remain unfinished after two years of ruinous expenditure and heroic sacrifice. All this is natural, it is possibly even wholesome; but it is dangerous. The war is no longer interesting to the public; it is exasperating and sickening. Now and again, when our troops score a victory, we raise a faint cheer; now and again, when a disaster befalls, a groan escapes us; but for the most part we suffer boredom, encouragement, and misfortune alike in silence. It is the most decent way, and marks an advance on former habits, but, as we have said, it has its temptations and danger—temptations to shirk our responsibility as citizens, danger by neglect (through ignorance, perhaps) of important duties. Men are still dying daily in South Africa, all the tragedy of war is still going on, although it no longer pays newspaper editors to employ brilliant correspondents to tell us so. The war that some of us were deceived into regarding as finished a year ago has entered on one more of its many phases and taken a new lease of life. In spite of the dearth of news from the front, that has been made clear, and the whole country is stirring to an uncomfortable sensation. Are things really serious?

The answer to that question can be read plainly even in the meagre telegrams from South Africa, telegrams disquieting alike to our pride and our security. We have no desire to exaggerate the state of affairs, we do not reproach anybody, we have no wish to twit the Government with its past mistakes with regard to the war, some of which have been frankly acknowledged. Anything like recrimination is more detestable now than ever, and the time has come when those who hold widely different opinions as to the origin and justice of the war should be able to work together towards the end most earnestly wished for by all. The situation in South Africa at the present moment is briefly this. The Boers, made more bitter than ever by our blundering measures to frighten them into submission, find themselves at the end of winter still able to move about the country, still able to supply themselves with food and ammunition, still able to inflict serious damage upon our columns. Summer is coming, the grass is growing green, the crops in Cape Colony will soon be ripening—why should they give in? They have a better reason still for holding out. The farmers in Cape Colony, who have been brought up to regard patriotism as a kind of outlay which brings in a good return, have been finding lately that (in their own pretty phrase) it does not seem to "pay" quite so well as insurrection; therefore they become rebels, and, encouraged by the tenacity and small successes of the Boers, they join them and are rapidly swelling the commandoes that are roving about Cape Colony—rolling stones that gather a great deal of moss, and gather it wherever they go. To speak plainly, many districts in Cape Colony are in a state of open revolt, and it only needs a few more British reverses, a few more blunders by some sleepy, tired-out Colonel, to set the whole of Cape Colony by the ears. Thus reinforced, the Boers would more than double their vast area of operations, and we are to conceive our already stale army split into columns and scouring the Transvaal, the Orange River Colony, and the Cape Colony after well-horsed, unfettered columns of the enemy. We have said that the army is stale, and that statement may be accepted without the slightest disloyalty to the men who have persevered so bravely at the task we set them two years ago. They have fought, they have marched, they have suffered, they have defeated their enemy, and they need and deserve a rest. Go on for ever they cannot, but the Boers can go on, if not for ever, at least for many years if fortune favours them only moderately. Threats and proclamations having failed to solve it, the problem in South Africa still remains, a not unworthy object for the consideration of patriotic Englishmen.

The war has been carried far beyond the point at which we might possibly have settled it to the satisfaction both of the Boers and ourselves. Now we cannot withdraw until we have either conquered or exterminated the Boers. They are in the peculiar position, as the

Westminster Gazette said the other day, of being defeated without being conquered ; and conquest, in the sense of complete subjugation, seems far off yet. Extermination is a revolting prospect, contrary to every principle that has made England great. Conquest it must be, then ; but conquest, if it is not to degenerate into extermination, must not be delayed. Lord Kitchener, we may be sure, is doing his best with a wearied army. The strength of that army must be refreshed, it must have new life. How ? We have practically no mounted troops at home, the Yeomanry have not been treated in a way that makes them anxious to re-enlist ; foot soldiers are next door to useless. The only troops that could be used, and used at once for this purpose, are in India, and to despatch troops from India to South Africa would be to admit that there is war there, serious war, and not the mere bands of brigands and footpads that our officials at home hold in such lofty contempt. Now the Government is to blame for a great many things, but it is not alone or wholly to blame for the state of affairs that prevents further and formidable military provision for South Africa. The public is also to blame for preserving an attitude of mind that makes the Government ashamed or afraid to admit the truth. Mistakes, even those made by Governments, are not inconceivable or unforgiveable, but a wilful self-deception that distorts facts in order that mistakes may appear like sagacious forethought is well-nigh unforgiveable, for it is a betrayal of one's country, and in this case of that country's army.

The public, then, has a very plain duty in this difficult and most trying crisis. It can, on the one hand, abstain from useless and untimely outcries upon the injustice of the war, and from irritating jeers at the Government for its past misdeeds. The energy that is spent in these channels may very well be conserved until it can be profitably employed in securing justice and generosity in the settlement and re-establishment of South Africa. On the other hand, the public can avoid that attitude of indignant astonishment, rather hypocritical, we think, with which it is wont to receive any small official admission that things are not as right as they should be. It can also refrain from the ebullitions of exasperated temper, now happily becoming rarer, in which all kinds of savage and unmilitary measures (which really interfere grievously with Lord Kitchener's campaign) are demanded. Practising this self-restraint, the two great parties into which England is divided on the question of the war would avoid irritating each other, and so be able to work together for the end so earnestly desired by both. They could then insist that the Government should take the only steps which seem to us likely to put an end to the war—the securing of a reinforcement of our mounted troops sufficient to sweep the Boer commandoes into forces large enough to sustain serious and final defeat.

THE AMERICAN STRIKE—AND AFTER.

The unexpected surrender of Mr. Shaffer and his allies was, in point of fact, one of the most important results of the assassination of President McKinley and the accession of Colonel Roosevelt, the constitutional heir-apparent, to the siege perilous of the Presidency. From first to last, as we have before remarked, the steel strike was an attempt to form a Labour Trust within the sphere of the Steel Corporation's influence, and to gather to a focus the Anti-Trust sentiment of the United States. If he has not succeeded, it cannot be said that Mr. Shaffer has altogether failed. Even if we measure the results of the strike in terms of dollars, the steelworkers have had the better of the argument, for of the thirty million dollars lost during the six weeks since the strike was declared and accepted, barely one-third is loss on account of wages. Even the makers of the Billion-dollar Trust—a grossly over-capitalised concern—cannot afford to lose twenty million dollars. But they have lost much more, if we are to believe those directly or indirectly engaged in the British steel industry. The stoppage of their great factories has involved many industries, not obviously dependent on the manufacture of iron and steel, in a network of difficulties. The packing establishments on the Pacific Coast, for one example, have been unable to make the most of a record crop of salmon from the highly cultivated waters of Puget Sound and the Columbia River, and, for another example, the price of ploughs throughout the agricultural West has been advanced from ten to thirty per cent. Orders have gone to Canada—at Cape Breton a Pittsburg-by-the-Sea is growing with portentous rapidity—and to Great Britain as a result of the strike, and others are bound to follow as a result of the failure to fulfil contracts. Only the most careful censorship of the news sent abroad from New York —of this censorship, to which reference has often been made in these columns, we propose some day to speak openly and at length—has prevented a serious fall in the market-value of steel script. The attempts to bring in labour from the Black Belt and from the iron areas outside the districts of which Pittsburg is the commercial capital have doubly failed; for it has been proved that the supply of such labour is inadequate not only as regards quality—it takes ten years to make a skilled steelworker—but also as regards quantity. Moreover, for the first time, a municipality has taken the side of labour against capital; and, but for the catastrophe at Buffalo and the consequent "polarisation" of political feeling, it is tolerably certain that more than one of the legislatures of the Democrat States would have openly supported the cause of the strikers. But President McKinley is dead and President Roosevelt now occupies the post of danger to which, in view of the disintegration of the historic party of the Democrats, he must have succeeded in 1904 ; and the American nation—it is only at such times of tribulation that the existence of an American nationality becomes at all obvious—must first of all deal with the problem of stamping out the Anarchist conspiracy and the even more difficult problem of restricting alien immigration. It would have been the height of folly to persist in a struggle which had ceased to interest nine in ten of the spectators, and Mr. Shaffer and his allies did well to patch up a peace. But this peace cannot be permanent, and we expect to see it broken as soon as the Steelworkers' Union—which is numerically stronger than it was two months ago—sees a fitting opportunity. And when that opportunity comes it is quite possible (if *litera scripta manet* is a political maxim with the new President it is highly probable) that the same weighty word from Colonel Roosevelt, the most fearless and yet the most popular of American statesmen, will have determined the occasion of the new rupture. President Roosevelt has solemnly announced

his intention of maintaining the policy of his predecessor, and no doubt he wishes to keep his promise. But how will he interpret the speech made by Mr. McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition, when already the assassin's revolver was loaded? The halo of martyrdom which surrounds the head of the speaker adds enormously to the political value of his last utterance as a politician; each word is underlined, as it were, by a pen dipped in the writer's blood; and President Roosevelt inherits nothing of greater consequence than this fateful document in which so much was said and so much more suggested. On the face of it this speech was a plea for "Reciprocity," for reciprocal trade-relations with the rest of the world, and by implication a confession that the speaker had ceased to believe in the advantages of extreme Protection. If, then, the new President chooses to attack the Trusts by partially destroying the high tariff wall behind which they are entrenched, the possession of this document forms a valid excuse, if any excuse be required. That he will sooner or later set the machinery of the State Department in motion towards this end is as certain as anything can be certain in American politics. Already the protected interests, whose profits will be curtailed by reciprocal trade relations with Europe, have sent unofficial delegates to Washington to ascertain the President's intention, and, having found that he is even now determined to translate some portion of the letter of Mr. McKinley's speech into political action in the immediate future, to be organising their opposition. Since the Senate, as at present constituted, is a stronghold of high-and-dry Protectionists, and also utterly opposed to anti-Trust taxation of any sort, it is likely that he will fail, as his predecessor failed, to force the ratification of any far-reaching measures of reciprocity. It will then be necessary to obtain the sense of public opinion in this matter, and the "Thorough Policy" of Messrs. Morgan and Schwab will be recalled to mind. President Roosevelt has long since declared his opinion of the American plutocracy and its methods, and of the political, economic, and social evils which flow from its veiled supremacy. If it is in the power of a Republican President to destroy the root of these evils either by casting down the tariff wall wherever it is not required for the protection of young and growing industries, or, in the last resort, by taxing the profits of the Trustmakers—after all, the time must come when the United States Government will tax income—it is also within the power of President Roosevelt, who is at present bound only by loyalty to his dead chief, and has never feared to risk his political future. But the storming of the heights of San Juan was mere child's play compared with the task of assaulting the "dark tower" of the Trusts, and we do not for a moment suppose he will succeed. But whether he succeeds or fails, more will be heard of Mr. Shaffer's attempt to create a Labour Trust and a party of sympathisers with the cause of American labour.

WILL ENGLAND RETAIN INDIA?

POLITICAL discussion has always been one of the favourite occupations of English writers. The past belongs to historians, who rarely agree in their conclusions upon it; the present time opens a wide field to the journalist and the writer of articles; the imaginative man of letters prefers the future, where he can lay out the course of the world's destiny without fear of immediate contradiction. The fact that political prophecies have been almost invariably wrong does not deter him; for they are usually forgotten before they can be verified; and if his predictions are alarming they are sure to be interesting. Moreover, the British Empire, and particularly the British dominion in India, has been founded so unexpectedly and has developed so rapidly, is so much without precedent in history, that as a subject for political speculation it is especially attractive.

Mr. Meredith Townsend, whose book, "Asia and Europe," has already been reviewed in THE PILOT, has in this volume again come forward in the character of Jonah, to predict the downfall of our Indian Empire. He is not ill-equipped, in certain respects, for the prophetic mission; his language is sonorous and imposing; he is peremptory and positive; his warnings are startling; he discerns the shortcomings of English rule and can point to its dangers; his attitude is of one who has fathomed the inmost depths of the Oriental mind; he regards the Indian Empire as a standing miracle, something contrary to the laws of nature, "as a floating island of granite would be a miracle, or a bird of brass which flew in mid-air"; he strives earnestly to convince us that it cannot last. It is on record that Nineveh was saved by Jonah's warning, much to his disappointment, for the people repented and the prophet felt himself discredited when they were saved from the destruction that he had foretold. But Mr. Townsend tells us that he has failed in explaining the perilous state of India to Englishmen; they will not believe that their Empire is doomed, though upon his view of the situation it is not clear that anything could alter our inevitable destiny. He cannot even get them to recognise the evidence of statistics—

> Above all this inconceivable mass of humanity . . . . rises what we call here "the Empire," a corporation of less than fifteen hundred men . . . who protect themselves in governing by finding pay for a minute white garrison of 65,000 men. . . That corporation and that garrison constitute "the Indian Empire." There is nothing else. Banish those fifteen hundred men in black, defeat that slender garrison in red, and the Empire has ended, the structure disappears, and brown India emerges, unchanged and unchangeable. To support the official world and its garrison—both, recollect, smaller than those of Belgium—there is, except Indian opinion, absolutely nothing.

Why is it that these formidable figures and statements make so little impression on the average British intelligence? One reason may be that the ordinary Englishman mistrusts rhetoric, has no belief in miracles, and is led by the writer's language to suspect that the case is overstated. Is it true that there is absolutely nothing behind the Civil Service and the British regiments in India? That is exactly what the Bengal Sepoys imagined in 1857, and when they mutinied they discovered that behind these few men lay the immense resources, the numbers, and the power of the most energetic people in Europe. Then again, can we accept as infallible, predictions of our future from a writer who supports them by inaccurate references to past history? Fifteen hundred years ago, he says, an Englishman's ancestors "were tattooed savages with a penchant for human sacrifice." This is just what is often declared, scornfully, by Bengalee journalists, but an English man of letters should know better, and Mr. Townsend must have been writing hastily. When the British conquered India, he tells us, the Mussulmans "were the ruling class; they held all the springs of power"; yet all our great wars, he observes, were waged against Hindus. But the historic truth is that the power and the rule were then held by the Hindus against whom we fought, and that the Mussulmans were in the last stage of political decline. Once more, he writes that "the Emperor of Delhi had only Indian agents; the Shah of Persia is surrounded only by Persians; the Emperor of China does not call in Tartar troops to defend his throne." May we not demur to each and all of these statements, and maintain that the Moghul administration,

civil and military, was full of Asiatic foreigners, that the Chinese Emperor guards his capital with his Manchurian regiments, and that even in Persia the reigning family is Turkish ?

Then as to the present situation. Mr. Townsend firmly believes that the immense majority of the active classes of India dislike our rule "for the leaden order that it produces, and would welcome the return of the old disorders." It would be hard, he says, to explain to the average Englishman how interesting Indian life must have been before our advent, how completely open was every career to the bold, the enterprising, or the ambitious. Undoubtedly it was a fine time for military leaders and daring adventurers ; but why should this be hard to explain to the average Englishman, who knows that every European country, including his own, has passed through the same changes, from armed disorder and the predominance of lawless nobles to pacification under a strong central government ? "The land was full of violence. Private war was universal. The great protected themselves against assassination ; there was danger from invasion, insurrection, and mutiny. . . . . I question, however, if these circumstances were ever considered drawbacks ; they were not so considered by the upper classes of Europe in the middle ages." It may be that this state of society was enjoyed by those who principally profited by it ; but to affirm that tyrannous misrule and perpetual insecurity of life and property were not regarded, in mediæval Europe and in India, as drawbacks by an immense majority of the population, would be preposterous. It is disproved, for India, by the ease and rapidity with which the British restored order.

The truth is that the natural movement of all human societies is from confusion towards ordered government; the natural desire of a people is for peace and stability. And when they have fairly tried the advantages of a quiet life, bringing general prosperity, they become accustomed to it ; the vast majority do not wish to fall back into adventurous disorder. It is a fact attested by experience that, whenever there has been some question of transferring a settled English district in India to the jurisdiction of a native State, the inhabitants have protested against the project ; they do not particularly like English rule, but they think that a native government would be worse, and to our methods they are habituated. Herein lies the basis of the English dominion in India ; it is not popular—no Asiatic Government is popular—but there are bound up in it great material interests. The whole fabric of society depends upon its maintenance ; the administration is tolerant, trustworthy, and equitable, and the great majority of the people have come to appreciate the value of these qualities ; while they are also fully aware of the consequences if they should upset it. Mr. Townsend finds in the native Press a tone of "deadly dislike for the European *régime*," of "savage criticism on the agents of authority." Does he suppose that the educated and half-educated editors, who produce articles written often with much ability and in excellent English, are labouring to overturn the system under which they flourish, and to substitute rulers who would crush them out instantly?

The aim of the enlightened Indians who are the real leaders of serious public opinion, and of the Congress, is to obtain a larger share in the administration of their country, and to this their claim is in a degree fair enough ; but it is very doubtful whether, if they made a bid for dominant power in the State, they would be supported by the mass of their fellow countrymen. The Mohammedans would certainly be against them, and all classes who are interested in the preservation of order ; while they are themselves fully aware that only the English Government stands between them and the return of destructive anarchy.

Mr. Townsend writes that a great change is passing over Englishmen. "They doubt if they have any longer any moral right to rule any one, themselves almost included; they have become uncertain of themselves. . . In the present state of English opinion, the Indians will prove irresistible, and will, I venture to predict, constitute within fifty years the whole Imperial service." He has published this at a moment when the English are engaged in a fierce and costly war for the extension of their dominion in Africa, when they have just conquered the Nile Valley, and when imperialism, militarism, a confident audacity, and the forward policy everywhere have never before taken such hold of the English people. In fact, they have much more confidence than ever in their right to rule ; they were never in a worse humour for arguing that question in India ; and it has been formally declared not long ago, by Her Majesty's Government, that in the Indian Civil Service the English element must always predominate. The idea that the administration of India will in fifty years be manned by natives can hardly have entered the head of any Indian politician, whatever may be his illusions or his ignorance. For in India everyone knows that the result of transferring political power entirely into Asiatic hands would be as Mr. Townsend has described it. The civilisation of India would perish amid a fierce struggle of races and religions contending for ascendancy ; and, after all, the country would not shake off European dominion, but would pass into the hands of another foreign Power that makes short work of Liberal aspirations or the clamour of subjects for self-government.

Mr. Townsend has laboured, in his book, to prove that the British government of India is unstable, weak-minded, and incurably short-lived. If he succeeds in making any impression upon the natives of India he will be doing them an ill service, but they have a better understanding of their own situation and prospects. And Englishmen, while they know that a great Asiatic dominion cannot be fairly maintained without confronting manifold risks and vicissitudes, without great exertions and consummate statesmanship, are very unlikely to imperil it by irresolution or ineptitude ; nor will they or the natives of India be readily persuaded that a Government which rests upon the forces of the whole British Empire is predestined to slip down suddenly and break up by internal dissolution.

THE DRAMA IN SCHOOLS.

IT has often been pointed out that the abuse of the open scholarship system has caused the commercial spirit to thrive in public schools, and that the ideal of education has practically changed from that of a liberal training to the winning of so many money prizes by the year. One of the most striking indications of this change of view is the neglect of what does not immediately and obviously pay. The curriculum of a school being drafted on no fixed principles is influenced by popular clamour, and we have first one subject and then another foisted in as the public demands it. The clamour may subside, but the subject remains, and the result is that the schoolboy's time is so full that many things of high value as mental training have dropped out. The practice of verse-writing, for example, which cannot be done without in the study of any language ancient or modern, only survives on sufferance ; more than one blow has lately been dealt at it in Cambridge itself, the stronghold of fine scholarship, and in a sixth form of twenty boys, the pick of a great public school, you may often find half a dozen who have given it up, to their own exceeding loss. Another, to which I wish to call attention now, is the acting of dramatic pieces.

The drama has an intimate connection with the history of higher education in this country. Readers will probably remember that the performance of Latin plays was common in the universities, and in Cambridge especially, three hundred years ago. The college halls

were for ever being used as theatres, and more than one college library still preserves unprinted plays of the period I have mentioned. They were even performed in holier places, and we find record that Queen Elizabeth saw a comedy of Plautus in King's College Chapel. At Trinity and Queen's the acting of plays was prescribed by statute; at Christ's we have record of them throughout the sixteenth century, not only Latin, but the rollicking English comedy of "Gammer Gurton's Needle," which bears on its title-page the statement that it was "played not long since at Christ's." A Latin play acted at Trinity, on the subject of Julius Cæsar, is credited not improbably with a phrase which has become proverbial, "Et tu, Brute." The schools were not behindhand in the same faculty. Nicolas Udall is thought to have written for his Eton boys the first English comedy which survives, "Ralph Roister Doister"; and though this is not certain, yet certain it is that Eton was not alone in using plays as a means of education. The plays of Shrewsbury in particular were famous, when from an early period it was the custom to act a Mistery or Morality at Whitsuntide in "the Quarry." Thomas Ashton (headmaster 1562-1571) wrote a Morality on the "Passion of Christ," and he also made a school rule that on every Thursday the highest form should "declaim and play one act of a comedy." His careful training spread the renown of the Shrewsbury plays all over England; and they used to last all the holidays, "great number of people of noblemen and others" yearly flocking to see them. Queen Elizabeth herself once made a journey thither on purpose to see Mr. Ashton's play of "Julian the Apostate," but she arrived unfortunately too late. The play has always been a feature of Westminster School, being usually one of Terence, with Plautus now and again, and rarely a modern play such as the "Ignoramus" of Ruggles (1713, 1730, 1747). Schools which could not manage to stage a whole play, commonly performed one or more scenes on speech day. On the whole it is clear that acting and declamation formed a regular part of the educational course. It was probably the eighteenth century that killed the drama in schools, for amid the general stagnation of that time we find hardly any mention of such things, the only ones I can recall being the "Andria," performed at Hackney in 1763, and Dr. Parr's attempt to introduce the Greek drama in his performances of the "Trachiniæ" and the "Œdipus Tyrannus." At the end of this century there was a revival of interest in the stage, when at Reading Dr. Valpy produced four plays of Plautus, and several of Shakespeare, including "Hamlet" and "King Lear"; while at Rugby, Charles Macready and his friends performed English plays on their own account, with or without the connivance of the head master. Some of the Rugby houses continued to amuse themselves in this way for many years, and fifty years ago the School House gave a performance each half year of such trifles as "Box and Cox."

How pitiful are the survivals of these things! Apart from the Westminster play, still happily with us, we have at most public schools a scene or two, taken from a Greek, Latin, German, French, or English play, perfunctorily performed without costume; mere trifles which are thought rather a bore than otherwise, and are gradually becoming less and less cared for. I do not forget the performances of Greek plays which have been held at a few schools since in 1880 Oxford led the way with the "Agamemnon"—the "Electra," "Œdipus Coloneus," and "Birds" at Cheltenham; the "Acharnians" at Leamington; the "Antigone" and "Alcestis" at the Edinburgh Academy; and, in chief, the notable representations at Bradfield of the "Agamemnon," the "Antigone," and the "Alcestis." But these, with the exception of Bradfield, have been accidents, not conceived as part of the educational work of the school, but for an occasional festival.

If we ask why the acting of plays has been dropped, the answer cannot be given with certainty, because no one responsible for the change has deigned to give his reasons. I believe that no one has even formulated them in his mind, but that plays (as I said) have simply been squeezed out by other things. If that be not so, let someone now stand forth as apologist; if it is, then surely it is worth while to consider whether to drop them were wise.

What was the object which the old schoolmasters had before them in training their boys to act plays? It was not to teach Latin, for every scholar was expected to know Latin colloquially in those days, and in many schools it was the language of common intercourse. It was rather, as it is said in the statutes of Queen's College, *ne inventas exercitata ad alia, pronunciando et gestu rudis et inurbanus maneat*: to give polish of manner and clearness of enunciation. These are two things scandalously neglected in the schools of to-day. There is generally good feeling and intention, but the manners leave something to be desired. As to enunciation, it is the rarest thing possible to find a boy who can read tolerably—I do not say well; schools and universities resound with hideous slang, and the noble cadences of our language are slurred or clipped to an inarticulate drawl. The children in elementary schools often offend the ear by their accent, but their articulation is far truer than that of the schools which plume themselves on being the chief of all. Elocution is not supposed to be part of the public school system; yet what system of education can be called complete which neglects the voice?

In our day, too, when Latin has unfortunately ceased to be a spoken language, the drama could be made a most potent help in learning it. Repetition is a poor thing as usually taught; and boys get a kind of "whist memory" for it, by which they can remember their thirty lines overnight, and in half an hour after repeating them can forget them as clean as if they had never been written. But the acting of a play makes greater demands on the memory; the interesting associations of performance tend to fix lines once learnt in the mind for ever. The same is, of course, true of Greek plays, and, if you will, of French or German.

A further advantage, and perhaps the greatest of all, is the interest which such a performance excites in the whole school. It gives life to the past, and does something to realise it for those who behold; moreover, it teaches a great deal incidentally, if pains be taken to get accurate models of costume and stage. The dramatic points of a play, the development of character, are things very difficult to make clear without demonstration; and one demonstration helps for all other plays which may be read. The keenest curiosity is excited in all sorts of byways, amongst all manner of persons more or less illiterate. In short, the desire to learn is quickened and the way made easier. Nor is the effect on the taste less important. From this point of view the Greek drama might have a great influence; its stern severity and restraint, the contempt for meretricious tricks, might even make English youths less tolerant of the vulgarities of the modern stage or the boisterous inanities of the music-hall. There are always some who needs must love the highest when they see it.

It is usually objected against any suggestion to revive the drama that such a thing upsets the school work. I am not sure whether parts of our school work were not better upset; but, setting that question aside, the whole thing is a mere matter of organisation, and the real block in the way is the fatal indolence or ignorance which will not see that improved organisation is possible. Ashton, as we have seen, set apart one lesson in the week for rehearsals; and if the preparation for our play were spread over the whole year, and run through the whole upper school, there would be far less to do in the final training. Repetition for the upper forms might be set always from a certain cycle of plays which should be performed in turn; and in the last term the actors need do no more than brush up their old knowledge. This plan would have the additional advantage of making the actors learn not their own parts only, but the whole play. As to expense, there

would be little when a few sets of costumes and scenes were once for all bought. I have heard once or twice a moral objection urged against boys acting at a susceptible age. This has force for the modern drama, and for many ancient comedies; but there are also Latin plays to which there is no objection (the "Captivi," for instance), and the Greek drama is quite free from the culling and clipping which is so offensive on the stage of to-day.

Those who have tried appear to agree as to the great benefits of the drama in schools. Dr. Valpy's preface to his poems and plays, "spoken on public occasions at Reading School" (1804), finds after long trial that there are many advantages and not one disadvantage; and we may suppose that he was not blind to the possible objection which has been hinted at above. It would be interesting to have Dr. Gray's candid opinion as to the results of his bold experiment at Bradfield. If he can produce a Greek play without interfering with school work, others can do the same; and if "Clytemnestra" can be acted without evil effects, then there can be no objection to "Antigone," "Electra," or "Alcestis." For my part, I am convinced that the great tragedies still have their old effect of purging the passions of pity and terror by inoculation; and that, judiciously edited, an ancient comedy may cheer the heart of man or boy with a feast of rollicking fun. W. H. D. ROUSE.

SIR TOBY AND THE LIGHTER PEOPLE.

IT may fairly be claimed that the high position which "Twelfth Night" undoubtedly holds among Shakespeare's comedies is chiefly the result of the halo of merriment which radiates from the group of lighter characters, of whom Sir Toby is the chief. Viola lends it beauty and grace, and Malvolio his fantastic humour. But the lively individuality which marks it off from all other comedies is the peculiar endowment of Sir Toby and the lighter people.

The distinction thus given to Olivia's uncle by the separate mention of his name is well deserved, for he stands out in honoured pre-eminence as the leader of the band. Maria is the brain of the party, but Sir Toby is its very life and soul. Surely Charles Lamb was nodding for once when he termed him a demi-Falstaff. The two characters are entirely distinct. Sir Toby has not the all-conquering humour of the greater knight, but what he lacks in wit he makes up in fun and devilry. If Sir John had been Sir Andrew's companion when that worthy was cudgelled by the indignant Sebastian, he would have broken a jest or two upon each of them, awed the young man into retreat by his majestic bearing, and carried off the wounded knight to be physicked with a cup of sack. Toby's way is different; with impulsive generosity he interferes on his friend's behalf, and when he is resisted his sword is out in a moment. Falstaff's impudence to the Chief Justice is pointed with wit and covered by the dignity of his manner. That of Toby when *he* is solemnly rebuked by Malvolio is openly jovial and boisterous. Falstaff owes his greatness to his brain, his fertility in resource, his wit—in a word, to his humour of the intellect. Toby, on the other hand, depends upon the humour, so to speak, of impulse, or of the heart, which shows itself in his brisk joviality. He is a man of action, whereas Sir John's humour is of a contemplative, and, by comparison, a grave description. He has a stronger, steadier head. We can no more imagine him being overcome by his liquor than we can imagine Toby having the invention or the moral courage to sham dead in order to avoid being killed. To say that, by the side of Sir John, Sir Toby appears somewhat superficial, is no disparagement to his many virtues, which so won upon Maria that she eventually allowed him to marry her. Doubtless she made him a good wife, thoroughly capable of appreciating his good qualities and of supplying with her good sense the ballast which he lacks.

Scarcely less dear to the discerning reader is his friend and *protegé*, Sir Andrew, concerning whose career we only learn just enough to make us long for more. But one glimpse of his early years is vouchsafed us. That is when, under the influence of wine and the small hours (a state of things that begets confidence), he lets out the secret that he "was beloved once, too." Every life, they say, has one romance in it, and why should we grudge Sir Andrew his? Rather let its ashes rest in peace undisturbed by sacrilegious commentating hands. The manner of his coming to Olivia's house was perhaps something like the following. The sociable Toby had tired of a solitary life, as his must needs have been in his niece's household, and, in spite of the presence of Maria and the Fool, pined for a boon companion of his own rank. In this strait he bethinks him of his old friend Aguecheek, who has three thousand ducats a year, and Toby sees no reason why he should have them all to himself. Accordingly he sends off an invitation, shrewdly adding, as an inducement, that his niece, the countess, is rich, beautiful, and of a marriageable age. No courtier could resist such a prospect, and so Sir Andrew rides up one day on his grey horse Capilet (our alarm for the rider's safety is somewhat allayed by the knowledge that he "reins well"), and takes up his quarters in Olivia's house. What the course of events was after this we know pretty well. Sir Toby and the new-comer proceed to "rouse the night owl" with some regularity. We learn that they are out late o' nights, and "drunk nightly" together; though this offence, as Sir Toby justly urges, is the laudable consequence of drinking healths to Olivia, whom Andrew has seen and loved. His passion, alas, is not returned, for Maria has heard the countess speak "of a foolish knight whom you brought in one night here to be her wooer." The interview was probably short and of a formal character, for Andrew complains to his friend that "your niece will not be seen." This passage brings us to the vexed question of his attainments. On the one hand, Sir Toby, as becomes a loyal friend, is loud in his praise, "He plays o' the viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature." And we know that he is capable of exchanging civilities with Viola in French. His acquaintance with that language, however, would seem to be somewhat fragmentary, for he does not know the meaning of "pourquoi." But when we pass from his mental to his physical accomplishments all uncertainty vanishes. He can cut a caper, delights in masques and revels, is a dog at a catch, and has the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria. The delicate question of his courage may be passed over in favour of his skill in the art of "fooling," in which he is himself an adept as well as a patron and connoisseur; and, when he hears Sir Toby's fooling commended by the professional clown, Sir Andrew, jealous of his reputation, answers judicially, "Ay, he does it well enough if he be disposed, and so do I too; he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural." This we can well believe.

But do not think he is conceited. For one who has all the good gifts of nature, he is singularly ready to recognise them in others. "I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing as the fool has." Yet he is not unconscious of the merits of his own leg. "Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-coloured stock," he says diffidently. In fact, instances of his modesty are plentiful. "Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has." He is quite aware that many do call him fool, but takes a certain pride in the fact that "it is not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave." Even his guide, philosopher, and friend applies this opprobrious epithet to him at last, when the knights have had their heads and apparently their friendship broken. But Toby has Maria's hand for his consolation, and is by so much better off than his

companion. For Olivia is another's, and poor wounded Sir Andrew, who is "in a foul way out," must needs betake himself home again. There we may picture him, solacing himself with the strains of his viol-de-gamboys, a sadder, but hardly a wiser man.

Next comes Feste, the professional jester among the amateurs, and of all Shakespeare's fools the gayest and most amiable. Touchstone, the ex-courtier, we respect and admire from a distance, for he is a great man, but Feste we love as a friend. Moreover, he is the most accomplished of jesters, the very flower of his profession, who can bear his part in a catch, a revel, or a contest of wit with anyone; and he is the most musical of Shakespeare's characters. Every time he enters there is a merry jingling of tuneful bells that seems to come upon the stage with him. He is full of songs and snatches, which bring him as much into request at the duke's court as he is among the revellers in Olivia's hall; and in the declaration that he takes pleasure in singing we may catch an echo of Elizabethan England where music was the chief intellectual pleasure open to the mass of the people; when leisure hours were whiled away with love-songs and songs of good life, with catches and with glees.

In this respect as in some others "Twelfth Night" appears to reflect the lighter side of English life at the time when it was written, from the fantastic nobleman who amuses himself by being sad as night for very wantonness of love, to the jester with whom he dallies. To be sure, the picture must needs be somewhat idealised. It is too happy and free from care to be quite true. In its suggestion of an atmosphere of rich golden sunlight in which the action takes place it stands alone among Shakespeare's comedies. In these scenes all is bright summer holiday-time. "More matter for a May morning," cries Fabian, as the jest of the challenge follows hard upon that against Malvolio; and the words might stand as the motto of the comedy. Alone among its fellows the play knows no dark side nor any suggestion of evil. No revengeful Shylock, no saturnine Don John or usurping duke is here to mar the pleasure of the merrymakers. Perhaps for this very reason we feel more keenly such trouble as there is. The sunshine is so bright that the slightest shadow across it seems by contrast unpleasantly dark; and after the arrest of Antonio we are scarcely happy again until the cloud of sorrow and amazement that has fallen upon Viola is lifted, and the play seems to melt away in gladness rather than to end, to the notes of the fool's song.

G. Crosse.

A DOUBLE EVENT IN THE ALPS.

In the opinion of the present writer there are few more wonderful sights in the Alps than the view from the garden of the old Hotel Adler, in Grindelwald, towards the great white wall, falling in sheer precipices to the Lower Grindelwald Glacier, of the Viescherhörner. True that its full majesty and height cannot be grasped till we mount to the little Waldspitz inn, half-way up the Faulhorn. But even through the trees of the Adler garden one cannot help, I should have thought, being strongly drawn towards that superb and glistening precipice, not to mention the fact that its culminating point is the loftiest summit seen from Grindelwald, save the more distant Finsteraarhorn behind it. Yet I have often found that ordinary travellers pay no attention to it, and do not realise that it forms the only bit of the main ridge of the Bernese Alps that is visible from Grindelwald. Mountaineers ought to know better, yet they too, for the most part, pass by this group. In fact, it is probable that among the great peaks of the Bernese Oberland none are so few visited as the Gross Viescherhorn (13,285 ft.), the west summit, and the Klein Viescherhorn, or Ochsenhorn (12,812 ft.), the east summit. Now, in my numerous visits to Grindelwald I had often gazed in wonder upon this glorious spectacle, so that I longed to stand on the top of each of these silver pinnacles. And then had I not a special reason for an ardent desire to achieve the ascent of the higher peak, since long ago its first conquerors (in 1862) had christened it "Almerhorn" in honour of the famous Grindelwald guide, Christian Almer, their leader then, as he was mine later on many a splendid mountain expedition? In 1872 I attained my desire as regards the Almerhorn, though my visit to the Ochsenhorn was delayed till 1874. On each occasion I had made what to me was a discovery, though, of course, this was only a personal discovery, viz., that the south slope of these two peaks is not, as one would naturally imagine, a precipice like that on the north towards Grindelwald. No, hidden behind them (speaking from a Grindelwald point of view) extends a queer little snow plain, raised high above the head of the Viescher Glacier, of which it really forms the origin, and with which it communicates by a broken snow slope. Now, thought I, why is it not possible to wander over that little plain, and so climb both peaks in the course of one and the same excursion, and so gain two fine summits and two peeps down towards my dear Grindelwald? There seemed to be absolutely no reason at all why the first comer should not achieve this double event, and, I again asked myself, why should not *I* be that first comer? Why not, indeed? Yet there was a reason (as there is for almost every delay) against this ambition of mine being realised. I had been attracted by other parts of the Alpine chain far, far away, and as there seemed to be no hurry about undertaking this expedition, other climbers displaying the most callous indifference towards it, our start for it was put off again and again, till, indeed, old Almer could no longer come with me. Two of his sons took his place, and as neither of them had ever been up either peak—which, of course, they had known since their birth—there was an additional reason for no longer putting off the attempt. So in 1887 we three slept at the Bergli Club hut intent on this climb. But next day, in a howling storm, we were just able to force the Mönchjoch, never even seeing our range. A failure always roused us up, and hence another attempt had to be made. In 1888 we had had a grand campaign in the Lepontine Alps, and were on our way to a still grander one (though then we knew it not) in the Eastern Graians. So, *en route* from the Furka to Aosta *viâ* Zermatt, we called in, as it were, at the Eggishorn, and excursionised up to the Concordia Club hut. Soon after us came an Italian party, but our first fears were soon calmed when we discovered that they had no ideas on *our* peaks. So off we started at 5 a.m. on a glorious July morning, the 22nd day of the month, and a red letter day in the mind of a Magdalen man, for we always tried to keep the festival of my patron saint in true Alpine fashion by some new or arduous climb. The way up to the vast, and nearly level plain of the Ewig Schneefeld was well known to us all, but not so the north-west ridge (that seen from Grindelwald) of the Gross Viescherhorn, which at the moment we believed to be virgin, though it had actually been first traversed in its entirety the year preceding by an English gentleman. However our ignorance for the time was bliss, and just six hours after our departure we gained our first peak, having taken things leisurely. For the last 2½ hours we had had Grindelwald in sight very far below, but from the summit where we could rest comfortably the prospect of that distant and much beloved pasture valley was even finer. An hour of delight soon sped by, and it was just noon when we entered upon the more novel part of our programme. Of course we desired to "traverse" our peak, so having come up by the north-west ridge, we went down by the south-east ridge in half an hour nearly to the gap between our summit and the second but insignificant peak (the Hinter Viescherhorn 13,190 ft.) of the group. On the way a sudden gust of wind carried away the hat of one of the guides, which, to our consternation, proceeded to describe graceful circles in the air above the great

precipices towards Grindelwald. All hope of recovering it seemed to be lost, when a cross current floated it back into the hands of its overjoyed owner, after a quaint little journey in the open. Then we went down an easy slope to the long-sighed-for snowy plain behind the two Viescherhörner, and it was indeed with joyful pride that I realised that our tardiness had not been punished (as it ought to have been), for, despite the flight of years since I had conceived the plan of visiting this spot, no one had got ahead of me. In itself it was much like snow plains anywhere in the Alps, and rather hot to traverse under a burning sun. But it was only an hour after quitting the higher peak that we set down the provision knapsack at the foot of the lower peak; and then this was scaled by a wholly new way, namely, by the delicate west or south-west snow crest, forty minutes' scramble up which landed us on the top of the Ochsenhorn in triumph, as now the object of our journey was accomplished—no one ever having previously attained these two summits on one and the same day.

When going from the foot of one peak to that of the other I had been considerably disappointed at finding that the huge snow overhang on the intervening ridge (the north edge of my little snow plain) prevented us from keeping close along it, and so always gazing down at Grindelwald. But from the top of the Ochsenhorn our dear valley was very well seen. In fact it seemed most literally to lie at our feet, and even the guides on peeping over the edge declared that the sheer precipice down to the glacier below was the most frightful they had ever seen. As I have always disliked in the extreme such sheer views I kept a pace behind them and enjoyed their creepy sensations by proxy. We returned in quarter of an hour to our knapsack, and then bearing to the left soon gained our 1874 route over the Viescherjoch, and so in forty minutes reached the lower level of the Viescher Glacier. The fresh ascent to the Grünhornlücke was as usual horrid, and the snow very soft on the other side, but it was only just past 6 p.m. when we re-entered the Concordia Club hut, having taken eleven hours five minutes actual walking for the entire round. The Italian party warmly congratulated us on our success, and we could describe our route to them in all detail the next day, when the two parties ascended the Finsteraarhorn, from which the little snow plain (now *ours*) could be very well seen. At the Eggishorn, too, we met some Grindelwald guides, to whom my two men naturally expatiated as to our expedition, succeeding, as they had, of course, desired, in arousing feelings of surprise and amazement that no Grindelwalder, or indeed anyone else, had ever thought of making this double ascent. And my leader, young Christian Almer, told me that when he got home some two months later his comrades were still talking of the three pirates who by an unexpected dash had carried off from under their very noses one of the finest rounds that can be made in the Bernese Oberland. And now as I write these lines I can feast my eyes on that glorious prospect from Grindelwald, and chuckle (not for the last time) at our act of piracy, so to speak, in achieving this double event, and think with complacent satisfaction of the carefully guarded secret of that little snow plain, so well hidden from mortal eyes, and lifted up so high above the world.

W. A. B. Coolidge.

THE PRETERNATURAL IN FICTION.

LORD LYTTON'S "STRANGE STORY."

FIFTY years ago, when Lord Lytton wrote his "Strange Story," belief in ghosts and witches, in omens and occult influences, was reckoned a vulgar and ignorant superstition. Common sense and culture made common cause against it. Since then the tables have turned in more senses than one, and to-day it is rather accounted a sign of inferior intelligence to scorn ghosts and suggest a natural explanation of the mysteries of "haunting." In the same interval a change—in the nature of a change of fashion—has come over ghost-lore. Though, at the present day, almost everybody "believes" in some kind of uncanny manifestation or "appearance," it is by no means everybody who believes, in the right way, in the right kind of ghosts. Formerly "a ghost" always meant a disembodied spirit returned from the country of the dead. Now it is an open question whether ghosts are spirits at all; and, if spirits, whether spirits of the dead or spirits of the living. And, again—if they are the spirits of the dead—whether they are spirits who have crossed the border and recrossed it, or mere hapless loiterers on this side of the bourne, earth-bound by some misfortune or defect. It is this uncertainty about the nature of modern ghosts that has brought them into respect in the cultivated class. But to simple souls the uncertainty is more disturbing than the ghost itself. It suggests—for one thing—the possibility of a quite unlimited amount of ghosts hovering about us and liable to become visible at any moment. And it quite takes away from any ghost we may happen to see the one certain value he had in the old days when, coming indisputably from the world beyond death, he brought us, at least, assurance that the world beyond existed. Again it changes entirely the tenor of the conversation to be held with ghosts when they come. We are no longer content to ask them whether they are "spirits of health or goblins damned"; indeed, we put away altogether the thought of addressing questions so personal and uncivil to visitants who cannot be trusted any longer to depart at cock-crow, and content ourselves with trying to get metaphysical information out of them. We expect the modern ghost and the modern ghost-story to give us, at least, a clue to the answer to the everlasting questions, What is Soul? What is Body? What is Mind? What is Matter? Where does one end and the other begin? Above all, which is the superior force, and how does the free will of man stand or fall in relation to it?

In the day when "A Strange Story" was written, a new impulse had been recently given to curiosity on these points by the discovery—as was supposed—of a new force, located in that part of the constitution of man which he shares with the lower animals, and therefore called Animal Magnetism. Nobody called this force spiritual, nor was it directly credited with supernatural origin. Its functions were coercive, and the coercion could be exercised indifferently on mind and matter. One possessing this power could apparently, by a mere effort of will, do what he liked with the body or soul of any whom he brought under his spell. Obviously here was a menace to the principle of free-will. The power might not be supernatural, but its manifestations were too "creepy" to be accepted as natural, and people settled down into calling it "preternatural." After a time this force ceased to be called Animal Magnetism. Science took possession of the wonder, tamed and trained it; then the medical profession appropriated it as an instrument of healing, and new-named it "hypnotic suggestion." It took its place with Mesmerism and Clairvoyance among the domesticated branches of preternatural lore. But the discovery of powers so mysterious, and yet so material, in their nature and operation called for a revision of our modes of thinking and talking about our wills, our souls, our minds, and our bodies. And the first result of the attempt to use these terms with greater precision was a realisation that they overlap one another more than had been suspected aforetime. The next was a disposition to eliminate from thought and speech the meanings covered by "spirit" and "spiritual." Clairvoyance, mesmerism, animal magnetism, hypnotism—here were forces capable of working all miracles. And they were forces entirely material.

Doubtless much of the detail of "A Strange Story" is now out of date. The occult influence exercised by

Margrave upon Lilian Ashleigh does not work in strict conformity with the laws ascertained by modern hypnotists. The miracles of the magician Haroun and his disciple, Sir Philip Derval, have no exact counterpart in cases as yet investigated by the Psychical Research Society. Lord Lytton did not profess to vouch for the actuality of the occurrences he described. His book was a work of imagination. But it was based on observation and thought, wide reading, and principles of art which he carefully expounded in a very interesting preface. In fact, "A Strange Story" was at the same time a most brilliant and fascinating romance and a serious novel with a purpose, veiling under forms and characters of fiction—some boldly fantastic, others homely and matter-of-fact—a complete system of moral and spiritual conceptions, and carrying with triumphant clearness a "motive" of abiding value. Many of the elements entering into Lytton's complicated construction have been used again and again with voluntary or involuntary plagiarism by later writers of preternatural tales. One recognises at least an inheritance from Margrave in the uncanny organisation of "Colonel Enderby's Wife," and a development of his oppositions in "Jekyll and Hyde." But since the "Strange Story" appeared, no novel has been written which gathers into a significant drama so many possibilities of the new magic and the old moralities; none which so helpfully illumines the dark places of metaphysical definition through which the mind must pick its way before it can apprehend accurately even the outline of the problem of the preternatural; none which carries, at any rate during the act of reading, more complete conviction to the mind of the reader. The secret of this part of the success the author knew and confessed in his preface:—

> Of course, according to the most obvious principles of art, the narrator of a fiction must be as thoroughly in earnest as if he were the narrator of facts. One could not tell the most extravagant fairy-tale so as to rouse and sustain the attention of the most infantine listener, if the tale were told as if the tale-teller did not believe in it. But when the reader lays down this "Strange Story," perhaps he will detect, through all the haze of romance, the outlines of these images suggested to his reason: Firstly, the image of sensuous, soulless Nature, such as the Materialists had conceived it. Secondly, the image of Intellect, obstinately separating all its inquiries from the belief in the spiritual essence and destiny of man, and incurring all kinds of perplexity, and resorting to all kinds of visionary speculations before it settles at last into the simple faith which unites the philosopher and the infant. And thirdly, the image of the erring but pure-thoughted visionary, seeking over-much on this earth to separate soul from mind, till innocence itself is led astray by a phantom, and reason is lost in the space between earth and the stars.

These three ideas are incarnated in the three central characters. Dr. Fenwick, the sceptical man of science who falls in love with Lilian Ashleigh, "the pure-thoughted visionary," and finds his materialism shaken by the strange powers and experiences he discovers in her; Lilian who, by falling into the power of the evil creature Margrave, learns the folly of indulging her habit of dreaming; Margrave, in whom is expressed all the charm and all the limitation of "sensuous soulless nature." It was by contact with Margrave in his sudden moods of animal ferocity, and by observation of his lack of moral sense and lasting affection, that Fenwick was forced to recognise the "soul"—conspicuous in Margrave by its absence—as "something distinct from and above the intellect." And this truth is practically the keynote of the book. One suspects that Lord Lytton had not always grasped it clearly, and that the prominence given to it in his novel is the personal emphasis of the convert.

Such is the obvious implication of the opening paragraph of the preface already quoted from. It is there explained how he found in the writings of Maine de Biran the order of the "three lives" co-existing in man, and the three laws governing them: first, the rudimentary life of the animal "characterised by impressions, appetites, movements organic in their origin and ruled by the law of necessity"; next, the "second or human life, from which freewill and self-consciousness emerge"; and finally, "the life of the soul" directly responsible to the Divine Ruler and Judge of spirits. This conception of the three lives united in man, to which Maine de Biran arrived by stages—passing as he did so from the position of a materialist philosopher to a religious mystic—Lytton boldly adopted as the ground plan of the allegory that runs through his novel. And if it seem to some of us to-day that the distinctions here insisted upon with so much emphasis and clothed in the story with such brilliant imagery, are self-evident truths, needing no insistence—that is probably largely due to the direct and indirect influence of "A Strange Story."

Whether or not there are, or ever will be, magicians capable of extending the lease of the animal life of man beyond its natural term, as Haroun did that of Louis Grayle when he gave him a second life in the brilliant personality of Margrave, the character of Margrave is a most convincing embodiment of the type of man who values life only for the sake of its selfish and material pleasures, though it is hardly necessary to say that, apart from preternatural agencies, the type could not be realised in such hideous perfection and completeness. And, again, the vision in which Fenwick sees the working of the interior of Margrave's brain, and follows the story of his moral overthrow and his soul's departure from the body in a series of material changes in the colour of the fluids representing the three lives, is a masterly creation, whether the trance induced by Sir Philip Derval's "good magic" was possible or impossible. Here again—as in the tragedies of Shakespeare and the homely tales of Mrs. Oliphant—literary imagination has used the preternatural, not merely to excite wonder or stimulate curiosity, but to deepen the significance and extend the application of familiar but essential principles. As Mrs. Oliphant's handling of the ghost who comes according to the older traditions from the world of the dead helps us to realise moral continuity between the present life and the hereafter; so Lytton's treatment of the class of preternatural phenomena understood to have their sphere of action in this world did good service to the cause of spiritual philosophy by bringing home to the imagination of the average reader the conception of mystery in everyday life and character, and the realisation of the supernatural as a factor of existence mingling everywhere with the natural.

M. E. C.

DRAMA.

IRIS.—THE ELDER MISS BLOSSOM.

MR. PINERO calls "Iris" a drama—it is that and something more. It is a tragedy; surely the saddest tragedy, if not the most perfect, of the modern stage. Running through it, the main thread of it, is a wonderful study of character. Whatever you may think of the play, one point is certain—you will have to add Iris to the roll of fiction folk who have become a part of your life. She is no phantom, passing before the eyes for an hour or two and then fading into space. She is a living woman, full of inconsistencies and contradictions, some of which are puzzling, but yet beyond doubt a living woman. Poor sufferer! reading the world with such mistaken eyes.

This Iris is a young widow, beautiful and charming and rich as Portia and, like Portia, fettered by the conditions of an inconvenient will—but, alas! without Portia's common sense, and ballast, and saving humour. She loves a penniless man of eight and twenty, who for some reason has not yet found a profession but is now going out to ranch. He wishes her to go too, but she cannot face the poverty and hard work it would mean, for the will in her case directs absolute forfeiture of everything in event of re-marriage. Much perplexed and

harassed, she accepts a long-standing proposal from a millionaire of uncertain origin, but only to recognise her mistake and retract it the same evening. She then leaves for Como, bidding her lover give up his ranch and follow, and for the next few weeks they lead an idyllic existence, seeing each other all day and every day. She is a child spoilt by luxury, not wilfully extravagant but so accustomed to spending money, to gratifying every whim, that it has become a second nature to her. Nemesis is, however, at hand. The fortune she has hesitated to give up in order to marry the man she loves is snatched away in a moment by the defalcation of a trustee. She is left with a bare pittance. Even now she will not accompany her lover to the ranch. No, he must go, but she will stay behind in Europe for a couple of years, to do penance for her past luxury by a life of rigid economy and self-denial.

Hitherto her nature has been shallow, but adversity has broken up the great deeps and all that is best in the woman comes out. It is sad that her limitations should be so narrow. Thousands and thousands have found their salvation in such a turn of the wheel, but poor Iris is too weak. She has all the wish to do right, but does not know, does not understand, how to set about it. Her good resolutions are lost in the abyss of profound ignorance. She would exercise economy and self-denial, but has not the faintest notion of the practical working of those virtues. The discarded millionaire, who has been steadily nursing revenge, soon finds his opportunity. She is dragged down to the lowest depths of poverty, having wasted through sheer stupidity the small remnant of her fortune. He trades on her misery and still more on her weakness, and in an evil hour tempts her to live under his protection. She is in luxury once again, but at a price.

When the curtain rises on the fourth act and discloses this arrangement, the effect is a shock such as I never remember feeling in a theatre. The end of the third act had shown us Iris mourning for her departed lover and resigned to her altered fortunes, with no other danger ahead beyond that which might arise from the indiscreet use of a cheque-book forced upon her by the villain. Two years—and she has become this! The thing would not be so horrible but for Mr. Pinero's exceptional power of making his characters real. We *feel* the poor creature's degradation, and this part of the story will, I suspect, prove a stumbling-block to many. It is easy to understand the ignorance and incapacity which would bring her to destitution, but it is not easy to understand why, even in destitution, she should consent to this. Some few women so situated would do so. Would she? It is explicitly stated that the weeks spent at Como with the young lover in attendance give her former friends an excuse for pretending that they are scandalised, but, accepting that explanation of her loneliness, there still remains the permanent refuge of the starving. In the last resort there is not only State aid but charity, for, however misdirected the main flood of benevolence in England may be, there are yet enough of rills and streams to ensure that a woman need never find herself with only the two alternatives of shame and suicide.

The victim is miserable, the tyrant is brutal. Yet, to do him justice, he offers even after two years of this life to make her his wife—an offer, as he says, unusual in the circumstances. Perhaps she would agree, but at the moment the lover returns to England, all unconscious of what has passed. She contrives a secret meeting and breaks to him the truth. He listens to the horror without interrupting by a word, and when she has finished can only mutter, "I am sorry, I am sorry." Then he picks up his hat and coat. She gives a little gasp, but masters herself. He is going. She had never expected this. To her it seems all so simple—once with her again he would take her away and this bad dream would be forgotten. The truth slowly breaks upon her that their marriage is not to be: she bows to her fate, and he passes away for ever from her sight. Then another door in the room opens, and the millionaire enters mad with rage. He has heard all, and since she has undoubtedly played him false by arranging this meeting in his house there is cause for anger. He orders her out into the streets without remorse.

Miss Fay Davis is wanting in power more than once, notably in the long story of her fall that she tells to her lover, but with that exception the part could not be more truthfully acted. She is bright and gritless in the opening acts, and in the third displays a most touching resignation to the loss of all she holds dear. No one can better show the effects of overwhelming grief. It is easy enough to command tears, but few can produce the effect of tears in disfiguring the whole face. Life fades away, and a settled dead misery takes its place. She is convincing throughout, save for that one unspeakable shame which does not appear to come natural to her. The words of another Iris, a very different Iris, may, with the alteration of a single word, apply to her also:—

> Spare her, I pray thee! If the maid is sleeping,
> Peace with her! She has had her hour of weeping.
> No more! She leaves her memory in thy keeping.

Mr. Oscar Asche gives a very clever performance of Maldonado, the volcanic millionaire, but a long and in the highest degree creditable service in Mr. Benson's company has had the effect that the stock company always had of making him a little awkward in the coat and trousers of modern life. Mr. Bryant is quiet and satisfactory and a trifle clumsy as the young lover, and Mr. Dion Boucicault and Miss Beryl Faber gave invaluable assistance in subordinate characters.

The revival of *The Elder Miss Blossom* gives a welcome chance of seeing one of the most touching and finished performances in Mrs. Kendal's long list. There is no need to say anything about a play which is already familiar to so many. It would be difficult to imagine a better central idea for comedy, but the misunderstandings which take place in consequence of it might be more skilfully conducted. Mrs. Kendal is as good as ever, which is only saying that she cannot be improved upon. As of old, there are certain points of particular excellence—her middle-aged spinster manner when going out of the room to get ready to receive her long-expected lover—her tone and expression when forcing out the words, "I had anticipated such a different meeting"—her piteous bleat when smoothing out the letter and holding it before him with the half apology for her weakness, "You see it was addressed to me." Mr. Kendal plays Andrew Quick in his usual straightforward style, but the play would undoubtedly gain were the part interpreted as the kindly, rugged, unkempt man of science, familiar in a hundred forms. He represents a sleek and possible individual, but not a type. Miss Grace Lane confirms the golden opinion she won in *The Secret Orchard*, showing a great command of expression both in speaking herself and in listening.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

ALAS, poor Bystander! Where be your gibes now? Your gambols? Quite chap-fallen before the stern voice that rings from St. Petrock Minor, Cornwall!

Truly the situation which that voice creates is a tight place for the Bystander. For in one sentence he is told with solemn emphasis that he "must justify himself intellectually and logically," and, four sentences later, he is told, with equal authority, that it is "an intellectual degradation to argue the matter." Here is a dilemma. If the Bystander fails to justify himself, he disobeys the Voice and wears the semblance of contumacy. If he argues the matter, he inflicts "intellectual degradation" either on himself or on St. Petrock Minor, or perhaps

on both, and may draw down upon himself next week the graver wrath of St. Petrock Major or even Maximus.

A rhetorical moralist once spoke of "the narrow path which lies between right and wrong": but it is proverbially difficult to find; and in the present strait it is scarcely easier to justify what one has previously said without running the risk of "intellectual degradation." One point, at any rate, is clear. We must avoid argument, for that way, according to the Saint, degradation lies. The most we can do is to make a return upon ourselves, and ponder what we have previously said, and consider whether, in spite of counterblasts, it still represents our mature convictions.

But here a preliminary difficulty meets me. As Matthew Arnold said in his famous controversy with Mr. Ichabod Wright, "one cannot be always studying one's own works," and I have only a rather vague recollection of the words which have been called in question. Certainly, I find it hard to recognise them in the thunderous echo of St. Petrock Minor.

As far as I remember, a correspondent of THE PILOT, controverting something which Bystander had said, expressed the opinion that the Democratic principle was incompatible with High Churchmanship. To this I yielded a ready assent, inasmuch as "High Churchmanship" has been, as a matter of experience, identified with what is called Toryism or Conservatism in secular matters, and so has come to imply the anti-democratic spirit. I reminded my critic that I had never said that Democracy and High Churchmanship were compatible. I had made the very different proposition that Democracy and Catholicism were compatible, and that a Catholic Democracy seemed to me the ideal City of God.

All this happened some weeks ago, but Cornwall is a long way off, and the counterblast from St. Petrock is a little belated. However, I daresay it approximately represents something which I said, and I will take its points one by one.

(i.) "The whole purpose of the Tractarian movement was, as Newman and Keble declared, to drive back the advancing tide of Liberalism." It may be so; and, if so, it accounts for the fact that the Tractarian movement never gained a hold upon the common people of England until it became transformed into the Radical Ritualism of thirty years later. But, for my own part, I should have thought that there was some ambiguity in the use of the word "Liberalism" in this sentence. I take it that what the Tractarian leaders were chiefly concerned to oppose was not political but religious Liberalism, and by "religious Liberalism" I mean a kind of Erastian Irreligiousness, which insolently assumed the divine title of "Liberal." This irreligiousness no doubt expressed itself in political acts—notably in that suppression of the Irish Bishoprics which produced the movement of 1833. Nothing is further from my thoughts than to connect Lord Grey and his colleagues with the idea either of Catholicism or of Democracy. Catholicism is, in my view, democratic, but assuredly it has nothing in common with irreligious Whiggery.

(ii.) "'Bystander,' as a Christian, excludes temporal government from the redemptive and consecrating sphere of the Incarnation"! Does he, indeed? It would be difficult to express more precisely the opposite and contradictory of Bystander's intention. I believe that all mankind are "redeemed and consecrated" by the Incarnation; that all men who realise this truth are bound to apply their Christian principles to all the problems of citizenship and government; and that, just in so far as each member of the State does this, the State is "redeemed and consecrated." But I do not believe that the State is redeemed and consecrated, or any good done to anyone, by pretending that all its members are Christians, or forcing them to act as if they were—*e.g.*, by maintaining an Established Church in which the Infidel, the Agnostic, and the Jew have equal power and privileges with the most earnest Christian; by compounding for immorality by excluding Atheists from Parliament; or by forcing people who deny the Incarnation to pay for teaching it in National Schools.

(iii.) I am a devoted admirer of Dr. Johnson and his sanctified common sense; and I am grateful to my opponent for bringing him into the controversy—the more so because he seems to illustrate most aptly the truth for which I am contending. He stands for all time as the typical High Churchman, and can one, by any stretch of the imagination, conceive of him as a Democrat? It is true that he was kind to some very helpless people, and trounced a great man who had behaved badly to him; but those actions are rather human than democratic. On the whole, I should have said that the doctor was the best individual instance which could be adduced of the contrariety between High Churchmanship and the Democratic ideal.

(iv.) "The 'rights of the many' is as essentially an irreligious phrase as the 'privileges of the few.' Christianity knows only duties." Here, indeed, is dogmatic teaching. If one might question it and live, I would submit that I have known unimpeachably High Church teachers declare that the law *Thou shalt not steal*, reaffirmed by Christianity, established the rights of property for all time. And if the few have their "rights," is it irreligious for the many to claim theirs—the right to live, the right to know, the right to labour as and when they like, the right to govern themselves? "Equality of consideration" is suggested by my opponent as the basis of society. I gladly accept it, and respectfully urge that the poor have a *right* to claim it. "Equality of function" my opponent repudiates, and so do I. The different parts of the Christian body have different functions. The priesthood is the organ by which that body performs its sacramental acts.

(v.) "'Call no man master,' quotes 'Bystander.' Does he regard a monastery as an essentially anti-Catholic institution?" Well, I suspect that people who live outside monasteries know very little of life inside them; and the irrevocable surrender of the will to an independent authority seems to me, I confess, anti-Christian, and therefore anti-Catholic. But the idea of a monastery, as I understand it, is voluntary submission to a rule and a ruler chosen by oneself; and as long as there is no departure from that idea, there seems to be no disobedience to the law,—"Call no man master."

(vi.) I do not care to transcribe, in a merely controversial spirit, what my critic writes about the unshared prerogatives of our Lord. When I have spoken of the Church as democratic, I have had in mind only the relation of man to man. "One is your Master, even Christ, and all ye are brethren." The Elder Brother of humanity is Master and King of His brethren because He is their Maker; and exactly for this reason no other member of the family can be master of the rest.

(vii.) Into the subject of "Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies" I cannot now enter, further than to ask my opponent his authority for saying that Mr. Gladstone "advocated the recognition of dissenting orders." But most assuredly I may avow that I am "not ashamed" of that goodly company of Saints and thinkers and workers, who have lived and died as "Penitent Catholics and impenitent Liberals." BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CZAR'S VISIT.—THE MONKS.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *September 24th*, 1901.

THE Czar's visit is over. There is in the country a comfortable feeling that our alliance with Russia is, as President Loubet said at Dunkirk, daily gaining strength, that the prospect of a war which the present generation is far from

viewing in the same light as that which came before is more and more remote, and that, however, there is less risk for us of a political insult like that which popular opinion unfortunately persists in thinking we received at Fashoda. Yet, no matter how strange the assertion will appear to those who form their judgment exclusively from the Press, there was much less enthusiasm than five years ago, on the Emperor's first visit. Excepting, of course, Dunkirk, Rheims, and the larger towns, we saw in the streets very little that bespoke unusual excitement, nothing to the spontaneous outbursts with which Commandant Marchand was welcomed last year.

I do not think this indifference ought to be traced to a vague fear carefully fostered by Socialist papers that we are only useful to Russia and that a new loan will soon follow after the Czar's visit; those who understand what a loan is believe in Russian more than in our own finances. Again, the antimonarchist feeling has not sufficient strength, outside a few decidedly Anarchist clubs, to raise against the Czar the diffidence vented in the daily ranting of the *Aurore* or in some rather unexpected verse of Maurice Bouchor's. The reverse would be nearer the truth. That which restrained the general enthusiasm must have been a feeling that there was too much diplomacy, too much officialness in the proceedings. The people love the navy and still more the army, but the army and navy to them mean sailors and soldiers, not ironclads or "fighting units," as it did at Dunkirk and Bétheny. In the same way, they care for Russia when it is a feminine impersonation in a song, still more when it is a beautiful empress; the moment it is reduced to a Foreign Office and a newspaper abstraction, they are tempted to remember scenes of Polish life, which are all they know of Russian history. Certainly the French Government did wisely to remove, as far as they could, all danger of an ever-possible criminal attempt, but the military display along railway lines, and the really too numerous unjustified arrests of Anarchists created a feeling very different from that which usually pervades popular festivities. Not one in a thousand caught a glimpse of the Czar at his first visit; to most French people he is merely a name, and it is rather unfortunate that the name should awake the idea of a sort of Darius.

Another uncomfortable feeling, more definite and reasoned, might have been found in many. The Monarchists and Nationalists have so often joined the Socialists in repeating that M. Loubet is an unscrupulous upstart, and his Ministers, like the majority of his Parliament, a set of scoundrels, that those who have implicit confidence in them honestly and unfeignedly felt ashamed at the thought that such men should represent their country before a noble-minded man like Nicholas II. The same press did not fail to hint that those whom it describes as lucky pettifoggers, born and nurtured in sordid Montélimars, are dreadfully capable of solecisms, and in a country where democratic tendencies have not at all killed aristocratic tastes, this is sure to tell on the ordinary reader. He makes no difficulty in regarding President McKinley as a perfect gentleman and something more, but he will not easily be brought to think that since President Loubet left Montélimar, twenty-five years ago, he has had time and opportunity to learn the trade they think so much above him. The most polite nation in the world has something to learn from the Americans in this respect. The Premier fared still worse than the President at the hands of Opposition writers. They had put down to dislike for him the Czar's non-appearance at the Exhibition, and they make him pay for their own mistake.

I confess the Emperor's visit does not add to his popularity, though it will certainly increase his power in Parliament. In fact, he never was popular, and he is nearly unpopular at present. The Parisians who deliberately stole a march on him by electing the actual Municipal Council imagine—perhaps rightly—that he is reponsible for the disappointment they bitterly resent, and call him hypocritical and spiteful. The popular persons to-day are those whom more people than I expected call M. Waldeck-Rousseau's victims: the Chartreux and Benedictines. Excepting the Socialist organs, they meet, in the whole press, with a sympathy which I was far from expecting. The *Temps* and the *Matin*, as well as the *Figaro*, are at one with the Catholic papers on their subject. Solesmes was known so far only to believers who revere it as the first home of modern Monasticism, to a few scholars capable of appreciating Cardinal Pitza, at last to some amateurs of church music. A brilliant article of M. Camille Bellaigne in the *Revue des Deux-Mondes* had, however, gone far towards a wider recognition of Dom Pothier and his works on plain chant. The empty monastery, and the lovely nunnery which stood near it are now universally known. People who had never cared for monks or nuns are dissatisfied at the departure of the princesses royal, whose presence they did not suspect in a convent, and of learned priests who unexpectedly speak of liberty in the cloister. The shock is still greater in the case of the Chartreux. Their name had been popular for centuries, and the sanctity of their lives rendered them venerable even to those who had never heard of their admirable disinterestedness. A high duty on their liqueur would have created but little discontent, but the idea that it would henceforward be manufactured out of France is too much even for the Homais, whose rest their antinatural existence used to disturb. No Prime Minister, no Commander-in-Chief wanting to resign, saw their resolution deprecated like that of those anonymous friars. It is rather a surprising fact in France, at the dawn of the twentieth century, under the most actively religious Cabinet we have had since Ferry, and it is not at all a bad example.

Will it be followed by many orders? We cannot tell until the last week in September is over, and trustworthy reports are published. What is known so far cannot enable one to form even a general idea of the movement. Even a practised eye gets confused at the constant mixing up, in more or less official statistics, of separate establishments and whole orders or branches of orders. For instance, you read that the Carmelites in one place are petitioning for authorisation, and those of another declining to do so. It may mean that an independent convent (generally numbering twenty-one members) is submitting to the law, or not, and it may mean that a whole branch of the large male Carmelite Order is also submitting, or not. Most of the information we have concerns unimportant congregations. Of the larger ones, the Benedictines, Jesuits, Carthusians (excepting the Grande-Chartreuse), and Assumptionists do not ask for authorisation, but many Jesuits and Assumptionists will not necessarily go abroad and intend to live separately; the Dominicans, the Cistercians or Trappists, Eudists, Marists, and most of the Orders of Women submit to the law.

The two articles in it which seem to have given the religious particular annoyance are, first, the obligation of handing in a detailed account of all the property they possess, and second, that of accepting episcopal jurisdiction. They rightly consider that it is very hard to deliver to a possible enemy the very means of confiscating every bit of their property, and it is natural they should weigh their chances of getting authorisation before taking the leap. About the other article it does not seem that the words have been clearly defined. The *Univers*, in a note printed a fortnight ago on information "derived from an authorised source" (this generally means the Papal Nuncio), declared that the words "episcopal jurisdiction" had no more meaning than what Cardinal Gotti had stated in his letters of last July to the French Bishops. On the other hand, an official document from the Ministère des Cultes says the words ought to be taken in the sense they had in every authorisation granted since the year X. of the Republic. This interpretation is far from satisfactory, as some of the orders thus designated are purely diocesan, others not, and eventually the practical definition will be left to Government. An order like the Benedictines, more ancient than the Legists, and whose privileges are older than Canon Law itself, was not to give itself up to even a superior scribe like M. Dumay. It cannot be doubted that the sort of Concordat implied in the Association Law will be handled by successive Governments as freely as the Concordat with Rome itself. Shall we believe the Monarchist Cassandras, who go

on repeating after the Protestant *Journal de Genève* that M. Waldeck-Rousseau's secret aim is nothing less than the establishment of a national Church ?

Such an admission would take no account of the fact that although the Bishops are more than ever in the hands of Government, the ordinary clergy have no trace left on them of the old Gallican spirit. The younger priests, Republicans and Democrats as they are, are the more attached to Rome for being in most cases checked by the Bishops and encouraged by the Pope. Should the whole episcopate favour the idea of a schism, it would find no followers. If there exists a discontent of certain superannuated Roman ways, it is merely in connection with some apologetical methods, and the little number which it affects is otherwise absolutely loyal. Besides, M. Waldeck-Rousseau is hardly capable of such a bold scheme, and will rest perfectly satisfied if he can get rid of the opposition of the Assumptionists and Jesuits. We shall see if he can.

A PROVINCIAL SUNDAY.

(From a Correspondent.)

Villadom for the most part eschews piety of the early rising kind, and looks with an indulgent contempt on the few whose inconvenient form of devotion takes them from home at 7.45 on a Sunday morning. It confronts us, therefore, with closed doors and shuttered windows, which stare at us from a foreground of tender green leafage, enclosed by the stone walls of respectability. But respectability has small affinity with such as we, and it is with distinct relief that we pass from the trim suburban road to the dingy streets in which our working days are spent. The dwellers in these mean streets are as obviously averse to Sunday rising as their richer neighbours; their humble windows are shuttered as securely and their doors barred as tightly. Outside, dejected, sad-eyed cats are mewing feebly, for the morning air is chilly, the streets deserted, and a good hour has to be whiled away before the morning milk is even remotely in prospect. Those melancholy cats ! Even one who does not love them may well shudder at the hopelessness of their lot, remembering their long endurance and the tragedies which end their weary lives. A mangled mass of white fur on the road, a dying cat on the pavement with a group of children gaping at its last agonies, these are typical endings of the unhappy pets of the slums. Down the length of the unlovely, sordid street the frequent public-house is scattered, reeking through closed doors of last night's bad beer and worse tobacco, while here broken glass, and a battered hat trodden in the dust of the road, recall some drunken brawl. But for the church bells we might in the squalid prose of life forget that religion can even in mean streets impart a touch of poetry. When we emerge an hour later, the common lodging-houses have discharged their occupants, who hang about in doorways and at street corners, unkempt and red-eyed—the miserable wreckage of humanity, on whom the public-house doors were last to close on Saturday night, as they will be first to open to-day. Our mean street is already half-awake ; the cats have been let in ; unwashed and unshaven men in shirt-sleeves, and slovenly, half-dressed women have unbolted doors, and the small shops are beginning the work of the day, carried on by some under the decent veil of a half-open door and partly-raised blind, by others boldly, and as in the week-day light. In our particular street one alone remains religiously closed, that of a dealer in second-hand furniture, the demand for whose commodities is apparently too limited to warrant a Sunday opening. This, too, is the favourite hour for the departure of touring companies from dingy theatrical lodgings in the shabby streets higher up ; and, as we pass, sleepy figures are stowing themselves into cabs, which already have their roofs piled up with strange packages. They are sad ministrants to the pleasure of others, these average members of the average provincial company. Men with young-old faces, and a walk which distinguishes them from their fellows of the real world, and women, weary-eyed, and almost as faded as their shabby, smart frocks in the pitiless morning sunshine. It is a relief to leave them behind, and get glimpses of bright-faced children in their Sunday frocks, prepared, in another few minutes, to start for school.

From this time the gradual exodus of the cyclist begins, from the streets where clerks and superior artisans—foremen and the like—mostly congregate. The religion of these new lower middle-class neighbourhoods is mainly of the Sunday evening order. The husband devotes his morning to the bicycle, the wife to the dinner. Between such obvious duties it is self-evident that church-going—in our easy-going days so largely a question of convenience—must go to the wall. But from the contemplation of our own suburban road, where each man dwells at ease behind his own garden wall, we derive much consolation. Here, surely, is a redressing of the balance, for attendance at Sunday service has become a social duty, nay, so assiduous are our neighbours in its performance, so rooted is their prejudice against any subversal of the established order of things, that one half suspects that for them eleven o'clock service has been made the subject of a new and exclusive revelation. When this little procession in smart frocks and well-cut coats has turned its steps townwards, the children begin to make their way to the fields which lie behind us. They come in little groups of two and three; staid elder brothers of eight in charge of toddlers of three or four ; small anxious girls worn with the responsibility of several smaller children, one of whom has to be dragged by the hand, while the others share a dilapidated perambulator. They will come back in an hour or two, their Sunday pinafores rather the worse for wear, with bunches of buttercups tightly grasped in their hot hands, and though our well-dressed folk returning to their dinners may contrast them very unfavourably with their own well-cared-for offspring, let us hope their bright little faces may excite passing joy in the hearts of fathers who have spent the morning over a pipe and the paper, and mothers whose jaded energies are being expended on the Sunday dinner. At all events, they will have an opportunity of making themselves immediately useful, for does not the dinner beer need fetching from the public-house at the corner, where they will meet half-a-dozen other mites on a similar errand?

By two o'clock the streets are astir again with Sunday School teachers and scholars. Church and Dissent meet on their way to their several destinations, the latter armed with Bibles large enough for the daily use of the traditional Low Church curate. The turn out of children is surprising, and to the uninitiated encouraging. Those who know the secret are, perhaps, less enthusiastic. "I sends mine to the Chapel School," says a dispassionate parent. "To St. Cyprian's ? Bless yer, no. No more than five minutes' walk, and them 'ome at 'arf-past three. They ain't never out till close on four at Porter's Lane, and it takes 'em a good ten minutes to get 'ome." Quantity not quality is, possibly, the standard of the mothers, and it seems that prizes and treats play a far larger part than doctrine in the memories of the children. The mean streets are hushed while they are away, but along the suburban roads courting couples are sauntering by two and two. They are divided pretty evenly into the far apart ones, whose easy swing requires the whole width of the pathway, and the more visibly devoted, whose linked arms or encircled waists proclaim their relationship to an indifferent world. More pleasing is the occasional glimpse of the young married couple carrying out their resplendent firstborn, or the family group—father, mother, and several well-cared-for children—taking their way to some friend's house in a neighbouring village.

At six o'clock we are on our way churchwards again, this time in company with not a few of the dwellers in our shabby streets. The cyclists of the morning, with their wives and a child or two, overtake us, and servants of all sorts, from the pretty parlourmaid in her well-fitting clothes to the draggled, ill-dressed maid of all work. But the slum dwellers stand obstinately aloof. One house in a hundred, perhaps, contributes its quota of churchgoers, the overwhelming majority

remain indifferent spectators of the piety of their neighbours. The evening is warm, so men and women have drawn their chairs to the doorsteps or even on to the pavement, and sit there with dirty babies tumbling at their feet, watching the passers by with listless, uninterested eyes. For the mental outlook of these poor souls is of the dullest; of facts they have the slightest possible grasp, of ideals no faintest trace. Life is to them a dreary business at best, the past has almost faded from their dim memories, the future has no fair dreams to offer them. What have they to do with daydreams, whose waking existence is filled with the daily work, the scanty meals, the ever-growing family, from whom, by the way, they have to look for such small return of love and gratitude. For them the solemn church bells have no message, to them the delicate tapering spires, dimly visible above the roofs of surrounding houses, suggest no thought of fingers pointing heavenwards. Even the Salvation Army, which visits them at times and harangues them, with much accompaniment of drum, on the material terrors of hell, vividly contrasted with the joys of heaven, retires baffled by the apathy of its audience.

The churches, however, are well filled to-night, so well that one would hardly guess how large is that majority which at this very moment is furnishing the main streets of the town with an ever-changing crowd of young faces—the girls' heads adorned by the counterparts of those airy erections of tulle and chiffon and flowers which decorate the blindless and shutterless shop windows; the men armed each with stick and cigarette. Up and down, backwards and forwards, they pass, boys and girls arm in arm, girls in twos and threes, boys in groups or alone. As they pass and re-pass, they exchange the pointless jokes and the heavy bandinage of the pavement; now and then there is a little horseplay, often a coarse laugh, while on the stolid, characterless faces one sees the material of which the older men and women we have just left are formed. Hapless Midlanders! possessing neither the charm of manner and the impressionableness of the south country folk, nor the "grit" of the north, what evangelist shall touch their hearts, what church leaven their indifference?

By this time the churches are empty again, and through streets gradually deserted by idlers we reach the borders of the town again. Now and again the quiet of the country road is broken by the rattle of brakes, carrying home heavy loads of pleasure-seekers, men for the most part, who have driven out, not, alas! to admire the beauties of Nature, but to test the quality of Dash's pale ale at some wayside inn, well outside the three-mile limit. But at last, even they have gone home, and under the pale sky, in which the stars are coming out one by one, only a few belated couples linger.

> The Sundays of man's life,
> Threaded together on Time's string,
> Make bracelets to adorn the wife
> Of the Eternal Glorious King.

With how many of our seventy odd thousand provincials will this Sunday leave such memories?

BOOKS AND MEN.

THE DIAMOND NECKLACE.

HISTORY is not a popular study at present, but M. Funck Brentano is, for an historian, popular. His work on the Bastille has attained to its fourth edition. But his new book, "L'Affaire du Collier," the story of the Diamond Necklace and Marie Antoinette, is perhaps even a better example of his method. Two English plays on this famous affair have lately appeared; the topic is familiar in Carlyle's essay; M. Labori, the defender of Captain Dreyfus, has also published a defence of the fair, unhappy Queen. In England, perhaps, nobody believes in her guilt. But the work of M. Funck Brentano enables one to understand how, at the time of the events, people might honestly doubt her innocence. To be sure, few were likely to look impartially at the affair. "A great and fortunate event!" cried Saint Just, later the Terrorist, "Filth on the sceptre! Filth on the crozier! Liberty triumphs!" That was the view of the friends of freedom. There was a scandal against a Queen and a Cardinal. Of so much mud that was thrown some must stick, to the joy of liberal hearts. If the Queen was guilty, what a crowning mercy! If the Cardinal was guilty, so much the worse for the Church. Meanwhile many of the court, under the influence of the great House of Rohan, and many of the clergy, were sure to side with the Cardinal against the Queen. All this favoured Revolution. Few looked on impartially: it was like the Dreyfus affair: all were biased by politics. But let us try to fancy ourselves unbiased contemporaries. Even so, we might have suspected Marie Antoinette. It was unlikely that she would let the Cardinal, whom she hated, purchase her favour, perhaps her caresses, by a bribe in diamonds which she had refused to let her husband buy. It was to a high degree improbable, but there is no such thing as a moral impossibility. If we acquitted the Queen, we had to accept something very near a physical impossibility. We must suppose that the Cardinal did not know the Queen when he saw her! On August 11th, 1784, a loose girl, named Gay d'Oliva (a false name) was dressed up to represent the Queen. She is said to have resembled her Majesty. Her portrait, given by M. Funck Brentano, does not in the slightest degree resemble his portrait of Marie Antoinette. The Queen's face is oval and aquiline, with a large chin. Gay's face is round, the nose is short, the expression *espiègle*. The Cardinal met the lady in the Grove of Venus at Versailles. "There was no light of moon or stars." The grove was "a vault," only the starless night showed through the openings of the branches. The Cardinal arrived and kissed the robe of the lady. Well, the circumstances were unfavourable to recognition, were favourable to a personation of the Queen by the lady of pleasure. But, according to the Queen's defenders, a man was present, the rogue who forged the Queen's letters to the Cardinal, M. Retaux de Villette. Him the Cardinal had never seen, consciously, before, but later he recognised him as having been present in the Grove of Venus. Now if the Cardinal, despite the darkness, could later recognise Villette, never seen by him before, how could he fail to detect the personation of the Queen, whose face was perfectly familiar to him? We could hardly have accepted, in the circumstances, the theory of personation of the Queen by a woman who, in the portrait, does not at all resemble her, though contemporaries observed a likeness.

Again, the Cardinal cannot but have known the Queen's handwriting, yet he accepted the letters purporting to be from the Queen, as veritably written in her own hand. Villette later, at the trial, admitted that he had written them. All these letters were burned; the forgery may have been well done; we cannot say, any more than in the case of Mary Stuart's alleged letters to Bothwell, of which the "originals" are lost. Villette was a man who would confess or deny his guile, as suited his interests at the moment. A document survived. It was the written conditions of the purchase of the diamonds by the Cardinal. On the margin of each item was written "Approuvé," and at the foot, "Marie Antoinette de France." This was not the Queen's ordinary signature. But it suggested no doubt to the Cardinal, nor to the jeweller who owned the diamonds. How can we believe the Cardinal and the jeweller did not know the Queen's signature? If "Madame de la Motte-Valois" (the mainspring of the plot) was not really an intimate of the Queen's, could the Cardinal fail to inform himself upon that point? The Cardinal was sharp. When he could only see he silhouette of the man to whom the diamonds were

handed, could only see it through a glazed door, he recognised the person whom he had met in the Grove of Venus; yet, as we know, with all his powers of rapid recognition, he did not detect the personation of the Queen, and, with all his means of informing himself about Madame de la Motte-Valois, he fancied for years that she was the intimate of the Queen. He was not at Court, but scores of friends could have enlightened him.

Thus, if Marie Antoinette was innocent, people justly said that the Cardinal was "incredibly credulous," credulous to an extent almost beyond physical possibility. If he could recognise Villette, he could not fail *not* to recognise the Queen in the shape of Gay d'Oliva. He could not fail to recognise the forgery of the Queen's hand and signature. Yet either he was "incredibly credulous"—we must credit that incredibility—or the Queen was guilty. This is how the problem would have appeared to an impartial observer. But as the La Motte people decidedly and undeniably got and sold the diamonds, we can answer the question *cui bono?* It was they, not the Queen, who profited by the plot, and to-day only extreme prejudice can blame Marie Antoinette. Therefore, the Queen being guiltless, we are now forced back on the theory that the Cardinal really was "incredibly credulous," he having been in training for credulity under the instructions of Cagliostro. That quack was acquitted of any share in the imposture; indeed, as M. Funck Brentano shows, if the Cardinal had taken his advice, there might have been no scandal.

At one juncture the Queen behaved with a folly which excites surprise. The occasion was after Madame La Motte Valois had got hold of and cut up the necklace. The jeweller wrote a note to the Queen, thanking her for buying the trinket, and accepting the latest arrangements for the purchase by instalments. One of the tradesmen handed this letter to Marie Antoinette, but some one else entered, and the man had to go without hearing what she would say to the epistle. Later the Queen read the note, which to her was, of course, meaningless. But as it informed her that she now possessed, and had arranged for the payment for the jewels, it seems nearly beyond belief that she did not at once send for the tradesman and inquire into so grave a matter. She merely read the note to Madame Campan, said that as her friend was good at guessing riddles she might divine the meaning of this one—and burned the letter! "Tell this lunatic, when you see him, that I have ceased to care for diamonds, and shall buy no more while I live," she said. And this, not after a hasty glance at the note, but after having read it aloud! Naturally the jeweller, receiving no answer, no disclaimer, believed that the necklace was in the Queen's possession. They had told her that she had it, and she had not denied. Now this behaviour made the innocence of the Queen *difficile à croire*, like *Peau d'Ane*, and yet the world had to believe in this, as well as in the credulity of the Cardinal. On the other hand were the confessions of Villette, and of Gay d'Oliva, at the trial. But such confessions by such ne'er-do-wells are always open to suspicions. Thus, to all practical intents, the Queen was fatally compromised.

M. Funck Brentano has handled a huge mass of documents, many unpublished, with his wonted clearness and power of brilliant narration. His method should be studied by all who write history, and wish to "take this great stupid public by the ears," as Thackeray said. But, when all is said, we know not much more than Carlyle had told us, except in detail. The early adventures of the Valois lady swindler are especially excellent; as good is the scene of the great crowning folly of the Cardinal's arrest. He really behaved very well in the circumstances, and was by no means merely the "mud-volcano" of Carlyle's fancy, but a man of honour, despite his incredible credulity. A. LANG.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE.

ALL HALLOWS' EVE is darkening down;
The ghosts come in by thorp and town
That all the year have sleeping lain.
The air is full of wayward sighs,
The night is wistful with their eyes,
Their weary tears are in the rain.
Their feet are rustling in the leaves,
They cry like swallows in the eaves;
The ghosts are coming home again.

Some are forgotten, and they come
To fireside cold and welcome dumb;
Some are remembered bitterly;
And few the windows are that we
Set open wide to welcome in
The ghosts of our returning kin.
Their hands are knocking at the door,
Their feet are faltering on the floor,
Their voices whimper in the rain;
The ghosts are coming home again.

River and bog and churchyard yield
Their dead. Not any potter's field
Can hold its buried anguish fast
When the All Hallows comes at last,
Vexed with October wind and rain:
With hands importunate on the pane
Tapping, and voices at the door—
"Open and let us in once more;
Beloved, we are here outcast."
Admit them, though ye be not fain;
The ghosts are coming home again.

You should not need to knock in vain,
My ghost that never comes again;
You should not need to call or cry,
For in the haunted night am I
Ready to take you to my breast,
To keep you until dawn, my guest,
And with you in the dawn to go,
So glad at heart, to sleep below
Your darnels. For I find to-day
My lonely way too long a way,
And, like you, would be deaf and dumb—
My dead, my dead, will you not come?

N. C.

REVIEWS.

RITSCHL AND RITSCHLIANISM.*

AMONG the great names of German theology in the nineteenth century a high place must be accorded to that of the remarkable man whose name stands at the head of this notice. Albrecht Ritschl was counted as a learned and original writer by his contemporaries, but the range and depth of his influence can only be truly estimated when it is observed how insensibly his teachings have affected the most notable theologians of Germany to-day. It is usual to describe Harnack, Loofs, Kattenbusch, and Kaftan—not to mention other names—as Ritschlians; and without attempting to define their exact positions, it may be safely asserted that they have been influenced by Ritschl, as regards their attitude to Christian dogma more than by any other of their immediate predecessors. Ritschl occupies a place in German theology quite as important as that of Maurice, on the one hand, or of Newman on the other, in English thought. He is best known to students in this country by the translation of his great work on "Justification and Reconciliation," which has been widely read in England and Scotland.

Mr. Swing, who is Professor of Church History in the

* THE THEOLOGY OF ALBRECHT RITSCHL. By A. T. Swing, together with a translation of Ritschl's "Instruction in the Christian Religion," by A. M. Swing. Longmans. 5s. net.

Oberlin Theological Seminary, takes a view of Ritschl's theology widely different from that which most other English writers have adopted. He has attempted in the volume before us to demonstrate that Ritschl's teaching is more "objective" and nearer to the creeds of the Catholic Church than has been supposed—*e.g.*, by Professor James Orr. We do not think that Professor Swing has succeeded in proving his thesis, nor has he altered our opinion as to the tendency of Ritschlianism in theology. But he has done good service by providing a translation of a popular manual, entitled "Instruction in the Christian Religion," which Ritschl drew up for learners, and which contains much that is of interest and of value to teachers as well.

The first and most noticeable element in Ritschl's teaching is its essentially *practical* nature. He is interested, above all, in the needs of man and in the recovery of the world from the bondage of sin. Redemption is the keynote of his system. He does not care about problems of abstract speculation or pure Christology, for their solution does not directly affect the conduct of the ordinary Christian. And inasmuch as religion is a much more important thing than theology, he has here touched upon a great truth. A Catholic religion which is for all sorts and conditions of men must be susceptible of expression in terms which can be understood by the simple no less than by the learned. And when he wrote "In dogmatics one should take up nothing that cannot be used in preaching and in the intercourse of Christians with one another," he entered an always needed protest against the tendency of metaphysical theology to divorce creed from life, religion from conduct. The supreme test of religious creeds he always represented to be the *ethical* test.

Next we find that Ritschl distrusts *à priori* speculation in theology. He will have us always begin with facts, and thus his method is historical. The historical Person of Jesus of Nazareth is for him the starting point of inquiry. We must not expect to gain much from the study of comparative religion, or from a philosophical presentation of religions truth. We must begin with what has been revealed in the Person of Christ. God is to be thought of as Christ; God is to be known only in Christ; He is the Revealer and the Revelation itself. The line of agnosticism is always drawn at the historical Christ. And here again, the "practical man" finds much that is attractive in Ritschl. For the life of Christ is open to every man's study; the Gospels are not only for theologians; the revelation of God in Christ can be approached and received by the private Christian with no special knowledge of philosophy or of theology quite as confidently and thankfully as by the Professor Extraordinary of Dogmatics. And he will agree with Ritschl in regarding theories of knowledge as of no fundamental importance in respect of religion; however useful they may be to the theologian in the ordering of his material.

Once more Ritschl's conception of the Church is one which is truly practical, and it is as well, in a certain sense, Catholic. "Live in the Church. Be consciously active in its function, and if you have a temptation thereby to despair of your salvation, or a temptation to self-righteousness, then remember that you can do anything or be anything only as a member of the community which, through its foundation upon Christ, has the assurance of the Divine presence and the forgiveness of sins. In this sense we come to Christ only through the Church." Remarkable words, as coming from the most influential leader of Evangelical thought in Germany; but we have not space to discuss them further here.

We must now ask, wherein does Ritschl's distinctiveness appear? How does his teaching about God and Christ differ from that of the Church Catholic? We think that Professor Swing has touched the essential point when he writes: "To the influence of Ritschl, as much as to any other theologian, is due the recent turning of theological thought from transcendentalism toward the immanence of God." But the Catholic creeds emphasise both the Divine transcendence and the Divine immanence, and to ignore either is to depart from the faith once revealed and continually transmitted in the Church. "As we can understand even God only in His operations upon us, which correspond to His open revelation, so we recognise in these operations the presence of God *for us*." So Ritschl wrote, and the two words which we have italicised mark that subjective element in his teaching which seems to us, *pace* Professor Swing, to tend to Agnosticism. Professor Swing will not allow that Ritschl's theory of knowledge is akin to that of Kant, and it is true that Ritschl was at pains to distinguish his position from that of the Critical Philosophy. But the distinction does not go very deep. Both Ritschl and Lotze (to whom he is much indebted) would agree that we know things in their phenomena, *so far as these phenomena can express them*; but Ritschl lays such emphasis on the qualifying clause and on the consequent inability of the human reason to reach absolute reality that his attitude towards dogma and towards positive statements of theological belief is not widely different from that of Kant. Indeed, Ritschl's "judgments of value" (*werthurtheile*) continually remind his readers of Kant's "regulative judgments," which are not "constitutive," and of his distinction between propositions which are valid, not for the "determinant" faculty of judgment, but for that which is "reflective" only. Leaving on one side these technical phrases, what the student has to face in Ritschl is the same attitude of agnosticism, tempered by reverence, which is characteristic of the critical philosophy as a whole.

It may be very wise for the man in the street to make the ethical test the ultimate test of his creed; it may be most wholesome for the curious philosopher to be reminded that we can never expect to fathom the nature of God, except in so far as He has revealed it to us; it is certainly good for the student of creeds to be perpetually brought back to the presentation of the historical Christ of the Gospels. We may grant all that. To have emphasised it is part of the service which Ritschl rendered to theology. But a thoughtful man cannot fail to ask further: Is the ethical test the *only* test of creed? Is there not such a thing as *truth*, which is tested by the intellect quite as sharply as moral good and evil are tested by conscience? Is our knowledge of God less sure and less scientific than our knowledge of man? Who is this historical Christ of the Gospels to whom you would bring us back? "We worship Jesus, not because we see in Him a control over cosmic forces, but because in Him we see the same ethical and moral self-end which belongs to God." So writes Professor Swing in Ritschl's name; but we must go on to ask, Had our Lord then any control over cosmic forces, or had he none? Is He called Son of God *only* because He revealed God by His perfect words and perfect life? It is idle to say that these are unimportant questions. They are concerned with the essentials of Christianity as a theological system. And if religious devotions have not a basis of reasoned dogma to fall back on if need be, it will not long continue to sway the passions and affections of mankind. For, although faith has been scornfully defined as the capacity for believing what we know to be untrue, such faith is not "the victory which overcomes the world."

It would, of course, be a grave mistake to suppose that all Ritschlian theology is pervaded by such a spirit, or that the learned men whose names we have quoted above as disciples of Ritschl would, one and all, take such a view of the insignificance of truth as compared with edification. But that seems to us to be the tendency of the system, however little its advocates may recognise it. It has been, and is, popular in many quarters because it seems to offer a way of escape from the troublesome questions which meet most serious persons as soon as they begin to reflect upon the creeds. But the way of escape is only for the moment. The question will recur: Are these things *true?* And to that Ritschl gives no satisfying answer.

A LEGACY FROM GEORGE STEEVENS.*

Not the least conspicuous quality of George Steevens's work was its power to win regard and affection for the author; and a volume by his widow, even if it had no merits of its own,

* A Motley Crew: Reminiscences, Observations, and Attempts at Playwriting. By Mrs. W. G. Steevens. Grant Richards. 6s.

could almost safely count on a welcome out of the unexpended balance of that affection. Mrs. Steevens's book of fragments, however, is far from having no claims of its own on our attention. It contains some quite excellent work; excellent in the same way that her husband's work was excellent; that is to say, as journalism. George Steevens was probably the most brilliant descriptive journalist who has ever written in the English language—easily more brilliant than Mr. Kipling in his occasional contributions to journalism—and he raised descriptive journalism to the level of an art that is quite as high as the literary art, although it is quite different. Some of Mrs. Steevens's sketches, we have said, show brilliancy of the same kind, although hardly of the same quality. They bear the true mark of journalism; that is to say that where the writer is describing things or people that she has seen, and scenes that she has lived in, her work is on a far higher level that when she works from imagination, and in this she is at the opposite extreme from the literary artist, the inventor, whose work only takes on the glow of art when he himself creates and builds out of his imagination. The sketches also bear marks of having been polished and wrought upon, and compressed and lopped, until sometimes, in an austere desire to exercise severity upon herself, the authoress seems to have gone beyond the line at which improvement ceases and destruction begins, and has destroyed the proportion and balance of her work. We have no other faults to find with the sketches, which reveal in a remarkable degree a mind alert to pierce through shams and appearances to the heart of things, and a sympathy that welds many different kinds of experience into a large and cordial humanity. The plays seem to us less good than the prose sketches—partly for the reason we have given above, for they seem to be chiefly imaginative, but contrived by an imagination that works in fetters, self-conscious, prepossesed. There is a tendency to see the grave side of things—a tendency that one cannot blame, although one may wish it absent. Yet Mrs. Steevens is far from being a pessimist; there is a sanity, a firmness of grasp upon the safe things in life, a coolness, a quick-heartedness that saves even the grim sketches from ugliness or sordidness, and reminds us of the nature working beneath all changes in human life. In her preface to this book Mrs. Steevens writes:—

> I only publish this Motley Crew because it was the wish of one whose word to me was—and is—law that it should be done. Should any part of the volume attain any measure of success it would encourage me to go on, so let the critic and public beware.

We are glad thus to regard Mrs. Steevens's own work as a kind of legacy from her husband. But we feel sure that George Steevens would have wished it to be criticised simply on its merits, and this we have tried to do. We are all the more glad to find that it contains so much that is good, so much that is promising of better, and we say most emphatically to the authoress, go on and, in doing this new work, continue that other work so ably begun, so early interrupted. There is need of good clean work like this, and in doing it Mrs. Steevens may help us to forget the loss a part of which we share with her.

RECENT PHILOSOPHY.

The Problem of Conduct. By A. E. Taylor. Macmillan and Co. 10s.—To state of a prize essay that it is a prize essay is generally an unfair criticism; but in the case of this reprint of the Green moral philosophy prize the criticism seems justified. In its bulk (Mr. Taylor has not yet learnt the art of condensation), its cleverness, its occasional extravagance of language, its pleasing paradoxes, it unmistakably bears the stamp of its origin. One is a little startled to find a Green prize essay a prolonged polemic of five hundred pages assailing the fundamental position of Green's philosophy—the dependence of ethics upon metaphysics. Mr. Taylor will have none of this. Ethics for him is a purely descriptive and empirical science. "The one necessary and sufficient basis for a theory of ethics is psychology," he contends, "including anthropology and natural history." It is the generalised result of observations of actual human action; the ethical philosopher is to observe men with strange opinions and obligations springing from he knows not what, and to classify these as the spots on a butterfly's wing or the protective blotches on a beetle's back. Like the kindred science of entomology, therefore, ethics will not derive its principles from metaphysics, though (like this also) as a description of a part of reality it will provide pabulum for the metaphysical thinker. Fundamentally disagreeing with this position, we should require a volume of similar size to reply to it. Briefly, "ethics" in Mr. Taylor's definition, purely descriptive of the particular aberrations of mental obligation, is something radically different from "ethics" as a normative science in which the conception of a *summum bonum* is necessary, and the judgment of "ought" dependent on the judgment of end, either possible or desirable. Mr. Taylor attempts to disprove Green's "eternal self," and to show that, even if existent, such a self is of no practical use in ethics. But to show that Green's particular metaphysical system is unhelpful is not to show that all metaphysical systems are alike irrelevant. "If we want to know what in the narrower ethical sense we ought to do," he acknowledges, "we must begin by knowing *what* we *are*." And "knowing what we are" implicates a metaphysical system. "The foundation of ethics" he finds "securely laid" "in the simple fact that there are certain things which we cannot see done without loathing, and certain others that we cannot see done without praising the doers." But the loathing and the praise are never dependent on the acts alone, but on the acts as included in a wider conception of their relation to the meaning of the world as a whole. Mr. Taylor, for example, assails with a quaint ferocity the ideal of virginity—his loathing extending even to "the hideous conventual garb" and to the pleasant comparison of "the clerical seducer" who "inveigles a girl" into "vows of chastity" to the "common seducer" who "brings a girl en to the streets." But this judgment of loathing is due to the fact that his metaphysical conception of the universe as a whole is utterly alien from that of the people who evoke his wrath: were his views to change his judgment of loathing might give place to a judgment of approval. Those moral sentiments, in fact, which he proposes to analyse are themselves the creation of the accepted metaphysical conceptions of the society in which they flourish: under certain philosophical views of the world the whole faculty of moral judgment may itself vanish in an amiable or disconsolate toleration of all things—that everything matters equally well of Spinoza or Mr. Bradley: or that nothing matters at all in a world of infinite impotence, in the modern scientific pessimism.

So Mr. Taylor finds an irreconcilable conflict between his types of virtue: re-emphasising the sharp line drawn by Professor Sidgwick between egoistic and universalistic hedonism: a point that he labours with a kind of gloomy satisfaction. "From self-seeking to disinterested benevolence there is no road," and "self-realisation" is only verbal legerdemain." We have here no controversy with him, except that we are doubtful if he has made out a case for "self seeking" as ethically commendable. He sets up outside the moral law two astonishing classes of artists and students liberated from slavish obedience to the current morality. But the artist and student no less than the baker and candlestick-maker are to be judged by the fulfilment of the ethical obligations—"responsibility, reverence for the moral law, and a concept of the common good." The approval judgment will never be given to the seeker of self-development apart from the law of service; to the mathematician who evolves his theories for himself alone, or the artist who persistently destroys his own creations. With these premises, however, Mr. Taylor paints the dismallest picture of man, "half-animal, half-god," lacking the satisfaction of either. Progress in the universe as a whole he finds intrinsically meaningless, progress in human life doubtfully beneficial. From the impaired digestion of the student to the phossy jaw and lead-poisoning of the mechanic (about whose ravages his ideas are somewhat vague), he piles up a somewhat hysterical indictment against the course of

human life. Existence is "a prolonged struggle towards an ever-receding ideal." "There is an inevitable note of sadness and weariness inseparable from all earnest moral endeavour." "The goal of ethics" (a lengthy elaboration of a chapter of Mr. Balfour's "Foundations of belief") is a phantom in a world destined ultimately to perish of cold. With the discussion of immortality relegated to two somewhat contemptuous footnotes no other conclusion seems possible. Satisfaction, after this depressing picture, is found in the somewhat hazy mysticism of his school, in the forlorn expedient of "the individual identifying himself with a perfect universe of which we are the functions." "Our lives, with all our mistakes and failures," Mr. Taylor announces, "are as functions of the perfect universe already perfect," a thought which, apparently, is to compensate the scholar for his indigestion and the worker for his lead-poisoned frame. So he concludes with some of the characteristic paradoxes of the Bradlean school, a system whose fundamental viciousness we have never doubted, in which the ethical struggle existing "nowhere but in the fancy" is reduced to a farcical comedy. "The highest possible acquiescence of mind" is the object of the philosopher. *Tout comprendre c'est tout pardonner*—a forlorn abandonment of the faculty of judgment itself in a morass of sentimental toleration of the corrupt and bestial, pleasingly approved as "vessels of dishonour"—fatal to any strenuous endeavour against triumphant wrong. "It is one of our first religious duties not to be merely nor too entirely religious." "The wicked man may be to the eyes of religion already perfect." "All religion rests upon an element of make-believe." "You can only avoid one or other of these extremes by contriving to expend your practical energy on the whole-hearted warfare against an enemy whom in secret you know all the time to be a figment of your own brain." These are the pleasing counters of the Bradlean system, admirable for manipulation in the argument of the Common room, crumpling into fatuity when confronted with the desperate and tragical realities of life. Though thus fundamentally opposed to almost every position adopted by Mr. Taylor, we can heartily commend his book for a clear statement of his argument, much mental agility and acuteness, and a kind of sombre earnestness which redeems his wail on the futility of the search after happiness from the characteristic popular pose of the youthful pessimist.

The Limits of Evolution. G. H. Howison. Macmillan and Co. 7s. 6d.—Two streams of tendency have hitherto been conspicuous in the philosophy of America. The one, the inheritance of the *à priori* idealism of Hegel, represented by the American Minister of Education and the *Journal of Speculative Philosophy*. The other, the reverberation of the synthetic philosophy of Mr. Herbert Spencer, still regarded as a gospel beyond the Atlantic, long after it has become discredited in the land of its birth. Each of these is avowedly monistic. Against any and all monistic systems a reaction appears to have arisen whose development could confidently have been predicted. The characteristic native-born American philosophy, one can be assured, when it arises, must be a Pluralism: the only system congruous to the hard, severe, clear-cut individualism of the new race, an individualism so emphatically voiced in the poetry of Walt Whitman. Professor Howson's essays from California, as the later writings of Professor James from the other side of the Continent, are signs of the awakening of this new spirit, a sturdy onslaught on all the monistic systems as "in essence Oriental." They belong, in his view, essentially to the Eastern philosophy—the bright sun at noonday, the individual bowing down in impotence before the universal, the many desiring only re-absorption within the One. Professor Howison will have none of the "reconciliations" of Hegelianism and Christianity as of Dr. Caird, or of Spencerianism and Theism as of the late John Fiske. He attacks both the evolutionary philosophies, as "in the last analyses atheisms" "at war with the characteristic interests of Human Nature." "Were the complete substitution of either for the philosophy underlying the older religion conclusively to take place, we of the Western civilisation should literally have entered a new world." But the "older religion" is not to surrender without a blow; and these collected essays and addresses form a series of bold and vehement onslaughts on the weaker points in the monistic systems. The preface of the book, in which Professor Howison outlines his own system, is perhaps the most interesting—a few pages we should like to see amplified into a reasoned exposition. In effect he advocates a monadology with the world as "a Kingdom of Persons" crowned by "a God indwelling as the central guiding Light; in a realm of self-governing persons who immortally do His will in freely doing their own, and fulfil their own in doing His." Men, *i.e.*, as members of "an Eternal Republic:" God reigning "not by the exercise of power but solely by Light: and final cause "the ground and constitutive principle of all existence." Against Pantheism with the individual ever seeking reabsorption in the absolute, and "the ever-present brooding of the immanent Cosmic mind," forever suppressing the possibilities of real freedom he sets up the Eternal reality and independence of the self. Dedicated "to all who feel a deep concern in the dignity of the human soul," and written with restraint, fluency, and eagerness of conviction, though containing little new in their destructive criticism, these essays present the results of recent philosophical speculation in a form that even "the running reader" (for whom they are modestly designed) can clearly comprehend.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) In Memoriam: Harriet Meuricoffre. By her sister, Josephine Butler. Marshall. 5s.

(2) The Roman Theocracy and the Republic, 1846-1849. By R. M. Johnston. Macmillan. 10s.

(3) The Age of Chaucer. By F. J. Snell. With an Introduction by J. W. Hales. G. Bell. 3s. 6d.

(4) The American Invaders: Their Plans, Tactics, and Progress. By F. A. McKenzie. Howard Wilford Bell. 6d.

(5) Travel in the First Century After Christ. With special reference to Asia Minor. By Caroline A. J. Skeel. Cambridge University Press. 5s.

(6) Fables and Folk Tales from an Eastern Forest. Collected and Translated by Walter Skeat. Cambridge University Press. 7s. 6d.

(7) The Child at Home: Two Essays. By Mrs. Clement Parsons. Nisbet. 1s. 6d.

(1) Mrs. Josephine Butler's *In Memoriam: Harriet Meuricoffre*, as its dedication to "her children and grandchildren" implies, is written mainly to preserve the record of an interesting personality for her family and friends. But Madame Meuricoffre's early life belongs to the first half of the last century, and her marriage with the distinguished Chevalier Meuricoffre, a Swiss, living at Naples, and the pillar of the Protestant society there, gave her opportunities of travel and an insight into foreign life, less common in those days than now. The fashion of her time, too, led her to embody her impressions in long and carefully written letters to her home circle, and the memoir consists chiefly of extracts from these letters. Among the earliest are those recalling visits to Oxford to her sister, then already married to Dr. Butler, and we are told that at first her idea of the gravity of the professors she was to meet was so great as to induce her to read Bacon's Essays before breakfast, in order to be able to enter into their talk. But before long there came a day when the Butlers hunted Max Müller out of his Sanskrit den and made him take a long walk with them. He bought some fresh eggs at a farmhouse and put them in the tail-pockets of his coat. After this there was climbing of fences and sitting on stiles, and on their return home Max Müller was found "to have an extensive omelette in his pocket"! The story of this adventure provided a theme for conversation with other professors much more amusing than anything to be found in "The Wisdom of the Ancients," and, no doubt, Madame Meuricoffre did justice to it, for she had always a sense of humour and a neat turn for description as when she sums up the middle-aged bourgeois of Naples as having "a look all their own—a good deal of waistcoat, double chin, and prudence." The Meuricoffres lived at Naples all through the

troublous times previous to the entrance of Garibaldi, and her letters during this period are perhaps the most interesting in the book. Of Garibaldi himself she says: "I have to-day seen the face of Garibaldi, and now all the devotion of his friends is made as clear as day to me. One could love the cause without seeing him, but in seeing him you seem to be suddenly gifted with the power of seeing it as he sees it, and you love it better for his sake, while you wholly honour and admire him for its sake." As the years go on and young families begin to grow up in both households, Mrs. Butler takes us with herself and children on many pleasant visits to the Meuricoffres' country home at "La Gordanne," not far from Lausanne, and here it was that the last months of Madame Meuricoffre's married life were spent in the summer of 1899. In the autumn of that year M. Meuricoffre, who was already ill, was taken back by slow stages to Naples, where he died in March, 1900. His widow returned to their Swiss home "for a long, long rest," but before the end of the summer she too had passed away.

(2) If Mr. Johnston possessed Madame Meuricoffre's admiration for Garibaldi, or for Pius IX., or for any of the characters on one side or the other, of whom he writes, his story of *The Roman Theocracy and the Republic* from 1846 to 1849 would surely have been a better book. As it is, in the absence of any preface, his strangely colourless narrative leaves us in some wonderment as to what attracted him to his subject. The title of the book does not strike us as happily chosen. The government of the States of the Church by the Pope was not in any true sense a theocracy, and we doubt if the most vigorous of Ultramontanes would care to call it one. If the term is applied to the rule of the Prince-Bishops of Treves or Cologne, it is reduced at once to absurdity, and the temporal government of the Pope had far more kinship with these than with that of Israel under the Judges. His use of the term theocracy leads Mr. Johnston to indulge in some rather ponderous writing at the beginning of his book, in the course of which he splits a great many infinitives, but when he is once fairly started, though he continues splitting infinitives with great persistency, he settles down into a painstaking narrative of the events of the four crowded years with which he deals. The inherent interest of his story carries him through, and numerous footnotes and an excellent bibliography testify to the trouble he has taken to ensure accuracy. At times he rises to a dry humour, as in his narrative of the flight of the Pope from the Vatican by the aid of the French Ambassador, but not in the direction in which the French Ambassador intended him to go. But he writes throughout without any touch of enthusiasm for any statesman or any cause, and the effect on his narrative is depressing. This is increased by the care with which the Roman question is as far as possible isolated, and allusion to the revolutionary outbreaks in other parts of Europe reduced to a minimum, and again by the collapse of the book (the term seems to be justified) on the occupation of Rome by the French. The narrative ends, "For a brief space, and under the protection of France, the temporal dominion of the Pope was to be resumed," and the short postcript with a quotation from Sir George Hamilton's report to Palmerston on the retrograde principles of the restored Government, "this is a melancholy prospect for the future." No doubt the history of Rome from 1849 to 1870, or from 1870 to the present day, would have offered few points of relief to Mr. Johnston's sombre narrative, but it seems strange that he should have dropped his story at so inconclusive a point.

(3) Mr. Snell's *The Age of Chaucer* is another case of an historian not altogether well suited in his theme. A good handbook to English literature of the fourteenth century has long been wanted, if only because so many otherwise excellent manuals treat this particular period very badly. As far as facts are concerned, Mr. Snell's little book fills the gap satisfactorily. Save for a few very small slips it is accurate and well abreast with the latest researches, and any student who masters it will have a competent knowledge of his subjects. The chief lack of the book is in freshness. Mr. Snell summarises the views of the best authorities and follows or expands their treatment, but his reading of Chaucer and Langland and the Miracle-Plays has inspired him with very few new ideas of his own, and some stray criticisms make us doubt whether he is really much in sympathy with mediæval literature. Thus he recognises the historical importance of the sheep-stealing episode in the Towneley Miracle-Play of the Shepherds, but is distressed by "the bad taste of this rollicking comedy," whose rapid transitions are so completely in accordance with the ideas of an age which could decorate the margins of its prayer-books with the most humorous and sometimes the most unseemly grotesques. When the shepherds come to Bethlehem, and in the same breath hail the new-born Christ as their Maker and offer him a child's gifts, Mr. Snell can only comment unsympathetically, "their minds are evidently in fine confusion," and seizes the opportunity to remark that "miracle-plays were a marvellous mixture of irreverence and childishness." These comments seem to us unhappy, and, at the risk of incurring Mr. Snell's reprobation, we must also object to Chaucer's "Miller's Tale" being described as "a relation of the pot-house variety," or that of the "Summoner" unqualifiedly as "a tale of dirt." No doubt there is justification for all these epithets, even as there is justification for Ascham's censure of the "Morte d'Arthur," and Milton's of Sidney's "Arcadia"; but a critic who can write as Mr. Snell has written can hardly be said to understand either Chaucer or the miracle-plays, and would have done well to take up some other period. On the other hand, Professor Hales's introduction is pleasantly full of enthusiasm, and his remarks on Chaucer's language are especially good.

(4) The articles reprinted from the *Daily Mail* under the title *The American Invaders*, though their staring covers give them rather a catchpenny appearance, contain an able presentment of the chief facts connected with the extension of American commercial activity in England. Mr. McKenzie writes avowedly as an alarmist, but he has got up his case with care, and ample corroboration of his statements may be found in English trade journals which have no motive for exaggerating facts which must be unpleasant to their readers. Moreover, he does not suppress such few facts as tell in the opposite direction—for instance, the failure of American bicycles, the recovery of the English watch trade, and the sturdy stand made by English papermakers. It is, indeed, to Mr. McKenzie's credit that his general tone is rather one of exhortation than of panic. But his business is to present a case, and he presents it effectively, with a stream of statistics as to the leaps and bounds of American trade with our colonies, the Americanising of such a notable firm as Bryant and May's, and the invasion of American boots and shoes, blouses, patent medicines, and kodaks, in addition to the developments in electrical traction of which the newspapers have recently been full. Mr. McKenzie has no desire to keep out American improvements. He sees clearly that many of them, more especially those connected with machinery, are for our advantage, but he thinks that there is no reason why the intermediate gain as well as the final profit should not go to English houses. Probably in many industries now attacked this will ultimately be the case once more; assuredly also where it is not the case much suffering will be caused to English workmen, who do not very readily shift their employments, and much loss to individual English capitalists. Workmen and capitalists must both do the best they can for themselves; for the average citizen, to whom this pamphlet is presumably addressed, there seems no obvious means of helpfulness other than that of avoiding undue excitement. It is inevitable that American trade, and German trade also, should advance much more rapidly than English, partly because both in America and Germany population is growing more rapidly than with us, partly because in America the concentration of capital in comparatively few hands enables it more readily to be directed to any particular industry; partly, again, because both in America and in Germany capital has got the whip-hand of labour to a much greater extent than in England. It is in connection with this last reason that coolness of head on

the part of the general public is most needed. Mr. McKenzie owns that American manufacturers "drive" their workpeople to an extent that is happily very rare in England, and there are signs enough that, under the plea of danger from foreign competition, attacks are already being prepared against factory legislation and much else that has improved the condition of English workmen during the last fifty years. It may be, as Mr. McKenzie suggests, that English masters should be able to find a "*via media* between indifferent workmanship and cruel overwork," but it will be deeply to be regretted if jealousy of other nations obtaining a share in the world's trade proportionate to their population should be used to win sympathy for the introduction of the American "driving" system into English workshops.

(5) Miss Skeel's brief monograph on *Travel in the First Century* has something of the charm of that delightful book of M. Jusserand's on "English Wayfaring Life in the Middle Ages." It brings together in a closely packed little volume information as to how the Roman roads were made and kept up, the directions in which they stretched, the means and rate of travelling, its dangers and the different objects which caused men to risk them. Similar information is given as to the chief sailing routes, and as to the build of the ships and the life on board them. Miss Skeel modestly disclaims any great pretensions to original research, but she has made much useful information very easily accessible, and her little book is worth reading both for its own sake and for the light it throws on the journeys of St. Paul and the rapid spread of Christianity.

(6) The Cambridge University Press has produced Mr. Skeat's *Fables and Folk-Tales from an Eastern Forest* as an attractive book, with fairly good illustrations which indicate an appeal to youthful readers. To the student of folk-lore it will be interesting to find Reynard the Fox and Brer Rabbit represented in Malayan fable by "Friend Moose-deer" or "The Vizier of the Underwood," as he is called in the vernacular. The tales of this hero contain such incidents as of how he drowned a ferocious tiger by causing it to attack its own shadow in the river, how he killed young otters and then argued himself out of his just punishment, how he planted enmity between the ape and the tiger, and set the "Wild Bull of the Clearing" to mortal combat with the "Bull of the Young Bush." The young readers whom the publishers seem anxious to attract will probably view them with mild approbation, but the charm of stories heard from the lips of the Malay peasantry in the twilight of their own tropical jungle is not easily preserved undiminished when they are translated into English and compete with old favourites. Thus we should advise the generous to present Mr. Skeat's book rather to a folk-lorist than a child.

(7) Mrs. Clement Parsons is not happy in the title of her book, *The Child at Home*, which leads us to expect either a Pestalozzian essay or one of those rather wearisome "child studies" with which the professors of pedagogics have familiarised us of late. What we are given is an excellent little essay on the difficulties of bringing up only children, with some helpful suggestions for perplexed parents. This essay, however, only fills half the book, and the second part contains a truly admirable exposition of "The Beauty of Simplicity," which deserves a more prominent place. Rebels against the conventionalities of life are apt to weaken their cause by intemperate and unwise advocacy, but Mrs. Parsons preaches the beauty of simplicity with a sweet reasonableness which should win her many followers.

FICTION.

In *The Lord of the Sea* (M. P. Shiel. Grant Richards. 6s.) we have a decidedly original conception, and the story might have been successful as a pure extravagance of fancy if it had been less than half its wearisome length, and not practically three novels thrown into one. The convict part would have made a good little romance by itself; the part about the empire of the sea would have made an excellent story of the fantastic type, whilst the part especially concerning the Jews would again have lent itself to a good study. As it stands, it is entirely lacking in artistic concentration or unity of composition. It is curious how often novels fail of being works of art by this fault. In a painting we should see at once that it failed as an artistic production if the attention were divided between two or three centres, the composition without focus, the lines, as it were, leading away from each other, and the colours jarring in their mutual relation. But writers of novels too often think rules of this kind quite unnecessary, and produce mere books, not works of literature; and *The Lord of the Sea* is an eminent instance of it. Whilst reading like a rambling romance, the story seems to be meant in all seriousness as a depictment of a new Messiah. It is impossible not to regard this element in the book as revolting, as the Saviour of Society avails himself of methods of most doubtful character, and inaugurates a tyranny that does violence to all our better ideals. He makes himself monarch of the world by the force of wealth which he obtains by finding a meteorite full of countless diamonds. With this wealth he buys the command of the world. Moral suasion has nothing to do with it. It is mere mundane force of wealth. He constructs a floating city whence he exacts toll from all the nations round. But he is dogged throughout by villains of a singularly repulsive character, and finally the hero, failing in regenerating the world, contents himself with restoring the Jews to Palestine, where he spends the rest of a long life as a model judge in Israel.

In *Distaff* (Marya Rodziewicz. Translated by S.C. de Soissons. Jarrold and Sons. 6s.) we have a modern social problem discussed, not as it exists in England, but in a country whose still almost patriarchal simplicity makes the contrast between the woman of the old type and that of the new particularly marked. The treatment is fair and unprejudiced. The respective representatives of the old and the new are each the finest of their class. They feel this and admire each other, and, indeed, the new woman is understood only by the representative of the older type, and only by her appreciative sympathy is she enabled to fight successfully the opposition of her relatives in her determination to become a doctor. They are both strong, both determined, but the older has devoted her energy to keeping up her dead husband's estate, by dint of work that would break down most women, and securing that it shall pass undeteriorated into the hands of her heir. She is an adamantine character, severe and hard, but gains both the respect and affection of her sons. The younger woman's energy goes into a profession, in which she succeeds, after an exhausting struggle that nearly breaks her health. For years she fights her destiny, which is to marry the heir of the property so scrupulously worked by the lady of the older school. She succumbs at last, and after all takes to the "distaff," in so far, at least, as that means the management of the farm to a large extent to leave her husband leisure for public affairs; but her profession is not lost, and she is the doctor of all the tenants on the estate, as well as their guide, comforter, and friend. And so a sort of compromise is achieved between the old and the new, and the two types have satisfactorily modified each other.

Mr. Leopold Lugwell: His Birth and Upbringing. (By Philip Sterne. Blackwood. 6s.)—This is the story of a strong man, strongly told and attractive, as such tales must be. The central figure, father of the Leopold to whom the book owes its title, is a fine character, and retains our admiration and respect throughout the period dealt with in the narrative. But his previous history and subsequent moral development form a psychological problem hard to solve. "How can these things be?" the reader is tempted to ask, as he sees a man who, from the time he came of age and inherited his father's hard-earned savings until well on into middle age, threw himself heart and soul into his chosen profession of money-lending of a most relentless kind; then, closing for ever that page of his life, came out among his fellow-creatures with heart and conscience large, sensitive, and tuned to sympathy

with all mankind. How such a heart and conscience submitted for so many years to daily searing and suppression and finally emerged scatheless is a mystery. However, even into the respectability of his honourable and successful second career steal some of the consequences of the first, and a readable tale ensues. It would be more readable if Mr. Sterne would cure himself of certain vulgarisms, such as "cotton to" for "become attracted by," and guard against slips of grammar. He has been a little careless, too, in reproducing the tone of his period—the middle of last century—and maladroitly speaks of "chiffons and bustles" as articles of feminine attire, whereas the former term was surely unknown when the latter monstrosities were in vogue. Also it is hard to recognise the possibility of such a burlesque of a thief hunt, as here described, even back in the "early fifties"! The title appears more and more clever as the story proceeds, and the reader realises how little he is to be told about that important personage, Mr. Leopold Lugwell.

In *The Hidden Model* (Frances Forbes Robertson). Heineman. 6s.) we have a somewhat lightly treated problem novel, but it is too literary in its style to do more than suggest its problem, and is written with too much regard to what is artistic to press home its moral too urgently. The problem is the old one of the relative value of sins when viewed in their intrinsic reality, as compared with their value in the eye of the law or of public opinion. The heroine has in a moment of indignant impulse avenged one of those insults of which the law takes no cognizance by committing a murder which fills all the world with consternation and horror, though many most loud in their condemnation are committing sins as flagrant every day, which pass unnoticed. The treatment is not didactic, and we are merely shown the soul of the poor little heroine stripped by the great disaster of all the conventionalities by which we usually shelter ourselves and our feelings, and she is well contrasted with a girl outwardly perfect in her charm, but who has little feeling for conventionality to shelter. The novel is written, in spite of its dreadful subject, with a certain charm, and actually succeeds in throwing something of picturesqueness over our garish modern London world.

A Daughter of the Veldt. (By Basil Marnan. Heineman, 6s.) —This is a well-written story, and keeps the interest well sustained, nowadays, in a long novel, a somewhat rare quality. How far it is a faithful picture of South African life we cannot say. The writing is vivid, but the sketching in of certain very repulsive characters is too strongly done to make pleasant reading, whilst one or two subjects are analysed that are perhaps better left more vague. Still, there is much to compensate for this in the story, whilst the characteristic features of a landscape unknown to us here are given so as to bring it vividly before us.

The Vicar of St. Luke's. (By Sybil Creed. Longmans, 6s.)—As a study of the Anglican question, this novel has little to give that has not already been treated in various works of fiction, but one or two of the side issues of the story are ably given. Especially is the drawing of the character of a girl suffering from a very disagreeable form of hysteria very cleverly done. We doubt whether such an ugly development is a fit subject for a novel, but the analysis of a morbid monomania is undoubtedly done with a powerful hand.

The Dream Woman. (By Kythe Wylwynne. Unwin, 6s.)—This is a reincarnation story, the hero, a man of this generation, recalling, almost re-living, a life of thousands of years ago. The idea is one that would lend itself well to a novel under powerful treatment, but it loses force by being wordy and long-drawn out, and lacks composition and vigour of style.

In *Forest Folk* (James Prior. Heineman. 6s.) we have a fresh and breezy story of which the scene is laid in the Forest of Sherwood about a century ago. The love plots are somewhat original and very pleasant reading, although one of them ends rather tragically and leaves a very sweet heroine to mourn for the rest of her life.

NOTES.

A GREEK LITERARY CRITICISM.

THE little treatise by Dionysius of Halicarnassus, which bears the name περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων, certainly does show a cultivated intelligence and a sympathy with the artistic in literature; it contains, however, one remark which has met with very general assent, but which I believe to be unsound and misleading. It is that in which he ascribes to Homer the literary device by which the poet suggests in the movement of his verse an actual physical movement described. This is an artifice successfully practised by subsequent poets from Virgil to Tennyson, but quite abhorrent from the simple *insouciance* of the primitive epic style. When Virgil wrote:—

Quadrupedante putrem sonitu quatit ungula campum,

he undoubtedly intended to call to mind the sound of the galloping of horses, as Tennyson desired to suggest a primordial hurly-burly when he described the atom-streams—

Ruining along the illimitable inane.

But the employment of a *tour de force* of this kind is quite out of keeping with the poetry of Homer, who certainly

Nec pluteum caedit nec demorsos sapit ungues.

As well could we imagine the primitive epic bard scratching his head and biting the end of his pen while trying to make up his mind between ῥοδοδάκτυλος and φαεσίμβροτος as an epithet of the dawn.

But it is not only on *à priori* grounds that this observation of Dionysius is to be rejected. An examination of Homer's habitual dealing with metre shows it to be baseless. The passage chosen by Dionysius to illustrate his theory is the description of the stone of Sisyphus (l. 596-8), which at first sight seems to give it countenance:—

λᾶαν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν τότ' ἀποστρέψασκε κραταιὶς
αὖτις· ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λᾶας ἀναιδής.

It is true that the *hiatus* in the first line makes it hard to recite the verse quickly, and that in the third we have no spondee except the inevitable one at the end. Pope tried to produce a similar effect by the heavy—

Up a high hill he heaved a huge round stone,

and the galloping Alexandrine—

Impetuous thundering bounds and smokes along the plain.

But the Greek poet never thought of the metrical device. The Homeric hexameter is far more dactylic than the Virgilian, and a line with only the one spondee is of common occurrence. Are we to suppose that every speech introduced by the oft-recurring

ὃς σφιν ἐὺ φρονέων ἀγορήσατο καὶ μετέειπεν

was a torrent of fluent declamation? On the other hand, where should we look for a flight of dactyls unmixed rather than in the verse which describes the leap of Iris from heaven to earth at the bidding of Zeus? And what do we find? About the heaviest verse in the Iliad, a spondaic hexameter *minus* the dactyl in the fourth foot which usually lightens such rhythms:—

βῆ δὲ κατ' Οὐλύμποιο καρήνων αἶξασα.

It may further be noticed that in the Sisyphus passage the verse describing the renewed attempt of the wearied Titan

αὐτὰρ ὅγ' ἄψ ὤσασκε τιταινόμενος· κατὰ δ' ἱδρώς

has only one other than the indispensable spondee. In the same way the structure of the verse usually quoted as illustrative from Ψ 116,

πολλὰ δ' ἄναντα κάταντα πάραντά τε δόχμιά τ' ἦλθον

was not designed by the poet to help the imagination any more than verse 644 of the same book.

ἔργων τοιούτων· ἐμὲ δὲ χρὴ γήραϊ λυγρῷ

was intended to scan as an iambic trimeter as well as an

hexameter, a fact carefully noticed by the ancient grammarians, who in such notes and in the care with which they point out *rhopalic* lines (in which each word is one syllable longer than the word before) show their tendency to ascribe to primitive poetry the literary devices of a later and self-conscious art. R. Y. T.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

DISLOYALTY.

SIR,—May I be allowed to comment shortly on a suggestion made in your last number, that the worst form of disloyalty is committed by those who speak as if the war were practically over?

Surely disloyalty is a moral offence; and an error of judgment can never be put into comparsion with a failure of moral intention. The half-informed newspaper may assert that the war is practically over—all one can say then is that the wish is indiscreetly father to the thought. The politician who harangues meetings, such as that notorious one in the Queen's Hall, and his follower who responds by three cheers for De Wet, act not out of ignorance at all, but out of studied hatred for the King's Government, and studied affection for the King's enemies.

Which of the two does more to hinder the ultimate success of our arms is a question which may be legitimately argued; but it is one, nevertheless, which has not the least concern with the matter of my present protest. H. W. M.

[We are in entire agreement with our correspondent's definition of disloyalty as "a moral offence," and we also agree that it can take many and serious forms beside that of unjustified optimism. We did not, however, refer to assertions made by newspapers, but to statements made by officials who had all the facts and were very far from half-informed. For them to say that the war is over, constitutes, we think, a grave disloyalty to the soldiers who are engaged in what is still a formidable contest; for it leads people to suppose that our present military provision needs no reinforcement.—ED. PILOT.]

THE STATUS OF AGRICULTURE.

SIR,—If any farmer were likely to read THE PILOT your article on the above subject might do him a great deal of good, for it unquestionably points to one true cause of our agricultural difficulties, the amazing contempt for education which our farmers entertain. Indeed, to one who has to deal with farmers the wonder is not that they are in low water, it is rather whether in any other department of modern industry they would be able to make a living at all. The only reformer in English agriculture is natural selection, the weeding out of the worst. I have long wished that some enterprising landowner would import a few Danes into his farms. They would provide an object lesson that would unpleasantly astonish some of our farmers, and might cause them to revise some of their axioms. I have found great satisfaction consequently in some remarks which Professor James Long, the very able agricultural correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian*, contributes to that paper for September 19th. He is commenting on the success which Mr. Veen, a young Hollander, has attained in the making of Stilton cheeses:—

I cannot forbear making a remark upon this particular case, inasmuch as Mr. Veen's success proves up to the hilt the truth of the recommendations which I have frequently felt called upon to make. It is almost useless to suggest to British dairy farmers that there are industries in their midst which, if they choose, they can make their own and realise larger profits than are possible either by the sale of milk or the production of butter. While some entirely discredit statements of this kind, others excuse themselves in consequence of the extra labour which is involved, while others again pretend that they do not possess the skill, that they have no knowledge of the subject, or that circumstances entirely prevent their engaging in any such kind of work. This young and energetic Dutchman has taught a lesson to those who adopt this line of argument. While they have ignored what has been recommended and refuse to leave the path in which they are engaged, he has leaped in a very few years into a position of comparative affluence.

The whole article is well worth studying by those who do not realise that the greatest enemy the British farmer has to contend with is his own incompetence. L. A. P.

S. ANTONY OF PADUA.

SIR,—Having come—through H.'s kind interpellation—to a sense of mine error in supposing S. Francis to have been the Saint to whom F. G. referred, I beg leave to offer the following excerpt by way of reparation for the lapse. Of S. Antony of Padua Mr. Baring-Gould relates: "Several legends are told of him which have become favourite subjects with artists. . . He was once preaching to heretics at Rimini, and as they would not listen he led the way to the mouth of the River Mareccia, and, standing on a rock, addressed the fishes: 'Fishes of the sea! I turn to you, and to you I bear the glad news of God, for men are deaf or will not listen.' It is, no doubt, an addition by those who could not perceive the force of this biting satire, and to give point to the story, as the true one escaped them, that it is said the fishes came in shoals to the surface to hear the Saint discourse."

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss. E. T. FRERE.
September 22nd, 1901.

SOVRAN *NOT* SOVEREIGN.

SIR,—"*Seiren* or *Siren* for *Syren*" (Rev. Professor Skeats' "Primer of English Etymology," line 2, page 30, Clarendon Press, Oxford) was what I copied. Your correspondent, E. T. Frere, had better go for the Professor of Anglo-Saxon in this University and not HERBERT JONES.

Shelford, Cambridge, September 26th, 1901.

CLONFERT CATHEDRAL.

SIR,—Some twenty years ago it was my lot to pay a visit to the ancient shrine of St. Brendan of Clonfert. I had heard and seen pictures of its matchless doorway, and understood that there were other features of interest connected with the building. I found that I had not been misinformed, and that the beautiful Romanesque east window and quaintly-carved chancel arch would alone have repaid me for a longer journey. But the state of the church as a place of worship—discoloured plaster, mouldering woodwork, and the damp mephitic atmosphere of a vault—these were the features which irresistibly impressed themselves upon the most casual visitor. An attempt had indeed some time before been made to commence the renovation of the chancel, but as this was chiefly evidenced by the painting red of the mouldings of the chancel arch, I could not regret that it had not proceeded further. Last month, being in the neighbourhood, I had the good fortune to revisit the Cathedral once more, and though I expected much from what I had heard of the restoration inaugurated by Canon M'Larney and carried out by Mr. Fuller, Architect, my expectations were far surpassed by what I saw. As very full descriptions of the work have from time to time appeared in the public Press, I need only add that the work, even in its incomplete state, has transformed the cathedral from a fitting abode of owls and bats into a temple worthy of the house of God. This has been done without in any way depriving it of its ancient and venerable character, and I can heartily recommend all who are interested in ecclesiastical antiquities, who love the picturesque, or who wish to see an old church well restored and well appointed, to proceed to Banagher, and from thence, mounting car or bicycle, ride out some five miles of good road to Clonfert, and they will not be disappointed.

E. D. ATKINSON.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

HISTORY.

The Spanish Conquest in America, Vol. II., by Sir Arthur Helps: John Lane. *The Reign of Queen Anne*, by Justin McCarty: Chatto. *A History of Modern Europe*, new and revised edition, by T. H. Dyer; *History of the City of Rome in the Middle Ages*, by Ferdinand Gregorovius, translated by Mrs. Hamilton: Geo. Bell and Sons. *Historic Families of the United Kingdom*, edited by W. A. Lindsay, Windsor Herald—Vol. I., *The House of Percy*, by Gerald Brenan, Vol. II., *The House of Douglas*, by Sir Herbert Maxwell: Freemantle and Co. *Grant Allen's Historical Guides*—Vol. VI., *The Umbrian Towns*, by Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cruickshank; *Early History of Venice*, by F. C. Hodgson: George Allen. *The Medici and Italian Renaissance*, by Oliphant Smeaton; *Babylonia and Assyria*, by R. G. Murison: T. and T. Clark.

RELIGION.

Hasting's *Dictionary of the Bible*, Vol. IV.: *The Epistles of St. Peter and St. Jude*, a commentary by the Rev. Charles Bigg, D.D.; *The Ancient Catholic Church*, by Principal R. Rainy, D.D.; *St. Paul and the Roman Law*, by W. E. Ball, LL.D.; *The Words of Jesus*, by Professor Gustav Dalman; *The Children of Nazareth*, by Bishop Camus of La Rochelle; *The Atonement and Intercession of Christ*, by the late Principal D. C. Davies, edited by D. E. Jenkins; *The Pastoral Epistles*, by the Rev. J. P. Lilley; *Muhammad and His Power*, by P. de Lacy Johnstone, M.A.; *Origin and Greek Patristic Theology*, by the Rev. W. Fairweather; *Outlines of Protestant Missions*, by the Rev. J. Robson, D.D.: T. and T. Clark. *The Man Christ Jesus*, by the Rev. W. J. Dawson; *Heresies*, Vol. IV., by H. Croft-Miller; *The Parson's Handbook*, by the Rev. Percy Dearmer; *Religious Life Series, No. 2, Meditations and Vows*, by Joseph Hall, edited by Charles Sayle: Grant Richards. *The Dawn of Civilisation: Egypt and Chaldea*, fourth edition, by Professor Maspero,

edited by the Rev. Professor Sayce, translated by M. L. McClure; *Spiritual Progress*, by the Ven. G. R. Wynne, D.D.; *The Soul's Daily Audience of God*, by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, D.D.; *Intercessory Prayer*, by the Rev. E. Hermitage Day; *Church Festivals and Fasts*, by the Rev. E. Osborne and others: S.P.C.K. *Saint Dominic*, by Jean Guiraud, translated by Katherine de Mattos; *Saint Chrysostom*, by Aimé Puech, translated by Mildred Partridge; *Saint Anthony of Padua*, by the Abbé Albert Lepitre, translated by Frances Low: Duckworth; *Hebrew Palæology*, facsimiles of the Hebrew Bible, with description by Christian D. Ginsburg, LL.D.: Unicorn Press. *The Coronation Service According to the Use of the Church of England*, edited by Joseph H. Pemberton: Skeffington. *Oxford University Sermons*, by Professor Bebb: George Allen.

HORTICULTURE.

Garden Craft, by John D. Sedding; *My Vicarage Garden*, by Canon Ellacombe, with illustrations by L. B. Griggs; *Flowers and Gardens*, by Forbes Watson, edited with an introduction by Canon Ellacombe; *Handbooks of Practical Gardening—Town Greenhouse*, by J. C. Tallack; *The Book of the Grape*, by H. W. Ward; *The Book of Old-fashioned Flowers*, by Henry Roberts; *The Book of Bulbs*, by S. Arnott; *The Book of the Apple*, by H. H. Thomas; *The Book of Climbing Plants*, by G. H. Woolaston; *Of Gardens*, by Francis Bacon, with an introduction by Helen Milman: John Lane.

ILLUSTRATED WORKS.

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The Pilot.

LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

SEPTEMBER 28, 1901.

THE POSITION OF ASSISTANT MASTERS.

AMONG the reforms urgently needed in English Public Schools those aiming at an improvement of the conditions under which assistant masters carry on their work deserve immediate attention. Dr. Perceval's speech the other day was a sign that the educational system of our public schools is regarded as far from satisfactory by those whose experience qualifies them to criticise it, and it seems that if these institutions are to retain their high place in the education of the middle and upper classes efforts will have to be made to accommodate their ancient methods to the needs of changed circumstances. The men who will carry out these changes when they come will be the assistant masters, and, considering the great importance of their work to the generation that rises under their care, it seems only reasonable that, as Dr. Perceval suggested, the Universities should provide some special training for them. That suggestion, however, raises the whole question of whether the assistant masters of the present day are given either by training or by the conditions of their profession the best chance of doing sound work as teachers. Anyone with the slightest knowledge of the subject will admit that to the assistant master such a chance is not at present given, and that his position all round is one that calls urgently for improvement. The schoolmaster's profession is too often one not of choice, but of something like necessity, and many a man who leaves the University with a fair degree and with no very definite taste in the matter of a profession, drifts into schoolmastering simply as a means of earning a living. There are such people, of course, in almost every profession, and their presence is a serious evil only when they outnumber the men who have adopted their profession from choice. Overcrowding then results, with its disastrous consequences of slow promotion and insufficient remuneration.

In the case of schoolmasters it cannot be said that the prospects offered or the prizes to be gained are likely to tempt the best men to devote themselves to this most important work. The career of the average master who, although he may not have taken a brilliant degree, may nevertheless be a first-rate teacher, is too often one of hard work and little reward. He is settled, perhaps, at some public school, assimilating the traditions of that school, learning the best methods of influencing and improving the boys that pass under his care, when a new headmaster is appointed; he brings his own staff with him, and our friend is turned off to look for another insecure billet, with a prospect of receiving £250 a year until he is too old to work, and then, perhaps, if he is lucky, of receiving a testimonial from his fellow-masters that may help to keep him from actual want. Such a state of affairs is terribly common among the men who are at work on the foundations of the England of another generation. The question is, how can it be improved and the position of the assistant master strengthened? It seems that two kinds of reform are needed before the position of the assistant master can be made appreciably better. The first is that the Universities should provide suitable training for schoolmasters, and that the governing bodies of public schools should require of their masters the possession of a diploma or degree resulting from such a training. The schoolmaster would then have to choose his profession when he enters the University, instead of (as at present) when he leaves it; and this would mean that only men who had a natural bent for teaching, or whose reasons for entering the profession were strong enough to make them wish to do well in it, would go in for the special training. In this way the "slackers," and the men who had failed at everything else, would be weeded out, and the secondary schools would be manned only by those who were specially qualified and trained to teach in them.

The other reform lies in the conditions under which assistant masters hold their office and the prospects they have of being provided for in their old age. It is only when these conditions are improved that the best men will be attracted to this profession; and the only way by which improvement can be effected is that the masters themselves should combine in working to secure the needed reforms. The Assistant Masters' Association has already done a good deal to solidify the profession and to define the lines on which the reformers must work, and it is an association which should have the support of every assistant master. The things to be worked for are in our opinion two—security of tenure and provision for old age. In Continental schools these things are in great measure attained by means of the central associations which appoint masters to posts in a large group of schools. We hardly think that such an arrangement would work well in England, and it would very possibly tend to lessen the influence of a good headmaster. We would, however, suggest that while every headmaster would have the right to make appointments, he should not have the right to create vacancies for his own friends. If some arrangement could be arrived at by means of which assistant masters could be appointed by the head, but not dismissed by him, and could be dismissed only for grave reasons which should be inquired into either by an association of several governing bodies, or by a kind of court-martial, we think that the peculiar advantages of our personal English system might be retained, and the advantages of the Continental system secured. A schoolmaster should be able to feel that he is safe in his post so long as his industry and character are preserved; and having worked, say, for thirty years he should be able to retire on a pension that would assure him at least of a living. Public schools are, as a rule, rich enough to make the pension scheme easily possible, and by terms of long service schoolmasters would establish a reasonable claim on its benefits.

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IF in our own well-ordered days a slight stigma attaches to "unsigned" literature, more especially when of an ephemeral and polemical nature, no such *primâ facie* presumption holds in the case of ages when law and authority, if not public opinion, were (to our modern notions) on the wrong side. There could be no reason why, for example, a daring reformer should throw away his life, if the evils attacked could be exposed without such a sacrifice by that erst small and timid force, the Press, so surely destined to undermine all self-constituted authority. In the days of the Reformation and the Renaissance exceptions rather

serve to prove the rule. Thus if those world-renowned but curiously flippant tracts of Servetus on the Trinity ("ipsâ raritate rariores," 1531-2), bear the name of the unfortunate Michael Revés, though not that of his printer, this was rather his peculiar vanity and want of foresight. For as we trace the awakening of humanity through the next two centuries, how surely is anonymity the shell of every new idea as it hatches out, or bursts with an explosion dangerous to all-established conventions.

Languet, the friend of Sidney, signs his other works, but not the famous "Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos," "Edimburgi," 1579, one of the earliest of the Anti-Monarchic tracts, destined indirectly to affect the reasoning and policy of regicides in more than one great revolution. Another of the booklets sometimes enthusiastically catalogued as "Printed at Edinburgh" (instead of Basle) is Hotman's detailed account of the St. Bartholomew Massacre, "De Furoribus Gallicis," from which the author (avowed author, moreover, of the "Franco-Gallia," which Thièrry calls the "contrat social" of the sixteenth century) escaped only by the skin of his teeth. So with the more celebrated "Reveille matin des François," prototype of so many an anonymous "Alarum"; the "Satyre Menippée, 1593 (whose authors might have crowded the title-page); the "Tocsain contre les Massacreurs," and many others whose very titles seem to smell of battle, murder, and sudden death. These, however, are no shabby and shame-faced volumes (as, perhaps, the most interesting and obscure of the genus are) and in the seventeenth century several anonymous works, like Leti's "Nipotismo di Roma," are among the finest of Elzevirian productions, appearing at "Villafranca," Alethopolis, and other little known publishing centres. Holland, indeed, so long the only refuge of independent literature, is their veritable home. There doubtless exists, though I have never seen it, a record of the printers and publishers of Amsterdam during the seventeenth and early eighteenth centuries. That would comprise, I take it, a good half of the anonymous literature of Europe. To begin with, a whole library of spurious histories and memoirs were, we know, turned out in response to a growing demand—the anonymous, and, alas! unprincipled fabrications of one Courtilz de Sandras. But when the (recognised) literature of a country consisted, as some French author briefly tells us, of "a chorus in praise of Royalty," we need not wonder that a mass of genuine but rather more critical work was, with all due modesty, "printed at Amsterdam." What enigmas, what problems (many of them yet unsolved) has this vast literature, with its "stars" and its "dashes," its reticence, its brazen mendacity, and its misleading clues, left behind for our solution! In some cases the riddle is just difficult enough to be of stimulating interest. One doubts, indeed, whether examiners in history make sufficient use of it. Thus, could not capital questions be drafted inquiring into the authorship of the "Avis aux Refugiez sur leur prochain retour en france," 1690, or the "Voix libre d'un citoyen . . . sur le gouvernement de Pologne," 1749? The "approximate date" of "L'Europe Esclave si l'Angleterre ne rompt ses fers" (a tract which, but for the spelling, might well belong to two dates), or "La Verite defendue des sofismes de la France," or the occasion and significance of the "Tractatus Theologo-Politicús," or the "Snake in the Grass"—marks, of course, being given for any intelligent remarks on the "*Switch* for the snake."

The "Avis," of course, is by Bayle, and one of the most famous anonymous pieces in literature, though not more brilliant nor more characteristic (of this essentially aggressive and occasional *genre* of literature) than his less-known "Penseés Diverses Ecrites à un Docteur de Sorbonne à l'occasion de la Comête" . . . (Rotterdam, 1682). The "Voix Libre" a thoughtful student might perhaps assign to Rousseau at the first guess. In fact, it is by Stanislas I., the unhappy ex-King of Poland. The "Tractatus" (1670), which opened the "bottomless gulf of Spinoza," is in a later edition (1673) still more elaborately disguised as a work of Heinsius in order to give it a wider circulation. The riddles of anonymity may not always be worth solution, but they challenge it in a manner which is sometimes almost exasperating. The title-page is no hospitable portal, but a blank wall (pierced for satirical musketry), the author concealed in the recesses of a fraudulent preface (unless revealed, as Voltaire so often is, by an irresistible tendency to laughter), the very birthplace and baptismal register of the volume hocussed and faked up—the bibliographer left examining with a strong glass paper that seems too brown even for seventeenth century Germany, and type that looks almost too rough for Holland.

The anonymous book, moreover, is usually small. It is most often, in the historic sense of the word, a "pamphlet," one of the buzzing, stinging ephemera of literature. You can hold it in your hand, pull it to pieces in five minutes, yet it baffles you. The text, perhaps, no longer rouses strong feelings of sympathy or aversion. Its enthusiasm, its hostility, its fear of discovery, these are but some of the strangely illuminating sources of history. Where we do agree, we could almost cry aloud to the unknown anticipator of the ideas of our generation—"Come out. Your tyrants are no more. All danger is over." But for the nameless author, alas! long since "beheaded by Pope Urban VIII." for a trifling little gibe at the Barberini, or "assassinated on the road to Lyons" for revealing, in the obscurest manner, the so-called secrets of the Rosicrucians, our sympathy is too late. We have all seen the long lists of "books fatal to their authors" (if also to many other people), of literature "rigorously suppressed" by uneasy authority. The anticipation of their present fame can have been the only consolation to these martyrs of truth and criticism that come before the modern bibliographer in such strange dress masked and disguised, suspicious and, to all but those who have the password, the objects of suspicion.

G. H. Powell.

REVIEWS.

A FRENCH PUBLIC SCHOOL.*

There has been much talk these last few years in France about education, as there has been in England: each country has begun to see its own deficiencies, and has been compelled by the logic of facts to admit the advantages of the other. Efforts have been made in several quarters to graft the English type upon the French. One of the pioneers was Père Didon; another, M. Demolins, who fell in love with the English school Bedales, and imagined it to be typical. We have not heard how the French Bedales has prospered; but the idea of adopting what is best in our schools has not died, as the present work makes clear. A boarding-school is to be established of the English type, with headmaster and housemasters, games and sports, and even *le tub de matin—avec la plus grande circonspection.*

In this book M. Duhamel reviews the chief faults in the French system, as set forth by a parliamentary commission, and proposes to remove them all. There is to be careful attention to hygiene, clothing, fresh air, and exercise, and fresh water "with circumspection." Espionage is to be done away with, and the pupil is to be educated by love and trust, and to serve apprenticeship to responsibility. The masters are to mix with the boys and, so far as possible, to join in their games. These are to be organised with a view to their educational value. The aim of the teacher is to be character rather than learning. Some very judicious remarks are made on the value of discipline and how to secure it; and the author draws an ideal sketch of the kind of men he wants for his assistants. A programme of work is given, together with details as to the division of time, hours of work, rest, play, meals, and sleep.

We have read with enjoyment the paragraphs on games.

* College de Normandie. Comment élever nos fils. Par Joseph Duhamel, Directeur Designé du Collège de Normandie.

Football, or *la barette*, it seems is a French game, "played by our fathers with passion under the name *soule*, borrowed by the English through Normandy, and codified under the name football." La Crosse was also borrowed from Normandy by the Canadians, and has been transformed by the English into hockey. The Americans borrowed from Normandy *la grande thèque*, which they have ruthlessly transformed under the name of base-ball. Besides these, Normandy owns a fourth national game which no one has stolen, *la longue paume*.

We note one or two points in which England might take a lesson. M. Duhamel proposes to give each boy a bedroom to himself. We certainly think this is better than cubicles or dormitory, and the chief objection to it is the expense. But the open dormitory, with reliable prefects, is by no means so dangerous as he imagines. Then, again, he would restrict his houses to thirty-six boys at most. We would go even further, and with Thring put the extreme number at thirty, the best number at not more than twenty-five; it is certain that moral danger increases almost in geometrical proportion when these numbers are exceeded. Thirdly, he gives five minutes' interval between lessons of fifty-five minutes each: an excellent plan. His scheme of food and exercise is good on the whole; but we fear the games will become too official if he does not take care. He is fully alive to the effect on the nervous system, and through that on the moral system, of a meal late at night and unhealthy conditions. In one point he is revolutionary. England, he says, the land of flannel, is also the land of colds; colds arise from wearing flannel, and therefore all his boys must wear linen next the skin. In the matter of punishments, too, whilst he is quite right in condemning lines, detention, and prison, he is unwise to condemn corporal punishment. This, as a last resort for the unruly, especially for the young, is as necessary as the prison and police aid is in later life. There must be means found to repress those who are not amenable to love or trust, or whose vitality is too strong for their will. The only alternative is expulsion, which is bad in such cases as we have in mind—first, because it brands the offender for life; secondly, because it shifts the difficulty on to another, and compulsion of some sort must be used in the end. As regards the curriculum, M. Duhamel is very much mistaken if he thinks English or German afford as good a mental gymnastic as Latin. There is no other language which makes a severe and prolonged attention absolutely necessary, and more, therefore, which so strengthens the faculty.

However, this is an interesting book. It is worth while to see ourselves as others see us, and we must not forget that if M. Duhamel and others praise one side of our education, they think very lightly of the intellectual part of it. A boy may be honest without being a philistine, though English schools have not found that out yet.

ENGLISH PUBLIC SCHOOLS.*

In the sixties, an anonymous author published a book called "The Public Schools," which gave a brief history of them and their customs. We have often been surprised that no publisher had tried to bring this book up to date. It is one of the most interesting possible, and written with a delicate and urbane humour. The same idea has now occurred to Mr. Minchin, who has carried it out in a different fashion. He gives the brief history, and the account of present-day customs; but the greater part of his book is occupied with the names and achievements of distinguished public school men. There are no graces of style, and no very distinct form in the work; it is gossipy and discursive, one thing recalling another, until the reader feels somewhat dizzy. Amongst these hundreds of short biographies—the Index covers thirty-six pages—it would be odd if no mistakes could be found, and mistakes there are. We should say no more of them, however, were it not that there are mistakes of a more serious character in the historical and social account of the schools. The subject is so complicated that it is impossible to be right unless the proofs of each section are criticised by someone who knows the history and customs of the school in question. The account of Rugby is quite funny. "Extra" will call up very different ideas to a modern old Rugbeian than those of choir, gymnasium, and rifle corps. The books of the Arnold Library Mr. Minchin believes to have vanished. He waxes enthusiastic about the painted window in the sixth form room; quite unique indeed it is, for no other window contains so many inaccuracies. We have noted other mistakes, which there is no space to specify, under Harrow and Charterhouse.

Our chief quarrel with Mr. Minchin is, however, the tone of his book, which is from first to last unqualified laudation. It is the public schools which have made England what she is, have provided all her statesmen and soldiers (we all know about the playing fields of Eton); they do not run men into one mould; they have practically no faults; their headmasters are as great now as any ever were before, if not better. He does not believe in the spoilt youth of Shelley. Mr. Minchin has never seen how a boy possessed of something more than talent fares in a public school. The present writer has seen it more than once, and has no hesitation in saying that the public schools, as now constituted, are bad schools for anything more than talent, and do most for the mediocre. Mr. Minchin makes light of the accusation that they do not encourage the love of learning; but he labours under the common error of thinking that learning and the manly spirit of a public schoolboy cannot be had together. Matthew Arnold knew more of the effect of public schools than Mr. Minchin does. An examination of the subject by one somewhat more thoughtful would be very welcome. But although we must deny all philosophic and historical value to the book, there is no denying its interest. Mr. Minchin is a charming gossip, and even once or twice rises to epigram. "The difference," says he in one place, "between the prize ring and public school milling is obvious; the one is for money, the other for love." He has never outgrown his own schooldays, and in the schoolboy spirit he tells just such things as the schoolboy will delight to hear. Thus far, we share the schoolboy's pleasure.

* Our Public Schools: Their Influence on English History. Charterhouse, Eton, Harrow, Merchant Taylors, Rugby, St. Paul's, Westminster, Winchester. J. G. Cotton Minchin. Swan Sonnenschein. 6s.

REPRINTS AND NEW EDITIONS.

The true lover of books has many joys besides the joy of reading. The joy of handling and arranging is a very real one, and no less delightful is the joy of seeing old friends in new and beautiful dresses, all the more so if their acquaintance was first made when they were known only in shabby bindings and poor type. To please the true book lover, a volume must be pleasant as well to touch as to sight, and must feel as nice as it looks. An edition that satisfies all these tastes is Messrs. Constable's handsome reprint of *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, in six volumes, with reproductions of portraits selected by Mr. Ernest Radford, who contributes an interesting preface explanatory of his work, and notes on all the portraits. Who, reading this ever delightful work, has not longed for some knowledge of the likeness of the busy, intimate throng that bustles through its pages? Who has not wished to judge for himself if Boswell was really so ill-favoured as he was made out to be, and if Mrs. Thrale's beauty was dazzling enough to explain the Doctor's infatuation? The difficult task of finding out authentic portraits of the hundred people with whose features these volumes make us familiar and of superintending their reproduction has been admirably carried out by Mr. Radford, and the result of his work is to add a charm to a book whose charms we had thought incapable of increase. Some of the portraits (such as that of Lucy Porter, Johnson's step-daughter) have evidently been copied from very dark or indistinct paintings, and the result is not altogether satisfactory, but most of them are wonderfully successful and reflect much credit on photographer and printer. The text is

exactly that of Messrs. Constable's former edition, edited by Augustine Birrell; in fact, the book seems to have been printed from the same plates, but it is set out on a larger page, which greatly enhances the effect of a remarkably beautiful piece of printing. Mr. Birrell's introduction and notes are retained, and the six volumes (published at 6s. each) are covered in red buckram with paper labels. It is a pity that extra paper labels are not supplied with each volume, for they quickly become soiled. Perhaps Messrs. Constable will consider whether they cannot print an extra stock of labels which purchasers of the book may obtain from them.

It is some time, we think, since a cheap library edition of De Quincey's *Confessions of an Opium Eater* was issued. Messrs. A. and C. Black have published a neat reprint at 2s., with an introduction and notes by Mr. John Downie. The volume also contains Professor Mason's Notes and an article on De Quincey by J. R. Findlay, reprinted from the "Encyclopædia Britannica." Mr. James Lane Allen's *Kentucky Cardinal* and *Aftermath* are now issued by Messrs. Macmillan in one volume, attractively bound, and illustrated with some excellent line drawings by Hugh Thompson. The price is 6s.

Among some volumes of verse, a pretty reprint of *The Odes of John Keats* comes to us from Messrs. George Bell and Sons. The little book is printed at the Chiswick Press from a beautiful fount of type, and is embellished with some of the drawings done by Mr. Robert Anning Bell for the edition of Keat's poems published in the Endymion Series. The paper cover of the book is uncommon and charming, and no one who loves his Keats will grudge the eighteen-pence that will place him in possession of this pocket volume. Messrs. Bell also send an important work which is a new book rather than a reprint—a volume containing the *Complete Works of C. S. Calverley*, 6s. Apart from the fact that this is the first complete edition of Calverley, it is valuable on account of the really able critical and biographical notice contributed by Sir Walter Sendall. Calverley has such a warm place in the affections of his contemporaries that it is hard to estimate his place in literary history, and we are inclined to wonder whether Sir Walter Sendall's affection has not led his critical faculty astray with regard to the translations. Scholarly and artistic they undoubtedly are, but many of them lack the superlative excellence that marks the parodies and lighter verses. A perfect balance of gravity and gaiety, a searching humour, an exquisite touch that lies light and pierces deep—these are some of the qualities that make these verses what they are; and yet even these qualities would not be enough to account for the wonderful charm of Calverley. It is subtle, elusive, almost impossible to analyse; and it is so peculiarly his own that one has no standards by which to measure it. Messrs. Bell's edition of the complete works is a very welcome addition to one's library of contemporary classics.

Mr. Owen Seaman, although his style has little in common with Calverley's, must be grouped with him as a writer who has enshrined his university memories in light verse of great simplicity that has woven into it something of the indefinable charm of Calverley. Mr. John Lane has just issued a new edition of *Horace at Cambridge*, which the author has revised. The poem, "Quis Pro Domino?" not hitherto republished, is included in the present volume, which is got up with Mr. John Lane's usual excellent taste, and is published at 3s. 6d. If we have a fault to find with Mr. Seaman it is that in his verses the short line at the end of a stanza, which Horace took care to furnish with resounding Latin words, becomes in English rather feeble, especially when the words chosen are lacking in sonority. But this is one small fault amongst a hundred virtues. Mr. Lane also sends *Casa Guida Windows*, a reprint of Mrs. Browning's fine but very unequal poem. There is a short but excellent introduction by Mrs. Duclaux (A. Mary F. Robinson), and the attractiveness of a neat and well-printed volume is enhanced by a photogravure reproduction of the house in Florence through whose windows Mrs. Browning saw the people and things commemorated in the poem. The book is published at 2s. net. Last, but far from least, we have to acknowledge a reprint, also from Mr. Lane, of *The Rape of the Lock* by Alexander Pope. The volume is No. 10 of Mr. Lane's "Flowers of Parnassus" series, and is exceptionally interesting because it is illustrated with nine drawings by Aubrey Beardsley. We do not know at what period of his short career Aubrey Beardsley made these drawings, but they do not represent him quite at his best. The wonderful linework is there, and the beautiful gossamer effect of dotted design in which Mr. Beardsley, although he has had countless imitators, has had no equals; still the work has that suggestion of decadence that crept into Beardsley's art and tainted it. The "Cave of Spleen" is marvellously sinister and grim, and shows all the artist's amazing ingenuity in representing hideous things beautifully. Collectors of Beardsley's work will welcome this volume as an unexpected addition to a group that they had probably regarded as complete. The price in cloth is 1s., and in leather 1s. 6d. Mr. John Lane has also published George Eliot's *Scenes from Clerical Life* in a pretty red cloth pocket edition, price 1s. 6d.

SOME CLASSICAL SCHOOL BOOKS.

Virgil, Georgics II., edited by S. E. Winbolt; *Æneid II.*, edited by P. Sandford; *Æneid VI.*, edited by H. B. Cotterill. *Livy*, Book I., edited by J. Brown. (Blackie's Illustrated Latin Series).—We have already noticed other volumes belonging to this series, which preserves its general character under the editorship of Professor Tyrrell. The system of illustration seems to us still somewhat tentative. We have, sometimes in the same volume: (1) reproductions of ancient monuments; (2) reproductions of modern historical paintings; (3) illustrations of scenery; (4) imaginary drawings. Of the last class we cannot speak very highly. Those which are suggested by ancient monuments too often lose the style of the original without substituting anything very convincing; and some of the more purely imaginary (*e.g.*, "Numa and the Augur," *Livy I.*) are poorly drawn. We do not think that either the second or the fourth class is worth insertion; it would be better to have had only those of the first and third classes, with brief, but precise, explanatory notes. We do, it is true, find "notes on illustrations" in nearly all these volumes, but their vagueness may be judged from the remark on two designs from Attic r.f. vases—"the fact that the faces of all, even of the statue, are given in profile, shows the antiquity of this and of the illustration on p. 29." The scope and standard of the notes is somewhat variable. On *Virgil* Professor Sandford's seem the fullest, but scarcely provide sufficient translations of the more difficult phrases. It was not Virgil but Ennius who translated πατὴρ ἀνδρῶν τε θεῶν τε (note on Æn. II., 648). Mr. Cotterill strikes out some fresh theories, *e.g.*, that *iuga* means "ridges," Æn. VI., 411. This he pronounces "indubitable," which is going too far. He also finds a parallel to *Ma*ssyli, *ma*palia, etc., in Ma-tabele and Ma-sai. Mr. Winbolt's notes are thin; he seems chiefly interested in the Virgilian hexameter, which he has evidently studied with care. Mr. Brown's notes on *Livy* are practical and good. The volumes may be had with or without vocabularies. More care should be taken to make these consistent with the notes. *Senta* (Æn. VI., 462) cannot mean *both* "dank, mouldy," *and* "unkempt, rough."

M. Tullii Ciceronis Epistolæ, Vol. I. *Recognovit brevique adnotatione critica instruxit Ludovicus C. Purser. Oxonii e typographeo Clarendoniano.*—That this volume is a valuable accession to the Clarendon Press Series will be questioned by no one who knows the scholarship and candour as well as the critical sagacity and logical method of Professor Purser. The "Epistolæ ad Familiares" and his views thereon are already in the hands of readers of the edition of "The Correspondence of Cicero" by Tyrrell and Purser. It will be useful here to advert to some of the chief improvements on the text of that edition introduced by Professor Purser in the work before us.

FAM. i., 4, 2.—*Sceleratissimorum* (*tribunorum*) *latrocinio.* The Harleian *codex* has *tirauno*, its usual attempt at interpreting the abbreviation for *tribunorum.* M. and R. omit the word. This

emendation of Professor Purser, published in "Hermathena," has been accepted by C. F. W. Müller in the new Trubner edition.

FAM. i. 56, 1.—*Inimicorum* with Weinhold for *nimirum*. It is questionable if *nimirum* can bear the meaning here required in Cicero (p. Q. Fr. II., 33). The vulg. is *omnium*, the conjecture of Manutius.

FAM. vii., 16, 1.—*Inicetus—i.e.*, "wrapped up"—is read with the MSS. This is the reading and explanation of Hoffman. For *inici* (*veste*), cp. Sil. iv., 359, *inicetus Spartanis colla catenis;* also Apul., *met.* ii., 28, *iuvenem lintcis tunicis inicctum;* viii., 27, *bombycinis inicti.* Professor Purser, however, thinks the right reading may have been *in tectis = non sub pellibus.* The reading *inicetus* is mentioned in the Tyrrell-Purser edition, but is there differently explained.

FAM. vii., 24, 1. —*Totum* with Otto, *tum* codd.

FAM. viii., 1, 4.—*Embœneticam facere*, "to ply a ferry," a certain reading of the MSS., though generally not accepted by Edd., who give πεινητικὴν or some such conjecture. This new word must be introduced into the next edition of Lewis and Short.

FAM. viii., 8, 6, *q. p.* (= *quam primum*) with the MSS.

FAM. ibid—*p. q. t.* (=*primo quoque tempore*) with Willems for the corrupt *populumque* of the MSS.

The edition, in our opinion, decidedly presents the best text of the "Epp. ad Fam." in existence, and is a model of a sound method consistently applied.

We may notice here, though it is not a school book, the eleventh volume of *Harvard Studies in Classical Philology.* Harvard University, and Longmans.—The present volume of this yearly publication is, on the whole, as interesting as most if not any of its predecessors. Unlike the publications of some of the younger American Universities, which take the form of monographs, the *Harvard Studies* comprise a series of essays on a great variety of subjects. Mr. Leacock writes (in Latin) "De rebus ad Pompas Sacras apud Græcos pertinentibus," Mr. Moore on "Oriental Cults in Britain"—cults, it need hardly be said, practised by members of the Roman army of occupation. Both writers have been at pains to collect materials which other scholars may perhaps turn to fresh account. The same may also be said of Mr. Fiske's "Notes on the Worship of the Roman Emperors in Spain." The author refers to previous writers for complete epigraphical statistics; but he makes some interesting remarks and suggestions on his own account. Thus he would explain *datum in omnes provincias exemplum* (Tac. I. 78) by the initiative taken in this instance by the provincials rather than the central Government; and he shows by apt parallels that the argument from the use of *flamini primo* by which Kraschenninikoff endeavoured to support a late date for the introduction of Cæsar worship in Bætica is a precarious one. Amongst the shorter articles we may call attention to that by Mr. von Mach on an Etruscan mirror representing the suicide of Ajax according to the version followed by Æschylus (ap. Schol. Soph. *Aj.* 833), noting at the same time that had the writer of the article been more conversant with the laws of tragic iambic verse he would hardly have restored to Æschylus such a line as

‹τοσόνδε καὶ χαλκοῦν› ἐκαμπτετο ξίφος.

There is also an interesting account of a Roman curb bit in Naples Museum, in which a cross-bar takes the place of the modern chain. We can well believe that a coachman described it as "the wickedest bit I ever see."

Selections from Plato: With Introduction and Notes. By L. L. Forman, Ph.D., Instructor in Greek in Cornell University. Macmillan's Classical Series.—This volume is designed, as it would seem, to meet the special needs of American undergraduates, who (as may be gathered from the preface) often enter upon the study of Plato equipped with a very superficial knowledge of Greek. It follows that the aids given by Mr. Forman consist for the most part in grammatical comments of a very elementary kind, or such notes as the following: "γεωργικῶν: γῆ, ἔργον. What does 'George' mean?" There is naturally no discussion of textual difficulties, nor are varieties of interpretation usually noticed in doubtful passages. There is no occasion to quarrel with the restrictions which the editor has thus imposed upon himself, but we regret that in a few cases the interpretation adopted seems to be out of date. Thus, on *Rep.* 379 E θεῶν ἔριν is explained of the θεομαχία (*Il.* xx.) instead of the quarrel which led to the Judgment of Paris. At the same time, Mr. Forman is an independent student, and now and then offers us a conjectural reading of his own, *e.g.*, πάναισχρον for πᾶν αἴσχιον *Gorg.* 483A—or a fresh interpretation, as on *Phædr.* 229 C, where we think that οὐκ ἂν ἄτοπος εἴην, εἶτα σοφιζόμενος φαίην κτλ could scarcely mean (as he suggests) "I would not be absurd and then play the rationalist . . . ." The introduction—which in its main theses owes a great deal to Joel's *Der echte und der Xenophontische Sokrates*—is interesting, and would be pleasanter reading but for some mannerisms of the author, such as the insertion of parentheses like "(Humble stonecutter to the Valhalla of all the wise!)". In the Index of proper names we note the omission of Lysanias, the father of Cephalus (p. 195,25).

Livy. Book II. Edited by R. S. Conway, Litt.D. Cambridge: University Press.—Professor Conway is so original a writer, and his knowledge of early Latin and the cognate dialects is so great that even a schoolbook from his pen could not fail to contain interesting matter. The strong point of the commentary is naturally to be sought in the philological notes which are occasionally enriched by Oscan parallels (*e.g.*, on *Incohare*, c. 48, *vel* c. 50, 11). The editor is somewhat too dogmatic as to the origin of the Gemend, and we find one erroneous statement, viz., that *Anio, Aniens* is the *only* noun whose declension preserves the old variation (-on-:-en-). *Nerio, Nerienis* furnishes another example. There is a remarkably interesting appendix on the use of primary tenses in Oratio Obliqua, in which Professor Conway endeavours to lay down precise rules as to the limits within which this idiom is found, and certainly leaves few exceptions unaccounted for (though *exsistat* clearly represents *exsistet*, c. 32, 6). The appendix on the traditions of Coriolanus is also good. On the other hand the treatment of constitutional history in the introduction and notes leaves something to be desired. Professor Conway is too prone to follow Schwegler, and although the subject of the plebeian assemblies and tribunician prosecutions in early times is admittedly obscure, the points at issue might have been stated in a form intelligible to the schoolboy within the limits of a short introductory section or appendix. On p. xxi. the insertion of *intactam*, c. 13, 8, should have been noted.

Gaii Iuli Cæsaris Commentariorum de bello civili liber tertius. Edited by A. E. Peskett, M.A. Cambridge: Pitt Press Series.—Mr. Peskett has already edited the first book of the *Civil War*, and now treats the third on the same scale. There is no room in a small school edition for the detailed discussion of topographical difficulties, and Mr. Peskett is content to pin his faith on Stoffel in such matters; nor is much space devoted to textual questions, apart from a brief critical appendix. Some suggestions, however, are made which seem worthy of consideration, especially the conjecture *immissis* for *summissis*, in 28, § 2. It is a little curious to note that while the words *in tecto*, 105, § 5, are bracketed in the text, and an explanation of their insertion is given in the appendix, we read on p. 161, "I see no reason to reject these words." Mr. Peskett's commentary will be of use to the schoolboy; the editor is well acquainted with Cæsar's idiom, and his linguistic notes are good. The parallels cited from Cicero for the curious *sine aliquo vulnere*, 73, § 3, are not, however, apt, since in each case the sentence is negative, and *sine aliquo* = "without a certain measure of . . ." In matters of history and antiquities the commentary is slightly less satisfactory. Not much information is given, and that is occasionally not quite accurate. Theophanes was not a native of Miletus (p. 86); nor is Μιτυλήνη the "usual" spelling in Greek (p. 157). It might have been noted that "Prætor" (80, § 3) is (as often) the equivalent of στρατηγός.

The Meno of Plato. By E. Seymour Thompson, M.A Macmillan.—Mr. Thompson modestly begins his Preface with the words, "This book might possibly have been better if less time had been spent over it." To us it appears that it could

hardly have been better—at least, as regards the needs of the scholar. It is an elaborate edition. To sixty pages of text there are sixty-five of introduction, and more than two hundred and fifty of commentary and appendices. But the *Meno* deserves elaborate treatment for many reasons. One has only to turn to the notes on the celebrated passage containing the geometrical problem, xxii. 86 E, which yields in difficulty only to the Nuptial Number in the Republic, to find a very thorny question treated lucidly and briefly. Dionysius of Halicarnassus tells us that Plato continued up to his eightieth year "combing and curling" (κτενίζων καὶ βοστριχίζων) his dialogues; and much nice scholarship is required to deal adequately with a style so carefully elaborated. This nice scholarship Mr. Thompson possesses, and he has spared no pains to make his book a model edition of a most important dialogue.

The Apology of Socrates. Translated with introduction, analysis, and notes by D. F. Nevill, M.A. F. E. Robinson and Co.—The Apology is full of minute difficulties of construction, and in some passages it rises to a great height of eloquence. We cannot say that this translation is quite adequate from either of these points of view. In 17 A αὐτῶν is not translated; in 18 C "do not believe in the gods either" is vague for "necessarily involve atheism," and ὀνόματα is "expressions" not "names"; and a similar vague rendering in 19 C should have been replaced by some such words as "to diminish by one the counts of my indictment"; αὐτοῦ translated "the matter" in 21 B is really masculine, like αὐτῶν mentioned above as untranslated; "which they were not," 22 C, is inaccurate, the construction being ἃ οὐκ ἦσαν σοφοί. But it would be tiresome to go through the little book in detail. It is only a crib, and misses the point whenever the point is subtle. Nor has the translator reproduced the impressiveness of the concluding chapters.

A Short History of the Greeks from the Earliest Times to B.C. 146. By E. S. Shuckburgh, M.A. Cambridge.—We do not think it would have been possible to write a better short history of Greece than the book before us. But we do not think short histories of Greece are of any real use. There is no room for a book standing midway between a mere list of dates and a work at least as long as Smith's (if not Bury's) history of Greece. Half a dozen pages on Homer, as many on the literature before the fifth century, and twenty on the rest of it down to Aristotle, represent the author's account of the literature of Greece. The Empire of Athens and her constitution, the question between Philip and Demosthenes, the death of Socrates, all involve interesting and instructive questions, but they cannot be dealt with to any advantage in a few pages. We think it a pity that so excellent an historian as Mr. Shuckburgh should have essayed an unpractical if not impracticable task.

The Rise of Hellas (Historical Greek Readers). By E. G. Wilkinson, M.A. (Black's Classical Series.)—This book contains a series of passages adapted from Greek authors, in which the story of Greece is told in episodes up to the close of the Persian wars. It has a few illustrations and maps, notes, and a vocabulary. The relation of this last to the text is not so strict as it should be. Whatever δικαιώσει means in the oracle concerning Cypselus, it is not "judge, claim, think right." The passages are graduated in difficulty and the selections should be useful. But it would be better, in adapting Herodotus or other authors, not to introduce or retain any but the most usual constructions if the book is intended for beginners. ὅστις should replace ὅς in the Indirect Question, and the strange conditional sentence (p. 6, l. 16 ff) should be altered.

Greek Unseens in Prose and Verse: Intermediate Section. London. Blackie and Son.—For the sum of fourpence we have thirty prose and thirty verse passages of from fifteen to twenty lines each. The latter are selected from Homer and Euripides only; the former from Xenophon (ten), Thucydides (nine), Demosthenes (five), Plato (three), Lucian (2), and Æschines (one)—the passage from the last-named author being strangely attributed to Demosthenes! The selection seems to be judicious; No. X., however (from Thuc. II. 23), is easier than most, and uninteresting.

Platonis Opera Tomus II. Tetralogias III., IV. continens. Recognovit J. Burnet. Clarendon Press.—This volume contains the Parmenides, Philebus, Symposium, Phædus, Alcibides I. and II., and the Erastæ. The editor is confirmed in the opinion expressed in Vol. I. that all the MSS. show one and the same recension, that traces of a second are to be found only in ancient writers and the *Codex Vendobonicusis* (W), and that the archetype was written before the sixth century.

Paton's List of Schools and Tutors, 1901. J. and J. Paton. 1s.—The fourth annual issue of this volume is an improvement on the earlier editions, as the lists of schools of which particulars are given are more complete than formerly. The book is designed to guide parents and guardians in the choice of schools for girls as well as boys, and includes Military and Naval Coaches, Agricultural Colleges, Training Colleges, and Preparatory Schools, besides giving lists of Scholarships open to competition at the public schools. Prospectuses of any of the schools will be sent on application to the publishers.

FICTION.

Mary Hamilton: Her Life and History. Being the chronicles of one Anne Cunninghame, sometime the waiting-woman and humble friend to that most sweet and lovely lady. By Lord Ernest Hamilton. Methuen. 6s.—What warrant Lord Ernest Hamilton has for his plot we do not know; but he tells, as though it were incontestable history, a pathetic tale of the secret but lawful marriage of Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, to Mary Hamilton in the days when she had not yet become maid-of-honour to her Royal namesake. Mary Hamilton is first introduced to the reader when she is living as a young girl with the Hamiltons, of St. Andrewes Knowes, and reputed the orphan child of a member of their family who had gone across the seas and found a home and a grave in Normandy. The story is told as by Anne Cunninghame, the companion and waiting-maid of Mary Hamilton. She is in the secret of the wooing and a witness to the marriage, and she has by-and-by her own love adventures. When Darnley becomes the husband of the Queen, he persuades these two innocent girls that the new relation is a purely official affair, in no way interfering with the validity of his private marriage; and when the lowlier Mary is bidden to the Court of the Royal Mary, she goes in simple faith, happy inasmuch as at Holyrood she will be under the same roof as her husband. There are some quaint and clever sketches of the merry-makings and love-makings at Court. Mary Stuart's character stands out in its natural colours—all impulse and wayward charm, jealousy alternating with generosity, tenderness with gusts of passion, merriment with melancholy. Disillusionment comes suddenly to poor Mary Hamilton with talk of the Queen's approaching *accouchement.* She makes her defiant protest and then subsides. Her own baby is born; she goes mad and kills it, and the conclusion is the scaffold.

Four-Leaved Clover. By Maxwell Gray (M. G. Tuttiet), author of "The Silence of Dean Maitland," etc. William Heinemann. 6s.—Marcia Ludlow, the heroine of *Four-Leaved Clover,* combines the characteristics of the modern young women with some of those of the young ladies of eighteenth century romance. She cycles, hunts, talks slang, and travels from country-house to country-house with "endless impedimenta" of smart frocks in proper trunks, besides "wraps and hold-alls, bundles of golf clubs, racquets, and bicycles." She is thoroughly up to date, but she is also romantic. She carries near her heart a spray of four-leaved clover, given her eight years ago at her first dance by a person who "talked to her as if she were a rational fellow-creature," and by some natural magic stole without suspecting it the shy girl's heart. When Marcia met Hugh Beaumont again

he did not recognise her, but she fainted dead away at sight of him, though she had stood a hard day after the hounds without turning a hair. The other man in the house, Captain Borman, she instinctively disliked, though her best friends spoke well of him. She found justification for her aversion one day when she caught him brutally thrashing his dog. And she punished him on the spot. In the words of the groom, "the dog was pretty nigh done, and some was crying shame, when Miss Ludlow came up, and went straight for the cap'en and knocked him over as clean as a whistle. I never seed anything prettier or straighter done in my life." In return for this chastisement Captain Borman contrives what he conceives will be dire humiliation for Marcia. But the straightness and simplicity of her own nature and Hugh Beaumont's bring her triumphantly through, and a slight but readable novel comes to a happy conclusion.

Love Idylls. By S. R. Crockett. John Murray. 3s. 6d.—Mr. Crockett is always at his best in short stories, and this volume, consisting chiefly of stories written during the last ten years, represent him at a fair average of merit. They have his supreme faults as well as his virtues; the charm with which he is able to invest his studies of Scotch peasantry appears alongside of the grotesque exaggeration and unreality into which he is apt to fall when attempting romance in the manner of Mr. Anthony Hope. Perhaps Mr. Crockett resents the supposition that he can only write "Kailyard" stories, for we have here two or three high-flying romances of which the scenes are pitched in Germany. Perhaps Mr. Crockett wished to show that he knows other countries and other people besides Galloway and the Scotch. If that is so, we shall be very well content to take Mr. Crockett's word for it, but we would rather read one of his short, simple studies of his own folk than all his German romances (if he has written any others) put together. "Love Among the Beech Leaves" could hardly be surpassed for a delicate charm and truth to good nature; "Billiam," although not a love idyll, is an extremely clever and attractive study; "The Purple Mountains" has merit, although we object on principle to pathos personified in a dying child; and the "Fitting of the Peats" is an excellent example of what one may call the long short story. All three tales are good in a way that Mr. Crockett has invented for himself; and as for the others, we prefer to think of them as experiments, and to hope that the author will not be tempted to forsake a path in which he has found opportunities of doing happy and original work.

The Aristocrats. By Grace Atherton. John Lane, 6s—It is hard to know how to deal with a book like this. Full of sympathetic, clever sketches of the men and women who ride on the topmost wave of modern civilisation; breathing the charm and aroma of the woodlands and the mystery of the mountain peaks of those wonderful Adirondacks, amid which the *dramatis personæ* move, there yet steals across the pages the faint sickening odour of moral corruption. It is not only that the language is at times coarse, one situation at any rate indelicate, and many discussions of more than doubtful taste, but there is an acquiescence in evil and in the power and triumphs of the flesh and the devil that provokes profound melancholy. The supremacy of unfettered passion as the true guide to life is again and again asserted by the high-born English girl who is the spokeswoman of the book. And her contempt is manifest for the women of the fastidious set representing the aristocrats of modern Americanism, women who, with all their faults and follies, have not arrived at welcoming breaches of the seventh commandment as a relief from *ennui.* And so, though one would fain pass over the evil to dwell on the pleasant features of the book, the naked truth remains, that be the setting ever so fair, it frames the picture of a society rotten to the core, and either insolent in its depravity or morbidly frightened to stir the nauseous depths over which in its "delicious frivolities" it floats.

The Lost Regiment. By Ernest Glanville, 6s.—Africa, and even the Soudan, begin to contribute their quota to the fast-flowing stream of tales of adventure. Beginning with an almost burlesque account of the formation, in a quiet Devonshire village, of a corps of adventurers, headed by an elderly English baronet, the story then passes to Egypt, lightly touches upon the now historical crossing of the Atbara, in the late Sirdar's advance to Khartoum, and plunges suddenly into a thrilling maze of fightings and alarms, rapid flights and quick pursuits, dangers and escapes. To heighten the interest, there are Englishwomen who are captured by the terrible Sons of the Desert, and the marvel is that anyone escapes alive. However, the miracle is accomplished and the final catastrophe adroitly averted. The author has produced a book with scarcely a dull page, but at times the art of omission is carried beyond its legitimate limits and a few more explanatory links might enhance the interest of the story and make it run more smoothly.

Marrable's Magnificent Idea. By F. C. Constable. Blackwood. 6s.—Marrable is not the hero of the amusing book which bears his name, and he stands somewhat in the background while his assistants work out his idea. This is a Stock Exchange story, and concerned with Marrable's new company for finding gold and diamonds in Beloochistan. For a time it hangs fire, while the shares at home fall rapidly, but to an angry crowd of shareholders comes a marvellous and unexpected telegram from Beloochistan announcing the find of gold beyond the dreams of avarice. This has been the work of Mr. Semple, a simple white-souled man, far from clever, but more than a match for schemers. Other people around begin to grow better under the money, like the worldly Mrs. Sturrock, who in the end bids her daughter Helen stick to the draper rather than marry her new tepid suitor, the Earl. Mr. Constable must guard against making his characters too loveable to be believed in. A faint flavour of Dickens hangs about the soft-hearted philanthropists.

Bagsby's Daughter. By B. and M. Van Vorst. Grant Richards. 6s.—The opening move of this little novel is wildly improbable. A brilliant young Chicago lawyer, Robert Halifax, falls in love at first sight with Violet Bagsby, the daughter of a millionaire pill-merchant, proposes to her in five minutes, and is accepted. Her parents, curiously enough, make no objection; the lovers are married in a week, and start for England. Unluckily, Halifax misses the boat, and before he can rejoin his bride in London, grave misunderstandings arise, since each suspects the other of flirting with an old "flame." Five minutes' quiet conversation would have put matters straight, but as no one has a ha'porth of sense the mischief grows like a snowball, until the reader is too impatient to care whether or not it eventually melts away.

Pacifico. By John Randall. Smith, Elder, 6s.—A mysterious and beautiful island; a band of brigands with a renowned leader; one or two charming ladies, with a hero and his friend, represent literary straw with which the bricks of fiction have often been made. The present novel adds the stamp of modernity by making the tale turn upon a commercial speculation, and the final difficulties be resolved by international arbitration. The plot is somewhat involved, and events do not always follow in a natural sequence; nor are the characters particularly living. Still *Pacifico* is a readable tale of adventure, and will pass away an idle hour.

Rickerby's Folly. By Tom Gallon. Methuen. 6s.—This is a tale of the sensational and melodramatic order. At "Rickerby's Folly," a gruesome old house in St. John's Wood, lives a thorough-paced villain of swarthy complexion, who tries to murder his cousin, Gilbert Rickerby, and rob him of his fortune and *fiancée.* By mistake he kills the wrong man, and through twenty-four bustling chapters Rickerby hides in a deserted room, and tracks down the murderer. The characters are amusing, if somewhat stagey.

NEW TESTAMENT LITERATURE.

(1) THE BOOKS OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By Leighton Pullan. Rivingtons.

(2) CHRISTIANITY IN THE APOSTOLIC AGE. By G. T. Purves, D.D. Smith, Elder.

(3) THE TEACHERS' COMMENTARY ON ST. MATTHEW. By F. N. Peloubet, D.D. Oxford University Press, American Branch.

(4) THE CENTURY BIBLE. ST. MATTHEW, edited by W. F. Slater. ST. LUKE, edited by W. F. Adeney. ST. JOHN, edited by J. A. McClymont. Edinburgh. T. C. and E. C. Jack. 2s. each.

(5) RIVINGTONS' HANDBOOKS TO THE BIBLE AND PRAYER BOOK. The Gospel According to St. Mark. Edited by F. L. H. Millard.

(6) BIBLE STUDIES. By G. A. Deissmann, translated by A. Grieve. Edinburgh. T. and T. Clark. 9s.

(1) AMONG popular books on the New Testament which have reached us lately, we place first Mr. Leighton Pullan's manual, as likely to be the most widely read. Mr. Pullan has a facile pen, and he seems to write with equal ease on the New Testament, on the History of the Prayer-book, or on early Christian doctrine. We note that a book by him on the large subject of the "Comparative History of Religions" is announced as in preparation. He has the gift of clear and orderly exposition, and we are sure that he is a good lecturer and an interesting one. We have little fault to find with the book before us. It is well arranged, and shows a competent knowledge of the problems which students of the New Testament have to face. In short compass it places before the ordinary intelligent reader a scholarly sketch, drawn with a firm hand, of the origins of the books of the New Testament, and a rough analysis of their contents. It is in many respects an excellent handbook, and may be safely recommended. But we confess that we are getting a little tired of handbooks introductory to the study of the Bible; and we do not quite know why we should have been given this one. Mr. Pullan's book does not add to knowledge, and the discussion of disputed points is rarely full enough to be satisfactory. He writes from the "conservative" point of view, and we are glad that he has resisted the temptation to prove his scholarship by the defence of novel theses. But he has not always refrained from imputing mean motives to the scholars from whom he differs, and this is a habit especially unbecoming to a "conservative" critic. Mr. Pullan is not more opposed to certain extravagant theories about the *Acts* now current in Germany than we are; but why should he write, "The indecent violence with which Professor Ramsay has been treated by some German sceptics shows that he has cut their folly to the quick"? And, again, of the Tübingen school: "As they were determined to deny the genuineness of the Gospel which so clearly teaches that Jesus is God, they tried to discredit the Gospel by insisting upon the authenticity of the Revelation." We do not think that the cause of truth is promoted by writing in this fashion. Mr. Pullan's book is so well planned and so carefully executed that we are sorry to observe these defects of taste.

(2) Dr. Purves's volume on the Apostolic Age is carefully written and shows an independent study of the recent literature on New Testament times. Like Mr. Pullan, Dr. Purves adopts for the most part the traditional views as to the date and authorship of the New Testament books, and is not led into extravagance by that straining after novelty which is so much the fashion among younger critics. He has tried, we think, to pack too much into a volume of three hundred pages, and in consequence his book is not attractive or easy reading. But for theological students it will be a useful discipline to master its contents. In particular, the life of St. Paul is well described, and the maps by which it is illustrated are clear and good.

(3) Dr. Peloubet's commentary on St. Matthew is the longest of several commentaries on the Gospels for the use of teachers and schools which lie on our table, and he certainly gives a great deal for the price put upon his book (5s.). The writer has wide experience of the needs of the class of readers whom he has in view, and as editor of "Select Notes on the International Lessons" has had to do with a large section of the religious public in America. He has attempted to "combine" the A.V. and the R.V. by a somewhat ugly arrangement of his text; and has marked the quantities of all proper names after a curious fashion. But there is much that is edifying in his notes, and in the illustrations of the sacred text which he has brought together from many sources. The book will probably be acceptable to many imperfectly educated people who desire to study the New Testament in detail; but it will not satisfy Churchmen, by reason of the inadequacy of its teaching on the Eucharist, nor will it satisfy scholars, because of the want of thoroughness in its treatment of critical questions, such as, *e.g.*, the authorship of the First Gospel. But Sunday-school teachers will like the book, and if they use it with discretion, it may be useful to them.

(4) A more attractive series of books, to our mind, is provided in *The Century Bible*, three volumes of which have reached us. The general editor is Professor Adeney, of New College, London, and he seems to have secured the services of competent colleagues. We have been most favourably impressed with the notes and Introductions, and, although there are a few observations to which a Churchman may take exception, we desire to recommend the series to the attention of our readers. The plan includes the printing of the texts of the Authorised Version and of the Revised Version in their entirety, the former of which is given in paragraph form without notes, these following the R.V. There are excellent maps of Galilee, Palestine, and Jerusalem, and scholarly and lucid introductions, in one of which the Synoptic problem is discussed, and its present position explained to the lay reader. The volumes have been beautifully turned out by the Oxford Press. We congratulate the publishers on their enterprise.

(5) Mr. Millard is a man with much experience of methods of teaching, and his commentary on St. Mark will be useful in Church schools. The introduction is plainly written and full of points, and the glossary of place names is well done. The notes are clear and as good as we usually get in commentaries of this class, but the chief value of the volume lies in the skeleton lessons which are provided as an aid to teachers. The blackboard sketches are just what such things should be. We do not quite know why "a public banquet shows" that St. Matthew must have been "bold" in character; but this is a small matter. On the whole, the book is entitled to praise.

(6) Last, but by no means least, on our list is an excellent translation of Professor Deissmann's *Bibelstudien* and *Neuebibelstudien*, a very welcome addition to English books on the Greek of the New Testament. Dr. Deissmann's investigations have done much to illustrate Biblical Greek, and we hope that students of papyri will not forget the service they may render to scholars by furnishing their publications with indices. Our English workers have not been unmindful of this duty in the past, and Dr. Deissmann makes full acknowledgment of the work they have done, both in transcribing and in editing Greek papyri. The translator has done well to rearrange the articles in *Bibelstudien* and *Neuebibelstudien*; as they now stand, they are placed in their natural order, the delightful "Prolegomena to Biblical Letters and Epistles" coming first. We observe that examples of Greek letters from the Oxyrhyncus Papyri take the place of those printed in the German edition; they are well chosen, but we do not know why Mr. Grieve has given them in English only and not in Greek also. Next comes the body of detached notes on Biblical words and phrases from both Dr. Deissmann's volumes; and then the sections on "An Epigraphic Memorial of the LXX.," "Biblical Persons and Names," "Greek Transcriptions from the Tetragrammaton," and the "Spicilegium" with which *Bibelstudien* ends. The references to the corresponding pages of the German edition are given in every case, which is a most laudable practice, much to be commended to translators. There is a full index of Greek words and also a useful index of Scripture texts, the absence of which detracted from the usefulness of the first volume of the original work. The book is well printed, and is extremely cheap at the price (9s.) at which it is issued. It is highly to be recommended to all students of the Greek Bible.

J. H. BERNARD.

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THE WEEK.

Home. We have a good deal of sympathy with eminent members of the Liberal party who find it necessary to address their constituents just now. Mr. Asquith's speech to his constituents on Saturday was remarkable chiefly for its prudence. What he said about the war was, unhappily, not original; it was very much what we have all been saying lately, only he took care to assure his constituents, for their comfort, that we were carrying on the war "with clean hands." Clean but clumsy, he said in effect; and indeed our hands have, at any rate, not been much soiled lately with the blood of our enemies. The Government is, unfortunately, only too successful in carrying on the war, and every day's news confirms our fear that we are unable to end it. Mr. Asquith had no very practical suggestions to make, but he did right to raise the voice of protest; if everyone were to do that the Government could not much longer maintain its condition of dangerous lethargy.

When he came to speak of the state of the Liberal Party Mr. Asquith trod delicately. The fact that the Irish Nationalists have, under the leadership of Mr. Redmond, become revivified, and are now openly declaring their independence of any branch of the Liberal Party that refuses to do their bidding, was not an easy thing to wrap up in the plausible optimism so dear to listening constituents. Mr. Asquith evaded the difficulty by ignoring altogether the fact that, just at present, at any rate, no section of the Liberal Party can assert itself which has not the support of the Nationalists. Instead, he drew rosy pictures of the good time coming when his own particular wing of the Liberal Party would be strong enough to do without both Irishmen and pro-Boers. But even Mr. Asquith admitted that such a time was very far off, and in the meantime the country is more in need of an alternative to the present Government than it has ever been. One speaks of the Government as being responsible, but so long as the country is responsible for the Government no party or section of a party, however small, can afford to neglect its duties. The plain duty of all Liberals just at present is to provide a stimulus for the Government, and so long as they are divided amongst themselves, and engaged in opposing each other, they are neglecting their first duty to the country.

We are among those who think that the Church Congress should be held in future not more than once in three years, although if we judge by the attendance this year at Brighton there must be plenty of people still eager to take part in it. At the opening of the Congress the chief impression appears to have been made by two men, very different in other ways, but resembling one another in simplicity of faith, courage, and hopefulness. What chiefly caught the attention of the press was Lord Halifax's speech at the English Church Union meeting, and the Bishop of London's characteristically enthusiastic and hopeful sermon, in which he spoke with the greatest confidence of the prospect of ritual peace in London.

Lord Halifax reiterated a certainly not unneeded warning against regarding bishops as autocrats whose mere word can determine the law of the church. He also refused to be bound by the dead hand of an ancient Act of Uniformity, originally intended to restrain Nonconformity and not to fetter the necessary development of the Church. He also was very emphatic against the idea that the Church is a democracy. We certainly agree with him in all these positions. It is quite misleading to describe the Church as a democracy. And undoubtedly the ratepayer should not be allowed to exercise an ecclesiastical suffrage unless he is also a real and practising churchman. But if the bishops are not to be autocrats, the living voice which controls them must be that of the Church as a whole—that is, presbyters and laymen (who are really laymen), by some sort of representation. The ideal is no doubt hard to carry into practice. But to say that the bishops

ought not to be autocrats must mean that the government of the Church ought to be in part corporate and representative.

The invasion of our shores by the French monastic orders has already begun, and, although we have not yet been hurt, we are already crying out. We hear of deep schemes laid against us by the Romans, and of the peril with which our religious existence is threatened. It has even been said that what we have rather inhospitably called the "invasion" is but the advance guard of an army of Jesuits, whose mission it will be to convert us all to Rome. We need hardly say that this is nonsense, the simple fact being that the orders that have found existence impossible in France have turned naturally to a country that allows no religious favouritism, and has been for long regarded as a place of refuge. The case of Jersey, whither the Carmelites are bending their steps, is somewhat different. Although Jersey is a British possession it is really a French island with an English governing class super-imposed on the agricultural classes, and the Jersey people, who find it difficult enough even now to keep up an efficient Militia, fear that the anti-British feeling would be so largely fostered by the French monks that their Militia would really be French in sympathy and so would be useless to us in time of trouble. The difficulty is aggravated by the fact that Jersey is badly in need of the money offered by the monks for the manors and land they wish to buy; and her refusal (if she does refuse) to sell to the Carmelites will have something heroic about it.

During the past week the races between *Shamrock II.* and *Columbia* have transformed London into an enthusiastic yachting centre. Neither Cowes nor Rothesay has ever been so deeply absorbed in the rounding of mark-boats, in running and reaching, in jockeying for positions, in baby jib-topsails and balloon foresails. Men who could hardly tell a jack-yard from a marlin-spike have thronged the Embankment and the bridges, watching with beating hearts and bated breath the momentous procession along the river of two little boats decorated with coloured lamps. Crowds have been alternately elated and depressed by the manipulation of red and green lights upon a chimney; joy and despair have been spread for miles round by the agency of significant fireworks. Last Saturday's race showed that in fine weather *Shamrock II.* was at least a match for *Columbia* in windward work, although hardly a match for her before the wind, and although *Columbia* won by a very narrow margin, the British yacht was at once admitted upon all hands to be a possible winner of the Cup.

The good impression made by her was confirmed on Tuesday, when she had all the best of an unfinished race, and again on Thursday, when she led the American in a spanking, whole-sail breeze round two-thirds of a triangular course. *Columbia*, however, which has a great reputation as a hard-weather boat, overtook her in the beat home, and crossed the line 1 min. 18 secs. ahead of *Shamrock*, thus winning a magnificent race by 3 mins. 35 secs. corrected time. The result of Friday's race had not been announced when we went to press, but inasmuch as *Columbia* had only to win once more to end the series, interest in the races was practically at an end on Thursday night. The America Cup would have been a fitting reward for Sir Thomas Lipton's pluck and determination, but, if it is denied him, he will, we hope, be consoled by the reflection that he has provided the greatest pleasure that well-contested yacht races can give.

Just when matters at Grimsby seemed to have reached a hopeless dead-lock Lord Yarborough stepped in, and, by a simple and common-sense suggestion, he has brought within sight the end of this ruinous quarrel. The fact that Lord Yarborough's interests are largely bound up in Grimsby gave him a right to speak, and that he spoke to such good purpose is a matter upon which owners and men may well congratulate themselves. The only question that finally remains to be settled is whether the men should "sign on" at the Board of Trade Offices or the Federation Offices. The owners wished it to be at the Federation Offices, but the men, from their dislike or distrust of the Federation, claimed the right of signing on at the Board of Trade Offices, and refused a request that this point should be referred, with the other matters of dispute, to arbitration. All seamen except fishermen sign on at the Board of Trade, and we see no reason why the fishermen should not be humoured in this small matter. To an outsider the point seems a trivial one, but evidently the men feel strongly about it. It would be ungracious of the owners to refuse a concession that can cost them nothing, especially when they have so wisely consented to abide by the Board of Trade's decision on much larger questions.

The scarcity of water in the North of England, and particularly in Lancashire, has become really serious. Burnley and Bury have less than a three weeks' supply in stock, and the authorities fear to curtail the hours of supply less waste should result. At Burnley, and also at Nelson, mills have been stopped; Colne has only escaped acute inconvenience by sinking wells, and at Huddersfield and Halifax this week's rain has been hailed as a respite from impending famine. The position of Manchester, which has to supply a population of more than a million, is perhaps the most tantalising and certainly the most alarming. Manchester has an inexhaustible supply of the purest water in Lake Thirlmere, a hundred miles away, but the 42-inch pipe through which it is led to the city can deliver no more than 8,000,000 gallons a day. This is but a fourth of the normal daily consumption, and the remainder is supplied from that long chain of reservoirs in the Pennine hills which is familiar to passengers by the Great Northern and Great Central Railway routes. The rainfall in the watershed during the past four months has been 8½ inches, or about 10 inches less than the normal, and there is now only enough water in stock to supply Manchester twelve hours a day for three weeks. The danger in Lancashire is not so much from actual famine as from diseases that may arise from the drinking of impure water and be spread by the condition of the streets and sewers.

The report of the Committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War to consider the re-organisation of the Army Medical Services was issued last week, and its recommendations seem well designed to remove the most serious of the abuses connected with those services. The pay of all ranks will be considerably increased, so that the service can now offer a reasonable alternative, even financially, to private medical practice,

Promotion will depend on professional proficiency, and not merely on length of service; opportunities are to be given for men to study at recognised hospitals; extra pay is offered to specialists in various branches of medical and surgical science, and the whole tendency of the new regulations is to make professional capacity the chief qualification for success and advancement. This is, of course, just as it should be, and it is a very disgraceful fact that hitherto professional ability has been the one thing which Army doctors did not need to possess. One's only doubt as to this scheme is that it may not solve the great difficulty of keeping men in steady and varied practice. A good physician or surgeon is not produced by examinations, but by experience and practice; and if that is restricted all these excellent regulations will not avail to make the Army Medical Corps really competent to do its infinitely difficult and important work in time of war.

The war news this week continues to be as grave as it can well be. We had at the beginning of the week an official denial by the War Office that its relations with Lord Kitchener were anything but what they should be; which means that the War Office does not regard seriously protests by a Commander-in-Chief as to the inefficiency of troops sent out to him. We must confess that any official statement on such a subject is in the nature of smoke which indicates that fire is not far away. In the meantime we have suffered heavy damage from large and well-organised bodies of Boers, but neither the Cabinet nor the Committee of Defence shows any sign of interrupting its autumn holiday for the purpose of dealing with a situation that is regarded as serious by men of all parties. In another column we offer a few elementary suggestions as to the direction in which efforts for increased military power might take. As a matter of fact, if the Government would say frankly to the country, "We are in a mess, and need men badly; help us out of it," there would be no difficulty about getting the right men to volunteer. But as the Government prefers to say that the war is over, more cumbersome methods of recruiting are necessary.

General Botha's attempt to break into Zululand at Fort Itala cost us some very severe fighting and 118 casualties; and, as in so many recent engagements, it is impossible to say whether we scored a victory or a defeat. At any rate, the British force made a very plucky and energetic resistance, and fought fiercely enough to make Botha glad to retire after an engagement that lasted several hours. The Boers must have suffered heavily, but we are rather surprised to see Lord Kitchener giving credence to the rumour that they lost 250 killed and 300 wounded. That is the kind of wild statement that one used to hear at the beginning of the war, and it is generally founded on the multiplication table. Detached scraps of news filter through the censorship and the War Office of various reverses —the capture of a British post at Glencoe, the loss of a large convoy in Zululand, and similar incidents, each negligible in itself, but all taken together affording an unpleasant record of misfortune.

The most severe fighting during the week, however, took place at Moedwell, when Delarey, with 1,000 men, attacked Colonel Kekewich's camp, and was only driven off after two hours' hard fighting, during which we had 161 casualties—2 officers and 31 men killed, 14 officers and 114 men wounded. The fact that the wounded were brought into Rustenburg suggests that our troops had also to retire, and that the fight was one of those in which both sides suffer loss but neither gains any advantage. Colonel Kekewich, an excellent officer, was himself wounded in two places, and we are sorry to hear that his injuries are serious. Mr. Tjaard Kruger, who was recently captured, died in Pretoria on Monday after a short illness, and three Boer commandants were killed in the Fort Itala fight. Lord Kitchener reports that 27 Boers have been killed during the week, 24 wounded, 274 prisoners, and 48 surrenders. This, of course, does not include the Fort Itala casualties, which are unknown.

Foreign. There is little positive news this week, but there are indications that a good deal of history is in the making, especially in Spain and the Near East. The one fact of capital importance is the announcement of the Hungarian Premier—Hungary having been hitherto the chief pillar of the Triple Alliance—that no commercial treaty can be concluded with Germany on the basis of the new tariff as published, and that to close the Austro-Hungarian frontier to German products would mean cutting them off from the Balkan States as well. The tariff, as it stands, threatens both the German power to manufacture goods cheaply—because it will inevitably raise the price of food and the cost of labour—and the German mercantile marine, which will have nothing to carry but passengers, if the new duties are passed. Herr Szell's announcement shows that it also threatens the German market in Turkey, which the Kaiser has done his best to secure by very questionable means, and the existence of the Triple Alliance itself. And the position of German industry and finance is already critical enough.

Now that the Czar's visit is over, the French people are beginning to take stock of the possible benefits to themselves. Two of the estimates published are extremely unfavourable. The *Revue Blanche* rather unadvisedly put some leading questions on the subject to Count Leo Tolstoy, who promptly replied that the Russian people know nothing of the alliance, but would be repelled by French enthusiasm for it if they did, and that its effect is purely mischievous, as it unites France, the foremost of civilised nations, to Russia, the most retrograde, and degrades Russia into apparent dependence on the opinion of the West. This reply, of course, is a condemnation of the whole of foreign politics in their present shape; which we owe chiefly to Prince Bismarck and to Napoleon III. A more mundane, but hardly less hostile, view of the Dual Alliance has been taken by M. Camille Pelletan, who follows M. de Cassagnac in declaring that its existence is fatal to all projects for the recovery of Alsace and Lorraine. It was inevitable as a protection against German jingoism, but France now gets nothing from it, while Russia gets the aid of the third best army in the world and the second best navy, and an abundant supply of capital on loan. Russia, in short, he thinks, is "exploiting" France, and is doing so chiefly to promote a good understanding between Germany and herself.

The time allowed to the unauthorised religious orders in France to apply for authorisation expired on Thursday,

when about 360 applications had been sent in out of a possible 753. The Jesuit Provincials have published a farewell protest against the Associations Law as an attack on the Church, the Holy See, and the natural rights of French citizens, concluding with a prayer that Providence may arrest France on her downward path. A Jesuit community in Paris marked its departure by a farewell mass, but most of the emigrating bodies have left quietly and in small detachments. Very many seem to have gone into Spain, where they are not welcomed, and have found a new decree of the Ministry of the Interior, requiring them to register their names individually at the French Consulates and the provincial Prefectures of their new home.

The Spanish decree, however, is primarily directed against the communities of Spanish nationality, whose numbers have increased by something like 150 per cent. since 1876, and who are stated by their adversaries to evade taxation and to prove formidable competitors with the secular clergy as well as with ordinary traders. Whether the decree will be carried out, however, is doubtful; the Clerical and Court party are stated to be attempting to delay its execution till the young King comes of age. There seems little doubt that he will be under the control of the Ultramontanes, and, in view of this, Republican demonstrations are open and active. But it seems incredible that Spanish Republicans can ever hold together except for the early stages of destroying.

The removal of General Davoust, Duc d'Auerstadt, from the Chancellorship of the Legion of Honour, has been effected discourteously, and has entailed the resignation of two other members of the Council, who are his personal friends; and, of course, it has given the Nationalists a fresh basis for attacks on the Ministry. But the step was justified, though the manner of it was offensive. The General had refused to submit a motion for the expulsion of M. de Lur-Saluces, who is not only a convicted political offender like M. Deroulède, but an avowed foe of the French Republic in any form, and therefore unfit to enjoy its highest honour. The step has offended only those who were already determined enenies of the present *régime.*

A much more serious danger is impending in the shape of a general miners' strike. Last May, it will be remembered, the French Miners' Congress at Lens, while its members were still suffering from the irritation provoked by the strikes at Montceau-les-Mines and elsewhere, passed a resolution announcing a general strike for October 1st unless the Chambers meanwhile passed a Bill securing them the eight hours' day, a minimum wage, and a pension of two francs daily after twenty-five years' service. The Chambers, naturally, have not done this, though a committee has been appointed to consider the demands, and an old age and disablement pensions Bill (which is said to be very badly drawn and unworkable) is awaiting the coming Session; and accordingly the miners of the Pas de Calais are preparing to take a vote on the question next Sunday week. Last May the strike was only averted by the ingenious device of counting the votes by districts and the abstentionists as adverse, so that the decision of the whole body was made nugatory by displaying the reluctance of certain regions to join. At present, the Ministry has a respite till November 1st; and the men's leaders, with a good sense less common in French labour disputes than in England, are working for a further postponement: but the unsettlement, followed by the certain failure of the strike, may easily tell against the Ministry both in the Chamber and at the polls next year. In Belgium, also, a great strike has begun in the Liège district; but it is already weakening, and nothing is more likely to check it than a reduction of the output in France.

It is difficult not to sympathise in some degree with the German Emperor's determination that the avenue Unter den Linden shall not be crossed on the level by an electric tramway, but his mode of signifying it is hardly courteous. The municipal authorities have had to wait seventy-two days for his answer. Meanwhile, on the faith of an official assurance that it would be favourable, they have purchased tramways, one of which, we believe, had the leave-way which has been now refused by the Kaiser, and their re-election of Herr Kauffmann will probably intensify the dispute. Moreover, the Kaiser now orders that every architectural design contemplated by the municipality shall be submitted for his approval. Now, his own taste is not that of other amateurs in art, and his other avocations imply that his interference will mean an immense increase to the city both in delay and cost.

The news from China is, on the whole, rather more favourable than usual. The attack on German Swiss missionaries in Kwangtung is an unpleasant exhibition of the activity of the anti-dynastic Nationalist rebels in the South, but it does not seem likely to produce international complications, even if the Chinese regulars cannot suppress the disturbance at once. In the North, the Chinese officials are tractable, and the Germans are likely to withdraw from Shanghai. The Court is beginning its return journey, and showing at least an apparent compliance with the wishes of Europe by reaffirming, in substance, the reform edicts of 1898. Whether they will or can be carried out is another matter; at any rate, there will be no more foreign interference at present, except perhaps by Russia in Manchuria. And the efforts to collect subscriptions towards the indemnity among the Chinese settled abroad, which are being strongly opposed by the English and Dutch Ministers at Peking (presumably in view of consequent troubles in the Straits Settlements and Java) may, after all, bring recruits to the forces of reform.

It is not clear what is going to happen at Koweit, though the telegrams from Bombay announcing the impending proclamation of a British protectorate seem to have been based on desire rather than fact. It has always been the policy of a certain school of publicists to secure Persia for us, but the policy has been deliberately abandoned by British Governments, and the Euphrates Valley Railway is more likely to be made by German than by English capital. The French and German Press, as usual, suspect us of a desire to secure Koweit, as a possible terminus, for ourselves; but we seem to be merely giving its ruler legitimate aid against Turkish aggression. It is unfortunate for him, though perhaps a blessing to his people, that the dispute should have come at the most critical time in Turkish history since 1896. The Porte is making frantic efforts to settle the Lorando claim, but with an empty treasury no settlement is possible; there are alarming reports from Macedonia and Armenia, and the state of the whole Empire is so desperate that the *Times* correspondent at Constantinople predicts that the Powers, through their ambassadors, will have to take collective action. It is deplorable that this action is likely to be hampered, as usual, by unfounded suspicions of our own aims on the part of German, Russian, and French critics. English Turcophilism, and even English attempts to secure influence in Turkey, are now a closed chapter of history.

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Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

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The Pilot.

Saturday, October 5, 1901.

EDUCATION AND CITIZENSHIP IN INDIA.

In the statesmanlike speech with which Lord Curzon on September 2 opened the proceedings of an expert committee at Simla he subjected to a searching criticism the results achieved by education in India during the sixty-six years which have passed since Macaulay's famous minute set the educational machine moving in the direction which it has ever since taken. We cannot examine his Excellency's able and lucid summary of the present position in any detail, but we wish to draw attention to one lesson that was evidently uppermost in his mind, a lesson that any Government of India must carefully ponder. According to our Western definition man is a political animal—that is to say, is by nature a citizen. Following this definition we may say that the measure of good education is good citizenship. Now, we have introduced into India our conception of the State; we have given her a system of local self-government which, though still in its infancy, has created a demand for good citizens. What is our educational system doing to supply that demand? For example, the bulk of the population is agricultural: what are we doing to dispel that ignorance which, according to Lord Curzon, "is a source of suspicion and of superstitious outbreaks, and crime, yes, and also much of the agrarian discontent and suffering among the masses"? Or, among the industrial population, what are we doing to fit men to take a useful place in the social economy—what training are we giving to enable them to ply their hereditary trades in face of the growing competition of imported capital? These are matters, in the first instance, of primary education, and primary education has been solemnly recognised by Government as one of its first responsibilities. Yet Lord Curzon tells us that Government has not fulfilled its pledges in this respect, and he appeals for much greater attention to these masses, to make them happier, and, in proportion as they are happier, more useful members of the body political.

Again, of the four and a half millions who are being educated in India, one and a quarter pass on from the primary to the secondary stage. From this number must be drawn those who are to take the chief part in discharging the municipal and other public duties which the State requires. What are we doing to fit them for the task? It is here that the defects of the present educational system are most conspicuous. Thus Lord Curzon notes that for our university education in India we have taken the worst of all possible models, the old London University. A purely examining university is always attended with certain dangers, which in India are even greater than elsewhere because, as his Excellency observes, "by making education the sole avenue of employment in the service of the State we unconsciously made the examination the sole test of education." To counteract this disastrous tendency, which sacrifices the process of education to its product, Lord Curzon would seek to create something of that moral and intellectual "atmosphere" of Oxford or Cambridge (from which the average undergraduate derives more benefit than from the actual teaching he receives) by extending the system of hostels. That system has been found to work admirably at the Oxford Mission at Calcutta and elsewhere, and we do not see why it should not flourish in every university town if supervision of the right kind can be provided.

But the defects of secondary education do not stop there. To make good citizens we must impart sound instruction. But the text-books in use are notoriously ill-chosen and ill-adapted to the object in view, and when Government recently determined to take this matter into its own hands it evoked a storm of vituperation from the native press. Lord Curzon, however, is firm, and rightly insists that if Government is to be responsible for teaching it must also claim the right to pronounce upon the thing taught. Again, we have to aim at producing citizens, not of a cosmopolis but of India. Can we hope to succeed if we neglect the languages of India? "It would surely be a preposterous way of adding to the intellectual treasures of a nation," wrote Mountstuart Elphinstone in 1824, "to begin by destroying its indigenous literature." Yet since "the cold breath of Macaulay's rhetoric," as Lord Curzon calls it, passed over the vernacular languages, they have practically dropped out of the educational course; native literature has deteriorated, and India is overstocked with Anglicised babus. The Viceroy proposes as a remedy to make passes in higher vernacular examinations at secondary schools the test for subordinate Government posts. We would go farther and conduct all examinations at universities and schools in the native languages of the candidates. We are in hearty agreement with Lord Curzon when he claims that "by the work of the past three-quarters of a century the moral and intellectual standard of the community has been raised"; but we have said enough to show that if the peoples of India are to be fitted for the new ideals that Western civilisation has introduced among them, some far-reaching educational reforms are necessary. These reforms will not be carried through without

obstinate opposition from those whom they are intended to benefit. For the native press is largely manipulated by the half-educated and shallow products of the present system, who will fight hard against measures that will, it may be hoped, considerably check the propagation of their species. But Lord Curzon is not the man to shrink from opposition, and in his efforts he will have behind him the best public opinion both in India and in this country.

A VOLUNTARY ISOLATION.

HITHERTO the coming German tariff has been discussed by foreign critics primarily as affecting the national manufacture and maritime enterprise, and secondarily in its bearings on the relations of Germany with the Eastern neighbour with whom it is the chief part of her policy to keep on good terms. It has been suggested, of course, in these columns and elsewhere, that a set of prohibitive duties which shuts off Hungary from a natural, and Italy from a somewhat artificial, market can hardly conduce to that reciprocal friendliness without which any defensive alliance cannot work under stress, however rigorously it may be defined and enforced. But the action taken by the Hungarian Premier through diplomatic channels, with the entire approval both of the Austrian Government and of the Foreign Minister of the Dual Monarchy, brings this truth within the comprehension of even the most narrow-minded of Prussian landowners. It does more; it opens up a new vista of political dangers, some of which might have been unforeseen, even by a trained diplomatist. If Hungary, Herr Szell argues, is to be shut out of the German market, she must secure compensation in Austria. Consequently, whatever may be the future of the joint Customs system of the Dual Monarchy, the frontiers of both partners must practically be closed to German produce. Nay, more; German goods cannot have facilities for passing them, in bond or otherwise, on their way to the Balkan States or the Turkish Empire.

Not only are German manufacturers thus excluded from one of their most promising markets, but the Balkan States are to be cut off from their market in Austria. The occasional exclusion of Servian bacon from that market was mentioned years ago in one of Lord Salisbury's speeches as the most powerful means of keeping Servia on her good behaviour towards Austria-Hungary. If it is to be permanently kept up in favour of the Hungarian pig-breeders, Servia will be more Russophil than ever; and the same applies to every other Balkan State, even Roumania, at present the faithful satellite of the Triple Alliance. This may give an opening for France, and even for England, to secure that footing in the near East which, according to our Consular reports and to other authorities, our traders have wantonly thrown away since the Treaty of Berlin. It is more likely, however, to drive the whole of the Balkan States into the arms of Russia, which wants a new market, and would doubtless make sacrifices to create one. But this would tend to upset the Austro-Russian agreement in the Balkans, which, in some way not precisely defined, pledges the two Powers not to take independent action in regard to any Balkan State. Austria-Hungary, in short, in self-defence, will be forced into a course which must set up trouble in the Balkans, and in this or in other ways may imperil European peace.

It is a serious warning, and it comes with special force to German politicians for two reasons. Every State concerned in the Triple Alliance, except Hungary, contains elements that make against absolute fidelity to the bond. Germany must keep on good terms with Russia as long as she possibly can; Italy has her Francophiles, her Extreme Left, her renewed commerce with France, who is her banker also; Austria has to reckon with her Slavs and Ultramontanes, who hate the Hungarian and the Italian Governments; but in Hungary the dominant party is, with excellent reason, permanently Russophobe, and the non-Russophobe elements, strong in the population, are in an almost hopeless minority in politics. If a Magyar Premier can say that, for economic reasons, his State will have to take action which will tend to bring on the very danger the Triple Alliance was devised to check, the position must be serious indeed. And the form of the warning will be specially convincing to German publicists. They have often managed to deceive themselves, by complicated arguments, as to the essential absurdities of Protectionism. But they habitually follow out the possibilities of foreign politics a little further than spectators in other countries. The inspired communications with which Prince Bismarck used occasionally to intervene in the squabbles of the Russian and German Press would have been rather beyond the range of the ordinary English reader. On the German public they appear to have had the desired effect. Similarly, this sequence of inevitable events as sketched by Herr von Szell—Hungary compelled to force her partner to drive all the Balkan States to encourage Russia to upset the Austro-Russian agreement, not to speak of miscellaneous complications with Italy and an unexpected competition with England might be mistaken by an Englishman for a parody of the House that Jack Built; but it is just the sort of thing to appeal to the German student of foreign politics. The industrial Protectionists are already rather alarmed at the rise in cost of labour which must inevitably follow the increase of the duties on cereals and bacon, not to speak of meat, fruit, and eggs. The German workman's household, as Herr Barth has been pointing out with the aid of a compilation from seventy-five "domestic budgets," is often not properly nourished as it is. If his present contribution of 30s. a year to the tax on grain is to rise to 50s., if bacon, cheese, and butter are to be increased in price 100 per cent., many households will give up bacon for herrings and substitute potatoes for bread. Wages must increase, or product decrease: probably both. If, besides this, Germany is to be cut out of her markets in Russia and the Balkans, in Hungary and Austria—and, of course, in America—where are her manufactures to find a sale? And if a European war comes, German competition with America is at an end.

Against this sort of argument, of course, the Agrarians are proof. They do not so much want to produce more, as to sell what they have at a substantial profit; and people who cheerfully look forward to industrial depression as a source of cheap agricultural labour are not likely to care about foreign markets much. But the Catholic vote, which was expected to support them entire, is largely industrial, and much as good Catholics may hate Herr von Szell's policy, his arguments cannot but shake their

Protectionist faith. We do not know if Count von Bülow is too deeply pledged to the Agrarians, or the Kaiser too much in sympathy with the Prussian nobility, "the pillars of the Throne," to recede from the concessions they appear to have made. But Herr von Szell's action cuts away their chief support. The new tariff proposals were recently described by the Prussian Minister of Commerce as a kind of menace or warning, to show other nations what they might expect if they did not make commercial treaties with the German Empire. Seldom has any menace recoiled more effectually on its authors.

THE MILITARY DIFFICULTY.

THE letter from Mr. A. M. S. Methuen which appears in our correspondence columns raises some important points in connection with what we can only describe as the South African deadlock. Mr. Methuen says that England must choose one of three courses with regard to South Africa—(1) to make terms with the Boers; (2) to raise by some form of *levée* or conscription a new army; and (3) to drift into disaster. We are reluctant to believe, however, that the issues of the case are so narrowly confined as Mr. Methuen seems to think. Making terms with the Boers, in the sense of granting the only thing they care for—full independence—is simply impossible now; we have gone too far for that. "Drifting into disaster" is another way of describing a series of victories by the Boers that should utterly dishearten and disorganise our army; and that is an event the bare possibility of which compels us to end the war with the utmost despatch by force of arms. We have not ceased to urge that this should be done, but Mr. Methuen says that it is a useless counsel if we cannot suggest how reinforcements are to be provided. It is not our business to do the work of the War Office; still, we may suggest two ways at least in which the army could be recuperated.

First, as to raising efficient mounted forces. It is true, of course, that the way in which the original force of Yeomanry were treated has not made them anxious to re-enlist; partly because they now see that the war may be a very long affair, and they do not wish to commit themselves possibly to a couple of years' service, and partly because the inducement is insufficient. The War Office is perfectly well aware that it has only to hold out a strong enough inducement in order to obtain as many men from the disbanded Yeomanry and from the Volunteer corps as it may require. The laws of political economy must be regarded even in the enlistment of an army, and although patriotism, martial ardour, and a love of adventure generously depress the market value of the soldier's service, the difference must, after all, be made up in cash unless we are prepared (as we are not) to throw our voluntary system overboard. Martial ardour and the love of adventure have been largely slaked by two years of campaigning; the appeal to patriotism has become hesitating and half-hearted; and the pay alone does not attract the right sort of man. In these circumstances the duty of the Government is plain. It must make a clean breast of the position, publicly and frankly; try to regain the country's confidence in its ability to prosecute the war to a successful issue, and then appeal to the spirit of patriotism (which is not dead, but only bewildered and disgusted) for the means, in men and money, to bring the Boers to terms. If the necessity for further sacrifices is made plain enough, if it be made clear that the sacrifices will not be thrown away by political bungling like that which prolonged the war after the occupation of Bloemfontein, and if the conditions of service offered are good enough, there will even now be no lack of good men. Personally, we think 5s. a day good pay even for the best Yeomanry, but if 5s. is not enough the War Office must offer six, seven, or even eight shillings. Men could be enlisted for a term, say, of six months, and as soon as one set was despatched another could be put under training to replace it. The Government cannot stop now to think of expense; and if good pay and short service were offered we have no doubt that men of the right sort would be forthcoming.

We still think, too, that some troops could be spared from India, Egypt, and elsewhere; but even if they could not, there is still a way by which the fagged and stale South African army might be refreshed. Regiments from South Africa might very well be sent to relieve regiments which are stationed elsewhere. A war-wearied regiment is quite as good as another for garrison purposes, and we are not at all sure that a few cavalry regiments, innocent of the bitter experience that has deprived their comrades of the insatiable taste for fighting for which they were at first remarkable, would not just now be very useful in South Africa, when dash and audacity can produce a very great effect. We do not pretend that these suggestions solve the whole of a difficult situation; they are merely offered as reminders that we are not yet at the end of our tether, and that the Government, if it really wishes to end the present deplorable state of affairs, is not so utterly helpless as Mr. Methuen would have us believe.

AMERICAN MILLIONAIRES.

WHAT is the use or function of a millionaire in the greatest Republic which the world has ever seen? This problem, handled by a modern Aristotle in some new treatise on ethics and politics, might yield surprising results. But Aristotle not having left a successor, the next best thing would be, perhaps, to let the millionaire speak for himself. Not Mr. Carnegie, who, after all, is only the successful Scotsman abroad, but a native-born, American bred, and, if possible, reflective young man, in whose hands the millions are as much an inheritance as a prize of battle. Can he apologise for his wealth? To what end does he exist at all in a state which was founded on equal opportunity, and which now affords to scandalized Europe the sight of inequalities as enormous as the old Roman Empire had to show in its worst days? A philosophic defence of the kings of Wall Street should be interesting.

I heard it sketched, a few days ago, by this pattern gentleman, lord of himself and of much land besides, with a fervour which betokened conviction. Mr. Trust, I will call him, was young, travelled, thoughtful, and unhappy. That America was now the strongest Power on this planet he believed, but it brought him no comfort. Neither, he said, was it bringing comfort to the people themselves, who were profoundly dissatisfied; prosperous, but agitated by waves of moral unrest; a Democracy in form, not so in fact. The suggestion, borrowed from another American whom I had encountered, was thrown out by me that economics which piled up millions in so few hands might be the cause of these painful symptoms. But Mr. Trust would not allow it. On the contrary—and here is the paradox to which I call attention—millionaires were fast becoming,

or had already become, the sole guarantee of American freedom. As how? Mr. Trust proceeded to explain. There is a passage in a recent PILOT which was not written at the time of our dialogue, but it would have furnished a fitting text to the millionaire's most ample commentary. "The progress of civilisation," said THE PILOT, "makes us more and more dependent on the probity of our rulers. Legislation plays a continually increasing part in our lives, and if this legislation is corrupt the state of the civilised man is worse than that of the savage." Well, observed Mr. Trust, American legislation root and branch is corrupt. And, if millionaires ceased out of the land, it would be almighty. Millionaires alone stood between the people and a vile and sordid despotism. For this were they ordained, and this was their apology and defence.

Local politics, I knew, had become organised stealing, especially in the great cities; I was just hot from an incredible report of the sale, in one single day, at Philadelphia, of "franchises" dealt with over the heads of the people, and without consulting them. But was it so at the centre—at Washington? Then we both smiled, and Mr. Hay's novel of "Democracy" came to our remembrance, with its hero the late Mr. J. G. Blaine. But how did the Senate stand? Mr. Trust held that the Senate had lost in men and in reputation; but it did not take bribes—directly; its members kept in view their local demands, which they also satisfied; and this, though not corruption, was hardly patriotism. How about the Courts? On this subject our millionaire expressed himself with bitter contempt for judges and official persons, alleging that open perjury was practised, and giving instances. Not only were contracts—for example, the new Senate House at Albany, New York—shameless in their terms, but the gang that contrived these robberies had it in their power to blast any man's character who opposed them, and his remedy at law would be defeated by lying witnesses. Courts and Legislatures were but machinery for the politicians to manipulate. Public money had been made a private spoil. Did honourable men ever come to the top? Yes; who could be more honourable, distinguished, and large-hearted than Mr. Hay? But the system went on, all the same. No one had yet proved strong enough to grapple with it, and the dreamers who talked of Socialism did not see that, if they triumphed, an irresistible Tammany, stretching from Maine to Oregon, would be their reward. Socialism in latter-day America meant "the machine," its powers enlarged, its vigour fed by all the resources which now, at least, Wall Street kept from the clutch of Mr. Croker and his freebooters. The monopolies were a makeweight to the machine; they did not balance, but they did check, its atrocious and pervading tyranny.

Here is a fresh point of view, undoubtedly, from which to regard Mr. Rockefeller, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, and the others whom we, in this country, are not prone to look upon as benefactors of mankind. They fulfil the purpose, it is contended, of an aristocracy, a Second Chamber, and a public opinion not accessible to bribes. In whatever degree they put a brake on the omnipotent machine they help the cause of freedom. But, it was urged, they exploit the working class—not only the manual labourer but the real captain of industry, whom they buy with the rest of the plant. Our millionaire allowed it and did not smile. His philosophy was unadulterated Darwin, or, to speak home and to suggest a curious topic, it was Calvin translated to economics, absolute predestination of the few, reprobation of the many, with a grim scorn for the Rousseaus, Jeffersons, and idle phrase makers who had invented the Fourth of July. To such a blank irretrievable despair had this young American found himself driven by the want of probity in elected persons. Wealth alone, and very great wealth, could maintain its independence in the so-called Republic. Thus millionaires were held up to us in a wholly unexpected light as saviours of society and necessary for these times.

But Mr. Trust did not consider his task or theirs an enviable one. They could go on making money; indeed, to make more money, though but ten dollars a day, when you had millions, was the simplest of American duties, which kept men from losing caste. How to spend it? By what expedient to get out of it a social service? Public misfortunes gave an opening; and philanthropy was some help, though not much; in England the rich found ways of scattering the seed on a tolerable soil, which in America did not exist. Honest men not being wanted in politics, if a millionaire broke the door open and got in, he was called an amateur, a crank, a "gugu," which was the nickname of fools who prated about the want of "good government." He lost his character for a level head; he did not weaken the machine or ride it along a better path. Hence the extreme frivolity of American fashion, the "globe-trotters," the wealthy "loafers," the "dudes," and, Mr. Trust might have added, the growing rate of divorce and the laxity of divorce laws.

Could public opinion be educated in the country at large until it demanded reform? Mr. Trust did not believe it could. Opinion, at this moment, condemned the politician but suffered him. Still, there might be a change some day, and with this remarkable hint our conversation turned to other topics. One strong man at Washington, said Mr. Trust—a Lincoln who should fight corruption as the great President had fought slavery—could do it. Observe, not popular agitation, nor free voting, but an American Napoleon. Does this view imply that the Republic of all the bribes must be transformed to a Monarchy of all the powers, a Julius Cæsar on the ruins of the Constitution? Montesquieu pointed out long ago that Republican forms, if they are to be real, suppose a high average of probity; and Mr. Trust, who is a genuine native, allowed that if emigrants had been kept out and the old American stock duly cultivated, some approach to a humane socialism might have been hoped for. At present the champions of freedom were the much decried millionaires.

F.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

CHEATLE'S BRIDGE.

IT was made of pontoons and planking, and it stretched over the bend of the river that separated the island from the main camping ground at Modder River. On one side lay acres and miles of sand, softer and deeper than seashore sand above high-water mark, sand in which the feet were engulfed and slipped backwards, sand that held the sun's terrible heat until the very touch was scorching. On the other side hung willow and thorn-trees, where birds sang; between, the Modder flowed dark and sluggish and secret. On one side thousands of healthy men, and Pestilence stalking unchecked amongst them; on the other side, disease and salvation. On one side an army eating and sleeping, toiling, unthinking; on the other side, silence and rest and busy thoughts. On one side the menace of death, on the other the hope of life.

No one who was at the Modder River camp in February, 1900, is likely to forget it. The heat was abnormal even on those gridiron plains; inside a tent the thermometer often stood at 130 degrees. The sand was loose and scorching, so that to walk half a mile in it was a trial of strength. Four times in every hour, on an average, the sand devil arose and played havoc for ten minutes, so that the whole plain was veiled in a thick yellow mist of hot, drifting, blowing sand, that worked its way under tents and into cases until everything a man possessed was coated with it. Ten thousand men lived on that sand, ate there, slept there, washed there, were nursed there; many died and were buried there; and at the intervals I have named the whole surface of the camping ground was raised into the air and blown about into the drinking water, over the food

into the sick men's mouths. And people at home read in their newspapers that "the mortality at Modder River camp was not abnormal considering the vast number of men assembled there." For such was the condition of the Army Medical Department that the appallingly unsanitary condition of a big camp had to be regarded as normal.

Other armies have portable iron hospitals, which can at least be kept clean ; our regulation hospital is (or was then) a most efficient pattern of death trap. A few large marquees or many bell tents were erected on the loose sand ; sometimes they had floors, sometimes they had none ; always, unless the inmates were to be baked or choked, the fly of the tent had to be kept open. Then the sand devil arose, and deposited a fine layer of sand from the impolite part of the camp all over the floor of the hospital tents. Wounded men lay on those floors ; they choked the sand down their throats, they breathed it into their lungs, they carried it on the finger-tips that touched their bruises, and then, their temperature having risen to the necessary point, they turned over and grunted and died. Meanwhile the Royal Army Medical Corps went about its fell business of ignorant treatment, the worst among its members shirking even that, and voting the whole thing a nuisance, while the best worked like slaves, and wished to Heaven that they could remember what they had learned in the hospitals ten years ago.

Then one in high command said that the men were dying too fast, that too many were dying of wounds when they ought to be recovering, and that the thing must stop. A troop of civilian physicians and surgeons, very young for the most part, but in dead earnest and with huge appetites for work, entered the camp much to the delight of the good-hearted of the R.A.M.C., and much to the annoyance of the shirkers. With them came a smaller group, men from Cavendish Square and Harley Street and Wimpole Street, who represented the highest medical and surgical efficiency that England could provide ; and then began in earnest the work of salvation. First-rate hospital trains plied between Modder River and Cape Town, carrying sick and wounded men away from flies and fevers, and stench and starvation ; the young civilians joined forces with those of army surgeons who were doing their best, and things began to look brighter. But a rifle bullet can damage the human body in many and strange ways. It can enter through a wound that looks like a needle's eye, turn summersaults amid the crowded machinery of life, and exit by a torn aperture as large as this page. It can splinter bones so that they grow sound again, it can graze bones so that they perish. It can intrude upon the sanctity of the skull, ploughing furrows in that hard shell of the mind, and the result of the intrusion may be mere inconvenience, or death, or any one of the hundred conditions that lie between. In the routine of town hospitals these things have little or no part ; mistakes were sometimes made ; men died who, perhaps, need not have died. It was then that a company of sappers began to carry wood and iron and glass across the pontoon bridge above the drift, and in the space of forty-eight hours a hospital was standing under the trees—an excellent hospital, with light, airy wards, an operating room with large top lights, and many other things proper to a good hospital. Within fifty-six hours from the time at which building began the pontoons were echoing to to the stamp of hoofs, the planks of the bridge were creaking under the ambulance wheels, and patients weary of unskilful treatment or of the weakness preserved by unsanitary conditions were being borne across to the new building. Soon the little wards were full, and the operating room was occupied ; soon the business of this little island establishment settled itself into routine, and the stream of health began to circulate.

The man for whom this little hospital was built, and by whose name the pontoon bridge is known in the official nomenclature of the war, was young enough to be an enthusiast, able enough to make his experience serve him instead of years, modest almost to a fault, kind and generous of heart to a degree unusual even in a profession of which kindheartedness and generosity are the hallmarks, liked by his acquaintances, loved by by friends, trusted for ever by his intimates. I shall never forget the days that I spent there, sometimes an onlooker, once or twice a helper in some humble capacity, always fascinated by the air of health and sanity and common-sense that hung about the place like a charm. Over the strip of brown water the sand might be eddying and fogging the plain, the planks of the bridge might crack and blister in the heat, but under the willows there was rest and coolness for all who came. Over the water there were wranglings and bickerings and jealousies and disappointments; here things were ordered on a happier plan, and one clear mind ruled the whole of the tiny colony. There were few sounds save those of our own voices, of the birds, of the gurgling river, and of sleepy ducks quacking under the trees where we tied our horses. True, I have other memories besides those of peaceful nature. One long afternoon in the operating-room, a dying man sinking away from pain and the world through the eddies of an anæsthetic, the smell of antiseptics, the blows of hammer on chisel—blows calculated to a pennyweight, but seeming as though they must cleave the poor mutilated head—the wonderful, womanish tenderness of the same hands that dealt the blows, cleaning and dressing and protecting the bruised member ; not a word spoken through that fateful task except short, crisp sentences of command—and behold, a man no longer dying, but struggling through the worlds that divided him from us, swinging back to sight and sound and pain, but awaking at last in the familiar anchorage of the senses, restored to his birthright of health and life. And at last the bridge creaked again when he crossed it, weak but well, to the outer world.

What loads were sloughed off on the borders of that stream ! Not always could the skilful hands and the trained mind prevail ; now and then the bridge received a sufferer who only crossed it again to be laid deep in the sand beyond ; but even for him, when skill could avail nothing, there was the comfort of a perfect heart and a brother's companionship to the end. For such as these the bridge was a stage far towards the journey's end, when the wheels of life, slowing down, gave a moment of preparation for the great change that faces the bravest of us uncertainly beyond one moment of blackness. For others it lay like the rainbow bridge to Valhalla, an avenue to the only benefit craved by their tortured bodies. But most who passed over that bridge found themselves in a world of new things, a quiet place where thought and memory could do their work and readjust the balance of a mind upset by bloody excitement. Thoughts for the unthinking, memories for the forgetful, patience for the fretful, courage for the fearful, hope for the despondent—these were the fruits that fell ripe into the hands of sufferers there and hallowed for them the discipline of pain.

FILSON YOUNG.

ITALY OF THE PACIFIC.

IF "climate is to a country what temperament is to an individual," then there are phases of America still undeveloped or undiscovered. The great Continent shapes itself in thought as a land of keen-tempering extremes for the forging of a nation to resistless energy of outward achievement. The imagination wearies with its startling strides, is made dizzy in the swirl of its impetuous activities. Yet there are those who have dreamed in its sunshine, been cradled in its calm.

The memory comes of a morning's awakening to a strange familiar world, all blue and gold, drift of fragrance and breath of southern sea. This was an incredible America, but the Italy of old-time wanderings, of all-time

longings. This Italy we had reached by crossing the Rockies. In a low phaeton with a leisurely minded pony, we started for our first drive in this Californian valley. We knew the sky of unflecked blue, the slopes green with terraced vineyards, or grey with shimmering olives; the sun-drenched hills with dusky shadows as of ancient ilex groves. We passed long, low houses with glimpses of cool courts, where fountains plashed and oleanders flamed against heat blistered walls. We paused to watch fine-featured, dark-faced men—Contadini we called them—ploughing with great oxen, which gazed at us with unfathomable, unforgetting eyes. Just such we had met on Campagna roads, drowsily hauling cumbersome waggons, which had crawled valleyward from the hill-top Castelli; beneath their covers of interlaced boughs, sleeping drivers taking their ease among black wine casks with their penetrating, vinous odours.

There on the height lifted the white-walled church, with campanile for Matin joy and Angelus peace. Through the cloisters paced a solitary, dark-robed monk; a monastery cat sunned itself in the garden left now to riotous bloom of sensuous roses, with here and there a lily-stem's rebuking austerity; and bronze-green lizards slipped across the warm, worn stones. We were Italy-tranced, and visions came to us of chapels with pilgrim cavalcades of Benozzo Gozzoli mounting hill roads to mystic city on the height; cloisters where Pinturicchio's saints quired in serene, celestial splendour; altars above which Luini's Madonnas dreamed with veiled, inner vision, or Bellini's strong mother watched with eyes weighted with fore-seeing.

But a glance within the bare, whitewashed interior broke the spell.

This was Santa Barbara fifteen years ago.

No railway serpent then had trailed its unrest across the garden valley. There was limitless leisure beneath its vine and fig tree. The Western spirit had not yet stirred the slumberous mood of the South. The village truly was of modern cottages, rose-embowered and set in trim and tended grounds. But their pleasantness was unimpressive. The few lingering *adobe* houses, one-storied and wide-spreading about shadowy courts, gave a reminiscent and romantic charm to this American Arcadia. And the old mission church in ghostly unreality guarded the vanishing Spanish world.

The Church of Santa Barbara is one of the chain of Franciscan missions which stretched along this coast while it was part of Mexico, and which were supported by Spanish subsidies. The fathers introduced the vine and olive, and made garden oases in the savage wildness of the country. For them broad valleys and bounding hills were great sheep and horse ranches, and the Mexican *rancheros* lived in semi-barbaric state. From the building of the first church at San Diego by Father Junnipero Serra, in 1769, to the acquisition of this territory by the United States, the priests made it their mission to gather the Indians into communities and win them to civilisation and the Church. With change to a Protestant Government the power of the missions waned, the Indians disappeared as doomed shadows in the keener light of the new day, and now the churches are but phantoms of Spanish supremacy and the Catholic faith.

That old life seems the natural outgrowth of soil and climate, and the soft, scented air holds lovingly the lingering echoes of a Latin tongue. The names of new American towns and deserted mining camps make sharp dissonance in the harmony of saintly names—San Luis, San Jacinto, San Miguel, San Gabriel, Santa Monica, and others of the heavenly hierarchy. Very musical across the curt American speech drift the languid accents of the Southern language, not pure Castilian, but Spanish still, with curious infiltration of Indian words.

Picturesque also, among tourists and seekers after health, the natives of the Mexican race, the men in loitering groups at the wine-houses, or riding on high, silver-mounted saddles with broad sombreros, bright kerchiefs about their throats, and swinging loosely to the movements of their mustangs; the women of sombre beauty, with a passion for colour, and loving still the veils and long earrings of the South. And across the stillness of the night strains of the guitar and soft-cadenced songs confess to a lingering romance of wooing.

To wanderers there, while weeks slipped to months and months to sunlit years, the glamour of Italy was never missing. Pilgrims in a new wooden caravansary, with coming and going of travellers, Americans among Americans, two there were who journeyed far from the Pacific Sea and beyond the crests of the Santa Ynez range. Such mystery of blue was of Mediterranean memory, and the islands of Santa Cruz, Santa Rosa, and Anacapa caught tints, opaline and amethystine, as across the Bay of Salerno the Islands of the Sirens. The burnished gold of the foot hills with brown shadows we had seen sweeping in soft undulations to blend with dreamy blue of Alban and Sabine hills on the Roman horizon. The rose-warm bloom on the mountains purpling into Southern night, we had watched across the Arno on the San Miniato heights, though there the cypress shafts struck black against the brightness. Here the tall slender stems were of the exotic Eucalyptus and the dim, live oaks darkened with the gloom of the immemorial ilexes.

But Southern California is a younger, gayer Italy, less weighted with centuried dust, less garrisoned by phalanxed memories. Her soil does not stir to the march of dead insurgent armies. Though a Latin race has owned her mountains and *mesas*, it has been with a surface touch; her sod has not been deeply shadowed by the living nor consecrated by the multitudinous dead to one memorable Campo Santo. Though mighty hunters have stalked her woods, these sinewy bowmen have passed, and the stealthy moccasined tread has left scarce an echo across the ancient trails. Though gold-seekers have gashed her slopes in their delirious desire, upon the unscarred earth ripening harvests rustle in their more golden fulfilment.

The miners are remembered, since immortalised by Bret Harte. But the wraiths of the red men, chased from their great hunting grounds, have vanished with the smoke of their wigwams. One only of the story-tellers of California's past has been haunted by the fierce, futile shades of this soundless procession. Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), in "Ramona," has made a study of the three conflicting races, the American, Mexican, and Indian. In that romance there is a poignantly beautiful portrayal of the old life of the great sheep ranches. An unrelenting hand has sketched the aggressive Anglo-Saxon in his cunning conquest, the Mexican in his fatalistic acceptance of narrowing fields and dwindling flocks, the Indian in his disintegration and despair, and, as light in the dark picture, the undaunted Padre offering ever the sanctuary of Holy Church. Genius has vitalised these presences of the past, but they cast slight shadow on the sunlight of the Golden State. These races, closely linked with our own in so near a past, seem scarcely less remote from the realistic present, than in Italy the Pelasgians, whose unshaken walls we touch, and Etruscans, yet individual in their sleep on sarcophagus lid, sepulchral chalice in hand.

Southern California, in those remembered days, was idyllic. With the olive and the fig, grain yellowed in the valleys and grapes purpled on the hills, bread and wine of the great human sacrament. Special American crops were wide acres of great-orbed pumpkins and boundless fields of waving, tasselled maize, our Indian corn. In the orchards date palms and pomegranates of the South neighboured the apple, peach, and pear of the Atlantic States. Orange and lemon groves weighted the air with fragrance of flower and fruit. And against the blue of sea and sky lifted pink clouds of the almond's leafless bloom.

Points of difference there were. Instead of dreamy

drives across the Campagna, where poppies stained scarlet the old battlefields, we rode recklessly on trails ablaze with eschscholtzias' flame. Where Umbrian roads had climbed steep ways to hill towns, close-set, stone-built, stern-walled, we explored narrow, tortuous canons, swinging out to mountain panorama or wide sea horizons. Where on patient Campanian donkeys we had climbed to high-perched cloisters for frescoed chapel or sculptured saints, we plunged through billows of golden mustard, submerging mustangs and riders, to visit bee-ranches in their fragrant flowery setting.

Such environment should presage other elements in the American nature; a softening of Southern languor, a vein of quiescent mysticism in the keen, nervous temperament. For the time, climate and soil would seem to have yielded to the ruthless will of an expansive and speculative people. Man is more alive, but climate and soil are more enduring. Railroads have crashed through the valleys, and steamships are ploughing the blue plain of the Pacific. But earth is very patient in its processes; the sky very unwearied in its influences. The sun is an undiscouraged factor in evolution. The American is making, not made, and climate may so modify temperament, that dwellers on the Californian coast in centuries to come may have been wrought into harmony with this Italy of the Pacific.

D. G. McC.

SOME ODDITIES OF BIRD BEHAVIOUR. IN THE WEST INDIES.

THE number of resident wild birds found in Barbados is not large, yet the observant bird-lover may derive a good deal of amusement from studying the habits of some of the most familiar species.

"How tame your sparrows are!" is the first exclamation of a stranger to Barbados, as he sits down to breakfast. You explain that it is not tameness, but impudence, and point to the fruit on the sideboard carefully covered to prevent the ravages of importunate beaks. The sparrow (*Loxigilla barbadensis*), indeed, makes himself as much at home in the house as out of it, nor is he in the least scared by your presence, being as genial and confiding as an English robin. One reason for this fearlessness, which is common to nearly all West Indian birds, is not far to seek. The negro boy never robs the birds' nests: they do not interest him; his bump of mischief is not developed, nor is he yet sufficiently advanced in civilisation to love destruction of life for its own sake. Consequently, all kinds of small birds — sparrows, yellow-birds, yellow-breasts, and humming birds—build their nests in shrubs which line a frequented road, or in the plants in a fernery, without the least attempt at concealment of their domicile. I have had a sparrow perched atop of a book as I held it in my hand reading, who, after liberally helping himself to toast and bananas, appeared to desire now to gratify an intellectual appetite hitherto unsuspected. One morning the same greedy creature actually fell into the milk jug, having overbalanced himself in his endeavour to reach the milk, and was rescued half-drowned. Did the accident daunt him? Not a bit. Taking a half circle flight outside, he re-entered the window, and with feathers still milky began another raid upon the buttered toast. Sometimes, however, this excessive domesticity is destructive of more valuable things than small eatables. I remember when a large table had just been set for dinner, seeing a sparrow fly into the room and alight upon the edge of a champagne glass. This he at once upset by his weight, and it fell to the floor with a crash. He then coolly hopped to the next glass, with the same result, and would have probably gone the round of the table had he not been at once detected and banished the room. This undoubted element of chance destruction of wine-glasses has to be taken into account by every householder, but it is a grand loophole of escape for careless servants, when they have perhaps twisted your best glasses off their stems in heedless washing, to be able to debit the sparrow with the mischief. Worse still, a sparrow has been known actually to ruin a wedding-cake during the absence of the bride at church, chipping the icing with his beak and rolling the sugared presentment of Cupid on the floor.

A more comical but less confiding bird than the sparrow is the so-called blackbird (*Quiscalus fortirostris*). It is, indeed, well named, for it is black all over from beak to toe, but in appearance it resembles the English starling more than the blackbird. Of its various antics, quaint convulsions, and strangely curious notes, it is impossible to convey an adequate notion on paper. They must be seen and heard to be thoroughly enjoyed. Indeed, it sometimes seems as if their grotesque actions were performed solely with a view to the amusement of the onlooker. Their sleek, attenuated figures, dapper and dainty, sometimes convince one that they must be encased in diminutive stays, when suddenly, for no apparent reason, the feathers will all be erected, the tail spread out heavenwards, the head poked forward, and some notes will be ejaculated which are capable of various interpretations. To the negro on Saturdays the bird appears to say, "Have you got your pay?" To myself, when sowing vegetable seeds in the garden, the phrase becomes, "Is it worth your while?" conscious as I am of the fact that as soon as my back is turned the irritating creature will investigate the rows with his inquisitive beak. To the West Indian generally, who is not guilty of precipitancy of action in a climate "where it is always afternoon," the bird utters the reassuring statement, "We sha'n't be long!" This ambitious attempt at syllabic utterance is varied by a rough, harsh "cluck," which is generally, I believe, a note of warning; and to hear it rapidly repeated by a flock of fifty or sixty birds should a cat suddenly appear round a corner is for all the world like listening to the winding apparatus of a large clock. Another favourite antic of the blackbird is to hold his breath to bursting point and then to give forth a loud sustained whistle on one note. It has been suggested, on the Darwinian sexual selection theory, that these quaint attitudes and utterances are intended to charm the female and impress her with the male's grandeur. I think it quite as likely that they are the outcome of high spirits and well-being, and not seldom meant to be intimidatory to other birds. Amongst themselves challenges *à outrance* are constantly being given, if one may judge from the extremely insulting attitude that one blackbird will adopt towards another, but the challenge is never accepted. Personal violence is evidently forbidden, though vituperation and obloquy are permissible. "Hard names break no bones" is the motto of this feathered republic, and if journalism were admitted, doubtless their newspapers would be full of letters of abuse, of course anonymous. But the blackbird is a thief as well as a coxcomb. He will take away large pieces of bread from the table, guavas from the trees, and water melons from the vine. And when corn is planted on the estates a boy is placed in the fields to keep away the birds. To beguile the time, and to let his master know that he is really doing his work, the boy sings on a high monotone the following curious doggerel:—

> Blackbird come from Mango Pond,
> Eat up all o' massa's corn,
> Then tell lie on sparrer bird.
> Hol' up, hol' up, blackbird!
> One for the master, one for the mistress,
> An' all de res' for de tiefen blackbird,
> Hol' up, hol' up, hol' up!

The blackbird is also an ingenious builder. Our European nurse one day missed her yard tape measure. She had left it on a table near a window, and it had mysteriously disappeared. Some months afterwards,

having occasion to trim some boughs of a large evergreen tree, I discovered the lost tape which, fastened to a bough at each end, had been used as a swing-rope on which a blackbird had built its nest. This discovery opened my eyes to a possible explanation of the frequent disappearances of my bootlaces, which had long been a puzzle to me. I carefully searched the trees, and, sure enough, I detected several of the nests attached to the boughs by long pieces of my laces. The object of this care was evidently to diminish the oscillation and vibration in case the branches were struck by windy gusts.

One morning, when the pods of the cotton shrubs were opening, I was surprised to see a large white ball of silky fluff hanging in the bignonia outside my dressing-room window. In a moment, however, its presençe was explained by the appearance of two dainty little yellow-birds (*Dendræca capitalis*), who were not building a nest, but apparently collecting a large hoard of the soft cotton fresh from the pods, with a view to such a prospective contingency. From the quantity of cotton they had amassed they must have looked forward to a long series of softly-lined homes. For the most part, the small birds build domed nests with an opening low down on one side and slanting upwards; the eggs and the little ones are thus secured against a wetting from the heavy tropical rains.

Opposite my house is a small lake stocked with golden carp and crayfish. Here in the early morning or late afternoon may be seen an expert fisherman of the heron family, known locally as a gaulding (*Ardea virescens*). The gaulding will sit on a bough that overhangs the water, or, still as a statue, on the edge of the lake, craning his neck forward and watching the dark depths with his piercing eyes. Suddenly he will dart down, transfix an unwary fish with his long beak, and quickly consign the whole to the region set apart for gastronomic purposes. Another time he will conceal himself on a fallen palm-leaf floating on the water, and, blown hither and thither on this chance raft, will seize fish after fish that never suspected his presence on the bit of every-day flotsam. Space will not permit me to tell of the humming-birds or "sun-birds" that build in a plumbago bush under the drawing-room window, or of the "parson-bird" (*Euethia bicolor*), with his black hood and his wife dressed in dusky grey, or of the "sugar-bird" (*Certhiola barbadensis*), with his dainty yellow stomacher, who will leave his favourite tree-top and take a morning repast of finely-ground sugar from the window-sill, and then indulge in a bath in the finger-basin on the breakfast-table. Let it suffice for me to assure all true bird-lovers that the characteristics of bird-life in the islands of the West are not less interesting than in those other countries which have been obliged to resort to "Wild Birds' Protection" Acts. T. H. Bindley.

DRAMA.

THE UNDERCURRENT.

My visit to the Criterion was not till after Mr. Carton's play had been in full swing for a week, and had therefore benefited by the practice that begets smoothness. I found it for the most part excellently acted, and, wherever fun is intended, wonderfully funny. It is not a great play, it is scarcely a play with pretensions to describe actual life, but it is a very skilful mixture of familiar materials the popularity of which does not suffer from frequent use. "Tell me Daniel and the lions," says four-year-old, when you go in to say good-night and bribe him to sleep with a story. You have related that episode at least five times a week for the last half-year, making the prophet, the big lion, Darius, and even the wicked minister, in turn the hero, and to your grown-up mind it seems a trifle absurd not to have a change. But no, the tyrant of the nursery demands Daniel and the lions, and Daniel and the lions it must be. Nineteen playgoers out of twenty are the same, though they may not think it. They vastly prefer the stock incidents, provided only they are presented in attractive fashion. So we have here the middle-aged man of the world, tolerant and quasi-judicial of utterance, acting as chorus to the other characters—this time with a little trouble of his own—and in the last act marrying the middle-aged woman of the world. (In real life he usually chooses her younger.) We have the good hearted parvenu, always saying clever things, and as regularly doing things so foolish that it is evident the making a fortune in the retail trade must be a very simple process. For a foil to him there is the retired Anglo-Indian official, always a safe butt, who has not changed a whit these hundred years and more, save that the face which was once thin and yellow has now become fat and red. Also there is the American heiress, full of jokes and dollars, a licensed satirist of our insular prejudices. And the villain? Yes, a villain of course, but this time a woman. We know that woman. Being an adventuress, she would naturally smoke a cigarette, but this is an adventuress who has arrived, and therefore observes the proprieties. Instead of the cigarette she is allowed a truly beautiful garment which the male mind hesitates to classify—a sort of glorified Newmarket. She holds some compromising letters, and will not give them up. She has become the wife of a decrepit old lord (also a familiar figure), and with his influence and the Nonconformist connection at her back is in a position to make things lively for the middle-aged man of the world, who has tired of her. Obviously a heroic remedy is required here, and it is found by the *Dea ex machinâ* of the story who discovers that this aristocratic saint was once on a time tried for theft and sent to prison. This episode introduces us to the last of the leading personages, a Countess of uncertain nationality and still more uncertain accent, a mysterious woman in the enjoyment of universal popularity but at the same time with a reputation for extreme exclusiveness (of which we fortunately see nothing). Put these varied folk and their satellites in a country house, alternate the compromising letters with rehearsals of private theatricals, and you have all the possibilities for a play which if not convincing is undoubtedly amusing. The rehearsal business has been done many times, but rarely better. The memory goes back to *The Critic*, with Charles Matthews and Compton, for a parallel. Mr. Bourchier himself is stage manager; Mr. Ernest Hendrie struggles with the all too scanty leathern jerkin of a Roundhead; Mr. Arthur Williams accepts in meek resignation the strange oaths and epicene attire of a cavalier. The three make admirable fooling, and are well supported by the rest. This is the broadly comic portion of the play, and may be worked up indefinitely, but the lighter comedy is equally well sustained, notably by Mr. Bourchier and Miss Anna Robinson as Melpomene Sapcott. Here is a valuable actress indeed. She lifts the scene whenever she enters and never lets it drop, yet is never guilty of exaggeration. What her range may be we shall learn in time, if only London managers are wise enough to give opportunity, but in this sort of character her reputation is made. Miss Violet Vanbrugh does all that can be done with the not too convincing part of the erring aristocrat, showing power in the scene of her humiliation. It is not a good part, and has an air of not belonging to the play. Miss Compton provokes laughter as always, and produces effects with her dry manner of utterance, but she is far better in English-speaking parts. Mr. Eric Lewis is capital, but does not get much chance.

On the whole a vastly amusing performance, well worth a visit. W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

"'BYSTANDER' cannot live on Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies for ever." Since first these grave words of Mr. Macleane's smote on my astonished ear they have haunted me. I cannot shake them off. They suggest new and strange ideas. Does anyone live on inconsistencies? or does one live in spite of them? I do not feel sure about the answers to these questions. It might be urged with some plausibility that Ruskin lived on his inconsistencies—in other words, that his charm depended on his light-hearted way of contradicting himself, and leaving his readers to reconcile the discrepancies for themselves. The same view might be urged with reference to Matthew Arnold; to Kingsley; if his private correspondence could be compared with his public utterances, to Newman; certainly to Jeremy Taylor; perhaps even to St. Augustine and St. Paul. But, if the contention were admitted in any one of these cases, it would only amount to this—that the great man lived, partly or wholly, on his own inconsistencies. No one, I imagine, can live on the inconsistencies of another. No one can secure attention by following another's self-contradictions, and protesting that each in turn is true. Variableness, if it is to attract, must be original. Imitative variableness is merely grotesque.

But supposing that I made the desperate attempt attributed to me by Mr. Macleane, and endeavoured to "live on Mr. Gladstone's inconsistencies," I should, as far as religious matters are concerned, have a very sorry livelihood. One great inconsistency I should indeed find ready to my hand. We all know that in 1838 Mr. Gladstone, less than thirty years old, believed that the State was "under an obligation to give an active and an exclusive support to the established religion of the country." By 1843 that belief had been surrendered; and from that time on I am unable to discover inconsistencies in Mr. Gladstone's attitude towards religion. Soon after his death I had occasion to trace the history of his religious development, and what struck me then—and strikes me now—is the singular consistency of thought, in a series of utterances ranging from 1838 to 1896. Let me illustrate my contention by quotations:—

THE NATURE OF THE CHURCH.

(1838) "In England . . . the course of events was widely different (from that on the Continent). Her Reformation, through the Providence of God, succeeded in maintaining the Unity and the Continuity of the Church in her Apostolical Ministry. We have, therefore, still among us the ordained hereditary witnesses of the truth, conveying it to us through an unbroken series, from our Lord Jesus Christ and His Apostles. This is to us the ordinary voice of Authority; of authority equally reasonable and equally true, whether we will hear or whether we will forbear; of authority which does not supersede either the exercise of private judgment, or the sense of the Church at large, or the supremacy of the Scripture; but assists the first, locally applies the second, and publicly witnesses to the last."

(1840) "The Bishop conveys the power of administering Sacraments, whereby the Church is constantly replenished with children; of ordaining Priests, by whom Sacraments are administered; and of consecrating Bishops, by whom in turn these powers may be communicated anew to others, who may replace the actual holders, and hand them on from one generation to another. In this line, therefore, alone it is that the effectual principle of continued propagation is carried down from the Apostles of Christ to the latest age."

(1878) "No doubt (as I for one believe) the Church began with a clergy; nay, began in a clergy. It had its centre of life, and of self-propagating power, in the Apostolic College, which gradually called into being those other orders that form the full equipment of the Christian Ministry."

(1895) "It will surprise you to learn my belief that I was born, and have always lived, in the Catholic Church of this country, founded long before St. Augustine extended it; and that by leaving it I should commit an act of rashness and a great sin."

THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

(1840) "The word preached is mingled with human imperfection; whereas that which is received in the Sacrament is wholly Divine."

(1841) "The greatest object of all appears to me to be the re-establishment of the Eucharist in its proper and Scriptural place as the central act of *at least* our weekly worship."

(1875) "Unhappily, men of no small account announce that they care not for the sign, but must deal with the Thing Signified. They desire the negation by authority of the doctrine of the Real Presence of our Lord and Saviour Christ, and of the Eucharistic Sacrifice; negations which again are synonymous with the disruption of the English Church."

(1896) Compare in this connexion, in "Studies Subsidiary to Butler," Part I., Chapter IX., the words:—

"A Real Presence of the Body of the Lord upon the Christian Altar."

THE CHURCH AND THE WORLD.

(1851) "Away with the servile doctrine that Religion cannot live but by the aid of Parliaments! . . . The security of Religion lies, first in the Providence of God and the promise of Christ: next in the religious character, and strong sentiment of personal duty and responsibility, so deeply graven on this country and its people."

(1857) "The present position of the Church of England is gradually approximating to the Erastian theory that the business of an Establishment is to teach all sorts of doctrines and to provide Christian ordinances by way of comfort for all sorts of people, to be used at their own option. . . . I feel certain that the want of combined and responsible ecclesiastical action is one of the main evils, and that the regular duty of such action will tend to check the spirit of individualism, and to restore that belief in a Church which we have almost lost."

I would invite particular attention to this last sentence in connexion with Mr. Macleane's strictures on Mr. Gladstone's "Manchester invidualism."

(1876) "If we follow the Erastian idea, it does not matter what God we worship, or how we worship Him, provided we derive both belief and worship from the civil ruler, or hold them subject to his orders. Many most respectable persons have been, or have thought themselves to be, Erastians; but the system, in the developments of which it is capable, is among the most debased ever known to man."

(1894) "Foul fall the day when the persons of this world shall, on whatever pretext, take into their uncommissioned hands the manipulation of the Religion of our Lord and Saviour."

Limit of space forbids me to continue my quotations, but it would be easy to show the same unbroken consistency with reference to Holy Baptism, Confession, Inspiration, and the use of Sunday.

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EUGENE FROMENTIN.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

MODERN literature is a torrent, a mighty stream, an ocean. The host of people who get printed and cry out from paper and magazine, read me, read me! is bewildering. Thousands and thousands of them are cheats who have taken to scribbling literature because they were turned out of the offices where they used to scribble deeds. But you can never be sure till you have read them, and if their publisher has the cheek to call their second edition the sixth, or if a critic who once borrowed five louis from them happens to hail "the revelation of a talent," you get anxious, and next time you see the volume in the Odéon Gallery you take it up, waste half an hour over it, and go away very disgusted. Oh! the mountain of printed rubbish at those stalls! It is in all my nightmares, of a yellow colour, which makes me sick, resentful, and threatening to crush me. Even good books are too many. I would not destroy any of Balzac's or George Sand's sixty volumes—you English would not forgive me—but I wish they had had more money, or less time through long nights of quick writing, or (shall I say it?) less talent. Powerful writers as they were, I cannot help thinking, while reading them, that they did not want to write all I am reading; so I admire them, but I feel a little for them, and I feel for myself too. I never experience this rather uncomfortable sensation with books which I know were written for love or from anger—the "Provinciales," St. Simon's "Memoirs," the "Voyage autour de ma Chambre." Do not tell me that the authors of "Manon Léscant" and the "Vicar of Wakefield" were not particularly well off, for you know very well that you would not touch the other books they wrote really for money.

I like the self-confidence of great artists like Corneille or Tennyson, who are pleased with the public when it approves of their work, and despise it when it does not; but I have a tenderness for the retiring men who shrink from publicity, and are afraid for their books because there is but their own soul in them. When the colourless multitude which has frightened or oppressed them in their lifetime has melted away they appear like delightfully fresh snowdrops. Eugène Fromentin is one of these. He wrote thirty or forty years ago four unpretending, almost timid, volumes, which at the time were hardly reprinted from the magazines in which they first appeared, and now you see them on the shelves of every man of taste. Goodness grant they may never be praised by fools!

Fromentin is probably known to a good many English amateurs as the not exactly powerful, but keen-sighted, accurate, and highly sympathetic painter of many Algerian scenes. The vicinity of Descamps was not favourable to a wide recognition of his artistic gift, but the best critics never denied him an uncommon science of painting, a quick eye, and a steady hand. Yet he seemed to have been still less born to be a painter than a writer. A native of La Rochelle, he was brought up there, and had never touched a brush before he came to Paris to study law. Even then he was a great reader, a frequent writer of very fair poetry, but did not receive lessons from a painter till he was twenty-five or older. However, from that time he ceased to be an unwilling barrister, and strove to grow into something better than an amateur artist. His correspondence testifies at every line to his passion for art, and the collection of his drawings gives ample evidence of his unceasing efforts. In spite of congenital self-diffidence, success and fame soon made him realise his superiority over the many who had gone through a more regular training. His pictures sold well. He had an elegant house and studio in the Place Pigalle. His single-heartedness joined to perfect manners won him a few distinguished friends. When he died in 1876, only fifty-six years old, he was one of the best known French painters.

Very few people would think of him as a writer. In spite of a sympathetic essay in St. Beuve's "Lundis," the mass of readers ignored him, and would have been surprised at an enthusiastic prophecy of George Sand about his literary work. He certainly did not believe in it himself, and though an uncontrollable taste periodically made him leave his brushes for his pen he always did it with a degree of doubtfulness, and an apprehension of publicity. It is strange that after the lapse of only twenty-five years those who go to his pictures do so mostly to understand the writer and the man more fully. The painter is receding in the background, the eager lover of all beauty, the thoughtful, self-searching, scrupulous moralist comes forward in full view.

Fromentin is a remarkable instance of the admixture frequent in our day of the artist and the critic. He keenly felt the beautiful, but his endeavour to grasp and fix it was as much an experiment as the spontaneous play of a faculty. He was conscious of this double tendency, and spoke of it with absolute candour. His "Dominique" is partly an analysis of it, but it is minutely described in the preface to "Une Année dans le Sabel," his first volume. This book is the diary of a town in Algeria for artistic purposes. Fromentin tells us that he kept it "merely to compare the interpretation of nature by verbal description with that by the brush." Is not the idea worthy of Taine? But the artist will come uppermost. Fromentin may follow curiously the work of his pen like that of his brush; he is, above all, attentive to the magic of the sun-possessed land which kept all his senses spellbound. If he writes, it is because he will not lose the least particle of its enslaving charm. The strange silence which falls every day on El-Aghouat with the noon-heat gives him delicious, subtle sensations. He does his best to throw their bewitchment on a canvas, but he fails in the useless attempt, and we owe to this failure of the artist a splendid page of the writer. In reality he is a poet; he only cares for the beauty, which he endeavours to preserve in its freshness, and we would always revert affectionately to him for his honesty and purity of purpose, even if he were not a great writer. But he is, though he is not at all sure of it, and often laments what he calls his scanty literary means. He loves beauty, woos it patiently, passionately; his page shows it to us, if not as he himself saw it, at least sufficiently to enchant us, and this means exactly that he is a great artist. His absolute simplicity (not always a sign of strength) only gives him more charm. After reading his timid prefaces and dedications one is amazed at his mastery. He sees everything, and whatever he has seen he expresses as easily as forcibly. His description of El-Aghouat, occupying most of his "Un Eté dans le Sahara," is a wonderful record of sensations. El-Aghouat was, when he visited it, the latest-conquered French station, lost in a solitary oasis, with no other Europeans than a few *chasseurs d'Afrique*. He had heard that, after going over a certain chain lying north of it, the climate suddenly becomes thoroughly African, and he went there in search of his beloved King Summer. The two syllables of the word *été*, which to a French ear have the clearness of a cloudless sky, and the rustling of a parched plant, had a fascination for him. He spent four months of implacable heat realising their meaning. From the early morning, when "le pays tout entier est rose, d'un rose rif, avec des fonds fleur de pêcher," to the scorching noon-hours, when "on sent vibrer dans l'air de faibles bruits qu'on prendrait pour la respiration de la terre haletante," he sat on a ruined tower, at a little distance from the town walls, watching every spot in the circle of yellow, white, and green land around him. The boundless, sandy desert, made more empty by the sun as it rose up the melting blue, was a sort of marvellous puzzle, more attractive to him than the palms and apricot trees between the white walls. One day, after gazing at it too long and intently, he came down quite blind. His ear was as attentive as his eye. The beautiful page which I have mentioned, "Le silence répandu sur les grands espaces est une sorte de transparence aérienne," proves how much the poet predominated in him. He has only one rival—Pierre Loti. He is less complex than the author of "Azyiade" because he is more objective—that is, after all, more humble and disinterested—but he is a much better writer. There are some pages of Loti which you only understand in a certain mood; Fromentin only fails to have an effect on you when reality would fail as well. He records none but true, simple emotions, and the pure classical vocabulary of Bernardin de St. Pierre is sufficient for him.

The style of his last book, "Les Maîtres d'Autrefois," with as much power of original creation, recalls, like the title of the volume, the strength and severity of the best times of our literature. It is a noble work, written when the author, being in full possession of his means as a painter and a writer, could not but feel that few had the same claims as he had to write it. The Flemish and Dutch masters, especially (to my taste) Van Dyck, in twenty pages of extraordinary elegance and distinction, have received worthier praise from one in some respects their peer than even Turner in Ruskin's sister work. "Dominique" as a novel is not perfect. The plot is somewhat awkward, the idealism of the heroine may seem improbable. As an autobiography its delicate, unobtrusive sincerity gives it a unique place in personal literature. It is the history of a man who tried his hand at pure literature, and at the same time endeavoured to make room in his life for an impossible love. Failing in both attempts he returns to the still dreamy country district where he was born and brought up, marries, takes to homely pursuits, and makes himself as useful as he can. The youthful associations attached to every spot of this quiet neighbourhood and the cherished remembrances of the more ardent years are enough to give an intense poetical tinge to this seemingly uninteresting life. The book is not free from a latent pessimism, which the total absence of the religious idea in the long run renders poignant; yet from the moral as well as the literary point of view many pages offer a combination of reserve and fulness betraying the philosopher as much as the artist. It suggests Epictetus still more than Balzac. This is the impression left by every one of Fromentin's four books. Art is there, but no trace of literature: the man greatly predominates over the writer.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

(From a Correspondent).

The *Guardian* of May 15th contained a full report of a discussion, in the Upper House of Convocation, on the dearth of candidates for Holy Orders. This debate was the last of a series which have taken place on this important subject within the past eighteen months. Among the speakers were all the most prominent bishops of the southern province. The Bishop of Winchester began with a comprehensive statement of the facts, and a *résumé* of the alleged causes and the suggested remedies. He was followed by the Bishops of London, Rochester, Exeter, Lincoln, and, finally, by the Primate. We may, consequently, regard the discussion as expressing the opinions of the heads of the Church on this subject, which affects so deeply the future of religion in this country.

It will be observed that the falling-off in the number of persons taking Holy Orders is fully admitted by the Bishop of Winchester. He qualifies the fact, indeed, by pointing out that other professions, especially the medical and the scholastic, are also suffering. Still he acknowledges that—

> there is more than a merely appreciable diminution in our candidates for Holy Orders; and that fact, at a time when our population is increasing by leaps and bounds, gives food for the most grave and serious consideration.

We must assume, then, that, notwithstanding the complaints constantly made of the overcrowding of various professions, there is an increasing reluctance to take Holy Orders.

The following seem to the bishops the principal reasons for this reluctance. I give them in the order of the importance generally assigned to them by the various speakers :—

1. The poverty of the clergy.
2. The attractiveness of the Home, and, still more, of the Indian Civil Service.
3. The decrease in the number of clerical masters in public schools.
4. Intellectual difficulties.

This last cause was variously estimated by different speakers, but it was not given the foremost place by any. By some it was reduced to quite insignificant dimensions.

"The cause of poverty," said the Bishop of Exeter, "is, I am sure, the one great cause. . . . The unsettlement of the boys' minds and the men's minds is really by comparison quite trifling. The unsettlement is, as a rule, an unsettlement in a man's first year of his University career. The second year will probably enable him to recover his equilibrium. There is a little wastage, but in comparison it is small."

The Bishop of Lincoln took a more serious view of the prevalence and strength of intellectual difficulties. He dwelt upon the need of some "guiding hand to help young men to get accustomed to the limitation of their faculties," and went on to say :—

"The sort of things one has to try and accustom oneself to are not easily got hold of by young minds. I mean the need of having to hold truths in tendency and to admit our inability to reconcile even the things which we know to be true . . . . and to grasp really the whole of those truths which yet we say are necessary for salvation."

These weighty words, however, stand almost alone ; and it must seem strange to many of us that the intellectual obstacles to taking Orders should be treated so lightly by the great majority of the speakers.

Mention was frequently made in the course of the debate of the great decrease in the number of clerical masters in public schools within the last thirty years, and of the influence this was likely to exercise upon the minds of the boys. The Bishop of Rochester spoke of statistical information which had been given to him regarding the number of men from different public schools who had of late years taken Orders, and said that this information was, to his mind, both "startling" and "lamentable."

It would seem, then, that far fewer boys than formerly now leave the public schools for the universities with the intention of taking Orders. And this fact is ascribed by several of the bishops to the loss of that "natural lead," as the Bishop of Winchester expressed it, arising from the example of a boy's masters.

Here, then, we are plainly forced a step further back in our inquiry. Why are there now so few clerical schoolmasters? An assistant master at a public school has every inducement to take Holy Orders. He has little chance of becoming a head master unless he is a clergyman. If he is in Orders he has a prospect of a new career when advancing age begins to impair his powers as a teacher. Here worldly considerations point towards, and not away from, Holy Orders. Yet now, as compared with thirty years ago, the number of clerical schoolmasters is startlingly small.

It cannot, I think, be doubted that intellectual obstacles are here mainly accountable for the striking decrease.

Ought we not, then, to assume that the cause which we can plainly trace here is at work more generally, and silently shuts out the thought of Orders from many a young man's mind when he is considering his future career? Sensitiveness to doubt and difficulties is, as a rule, in direct proportion to the vitality of the mind. The more vigorous the mind, the more difficulties in the way of belief it will meet with. It may be true that acceptance of the Creeds is easier just at present than it was during the ascendancy of Mill and his school. Still, in matters of religion there are symptoms of unrest on every side. The theories regarding the Gospel narratives one may meet with in the pages of any review show the disturbed state of the religious atmosphere. Is it reasonable to suppose that young men will not be deeply influenced by the shaking of what, perhaps, seemed to them the very foundations of belief? Nor is it easy to imagine that the unsettlement of their minds is likely only to last for a year, and that they will recover their equilibrium in the second year of their University course.

It has occurred to me that the experience of one who originally hesitated, for intellectual reasons, to take Orders, and who can now look back upon some years of clerical life, may help to account for the dearth of candidates, and suggest the direction in which a remedy should be sought.

At the age when men are generally ordained the mind is often, I believe, at the first stage of a process which many years are needed to complete. This process may, perhaps, be described as the translation of the facts of the creed from the domain of external history into that of spiritual experience. At first the facts are seen as outward events ; in the end they are seen as spiritual truths, and find their true places in the mind as embodiments of spiritual realities.

Many a man whose attitude towards the creed at the age of twenty-three is hardly distinguishable from absolute rejection, will have returned by the time he is forty to the acceptance of nearly all its articles in a quite legitimate, if not altogether in their traditional sense. A wealth of moral meaning has in the interval gathered round the bare facts, and made them credible. The best sermons of our time, I believe, show traces of this process. They are the work of men who have known how to wait until faith grew. But too often, at the age of three or four-and-twenty, our present difficulties close our horizon, and before it has had time to widen we have chosen some worldly career. Hence the need of someone to remind us that the most convinced teachers are obliged "to hold truths in tendency," and to admit "their inability to grasp the whole of those truths which yet they say are necessary for salvation."

Although the poverty of the clergy, then, and the attractiveness of other professions are, no doubt, accountable for much of the present reluctance to take Holy Orders, we should, I believe, be wilfully blind if we did not also look for other and deeper reasons. It is true there have always been intellectual obstacles in the way of belief. But we can hardly be wrong in thinking that these have greatly increased of recent years. And while we see the poverty of the clergy, we must not overlook the many philanthropic workers, who work entirely

without payment, but who will not take Orders because they cannot assent to the Creeds.

The remedies to which these considerations point are not difficult to discern.

Every care should be taken to make men realise that their intellectual development is not finished when they are called upon to choose a profession. Moral earnestness might well be regarded as a better qualification for Holy Orders at the age of twenty-three than fixity of belief. The bishops might allow it to be understood that they do not expect faith to be fully formed at the usual age for ordination. More encouragement might be given to take Orders later in life.

Again, the question of subscription will present itself to many minds in a somewhat different shape from that given to it in this debate. It is no doubt true that "if a man finds a difficulty in our present subscription to the formularies, he will also find a difficulty in the Prayer-book." Still, it will hardly be contended that the difficulties assume in the Prayer-book the sharp form given to them in the Thirty-nine Articles. What is gained by still requiring subscription to this last formula? Is not the retention of the Articles as the standard of orthodoxy an invitation to evasion and dishonesty?

AN AUTUMN FLIGHT.

(*From the French of Théophile Gautier.*)

SEE how the withered leaves are strowing
The lawn that already yellowing lies;
At morning and evening keener are blowing
The breezes. Alas for summer that dies!

See, of its flowers is the garden saving
The last sweet treasure, so quickly told;
Her gay rosette is the dahlia waving,
The marigold doffing his cap of gold.

High on the roof the garrulous swallows
Chirp, as their voices in council clash:
"The winter comes, and the cold soon follows."
Raindrops down in the fountain splash.

Hark! By hundreds they chatter and flitter,
Talk of their flight—what is it they say?
"To Athens I fare," you may hear one twitter,
"There to the ramparts I take my way;

"Every year go I thither, nesting
High in the frieze of the Parthenon wall,
For there, you must know, is a niche for resting—
The stone was cleft by a cannon-ball."

Another: "At Smyrna I'll be mounting
To a café's rafters, safe from harm;
At the threshold, their grains of amber counting,
The Hadjis bask in the sunshine warm."

All cry, "How many the leagues we'll cover,
When all our flock shall have left their home,
Across dark plains, and white peaks, and over
Blue seas dappling their shores with foam."

With a flapping of wings and a ceaseless clatter,
As they watch from their narrow perch on high,
Such is the sum of the swallows' chatter
When Autumn mists on the meadows lie.

Wings, wings, wings—ah! were I winging
The path of wishes, the poet's way,
Southward I'd fly with the swallows, singing
Of golden sunshine and fragrant May!

M. A. V.

REVIEWS.

MORE PHILOSOPHY.*

"MODERN Science and Pantheism," one of the most energetic of Professor Howison's essays, forms one of a symposium of which *The Idea of God* was another. A reprint almost coincident with the lamentable death of the author will probably be welcome to the large number of admirers of the Cosmic Theism which Mr. Fiske expounded so fluently and so fervently. An early convert to the synthetic philosophy, he was filled with gloom at its apparently anti-theistic tendencies; and set himself to prove that Mr. Spencer's system was not only reconcilable with belief in a personal Deity but contains in its very essence implications of the highest form of theism. Though no doubt consolatory to many perplexed minds, Mr. Fiske's speculations seem to possess but little permanence or value. They are written with earnestness and a certain mystical inspiration; they are altogether honest; and they are convinced that the evolutionary philosopher has probed the ultimate secrets of existence. A quarter of a century ago such conclusion, perhaps, appeared a commonplace, but the intervening time has worn grayer these earlier enthusiasms. In their attempts to identify the unknowable of Mr. Herbert Spencer with the God who "like as a father pitieth his children" they seem hopelessly to fail. The terms proposed by the synthetic philosophy in the reconciliation of science and religion, as Mr. Macpherson noted, too much "resemble those of the husband who suggested to the wife as a basis of human harmony that he should take the inside of the house and she the outside." And a God who vanishes ever further behind the veil as human inquiry penetrates into regions of darkness is not the God, knowledge of whom men have sought passionately throughout all ages and confidently attained. Such speculations as those in this volume cannot possess more than a transitory interest.

Mr. Saunders has written an admirable lecture outlining the life and work of the most interesting philosopher of the nineteenth century. Many philosophers have been perplexed at the permanence of Schopenhauer's influence in non-philosophical spheres. The limpid clearness of his style; the weaving into his system of the actual life of man; the facing of all facts; the inclusion of much tacitly ignored in metaphysical systems; and the attractive denunciation of all the things which most men fiercely desire and strive after, but which they never are in a position to attain; these partially account for this widespread influence. Articulate in Wagner's music, re-echoed in a thousand pessimistic novels, the prevailing creed of the scientist in Germany, and the fashionable cult of the young university student shocking his respectable relatives with paradoxes that leave them speechless, his influence was probably never greater than to-day. "A philosophy"—so Mr. Saunders effectively sums up his system—

> "which tells us that the meaning of life reveals itself, not to the speculations of the thinker, but to the insight of the artist and the self-denial of the saints; which critics have pronounced to be full of contradictions, and in striking conflict with its author's practice; which has nevertheless compelled an extraordinary amount of attention, was read with interest by a Goethe, adapted to his own uses by a Wagner, and described by a Tolstoi as an intellectual pleasure unexampled in his experience. . . . A piece of literature which in luminous strength, in apt illustration, in knowledge of the world, in grim humour and deep feeling is not to be matched, still less excelled, by any similar work in modern times.

Mr. Saunders traces the chief events of that strange life; the philosophical inheritance that it received, the elaboration of the system with will as fundamental and the intellect as "a secondary or even tertiary affair," the unanimous opposition from the universities and orthodoxies; the persistent arrogant

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* THE IDEA OF GOD. John Fiske. Macmillan and Co. SCHOPENHAUER. T. Bailey Saunders. A. and C. Black. KNOWLEDGE, BELIEF, CERTITUDE. By F. S. Turner. Swan Sonnenschein and Co. THE METHODS OF ETHICS. By H. Sidgwick. Sixth Edition. Macmillan and Co.

assertion of its truth despite neglect and obliquy. He finds the key to all in the classification of Schopenhauer as in essence a poet—an accusation which when branded with it by Dr. Ward aroused Mr. Herbert Spencer to such indignation. This conception, he holds, "forms a guiding thread in unravelling the inconsistencies and discrepancies of Schopenhauer's "strange inconsistent life." Mr. Saunders makes out a distinct case in favour of his interpretation.

The ingenuousness of Mr. Turner and his "Inquiry with Conclusions" almost disarms criticism. "If the conclusions surprise the reader," he states in the preface, "they will not surprise him more than they surprise the writer." "A faint foreshadowing of the final result may be seen in the first chapters: but nevertheless when these chapters were written, a dense fog covered my mind." But the end is in the nature of a revelation. "Keenly sensible of the imperfection of my performance, I end not with a feeling of self-complacency, but with joyful confidence in the truth that has been revealed to me; with wonder and thankfulness that I have been used as the instrument to set it forth." This is a sober and not undignified conclusion; one cannot but regret that the truths revealed are scarcely worthy of such a proclamation. That "Knowledge is belief" (repeated with lamentable reiteration through chapter after chapter), that Reality is the object of belief; that we apprehend "that this Reality is," though we are "wholly unable to apprehend and comprehend what it is"; that Science has not said the final word in the matter; that the more abstract the knowledge the farther from reality—these are surely no novel or astonishing revelations of a new gospel. The first of these statements, the one which the author appears most triumphantly to proclaim, is either an untruth or a platitude. Psychologically, as Mr. Stout has shown in his "Analytical Psychology," the affirmation of belief is ultimately distinct from the mere statement of cognition. And from another point of view the assertion becomes a mere commonplace: as, *e.g.*, that if we advance a step forward in walking we "believe" that past experience will be trustworthy and that the solid earth will not fail beneath our feet. Mr. Turner's book might be useful to present to any enthusiastic scientist who held that the empirical method was actually disclosing the nature of Reality and yielding a secure and absolute knowledge. But it is improbable that at the beginning of the twentieth century such a being exists. For the rest, he has read his philosophers to some purpose and has some shrewd criticisms to advance upon Kant, Hegel, and Mr. Bradley. But the whole work is unhappily diffuse and redundant, and would be far more effective if condensed from its five hundred pages to one-fifth of its bulk.

We rejoice that a continual demand for this really great book has necessitated another edition of *The Methods of Ethics*, though it is mournful to reflect that all future issues must lack those candid modifications and acknowledgments of changing views that offered so fascinating an insight into the breadth and depth and the perpetual search after the truth characteristic of the mind of its author. Practically it seems probable that this, the greatest of the late Professor Sidgwick's contributions to philosophy, will remain with Green's "Prolegomena" as the permanent English contributions of the nineteenth century to ethical theory. All written since is mainly amplification or minor criticism or repetition of the same thought in slightly differing phraseology. Green provides the foundation of the metaphysical systems, Sidgwick of the empirical: the former with his calls to action, his passionate craving after "the thought beyond man's thought," his reverberating influences upon practical social effort; the latter with his dispassionate dissection of human motive, his restraint, his scientific analysis of the springs of action, his scrupulous accuracy of statement and balance of judgment: each emphatically characteristic of the University to which he belonged. The student who has thoroughly mastered these two books is practically equipped for his own voyage on the unquiet sea of modern Ethical speculation. The present edition of *The Methods of Ethics* is enriched by an autobiographical sketch of the intellectual progress of the author to his final position—in substance, the lecture with which he used to begin his courses at Cambridge.

VERNACULAR SYRIAC.*

This dictionary treats of the dialects spoken at the present day among the Eastern (Nestorian or Chaldean) Syrians of Kurdistan, North-West Persia, and the Plain of Mosul, and is a companion volume to the author's *Grammar* published six years ago. Our knowledge of these dialects hardly goes back beyond 1856, when Stoddard, once a missionary of the American Presbyterian Board, produced the first Neo-Syriac grammar. Since his time several scholars have laboured in this particular field, and by the publication of learned articles and native manuscripts have materially extended our knowledge of this obscure Aramaic branch. The author's sources have been derived from oral material, from modern manuscripts, and from the printed books issued by the various missions, including, of course, the excellent version of the Bible recently published by the American Bible Society. He points out that in literary usage there is a marked tendency to indulge in words derived from classical Syriac or from foreign languages, and as such words are not frequent in ordinary conversation, he has very properly reduced their number as much as possible. The chief foreign languages which have influenced the vocabulary are Arabic, Persian, Kurdish, and Turkish, and the author has carefully noted all derivations and parallel forms with which he was acquainted, but since the same word is often found in two or more of these languages it is often difficult to decide precisely how it has come into the vernacular.

The *Dictionary*, like the *Grammar*, appeals to, and is primarily intended for, those who would gain a practical knowledge of vernacular Syriac. The dialects are spoken by perhaps a hundred thousand souls, who inhabit a district which seems likely to be of political importance in the near future. But, apart from all this, the work has a value of its own for the stay-at-home student. Shorn of foreign accretions, these dialects of the Eastern Syrians—which, by the way, we must distinguish from those of the Western or Jacobite Syrians—afford an interesting study to the philologist. Though essentially Aramaic, they are not the direct descendants of the classical Syriac, the language of the Peshitta. From a consideration of certain grammatical and lexical features it has been suggested, perhaps rightly, that they are offshoots of the more popular Aramaic dialects of the Babylonian Talmud, etc., and it is by no means improbable that the author is correct in his view that the vernacular Syriac is a survival, and that "much or most of it was doubtless in use side by side with the written classical Syriac for centuries."

Scholars, now and in the future, will owe a debt of gratitude to the learned author for the careful scholarship of his work, and for the patience with which he has toiled to make these dialects accessible.

THE WAY TO WATCH BIRDS.†

One of the most hindering of all fallacies is that which regards nature as existing with a view to man; as if the nightingale sang for the sake of Keats and suns set to give play to the genius of Turner. Even that band of poets who retrieved for English letters a genuine love of nature were a little touched by this false notion. Wordsworth himself was not always quite free:—

> One impulse from a vernal wood
> Will teach you more of man,
> Of moral evil and of good
> Than all the sages can.

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* A Dictionary of the Dialects of Vernacular Syriac. By Arthur John Maclean, M.A., F.R.G.S. Oxford: Clarendon Press. 25s.

† Bird Watching. By Edward Selous. Dent. 7s. 6d.

This is not the right spirit in which to enter those "enchanted woods." Men see less clearly and love less truly if the commerce with nature is for the sake of gain, even if the gain is of moral good. But this fallacy is the last infirmity of many nature lovers and has done them much damage in the pursuit of their several sciences. In spite of the advances lately made it is still rare to find any observer of birds who has not some, so to speak, associated object. He wishes to prove the possession of reason or to arrive at a definition of instinct, to prove, in short, that birds have a share in the intellectual equipment belonging to men. Only those avoid this pitfall who devote themselves wholly to dry scientific inquiries into the facts of distribution or of structure or of development. What is wanted is someone with genius who will put down just exactly what he observes, so that the life of the animal shall be interesting and vivid in itself; to be judged for itself without subconscious comparison or patronising contrast. The parts of nature—men, trees, birds, and the rest—are, if the phrase is allowable, co-ordinate companions, and though after cool consideration a man be judged to be the most complex, the most developed, the only part capable of guessing the divine event to which he moves, his superiority makes no difference to the absolute existence, the separate beauty of the rest. Rightly, to observe, man must have with his companions a sympathy that is of the world, universal, not narrowed to the human outlook.

Botany has been saved from the Dry-as-dusts by the comparatively new study of the relation of flowers to insects. In the study of the companionship of the two man has dropped out of thought. Ornithology was for a long time in the hands of the dissectors, who thought that first to kill your bird was the most necessary injunction; and though it has now many genuine observers, they still pervert the pleasure and the utility of their amusement by this alloy of human egoism.

A book has just been published which marks, in spirit if not in accomplishment, a new epoch in the science. The author, a humanitarian by conviction, who would rather anything than the death of a "brother bird," has spent his life in sheer observation. He has hidden from three o'clock till noon on a cold winter morning under rubble of straw that he might spy through the intervals of the stalks the finches and the starlings, and the occasional pheasant in their native moods. He has stalked with Red Indian patience and success the sea-birds, the plover, the nightjar, as well as all the smaller fry, and brought home not scalps, but knowledge. He has written down the tale, often from notes taken on the spot, just as it happened in real life, so that we may know for the tale's own sake just how birds live at home among themselves. The writer has not the style of a Burroughs, but then Burroughs was a notorious scalp-hunter. He has not the strange flashes of spiritual insight that mark out Jefferies; but Jefferies wanders from his subject, and puts us off with metaphysical pantheism. He has, besides, uncomfortable affectations, and now and then ludicrous speculations, but everything may be forgiven for this novelty of method. If we give up or relegate to the propædeutic stage all the thought of bird structure and seek enjoyment, as one does in the observation of people, in the lives of the individual birds that visit our own bit of garden we shall find every bit of observation new. Incidentally, by the help of this individual sympathy, the rest of the knowledge will come of itself. If you have acquired an interest in a particular pair of long-tailed tits, and watched them conduct their numerous family about through the early autumn, you will find yourself the next year watching for their date of arrival and place and time of nesting with much more zest and accuracy than if your object was the mere collection of dates, or the accumulation of facts about an abstract species. Birds are interesting entities, and we shall miss the charm of their presence, if our interest is in the class, not the separate birds, and if our object is knowledge, not companionship. Birds themselves so soon get to know men, and, perhaps—a point worth study—each other. Within a rectory garden in the Midlands, in the year 1899, a hedge sparrow built in a fork in a box-bush, where her nest was discovered by a cuckoo, who deposited an egg there. The same hedge-sparrow built exactly in the same spot in 1900, and in due time a second cuckoo's egg was put there. In 1901 the hedge-sparrow for some unknown reason was very late in building, and the nest was not finished when the cuckoos were laying; but twice a cuckoo, perhaps *the* cuckoo, was seen flying by the box-bush. The experience ends there; but all who were interested in the story have a more valuable knowledge of the hedge sparrow's way of thought and manner of life than if they had studied *passeres*, as a sub-division, all their life. The fault of the science is that the class has been studied before the individual, and the cause of the fault lies in a mistake of motive and intention. Every book will tell you that rooks put out sentinels; in fact, they don't. The simultaneous flutterings of finches from their feeding-ground to the nearest trees is universally attributed to alarm; in fact, the birds behave when alarmed in an absolutely contrary manner. Individual birds differ as much as classes in courage, intelligence, and—why not?—character. Let observers study the various characters; then ultimately in the course of years if the observers have been many and acute someone may compose a science in his study. But first like Lowell let him look out of the window.

THREE BOOKS ON ZOOLOGY.*

THE third volume of the collected works of Professor Huxley deals largely with the work that fell to his lot as Naturalist to the Geological Survey, in which post, though under a somewhat different title, he had been preceded by Edward Forbes. As one turns over the pages of one classical memoir after another on the problems of Palæontology it is interesting to recall the answer sent by Huxley to Sir H. De la Beche, Director of the Geological Survey, who offered him the two posts held by Forbes. He says, "I refused the former point-blank and accepted the latter only provisionally, telling Sir Henry that I did not care for fossils, and that I should give up natural history as soon as I could get a physiological post." Yet, as he himself records, he held the office for thirty-one years, and a large part of his life-work was dealing with fossils, for which he soon learnt to care. Apart from the memoirs dealing with fossil remains, chiefly those relating to the gigantic Saurians which play so large a part in Mr. Punch's "Prehistoric Peeps," and with the relation of the reptilian fauna of past periods to the origin of birds, the present volume contains Huxley's epoch-making essay "On the Classification of Birds," and his extremely suggestive treatise on the nature of the minute ear-bones of the mammalia. There are also many addresses on ethnological subjects. Our author surveys mankind from China to Peru, but his interest is not confined by any means to mere vertebrates. One of the most instructive memoirs in the book deals with those obscure organisms of the sea known as Coccoliths and Coccospheres, organisms so minute that their existence has been doubted by microscopists not especially trained to see them with the highest powers of the microscope, and the last "paper" in the book treats of the yeast-cell and the bacterium organisms, so lowly in their structure and so potent in their effects on humanity.

It is always interesting to read the writings of an enthusiast, and Dr. Gadow is obviously an enthusiast on the subject of Amphibia, and, at any rate, certain orders of reptiles. He is, moreover, one of our most learned morphologists, and in his racy English he deals picturesquely both with the anatomy and the habits of his cold-blooded pets. As an example of his treatment we may select his account of the British tailless amphibia. We have living in the

*(1) THE SCIENTIFIC MEMOIRS OF THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY. Edited by Sir Michael Foster, K.C.B., and Professor E. Ray Lankester. Vol. III. Macmillan.

(2) THE CAMBRIDGE NATURAL HISTORY. Vol. VIII. Amphibia and Reptiles. By Hans Gadow. Macmillan.

(3) A TREATISE ON ZOOLOGY. Edited by E. Ray Lankester. Part II. By E. A. Minchin, G. H. Fowler, and G. C. Bourne. A. and C. Black.

British Islands two genera and four species of the anura. *Rana temporaria*, the common frog, grass frog, or brown frog, which reaches from Ireland to Japan, is thoroughly described both as to its habits, its distribution, and its varieties. This prolific species has been well termed the martyr to science, and it is known in every European laboratory. Equally well known, not to the laboratory but to the kitchen, is *Rana esculenta*, the water-frog which figures so frequently on the *menus* of French restaurants. A closely allied form is even more common on the bills of fare of New York clubs and dining houses. This frog appears but locally in England, chiefly at scattered places in the Eastern counties, at Foulmire Fen in Cambridgeshire, between Scoulton and Thetford in Norfolk, etc. Our British edible frogs belong to a Southern European variety, and have almost certainly been introduced. Whether their introduction is due to the gastronomic forethought of the Lombard monks who used to annually visit the monasteries of East Anglia to collect their rents, or whether their presence here is caused by that inexplicable inclination, so widely spread, to acclimatise animals and so upset the laws of geographical distribution, our author leaves unsettled. One thing is clear, he does not regard *R. esculenta* as indigenous to our country.

The toads present a somewhat similar distribution. *Bufo vulgaris*, the common toad, extends from Great Britain to the Amoor. It is a species which tends to giants, and the larger forms, so common in Jersey, are always females and great feeders. These toads are very capable of being tamed, and make agreeable pets for anyone who has a greenhouse. The only other toad indigenous to the British Islands is the *Bufo calamita*, the Natterjach. It is, however, extremely local in its distribution, loving a sandy soil and plenty of sunshine.

The foregoing short abstract of the British anura gives but an inadequate idea of the wealth of fact contained in this book. For many years zoologists have lacked a comprehensive treatise on the Amphibia and Reptilia. This they have now. Dr. Gadow has given us an authoritative book, written with humour, and admirably illustrated. For many years to come it will be *the* book on the subject.

Professor Lankester's *Treatise on Zoology*, the second part of which is before us, appeals to a very different class of readers. It is a book for specialists and not for the general public. Whilst less full than Brown's "Thierorcich," it is more detailed than any English text-book, and indeed contains such a wealth of material that it is hardly adapted for the ordinary student. The volume before us deals with the porifera and the cœlentera, or in the vulgar tongue with sponges, jelly-fish, sea-anemones, corals, and other allied animals. We note that although the name hyduzoa is dropped, the somewhat old-fashioned classification which treats the scyphomedusæ with the hydromedusæ, and apart from the authozoa is here adhered to. A large number of process-figures and diagrams are provided. Many of them are original and convey very good ideas of the anatomy and histology of the multitudinous forms here described. As is usually the case in books issued under the superintendence of the director of our great natural history museum, a number of new terms are introduced, and it would have been a great assistance had a list of these been prepared and printed at the end of the volume. The number of technical terms in zoology is so great that already one specialist cannot understand what another is writing about, and there is danger as specialism grows that each worker will develop a language of his own, which he alone and perhaps a few enthusiastic pupils will be able to follow. New names, like new species or new peerages, should be registered. They should have a definition attached to them, and the name of their creator and date of creation should be appended and a list of them compiled. They would then be easily catalogued by one of the numerous zoological year-books, and in course of time would be incorporated in a dictionary of zoological terms.

The separate paging of each chapter, which is associated with the separate numbering of the figures and a separate index, tends to confusion. If the book is to be broken up and sold in separate chapters this arrangement has its reason. But the subdivision in this case is carried too far. It indicates a sharp division between two parts of that very compact group, the cœlentera, and many will think that the dividing line, if there must be one, is not drawn in the right place.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Ceremonies and Processions of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury. Edited by Chr. Wordsworth. Cambridge University Press. 15s.

(2) Saint Dominic. By Jean Guiraud. Translated by Katharine de Mattos. Duckworth. 3s.

(3) Songs of Exile by Hebrew Poets. Translated by Nina Davis. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

(4) The Umbrian Towns. By J. W. and A. M. Cruickshank. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

(5) How to Write an Essay. Grant Richards. 2s. 6d.

(6) Books about King Alfred.

(1) In addition to Mr. Christopher Wordsworth's *Ceremonies and Processions of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury* now before us, his edition of the "Pye" for the Henry Bradshaw Society is announced as approaching its completion, and the Cambridge University Press is about to issue the "Ordinale," which has never been in print before. Thus, before the present year is out, some substantial new progress will have been made in the printing of the Sarum books, which has been going on steadily for the past forty years, and will probably not be completed for another twenty. Mr. Wordsworth points out in his preface that his present book differs from its fellows in following a manuscript written for use, not merely in the diocese, but in the Cathedral church itself, and still preserved in the Cathedral library. In the form in which it is now extant it consists of fifty leaves of vellum, two more than it originally contained, the loss of its third quire and the first and last leaves of the fourth being more than balanced by additions at the beginning and the end containing a list of Psalms appropriated to the Prebends, a revised list of names for commemoration at Bidding the Bedes, and some documents relating to the Dean and Chapter. Mr. Wordsworth has supplied missing matter from other sources and has made so many other notes and additions that his book is about four times the size of the original manuscript. The additional matter is mostly interesting and we are glad to have it; all the same, it would have conduced to clearness if the first hundred pages of this edition had been devoted to the text of the manuscript as it stands without interpolations of any kind, and the remaining three hundred to illustrating and supplementing it. As it is the student will have to keep his eyes sharply on the margin to make sure what he is reading, and the end of the original manuscript is so slightly marked off from what follows that those who quote from the book will need to be careful. By the help of the obits in the Kalendar Mr. Wordsworth dates his manuscript as probably written between 1441 and 1450, and he conjectures that it was "originally composed about the time of Bishop Aiscough for the use of one of the Senior Canons, the Precentor, or other *principalis persona*, who might from time to time be called upon to execute the principal part of the service in absence of the Bishop and Dean," his reason being that it "picks up the processions" only at their concluding stage, and presupposes the existence not only of an antiphoner, but also of an ordinary processional, such as we find in the printed editions. Among the rites peculiar to the Cathedral Church which it contains are the form for Bidding the Bedes, the publication of the relics, the Maundy "potus caritatis," and the order for visiting and washing the altars, from which last Mr. Wordsworth has deduced some interesting results as to the internal topography of the Cathedral. On this subject he has written two dissertations and two sets of notes, and he has also brought together documents bearing on the indulgences connected with the Cathedral, its

confraternity, Bishop Beauchamp's visitation in 1475, and the vestments and ornaments of the Cathedral, to whose history his work is thus an important contribution.

(2) The life of *Saint Dominic*, translated by Miss Katherine de Mattos from the French of M. Jean Guiraud, must be ranked with the less successful rather than the better volumes of Messrs. Duckworth's series "The Saints." It gives a pleasantly written sketch of the life of St. Dominic and the early days of his Order, and while leaving the saint's path amply strewn with miracles prunes away some of the less plausible legends which have grown up round it. But it is written too obviously for "edification," and the better volumes of the series have avoided this fault.

(3) Miss Nina Davis's *Songs of Exile* are very tuneful translations from Hebrew poets of the eighth and following centuries of our era, a large number of them being renderings of songs by Jehudah Halevi (1086-1140). In her own brief prelude Miss Davis speaks of these ancient melodies as—

> Mingling a mighty gladness with a groan
> Of fallen strength,

a fine phrase, which may be taken as representing her own aim in these translations, in which the note of exile is seldom lacking, and is yet tempered at times by a noble thankfulness. Of the correctness of Miss Davis's versions we do not pretend to speak, but they ring true, and are often full of music. As a specimen we may take a single verse from "A Song of Redemption," by Solomon ibn Gabirol, a Spanish poet of the eleventh century. As often in these songs it is Israel who speaks :—

> Surely a limit boundeth every woe,
> But mine enduring anguish hath no end;
> My grievous years are spent in ceaseless flow,
> My wound has no amend.
> O'erwhelmed, my helm doth fail, no hand is strong
> To steer the bark to port, her longed-for aim.
> How long, O Lord, wilt Thou my doom prolong?
> When shall be heard the dove's sweet voice of song?
> O leave us not to perish for our wrong,
> Who bear Thy name.

There is enough character here to persuade us that we are listening not only to Miss Davis, but to the poet himself, and there are not many translations that give this impression.

(4) The volume on *The Umbrian Towns*, contributed by Mr. and Mrs. Cruickshank to "Grant Allen's Historical Guides," strikes us as calculated to spoil the pleasure of any tourists who attempt to use it. Its pages are dotted with sentences in heavy black type suggestive of a primer, and it works through picture galleries and churches with a plodding conscientiousness of detail which must result either in revolt or complete benumbment.

(5) An anonymous treatise on *How to Write an Essay* in the "How to" series published by Mr. Grant Richards has at least the merit that it will help the young essayist to think. For school essays and those which are written under the stress of examinations it may really be useful, but the list (with addresses) of newspapers and magazines open to receive essays, written more or less according to the anonymous author's directions, is merely mischievous. The book itself never rises above the commonplace, and writers who need its help must be a long way below the standard at which they could hope to sell their work.

(6) The Alfred Millenary has sent us one more little sheaf of books this week—an authorised edition, price one penny (Humphreys) of Lord Rosebery's speech at Winchester on *Alfred the Truthteller*, a very poor "drama in three acts" on *Alfred the Great*, by Mr. Edmund L. Hill (Fisher Unwin, 2s. 6d.), and a shilling pamphlet on *King Alfred as Educator of his People and Man of Letters* (Macmillan). This last is a reprint of the chapters on Alfred in Mr. Stopford Brooke's "Early English Literature," with a new preface, and with an appendix of passages from the writings of Alfred, selected and translated from the old English by Miss Kate Warren. The chapters thus republished were among the best in Mr. Stopford Brooke's book, and are none the worse for having been written a year or two ago, and thus in a more moderate key than the later panegyrics. Miss Warren's translations are also welcome. The modest merits of the passages she has selected may come as a disappointment to readers fresh from millenary celebrations, but to study what Alfred really wrote is surely the best way of honouring him.

FICTION.

The Light of Scarthey. A romance. By Egerton Castle, author of "Young April," etc. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.—*The Light of Scarthey* in its present form is a reprint. The book was originally published in 1895, and secured, as it deserved to do, the attention of a large public. To many, however, it will come none the less as a new book, and a work of quite exceptional merit and fascination. It is described on the title-page as a romance, and a preface—quite as interesting in its way as the book it introduces—tells us much of the manner of its inspiration and composition, and the meanings the author attaches to the word and the idea of romance :—"There are soaring passions, secrets of the innermost heart, that can only be set free in desperate situations—and these situations are not found in the tenor of everyday, well-ordered life; they belong to romance." Romance demands a certain picturesqueness of setting, an urgency of opportunity, a suspension of the regularity of the normal. Otherwise character is not justified in overleaping convention, hearts are not licensed to display themselves upon the sleeve. All these conditions, and others not less essential, are satisfied by the plot, motive, and setting of *The Light of Scarthey*. The time is the period of the French Revolution and the score of years that followed it. The scene, "that great bight of Morecambe; that vast of brown and white shallow, deserted, silent, mysterious, and treacherous with its dreaded shifting sands; fringed in the inland distance by the Cumbrian hills, blue and misty; bordered outwards by the Irish Sea, cold and grey. And in a corner of that waste, the islet small and green, and secure with its ancient peel." The central idea of the book is to answer the question how a man of strong passion and high constancy would feel, if, in mature years, could be given back to him the lost love of his youth; she unchanged, while he had suffered scarring and maiming in the battle of life. The problem is worked out by making Sir Adrian Landale, love, in youth his beautiful cousin, the Countess of Savenaye, who gives him no return save that of making him serve her cause and fight her battles till she dies; and then, after years of hardship and years of hermitage, bringing him suddenly face to face with the daughter of his lady of other days, when her beauty rouses in him the same passion felt long ago for the mother. In a general way, love stories that extend over two generations are tiresome, but in this one the interest both of character and incident is marvellously maintained. And the repetition of certain general characteristics of the mother in the daughter is accomplished without either spoiling the individuality of the younger heroine, or disturbing the supremacy of the elder. Molly's wild passion for the Privateersman, who is her sister's lover as well as her husband's dearest friend, is a development that takes the reader by surprise. But the handling is equal to the situation, and the conclusion of perfect peace comes—when it comes at last—with the full note of a real solution. Sir Adrian's magnanimity covers his wife's aberrations, and he wins her as herself, after first loving her as a resurrection of her mother.

The Million. By Dorothea Gerard. Methuen. 6s.—Somewhat gloomy as this book is, it is a powerful romance of Eastern Europe. The writer adds the authority of long residence to her own native genius. Somehow she never leaves an impression of much happiness in her stories, and the farther she advances into the Slav countries the more mournful is the *entourage*, the lowest point being touched in her late Russian tale, "The

Supreme Crime." Much poverty to be endured, with an unrefined and unbenevolent class giving little assistance, seems to be the reason ; but Madame Longard de Louggarde's view needs to be supplemented by the Hungarian author, Jokaï. There the outlook is singularly joyous, although in his late tale, "St. Peter's Umbrella," he, like herself, has taken Galicia for his subject. In one of its provincial towns, remote indeed, where even the capital, Lemberg, is so provincial, a man of talent, creedless, and of intense selfishness, finds himself tied to a notary's office, without a single interest in life except to amass his million. His daughter, Romana, also *confessionlos*, is to make a brilliant marriage and spend the money in Vienna. Romana's beauty is described in no dazzling way, and in spite of the author, we retain an impression of considerable heaviness in her looks, which are of a Roumanian type. Her father has juggled her out of her young lover, and when she discovers the deceit she throws husband and riches to the winds and thinks Felix only a poor creature, because having also married in pique, he refuses to elope from his wife with her. The intimate knowledge of a woman's heart, when deeply injured, unhappily married, despairing and without faith, is depressing to the reader. More violent action follows, and Romana's morals do not improve till she has charged her father in open court with all her misery. Then she goes into a convent and learns to become a Christian, while he, too, drifts towards faith to the extent of leaving the Million to an orphanage for motherless girls under clerical guidance. The vital element in the book is Romana's ignorance of any faith or hope, and many of the pages are touched with real pathos.

Sir Hector. By Robert Machray. Constable. 6s.—In "Sir Hector" Mr. Machray has undeniably discovered a new standpoint from which to view the events of the '45. The book opens with a scene between Hector Maclean and his mother, in which the dying woman reveals the secret of his birth ; he is the son of Tullibardine, brought up in obscurity while his father suffers exile for the Stuart cause, title and estates having passed to Lord James Murray, who has been staunch to the Hanoverian Government. Hector's mother has conceived a bitter hatred for the Jacobite cause which has cost her her life's happiness, and the young man is left to reconcile as he may his heritage of warring passions. Unfortunately the fine situation is never developed, and the reader looks in vain for the dramatic meeting between Hector and his unknown father towards which the book seems tending. Electing to remain "plain Hector Maclean," the young adventurer journeys to London, falls in with an English banker and speculator, and tries his fortunes in 'Change Alley. Thenceforward the book deals with the fluctuations of stocks, varied by Hector's love affairs with the banker's daughter. There is the due allowance of intrigue, a false accusation, an attempted abduction, and so on. There is interest in the picture of 'Change Alley in the panic caused by the advance of Prince Charlie and the threatened downfall of George II. ; but the spirit of romance is sadly lacking in the hero, who takes his mad ride to Derby, and claims kinship, for the first and last time, with his house, that he may carry word of the retreat to his partner in time to take advantage of the panic in London. Here, indeed, we have commercialism rampant and romance the most unromantic.

The Year One. By J. Bloundelle Burton. Methuen. 6s.—Memories of the fine light and shade and dramatic contrasts of "Denounced" turned us with agreeable anticipations to Mr. Burton's new romance of the French Revolution. The first chapter, with its meeting by the defaced tomb in the sand-besieged Breton churchyard, promised well for the story to come. It cannot, however, be affirmed that the author has kept up his fine beginning or done justice to his own power. The love and adventures of George Hope, lieutenant in the English Navy, and Lucienne, Marquise d'Aubray, do not furnish us with very convincing reading. There is, it is true, some originality in having the hero immured in La Force, while the heroine undertakes the work of rescue, metamorphosing herself for that purpose into a woman of the people, and indulging in dangerous dalliance with a Communist lover. There are lurid pictures of the horrors of the Revolution ; there are also the glaring improbabilities without which a story of this kind is seldom worked out. But in spite of the exciting nature of the incidents, the story moves with no great intensity or dramatic force to its fore-ordained happy ending.

MAGAZINES.

THE October *National Review* is an unusually good number. We do not quite see the connection between Sir Charles Warren's conclusion that "individuality in the British Army is decreasing," and the interesting, but rather disconnected, strategic notes on the South African War from which it is, apparently, intended to follow ; but they contain much valuable material for the historian and critic, and the conclusion has been probably arrived at independently by a good many readers. Mr. C. A. Whitmore, M.P., declares that Mr. Balfour is not only the natural successor to Lord Salisbury in the Premiership, but the best possible choice ; he has twice been acting Foreign Minister at a critical period, and each time has acquitted himself well ; he got up the intricate subject of London government, and piloted the Bill through the House with conspicuous success, and his deeds, if not his words, prove him a sound Imperialist. Mr. Whitmore, however, says nothing about the fate of the Education Bill in 1896. Mr. W. R. Lawson draws a gloomy picture of the financial situation of France, which might have been even gloomier had he taken into account the disarrangement produced by the abolition of the octrois, now in process of accomplishment, and points out that other countries are on the same path. "Ignotus"—is he identical with the German publicist of the unfortunately defunct *Cosmopolis?*—writes with vigour, but with rather questionable accuracy, on the probable future of South America (except Chili and Argentina) as a great German colonial empire. He overlooks the awkward facts that German colonists show no desire anywhere to remain under their own flag, and that the German voters in the United States are much more American than German ; and we must certainly question his statement that the Germans in Rio Grande do Sul are being submerged by men of Latin race. Moreover, to send a large army across the Atlantic, in the face of active American opposition, and to use it when there, would be a much heavier task than the South African War. South America may be colonised by Germans, but assuredly not under the Imperial flag. Dr. Barry holds that many convergent influences must lead the world to return to Catholicism, but that one of the chief obstacles is to be found, now as heretofore, in the "mishandling of our Catholic treasures" by their Roman guardians. In the last part of his thesis, at any rate, most non-Romanist readers will concur.

The *New Liberal Review* contains singularly little about politics, mainly, no doubt, because its editor-in-chief was too busy elsewhere defining his attitude. It includes, however, an opportune article on the cost of a seat in Parliament, pointing out that "electors have very little choice of candidates," since only rich men can get elected, and yet that their expenditure does not help their party much. Of the rest of the varied, but somewhat crude, information in the number, the most novel is contained in an amusing and decidedly unfavourable account of the Norfolk Islanders, by a visitor who has attempted to collect debts among them for an Australian firm. Perhaps this has biassed him ; certainly he has not studied the history of the *Bounty* mutiny. Mr. Churton Collins's "Popular Quotations" (chiefly misquotations) is amusing as well as instructive.

The *pièce de résistance* of the *Empire Review* is an article by Colonel Sir James Willcocks, K.C.M.G., on the relief of Kumasi—or rather, on the splendid endurance of the black soldiers who constituted the expedition under his leadership, and who have been made soldiers, in four years, out of

material formerly regarded as in the last degree unpromising. Sir John Bourinot sketches our present King's visit to Canada in 1860, and, of course, takes a hopeful view of the outlook for the unity of the Empire. The review well maintains its character and its aim.

In the *Revue de Paris* (London publisher, T. Fisher Unwin, 2s.) we may note an ingenious defence of "le fonctionnaire" in France, and the system of which he forms a part, and a specially interesting account of the Siberian railway. Its weekly *train de luxe* contains a library, a dark room for photographers, and a gymnasium, including a boat and a bicycle—stationary, of course, but affording exercise; and its chief function, of course, is ultimately to open up the vast natural wealth of Siberia. M. Ernest Lavisse writes weightily on the Czar's visit, chiefly in view of its tendency to promote the peace of Europe.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

Bell's Elementary Illustrated Classics:—Euripides: *Medea*, T. Nicklin. Euripides: *Hecuba*, A. W. Upcott. Horace: *Odes IV.*, H. Latter. 2s. each, with or without vocabularies.—It is impossible to recommend any books which are printed in a manner to try young eyes; and on this ground, we regret to say, *Bell's Illustrated Classics* must be condemned. The Greek type is clumsy, the page too crowded, the margins are too small, and the type of the notes is too small. They can be read, of course, and are read in scores of little books from various publishers; but we speak from some experience when we say that they do harm. Turning to the editing of the books, there is much to praise. There are a number of interesting and really illustrative pictures; the brief introductions are sensible. The notes, of course, are elementary, but we feel strongly that too much help is given in translation, abstract, and paraphrase. The word ἐπεισόδιον might have been explained; and Mr. Upcott should have explained why, if slaves are to embroider the *peplus*, this duty was held one of the highest possible honours in Athens (*Hec.* 469). And what is an *actress* doing on the Greek stage (613)? Mr. Upcott has not hit on the best way of writing notes. We cannot agree with Mr. Nicklin that ἰμμάτων ἄπο (*Med.* 216) is "with proud mien"; there is no pride in the phrase. He does not seem to have understood ἐξιόνα, κάλων (278); this is a sheet so fastened that to pull it is to gather up a large corner of the sail, the ancient mode of reefing still used by Greek boatmen. Mr. Latter's notes are on the whole judicious and useful, and he is less free with translations than the other two editors.

Bell's Intermediate Illustrated Classics:—Homer: *Odyssey I.* E. C. Marchant. 2s. With glossary of words not found in ordinary Attic prose.—This book has a charming cover, and the effect of the page is better, although the type is the same as in the small books, because decent margins are given. The pictures are very good indeed. The introduction is tantalizing, for it leaves off at the *Chorizontes*, and does not say what the truth is believed to be about the Homeric poems, their date, or their origin. A Mycenæan vase is given unblushingly as of the Homeric period (7), so perhaps the editor is not clear in his own mind. A useful account is given of the dialect, and a plan of the Homeric house, but the metre is left alone. The editor's linguistic is sometimes weak: ἱερον is supposed to be the Sanscrit *ishirás*, "strong," and has nothing to do with the Sanscrit for "fire" as is here stated (2); and where is the use of deriving Ζάκυνθος from διὰ ἄκανθα (246), even if it were right? The last word is likely to be one of a class of ancient names, like Tirzus, whose origin lies in the Pelasgic age. We regret that Mr. Marchant inclines to Reichel's theory of Homeric armour, which has been completely demolished by Professor Ridgeway. With these exceptions, the notes appear to be satisfactory.

The March of the Ten Thousand. Being a translation of the "Anabasis" founded by a Life of Xenophon. H. G. Dakyns, Macmillan. 3s. 6d.—Mr. Dakyns's translation of Xenophon is well known, so we need not add our praise to the execution of the work. The publication of the "Anabasis" alone was a good idea, and we hope that the book may be used as a gift-book to boys who have got beyond that stage in their Greek form-work. As a story of adventure it is full of interest, and the "Life" is well calculated to bring out the best sides of Xenophon's character. There is a full index.

Boys and Girls of Other Days. A reader for upper standards. John Finnemore. Illustrated. First series. Black.—This is a capital little book, and just what is needed in elementary schools, where there is so much drill and so little imagination. Archæology is cast in the form of simple stories, by which the English boy or girl may learn what a home in ancient Britain was like, or a battle with pirates and enemies. The tales, or scenes, depict the landing of Cæsar, the coming of the Saxons, the great days of Alfred, Saxon and Norman, the Peasants' Rebellion, and Towton Field.

Mr. G. A. Wade sends a sensible little book on *How to Succeed in your Examination* (Grant Richards), which deserves a better fate than to belong to a series dubbed with such a horrible title as *The "How to" Series.* We expected to find another of the familiar cram books, but we do not see how any private student could fail to benefit from the good advice here given as to methods and times of work, tuition, health and fitness. We can recommend it.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

SIR,—In an article in THE PILOT of August 17th, one of a series of four on "New Testament Criticism and the Faith," Canon Gore contends that there is internal evidence in the Synoptic Gospels to show that their narrative was not seriously coloured by later developments in the Church. May I, in the interests of full discussion, without committing myself any further in the controvesy, give some reasons for thinking that Canon Gore's arguments are not in all cases sufficient of themselves to establish his points?

1. He finds his first proof in the phraseology of the Gospels:—

"In the Epistles Christians are called 'the brethren,' or 'the saints.' . . . But in the Gospels, as in the early chapters of the Acts, they are 'the disciples.' In the Epistles 'Christ' has become almost a proper name of Jesus, and 'the Son of Man' is no longer in use. But the latter is the characteristic title of the Gospels. 'The Christ' is still the Jewish Messiah. The phraseology of justification, sanctification, and election do not appear, or appear quite untechnically. The style of our Lord's teaching, whether by parables or otherwise, is quite unlike anything in the rest of the New Testament. Here is strong evidence that the memory of what 'Jesus began both to do and teach' was suffered to live distinct and untouched by later ideas and phrases in the mind of the apostles and the Church" (p. 153 b.).

It must be admitted that at first sight this reasoning seems conclusive. It gives the impression that the three Gospels have preserved a photographic reproduction of the times of Christ, which must be of necessity correct in all its details. But on further consideration doubts arise as to the validity of the argument used, whether the conclusion be correct or not. Almost everything that Canon Gore has here written about the Synoptic Gospels might be written with equal truth about the Fourth Gospel. And yet it is a common opinion, which perhaps Canon Gore himself shares, that the Fourth Gospel was seriously coloured by later developments. The Fourth Gospel speaks of "the disciples," not of "the brethren" or "the Saints."* The Fourth Gospel does not use "Christ" as a proper name.† In it "the Christ" is still the Jewish Messiah. The phraseology of justification, sanctification, and election do not appear in it any more than in the Synoptic Gospels. It may be added, perhaps, that, if we except the Johannine Epistles, the style of our Lord's teaching in the Fourth Gospel is unlike anything in the rest of the New Testament. Here, then, we have the primitive characteristics combined with indications

* "The brethren" are once mentioned in the appendix (xxi. 23).

† Except in John i. 17, with which may be compared Matt. i. 1, 18, Mark i. 1., and (?) Luke ii. 11.

of later colouring. Is it not possible that the two things may co-exist in the Synoptics as well as in the Fourth Gospel?

2. Canon Gore's second paragraph deals with the alleged influence of Old Testament prophecy in moulding the form of the Gospel narrative. This is a point about which there does not appear to be any serious controversy now. Canon Gore's opinion about it does not differ materially from that of Professor Schmiedel (see "Encyc. Bib." Art. "Gospels," § 143), or of the late Professor Bruce ("Enc. Bib.," Art. "Jesus," § 30).

3. Canon Gore quotes the accounts of the Temptation in the Wilderness as showing that there was no growth of the miraculous element in the Gospel tradition, for "nothing seems more certain than that the account of the Temptation is the record of a real spiritual experience of our Lord communicated by Himself in outward imagery to the disciples. Yet this experience presupposes on our Lord's part a consciousness of strictly miraculous power over nature." On which we may remark that, admitting that Jesus may have communicated a spiritual experience to his disciples in outward imagery, it does not follow that the form in which he communicated it is exactly the form in which it appears in the Gospels now. That the form has undergone some modification is evident from a comparison of the three different versions in the three Gospels. If the form which appears in the second Gospel was the original form, or comes nearest to it—and this would seem a natural conclusion from the position which Canon Gore assigns to this Gospel*—then the consciousness of miraculous power over nature may not have formed any part of the original communication.

4. Distinguishing between the later theology, in which the ideas of Incarnation and divine Sonship held a more prominent place, and the earlier, which concerned itself more with the question of Messiahship, Canon Gore remarks that the later theology was not pushed back to colour the Gospel language, though there are some casual references to it in the Gospels. But he does not make it clear that these casual references may not represent a later element in the Gospels. The remarkable passage, Matt. xi. 25-27 (Luke x. 21-22), seems to come from a source which bears more resemblance to the fourth Gospel than to its present synoptic surroundings, and may be of later date.

5. Canon Gore sees the difficulty which we all feel about the recorded appearances of the Risen Lord, and in his fifth paragraph he faces it frankly, and offers a solution which has much to recommend it. But there are some questions which he will have to answer before we can accept his position. He says :—

"The witness of those who had seen the risen Lord (omitting the women) was tabulated as St. Paul gives it us in the tradition that it might be engraven in the faithful memory of all Christians. How, then, is it that the records of the appearances in the Gospels are so casual? . . . It is, we must suppose, because 'the Gospel' served a non-doctrinal purpose. After the disciples had been taught the fact and meaning of the Resurrection and the other rudiments of necessary knowledge, they were suffered to go on to satisfy their natural desire to know more of what Jesus said and did. The evangelical record, written or unwritten, satisfied their desire. But the account of the experiences of Easter Day and the days that followed was allowed to remain somewhat casual and incoherent, because there was already in the mind of learners a formal register of the apostolic witness on the subject. They did not go to the Gospel for that."

Amongst the questions that occur to us about this theory are the following: If all Christians were taught the tabulated list of appearances, how did it happen that the Evangelists showed such an imperfect acquaintance with it? If, as Canon Gore supposes, St. Mark's Gospel represents the Petrine tradition, how is it that it says nothing of the appearance to Peter? How can we reconcile what is said about the casual nature of the Gospel records with the statements of St. Luke (the companion of St. Paul, as Canon Gore holds), as to the purpose with which his Gospel was written, and as to his sources of information. Why should the women be omitted? If it be true that Jesus really appeared to them first when He rose from the dead, can we suppose that the Church would have taken it upon itself to omit this appearance from the official list? It is true that John xxi. 14 ("This is now the third time," etc.) seems to attach special importance to appearances to the collected disciples. But the appearance to Mary Magdalene (xx. 11-18) is not omitted. It must also be remembered that there are other appearances mentioned in the Gospels, as well as that to the holy women, which do not appear in St. Paul's list. There is the appearance on the road to Emmaus, and the appearance to the seven disciples on the Lake of Galilee in the Fourth Gospel. So that we cannot account for St. Paul's list by supposing that it was intended to include all the recorded appearances except those to the women.

J. A. C.

* "Suppose that John Mark, having been the companion and interpreter of St. Peter, having his Master's teaching of what our Lord said and did engraved on his memory by frequent reiteration," etc., p. 153a.

CATHOLICISM, LIBERALISM, AND HIGH CHURCHMANSHIP.

SIR,—I applaud "Bystander's" adroit assumption of cap and bells, but I must remind him that the "gibes and gambols" which he says the "stern voice" from Cornwall put an end to were really a very offensive description of High Churchmen as believing in "everything that is established and Erastian and plausible and worldly," and in this way he accounted for the antagonism of High Churchmanship to Liberalism. It may be thought, perhaps, that "Bystander" put a fanciful meaning on the word High Churchman, very remote from the ordinary acceptation of the name. By no means. He meant people who hold the views of Keble and Isaac Williams and Miss Charlotte Yonge, of Ken and Law and Samuel Johnson, who (he says) "stands for all time as the typical High Churchman." He will agree that this type of religious thought has regarded Liberalism, whether doctrinal or political, with, I had almost said, horror. I beg "Bystander," then, frankly to withdraw a very gross observation.

He now turns his shafts against "religious Liberalism," or "Erastian Irreligiousness, which insolently assumed the divine title of 'Liberal,'" or "Irreligious Whiggery." He unkindly mentions Lord Grey and the statesmen of the Reform era, though it was not necessary to go back seventy years. But he is doubtless thinking of the latitudinarian and semi-Socinian school of Hoadly and Watson, who talked much about liberty and human rights, but flourished on abuses. They were neither reformers nor liberationists. Very well. But if it is the principles of Low Church Liberals which lead to secularity, Erastianism, and contempt for the humble and meek, why does "Bystander" ascribe these as characteristic, to High Church Tories?

"Bystander" might conceivably have pointed out limitations of sympathy or of outlook in the Hursley school of Tractarianism. He might have argued that Catholicism, being High Churchmanship and something more, tries to adopt what is true, or half-true, in Liberalism, or Puritanism, or Rationalism. He might have contended that there is a Liberalism different from that of Erastian Whigs or of Secularist Radicals. Instead of that he puts out the absurd theses that religious and political Liberalism have no connection, and that the latter is the exact opposite of High Churchmanship but the close ally of Catholicism. Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere are political Liberals. I suppose they ought consistently to be Catholics.

Sir, I must point out to "Bystander," I hope without discourtesy, that the dilemma he says I have put him into is all a mistake. It is an "intellectual degradation" to argue against an illogical paradox, but none at all to try and maintain it. I cannot argue that Bacon did not write Shakespeare or that the earth is not flat without loss of self-respect. But it is no humiliation to the person who asserts the contrary to have to bring forward his reasons.

It is not because "Bystander" regards severance of Church and State as inevitable or as preferable to the least imperilling of the purity of the faith that I described him as "excluding temporal government from the redemptive and consecrating sphere of the Incarnation," but because he seems to see in the secularising of the nation's corporate life and institutions no loss of a great Christian ideal. The Tractarians themselves asked for Disestablishment and Disendowment rather than the Church should take her laws from a de-Christianised Parliament and her episcopate from Lord John Russell. But they talked sternly of national apostacy and sacrilege. The higher the theory a man holds of Church and Realm the more will he refuse to acquiesce in a parody of their true relation. It was royalists and nonjurors who went out into the cold rather than agree to parliamentary rule over the Church—those whose modern disciples are now charged jauntily with relying on the arm of the State and clinging unworthily to loaves and fishes. "Bystander" gives up the legal recognition of the Redeemer without a sigh because his idea of consecration is merely that of the private citizen. As a true Gladstonian he could not hold other than Individualist views, the views of a Christian Cobdenite.

But by Liberalism he says he means Democracy, which is not love of the common folk, but rule by them. "A Catholic

Democracy seems to me the ideal City of God." A Catholic Democracy is not merely a Catholicised population, but government by the people at large in Church and Commonwealth. Although he repudiates "equality of function" and accepts my suggestion of "equality of consideration," yet the Kingdom of God, like our "crowned republic" of England, is to be legislated for on the principle of one man, one vote. The successors of the Apostles are the "organ" of the Christened people in the sense of having to carry out their will and formulate their religious opinions. Well, this is a slightly different "business management" from that of Independency, but the difference hardly seems sufficient to have needed the blood of a King and an Archbishop. However, "Bystander" assures us that though it may not be High Churchmanship it certainly is Catholicism.

The new antidote to sacerdotalism which the sects call catholicity is now, it appears, to have a big C and be called Catholicism.

I must not take up THE PILOT's space, but allow me a few more words. "Bystander" argued, if I am not mistaken, that the idea of Brotherhood and of service rendered to the servants of God precluded the ideas of authority and dutifulness. I asked, has not our Lord made Himself Brother and Servant to us? He replies that our Lord, being our God, is not on our level. He wrote only of the relation of man to man. Our Lord has "unshared prerogatives." I feel sure that if "Bystander" thinks this out he will see that it is bare Protestantism, and that his "Catholic" ideal of the Maker on one side and a number of equal and unsubordinated atoms on the other must lead him straight to Exeter Hall if not to Newman Street. The mere "High Church" doctrine is that human and Christian society is penetrated through and through with the powers and commission of the God-Man, who has constituted the services of angels and men not on a basis of equality but "in a wonderful order." The irrevocable vow of obedience taken by religious seems to "Bystander," he confesses, "anti-Christian." (Does he think this also of the irrevocable vow of obedience taken by a bride?) Yet he pleads that monks choose their "master" for themselves. Submission, then, to a superior chosen for us by God's providence, is, I gather, wrong. Contract is nobler than status. I know Rousseau, Bentham, and the Manchester school of Individualists teach this. I did not know that Catholicism did.

It is in Mr. Gladstone's "Place of Heresy and Schism in the Modern Christian Church" that he urges the recognition of the "Free Churches." His whole argument excludes the idea of reordination, but if any other meaning can be put on that curious essay I should feel relieved.

"Bystander" says he is not ashamed of his political and theological bedfellows. He maintains that the Tractarians "never gained a hold" on the population at large because the creed of "Radical Ritualism" was not then invented. May not another explanation be that seeming failure of the Cross in all ages to overcome the world? The Tractarian movement was a holy endeavour to drive back the rising flood of revolt against divine constraints, the banner of Time *versus* Eternity, of self-assertiveness and naturalism. Its spirit will be found expressed in such books as "The Cathedral," "The Baptistery," and "The Christian Year." It seems to me that all "Bystander's" sympathies and efforts are unconsciously on the side of the enemy. He may not intend it; but to preach to men incessantly of their "rights," imaginary or real, is to undermine the doctrine of Bethlehem and Calvary.

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN DEADLOCK.

SIR,—It is evident that we are rapidly approaching a crisis in South Africa, and it is the duty of good citizens to clear their minds of all illusions and to face the facts of the situation. These facts are three :—

1. The Boers are not yet conquered and they are apparently little weaker than they were a year ago.

2. The arrival of the South African summer enables the Boers to move easily and in large numbers from point to point.

3. The area of the war has been enormously enlarged by the increase of the rebellion in Cape Colony.

To meet these dangers it is obvious that we require a great body of reinforcements. both to increase the number of our mounted men and to relieve that portion of our army which is worn out by constant campaigning. By universal consent these reinforcements must not only be large, but they must also be efficient. *Where are they to come from?* We have exhausted our regulars and our reserves, the old yeomanry will not rejoin, and the new yeomanry were useless. We shall not obtain a large number of volunteers from the colonies, and it would be imprudent at such a time as this to strip India of her army. The plain fact, therefore, is that at present we have no reinforcements to send.

I hope you will pardon me if I point out that in your otherwise admirable remarks upon the situation you constantly ignore this unfortunate fact. You rightly say that proclamation and bluster are useless, and efficient energetic military measures are alone of value, and alone can end this war in accordance with our declared policy. That is perfectly true, but is it not futile to talk of increased energy and activity unless you can show the Government how to obtain the new army which is necessary for such activity? I imagine that our Government, foolish though it is, is quite alive to the seriousness of the situation, and that if they do not send out reinforcements it is for the simple reason that they have none to send. If this is so, are you not encouraging the Ministry to drift by encouraging them to prosecute a desperate war with a weakening army, and with little chance of relieving that army?

Our Ministers and our newspapers and the British public must now choose one of three things—(1) to make terms with the Boers; (2) to raise by some form of *levée* or conscription a new army, which will not be efficient for many months, during which time the situation must grow worse; (3) to drift into disaster. I put aside all controversy as to the justice or injustice of the war, or as to the past mistakes of our Government. As you rightly say, recrimination is now useless. Let us look steadily at the interests of our country.

A. M. S. METHUEN.

THE EVILS OF MONEY-LENDING.

SIR,—In view of the failure of the Money-lending Act of 1900 to suppress the evils of usury, I have entered upon a second "crusade" with the object of securing the passage of an amending Act in the next Parliamentary session. On November 1st next, when the Act will have been a year in operation, I am issuing a detailed statement to the public in proof that a new measure is urgently necessary.

As I am anxious to make my case as complete as possible, I shall be glad to hear in confidence from persons who have been unfairly treated by usurers, and from other readers of your paper who can supply me with information likely to be of service in the cause of reform.

THOS. FARROW.

"THE NEW ILLUSTRATED BOSWELL."

SIR,—In your notice of the new illustrated edition of "Boswell's Life of Johnson" your reviewer says, "Perhaps Messrs. Constable will consider whether they cannot print an extra stock of labels which purchasers of the book may obtain from them." We have printed an extra supply of labels, and shall be glad to send a set to any purchaser of this edition who applies for them.

ARCHIBALD CONSTABLE AND CO., LTD.

2, Whitehall Gardens, S.W., September 28th, 1901.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

POLITICS.

The Irish Land Problem, by Dudley Cosby: Brimley Johnson. *Present Irish Questions*, by Judge O'Connor Morris; *Ireland and the Empire*, by T. W. Russell, M.P.: Grant Richards.

HISTORY.

Roman Africa, a history of the Roman occupation of North Africa, by Alexander Graham, F.S.A.; *Studies in Irish History and Biography*, by C. Litton Falkiner: Longmans. Three new volumes of the *Cambridge Historical Series*, Germany 1815-1890, by J. W. Headlam; *The Colonization of South America*, by E. J. Payne; *History of Scotland*, Vol. II., by P. Hume Brown. *The Teaching of History*, edited by Lord Acton and W. A. J. Archbald; *The Anglo-Saxon Chancery*, by W. H. Stevenson; *Cooper's Annals of Cambridge*, supplementary volume, by J. W. Cooper, LL.D.; *Cromwell on Foreign Affairs*, by F. W. Payn; *Cambridge Historical Essays*, No. XII.—*The Fallen Stuarts*, by F. W. Head: Cambridge University Press. *History of the Tower of London*, by Lord Ronald Sutherland-Gower: Geo. Bell and Sons. *Seven Roman Statesmen*, by C. W. Oman: Arnold.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Posthumous Memoirs of the Vicomte de Chateaubriand, translated by A. T. de Mattos, with contemporary portraits, in six volumes: Freemantle. *The Living Rulers of Mankind*, by the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, with 400 illustrations: George Allen. *The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland*, by Edward G. Johnson: Grant Richards. *Representative Indians*, short biographies of forty native Indian statesmen, philanthropists, jurists, scholars,

social and political reformers, journalists, and others, by G. P. Pillai, B.A., with portraits, second edition : Thacker and Co. *Recollections of Sir Edward Blount, 1815-1901*, arranged by Stuart J. Reid ; *Edward E. Bowen, a Memoir*, by the Rev. the Hon. W. E. Bowen ; *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick, 1625-1678*, by C. Fell Smith ; *Hisorical Records of the 14th (King's) Hussars, 1715-1900*, by Colonel H. Blackburne Hamilton, M.A. ; *The Oriental Club and Hanover Square*, by Alexander F. Baillie ; *Memoir of Sir George Grey, Bart.*, by Mandell Creighton, D.D. : Longmans. *Biographical History of Gonville and Caius College*, compiled by John Venn, Sc.D., F.R.S. : Cambridge University Press. *Recollections of a Georgia Loyalist*, by Elizabeth L. Johnstone ; *New Glimpses of Poe*, by Professor James A. Hallison : De la More Press. *Links with the Past*, by Mrs. Charles Bagot ; *Memoriats of the Very Rev. W. C. Lake, D.D., Dean of Durham*, by Katherine Lake.

NAVAL AND MILITARY.

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THE WEEK.

Home. The death of the Amir of Afghanistan has occurred at a moment inopportune enough, and it is too soon yet to forecast its probable results, although its possible results are known only too well. We can only say that it would have been worse if it had occurred a year ago, and that, as we are fortunate enough to have a wise man at the head of affairs in India, we can hope that an extremely delicate situation will not be rashly developed into an alarming one. During the last two years, when our hands have been full with the South African war, there has been more than one sword hanging over our heads. If any one of these had fallen we should have been in a serious plight, and we may, on the whole, congratulate ourselves that we have escaped until now the likelihood of trouble outside South Africa. Even now it would be an exaggeration to say that the Amir's death will bring down the Afghanistan sword, but it is not an exaggeration to say that it overhangs us most insecurely.

Nothing has been so remarkable during the past week as the unanimity with which newspapers and politicians of every shade of opinion have declared themselves on the subject of the war. It is an odd thing that after two years of violent hostility common ground should be found in a denunciation of the Government's methods. That it can neither make peace nor war is the common verdict of its friends and enemies, and, considering that we are engaged in a war said to be waged in the interests of peace, a graver indictment of the Government could hardly be conceived. It is, however, a healthy sign that the country should at last show signs of awaking from its long stupor of self-complacency. Presently the panic-mongers will be raising their voices, and we may possibly fly to the opposite and not less dangerous extreme of losing confidence in our national virility. But reactions are a mark of health, and we shall find that between the lunatic exaltations of Jingoism and the paralysis of unpractical sentimentality there is a region of sanity in which the pendulum may be brought to rest before it is started again in a more regular and fortunate movement.

Destructive criticism, however, is only a preparation for reform, and so far we have had nothing but preparation. The two chief political parties remain helpless and self-absorbed, and in the occasional speeches that their leaders make we look in vain for practical help or for signs of action. Mr. Herbert Gladstone made a long speech at Leeds the other day, which consisted for the most part of familiar platitudes. But platitudes may lead to paradox, and in following the obvious line of argument arising from the statement that the triumphs of Liberalism in the past had been won by unity, Mr. Gladstone found himself urging the co-operation of Liberalism and Labour. It seems to us that only for purposes of offering opposition to a common enemy can that co-operation be usefully effected. In North-East Lanark, for example, it would have been a possible and sound policy, because just at present strong opposition to the Government is the thing chiefly needed. But as soon as Liberalism and Labour turn from the negative state of opposition to an active state of government their antagonistic elements must come into collision. Their interests are not the same, their ends are not the same, although in many causes they can work together and support each other. Mr. Gladstone himself admitted the initial difficulty of elections, and the inequality of the financial strength available for campaigning purposes.

Amid the chorus of denunciation and the murmurs of anxiety, it was strange to hear a voice from Liverpool piping of patience and peace, and of the goodness of things as they are; stranger still to find that the voice proceeded from beneath the glittering accoutrements of the Commander-in-Chief. Everything is being done, says Lord Roberts, that can be done to bring the war to a rapid and satisfactory conclusion. Everything is as it

should be, and he asks us to exhibit a little more of the "marvellous patience" of December, 1899. As the *Standard* says, "when a war is entering upon its third year—the war of a great Empire against two petty pastoral Republics, it is difficult to be patient." But patience is an unfortunate word here. The country is determined to end the war by force of arms, and it has, so far, not grumbled about the enormous sacrifices that have been made for that purpose; it is, moreover, prepared to make more sacrifices if they should be necessary. All it asks is that the Government should say what is wanted and set about doing it. Lord Roberts holds a high place in the esteem and affection of the nation, and the request for patience, if it had come from any lips but his, would have been almost impertinent. As it is, we think it a singularly foolish and ill-timed expression of official optimism. Mr. Brodrick's letter to Sir Howard Vincent, obviously intended as a public utterance, was quite as unsatisfactory; and what can be said of the suggestion that the Cabinet has not met because irregular meetings might alarm the country? The country hardly wishes the Cabinet to give evidence of its loving-kindness; and, even assuming that the country is a child and the Cabinet its nurse, a prolonged diet of soothing syrup is apt to end in violent awakening.

The new Federal Tariff Bill was introduced into the Australian Commonwealth Parliament on Wednesday, and although it will certainly be strongly opposed it will in the end almost as certainly be adopted. It has been carefully planned with a view to the ultimate development of manufactures in Australia, and the benefit which it is designed to secure is the future economic advancement of the country rather than an immediate increase in financial resources. Actually, its first effect will be a reduction of those resources, although its judicious combination of Protectionist and Free Trade principles cannot fail, we think, to make for the industrial prosperity of the Commonwealth. The tariff walls which have for so long broken up Australia into isolated groups and have obstructed the development of internal trade will all be removed, and, within itself, Australia will be a Free Trade country. On the other hand, the Protectionist tariff for imports will give industries which are as yet only in their infancy a chance of growth, and the additional offer of bonuses for certain manufactures will be of further help in nursing new enterprises. When the internal development of Australian commerce has got beyond the nursery stage the tariff will probably need revision, but its hedges and openings seem to be judiciously contrived for the early development of internal resources.

Sir Redvers Buller made a very remarkable speech on Thursday at a luncheon held to celebrate the return of the Service section of the Queen's Westminster Volunteers. It was certainly not a dignified speech, and it revealed a great deal too much of the inner working of the General's mind during the Natal campaign. The statement that a sentence in his despatch to Sir George White suggesting the surrender of Ladysmith was meant to be "some sort of cover to a man whom he believed to be in greater difficulties than himself" was not happy; still less happy were his references to the Press and his too-energetic defence of himself against an obscure critic; and most unhappy of all was his challenge to the world at large to produce a younger man who could command the Aldershot Army Corps better than himself. Sir Redvers Buller has not the reputation of being a satirist, otherwise we might have taken this last remark as a gentle thrust at Mr. Brodrick's paper Army Corps; for in our opinion one man is as well able as another to command a skeleton army. General Buller's friends cannot but regret this unfortunate and hardly soldier-like speech, which surely gives his critics all the opening they can want.

The Blue Book published last week shows that the Select Committee appointed by the House of Lords to consider the early closing of shops has done its work well. The committee has held twelve meetings and examined eighty-six witnesses, sixty-two of whom represented important tradesmen's associations in all parts of the country. A significant fact brought out by the committee's investigation was that the shopkeepers and tradesmen themselves were almost unanimous in petitioning for early closing, their only difficulty being that, unless it were made compulsory, those who closed early would suffer a disadvantage as compared with those who did not. The highest medical and surgical opinions were also entirely on the side of a general shortening of hours, and it was ascertained that the early closing of shops really entailed no inconvenience to the poor, although that has hitherto been one of the chief objections against legislation in the matter. The Committee recommends that County Councils should be authorised to pass provisional orders, and that these orders should be submitted to Parliament for the purpose of legislation. It may be long enough, however, before Parliament finds time to attend even to this simple measure.

The alarming condition in which the destroyer *Crane* was brought into Portsmouth adds an unpleasant significance to the *Cobra* disaster. The *Crane* was cruising in the North Sea when it was discovered that her deck-beams were bent, and on being dry-docked it was discovered that the fabric of her hull had suffered a strain so alarming that, in the opinion of experts, she would have broken in two and foundered if a heavy sea had been running. It is supposed that her stem and stern were lifted on two waves, and that her middle, being unsupported, bent under the weight of the engines. The sittings of the Court of Enquiry on the *Cobra* disaster began on Thursday, so this further mishap has just happened in time to have its due effect on the naval authorities. The moral of these two accidents is so obvious that we need have little fear of its being neglected. The general efficiency of our Navy is in a great degree due to the searching criticism to which it is always subject, but it is not often that criticism is so promptly backed up by practical demonstration. As we have said, the fault is obvious and the remedy is obvious, and we need not doubt that it will be applied. But one is inclined to wonder if there are any other radical defects waiting to be demonstrated by a wholesale loss of life.

Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., who is president of the Incorporated Law Society, made an interesting speech on Tuesday in the Sheldonian Theatre at Oxford. Following the custom of such occasions, he surveyed the progress made during the century in law and in the

suppression of crime, and he quoted some extremely gratifying statistics to show us how much more virtuous we are than our great-grandfathers were. His remarks on the present state of the law were unusually interesting and suggestive, and they come with authority from a Cabinet Minister who began his career as a solicitor. Sir Henry urged the decentralisation of courts and the partial abolition of the circuit system, which is indeed cumbrous and costly. At the same time, the practice of trying local cases before a local tribunal has many disadvantages, and we should be sorry to see the Circuit system altogether supplanted by established local courts. We are, however, entirely in agreement with Sir Henry Fowler's plea for the reduction in the number of Courts of Appeal. At present an appeal is next to impossible for any but wealthy litigants. Appeal should, of course, always be possible, but it should be possible to appeal at once to the highest court, without dragging one's case up a kind of step-ladder of courts. Sir Henry's idea of a central Court of Criminal Appeal would tend greatly to simplify the machinery of the law.

The Royal Military Tournament which is being held this year in Manchester was opened by Lord Roberts on Wednesday, and on Thursday the Commander-in-Chief unveiled Mr. Onslow Ford's fine statue of Queen Victoria which the citizens of Manchester have erected as a memorial of her reign. This is the first time that the Military Tournament has been held outside London, and the result of the departure will be watched with interest. If the Manchester experiment is a success it is proposed to hold the tournament in several large towns for the purpose of stimulating recruiting. The idea is an excellent one, for of the class from which recruits are largely drawn only a small proportion travels beyond the industrial area immediately surrounding it, and its knowledge of military affairs is drawn from the newspapers and from local garrisons and Volunteer forces. Lancashire is already one of the best recruiting districts in England, and a little attention of this kind will probably develop its value still further. Just at present, when the artificial stimulus of the war upon recruiting is wearing off, and even beginning to react, this policy of advertisement is particularly sensible. We hope it will be successful, for, if so, a great many alarmist bogeys will disappear.

At last the Grimsby dispute is over. Thanks to the good offices of Lord Yarborough and to the less conspicuous but not less valuable services of the Vicar of St. Andrew's, Grimsby, the Share Fishermen's Society, which was the last protestant to hold out against the owners' compromise, decided to reverse its former resolution and to accept the proposal that the dispute as to "signing on" should be referred to arbitration. Within a few hours after this resolution had been conveyed to the owners the vessels were taking in coal and ice and stores, and already many of them are far on their way towards Iceland and the Faröe Islands and the stormy northern regions where there is only the sea to be fought. Now that the dispute is over it is only fair to acknowledge the fortitude with which its privations were borne by the men and their families, and the readiness shown by the owners to recognise their responsibilities and to accept the help of intermediaries. The dispute was marred only by one outbreak of violence, which was quickly checked, and it called forth a practical expression of Christian charity and benevolence, for which, happily, English people can always be counted upon in times of distress and suffering.

Cape Colony has been laid under martial law, and we can only suppose that a long course of unskilful local military government on the one hand and of insidious rebellion on the other has made this extreme step unavoidable. But the difficulties of governing a town like Cape Town by martial law are enormous, and, judging by past results, we do not care to indulge any very high hopes of the results of this step. If it is inevitable, that fact is one of the most damaging comments possible on our conduct of affairs in South Africa, which seem to have led us from one blunder to another, until misfortune seems only reparable by further and greater misfortune. There is practically no news of the war this week, but the fact that Botha has made no further aggressive action may be taken as good news, for we may be sure that he would have struck another blow if he had been able. But—must we repeat the weary tale?—General Botha was surrounded by a cordon from which (if he ever knew of its existence), he has disentangled himself. In small actions, however, the "wearing down" process is still going on, and Lord Kitchener reports that 50 Boers have been killed, 26 wounded, that 244 have been taken prisoners, and 60 surrendered—a fairly good record. In addition, a few of our guns have been recaptured from the enemy, although whether we have really retaken them, or the Boers have simply abandoned them after having rendered them useless, is a point on which the despatches are not clear.

Foreign. A SATISFACTORY Nicaragua Canal Treaty seems likely to be concluded after all. There is a consensus of testimony that the essential points have been settled between our Government and the United States, that the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty will be formally abrogated, and that, while the Canal will be neutral in times of peace, the United States Government will be permitted to take such measures with regard to it in war time as may be considered necessary for the national defence. (This last statement is contradicted by the *Times's* special correspondent at Washington, who states that the Canal will be absolutely neutral for all ships at all times, but we are inclined to take this statement with reserve.) This agreement has been treated in some quarters as a "diplomatic defeat" for England, accepted because of her difficulties in South Africa; but it is nothing of the kind. The British objections, stated in a masterly way in Lord Lansdowne's despatch at the end of March last, were directed, first, against the pretension of the Senate to declare the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty abrogated, without waiting for our consent; next, against the false analogy set up between the rights of the Khedive in respect to the Suez Canal and those claimed by the United States in Nicaragua; and finally, against the absurd proposal to refrain from notifying the new Treaty to the European Powers for fear of seeming to infringe the Monroe doctrine by implying that they had any concern with American affairs—a course of which the sole effect would have been that they would have been free to ignore the Treaty altogether. These defects are essentially defects of form and procedure, and the new Treaty is said to be so drawn as to obviate them. And even if the United States reserves the right to control the Canal whenever it is itself engaged in war, it is highly improbable that this right can ever be so used as to injure us, unless

we should be the other belligerent. In that case, the closure of the Canal would be a very small addition to our other troubles in the Gulf of Mexico.

The situation in the Near East grows more and more serious. The French Government will accept no compromise as to the Lorando claim, and insists on an immediate payment, which is impracticable. The Russian Ambassador supports the demand; the American people are inclined to hold the Porte responsible for the kidnapping by brigands of Miss Stone, the American missionary lady, whose ransom is now being provided by subscription, somewhat against the views of good authorities, who fear that this course may encourage a repetition of the offence. That fear, of course, will strengthen the American desire to exact satisfaction from the Porte. The kidnapping, it is now alleged, was the work of agents of the Macedonian Committee, who undertook it with the triple object of providing funds for themselves and making things unpleasant both for the Sultan and Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria, his vassal. However this may be, the American excitement is not likely to pass off without some kind of unpleasant consequences for the Sultan; and there are fresh reports of outrages by Albanians on Serbs in Macedonia. When the crash comes, and the Austro-Russian agreement breaks down, Roumania and Greece are known to have agreed to range themselves under Austro-Hungarian hegemony; there are rumours that Servia and Bulgaria will also combine, of course under Russian auspices; and the King of Servia has hastened to declare that the rumours lately current as to a Ministerial crisis in connection with the nomination of his successor are inventions fabricated in Austria. While the Sultan's immediate antagonists are thus divided, he has a further weapon against the European Concert as a whole in the shape of Pan-Islamism; and in this connection it is noteworthy that the Arabs in Tripoli are being regularly drilled and furnished with arms.

While the Law on Associations is producing its effect without open disturbance, other embarrassments are arising for the French Ministry. The revenue for the past nine months is ninety million francs below the estimate and 139 millions below that of the corresponding nine months of 1900, and there is no special drain on the resources of France. Such a drain, however, is likely to occur if the Old Age Pensions Bill should pass; still more if the miners' demands should be satisfied, but that is out of the question. The miners, however, threaten to strike if they are not; and it is reported (though only, at present, in the Nationalist Press) that the prefects in the mining districts have sent in such alarming reports that the Ministry has ordered the garrisons to prepare to act. The Nationalists are quite capable of fomenting disturbance, as they did at Montceau-les-Mines early this year; and, unless the miners are very carefully managed by their leaders, the political as well as the industrial effects of the crisis will be very serious indeed. So far, however, the leaders seem to have used their power effectively in the cause of peace.

The German Emperor has the tact to know when and how to make concessions, and the latest reports from Berlin indicate that his difficulty with the municipality is likely to be smoothed over for the time. He has seen the Burgomaster and the City Architect, and explained his reasonable objections both to their proposed treatment of the avenue, Unter den Linden, and to their design for the "Fairy Tale Fountain" in the park at Friedrichshein. As to the confirmation of the second Burgomaster, matters are in suspense. The Provincial President had invited the Municipal Council to elect another, which they have declined to do. He may now appoint one himself, but his nominee would probably be boycotted by the Council, and ridiculed by the Press. Meanwhile, his reception of the first Burgomaster will probably cause the Social Democratic minority in the Council to repeat their charge of "Byzantine subserviency," and so further divide the opposition parties in Berlin. This is, no doubt, good policy on the part of their Imperial master. But his interference has caused serious anxiety among all friends of municipal self-government in Prussia.

The self-inflicted embarrassments of Germany in adjusting her commercial policy to suit the incompatible needs of her landowners and her great manufacturers are likely to be multiplied by Dutch Protectionism. Dr. Kuyper's Cabinet, which is Roman Catholic, Calvinistic, and above all things anti-Liberal, has come in with a programme of social reform, consisting chiefly of extensions of the system of compulsory insurance against accident and disablement. This, as was intimated in the Queen's speech, will have to be paid for by higher Customs duties, so that German industry will receive a further check; and the Netherlands is fourth in order of importance among its foreign markets. Moreover, much of the food supply of the industrial districts of the Lower Rhine comes from Holland, and this the German tariff will shut out. And as German exports pass to a considerable extent through the Netherlands, further difficulties may, no doubt, arise. It used to be predicted that the Netherlands would form a Customs Union with Germany, perhaps even enter the German Empire. That does not seem to be likely just now.

Alarming reports have come from the Franco-Spanish frontier this week. A Carlist rising is said to be imminent; 20,000 rifles and abundant ammunition have been smuggled in from France; the organisation in the frontier towns is complete; and the chiefs are determined to force on the revolution before the young King comes of age. The Carlist leaders, it is stated, and especially the Pretender, formally discountenance the revolt, and disclaim all complicity, but it seems as if their followers could not be held. However, Ministers deny the reports, which are probably only another symptom of the general unrest which has been prevalent in Spain ever since the war with the United States. Probably the present conditions will continue through the coming session of the Cortes, which should open within the next fortnight, and till the young King comes of age. After that we may expect a crisis.

The news from China is again favourable—at least, as regards the near future. The Court left Singan-fu on its return journey to Pekin last Monday, travelling down the valley of the Hoang-Ho, and making severe demands for its entertainment on a region already stricken by famine. This will hardly promote loyalty to the dynasty, while in the South the house-tax cannot be collected, and the Triad rising will probably break out afresh. These, however, are future difficulties; for the present the Court seems anxious to fulfil its engagements. The difficulties as to the Niu-chwang and Shan-hai-kwan railway, and various other cases of friction among the members of the European Concert, and between one or other of them and the Chinese Government, are approaching an amicable settlement, and there is to be a new commercial treaty between the United States and China. On the other hand, the anomalous position of Manchuria is setting up serious problems for Russia. The free ports in the Liao-tung Peninsula offer great facilities for the importation of goods, and the Russian frontier of 1,300 miles cannot be adequately guarded against smugglers. One cannot but remember how Russia closed Batoum and violated the Treaty of Berlin. On the other hand, should the country become Russianised, the "Yellow Peril" will threaten Eastern Siberia.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, October 12, 1901.

AFGHANISTAN.

THE death of the Amir of Afghanistan removes one of the most remarkable actors from the stage of Eastern politics. In some respects, indeed, Abdurrahman, Barakzai, was a unique figure. Many Oriental princes have experienced the same vicissitudes of fortune—for the East is the land of violent contrasts—but few have possessed that tenacity of purpose and force of character which brought him to the throne, and fewer still who have had to fight for a throne have, when successful, retained their sterling qualities unweakened by the temptations which beset an Eastern potentate. But Abdurrahman was, from the moment that fortune threw him into the arms of the British Government, animated by one high purpose. He had seen the Mohammedan princes of Asia one by one pass away. Bokhara, Kokand, Khiva had become by conquest vassals of a European Power. Persia—and this example was even more instructive to him—retained her independence in name alone; in fact, she too was a vassal, not by conquest, but, as he believed, by the more subtle weapons of civilisation. He alone was left, and he determined that the fate of the others should not overtake him. His ideal was to form a powerful and independent Mohammedan monarchy, and to achieve that ideal he required two things, a united Afghanistan and money to hold it together. Only once in the history of the Afghan peoples had they been united, and that was in the palmy days of Ahmad Khan, Suddozai, when they had united to live on the plunder of India. That means of livelihood was now withdrawn—at least, in the undisguised form in which Ahmad Khan had practised it. Money, however, was essential to unity, and fortune provided him with both; for the British Government required a united Afghanistan as much as he did, and the British Government was prepared not only to guarantee its unity against assault from without, but also to provide the financial means of preventing disintegration from within. Abdurrahman was not slow to grasp this identity of interest and to use it for his own purposes. His own purposes naturally came first, and in judging him it is only fair to remember that there was this fundamental difference between his point of view and ours, that whereas we wanted to use him as a means to an end, he intended to be an end in himself. The event has shown that he was the stronger of the two, and in the twenty years that have elapsed since we set him upon the throne he has won every point in the game. He never loved or trusted us. In fact, much as he disliked Russia, he disliked us more, and the very identity of our interests enabled him to gratify his dislike the more, for by guaranteeing him against Russia we had left him a free hand against ourselves. He threatened our frontier; he destroyed our trade; he did not conceal his gratification at the tribal embarrassments in which the unfortunate Durand Agreement involved us; his men took part openly in the siege of Chitral; and he lent moral if not material support to the tribesmen in the outbreak which blazed along the whole frontier in 1897-8. Yet he contrived to keep within the letter of his obligations to us. So far as we know, he never allowed Russia to tamper with him; at all events, he was never found out. He may even have been heartily loyal, as an Oriental understands loyalty. And all the time he was working at the accomplishment of his own ideal, laying the foundations of a kingdom which he hoped would be strong enough to withstand the shock of his decease. To that end his first step was to equip and train a thoroughly efficient army. In this he appears to have succeeded, and if he has at the same time earned for himself, and possibly for his dynasty, the hatred of his subjects, whose trade he killed, whose subsistence he took by oppressive taxes, and whose sons he impressed for military service, that is a point which an Oriental does not stop to consider. His next step was to reconcile or get rid of as many of his rivals as possible. How far he was successful in that remains to be seen; at all events, they gave him no trouble during his later years, and he was able to carry out uninterrupted the plans for his succession, which he long kept such a profound secret, and has, in fact, never quite unambiguously proclaimed.

The moment against which the work of all these years has been directed has now come. It is a moment fraught with the gravest issues. The situation is as yet too undeveloped for us to be able to see very far ahead, and we must for the moment confine ourselves to the most general considerations. The chief of these is that our policy must be for some time to come one of watching and waiting. Nothing but harm has ever resulted from our attempts to interfere in questions of succession in Afghanistan. Abdurrahman has left four sons, of whom only three are of consequence, Habibulla, Nasrulla, and the boy Mahomed Omar. Of these Habibulla was believed, and recent events encourage the belief, to be his father's nominee; Nasrulla, who visited England, has never since enjoyed his father's confidence, and is besides a weak man and widely unpopular in Afghanistan; while Omar is an unknown quantity, but, being the youngest son, and a pure-blooded Barakzai, is likely to have been a favourite and is certain to have a strong palace backing. Habibulla has, it is understood,

been proclaimed Amir, with the consent of his brothers; and for the present (thanks partly to Abdurrahman's precautions, and partly to the suddenness with which the end has come) his position seems secure. Whether his brothers will loyally continue their consent, whether the army will accept him, whether Russia will let loose Ishak Khan, an old pretender, whether Habibulla will turn to us, and whether, in so doing, he will have the support of his people or any substantial section of them, are questions which time alone can answer. We can only wait and see. We cannot, it is true, answer for Russia ; but a single premature step on our own part may entail consequences of which this generation will not see the end.

THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT THE BRIGHTON CONGRESS.

THE complete reports of the Brighton Church Congress which have been published in the *Guardian* only add to our wonder at the strange prodigality of the programme. It has apparently been constructed on the plan of a King's speech, without the correction supplied by the customary abandonment of the greater part of the measures promised. Only four days are available for the whole work of a Congress, and to these were apportioned some thirty distinct subjects, divided among some eighty speakers. When we remember that out of the days thus heavily burdened time has to be found for opening services, for devotional meetings, and for a semblance at least of discussion on the papers and prepared speeches, we can only feel surprised that treatment necessarily so fragmentary should have been able to excite so much interest. It is useless, we fear, to try to convince those charged with the organisation of Church Congresses that they ought not to take a variety entertainment as the pattern of what they seek to supply. But so long as the hours which would not be more than adequate for the useful discussion of three subjects are frittered away among ten times that number the success of these yearly gatherings will continue to be measured rather by the number of tickets sold than by the impression left by the proceedings. Such questions as the relation of particular Churches to the Church Universal, the Reformation settlement, or the practical abolition of Sunday, do not gain by being sandwiched between Prayer Book "enrichment," the finance of free-seated churches, and Bells, belfries, and bellringers.

By far the most interesting incident of the Congress was the announcement contained in the Bishop of London's opening sermon. Upon the abstract question of the seat of authority in the Church of England large differences of opinion may exist, and no great harm come of them. But upon the right "of a bishop in an Episcopal church to regulate the ceremonial of his diocese" no such differences are possible without grave practical inconvenience. There must be a limit to permissible divergence, though it may be well not to be over-anxious to discover it, and in the actual circumstances of the Church of England the determination of this limit must be the business of the bishop. Some three years back a different conclusion seemed possible. The action of the Archbishop of Canterbury foreshadowed to some of us the creation of a voluntary spiritual tribunal exercising a vast if undefined authority over the consciences of Churchmen. In the end the Archbishop preferred to rest his intervention on the literal interpretation of a sentence in the Preface to the Prayer Book—a sentence which had lain unnoticed for centuries, and required for its proper application—if it were applicable at all—the presence of conditions not one of which was satisfied in fact. The result was that while obedience was very generally paid to the Archbishop's opinion in the first of the two matters on which it was expressed, it was really paid to the Diocesan bishop. So far as he thought fit to make the Archbishop's ruling his own, it was accepted by the great majority of the clergy. It was recognised from the first that the Archbishop's second opinion would meet with far less general acceptance. It touched the consciences of a far larger number of the clergy, and brought them face to face with the maxim *necessitas non habet leges*, which the Archbishop recognised in theory, while insisting on over-ruling it in practice. Upon this second question, therefore, still more than upon the first, the intervention of the Diocesan bishop became inevitable. He had in each case to judge for himself how far he would take the Archbishop's opinion as the unalterable rule of his own conduct, or ascertain from an independent examination of the facts how far and with what modifications it should be applied within his own jurisdiction. In other words, each bishop has had to make his choice between prohibition and regulation.

We can readily understand that to some minds episcopal regulation will seem indistinguishable from episcopal surrender. Reservation, it will be said, being forbidden by the ecclesiastical law, all that the bishops have to do is to see that the clergy abstain from it. Any reasons that can be urged in behalf of the practice are at most reasons for altering the law. They have no force when assigned as a reason for disobeying it. But even if we assume that the law in ritual matters is as clear as the advocates of prohibition assert—which is assuming a great deal—their argument rests upon a disregard of plain facts. If the law in dispute were a civil law we should be quite of their mind, because such a law could, if need were, be altered in the very next session of Parliament. But where the ecclesiastical law is concerned there are no means of altering it, and no present probability that any such means can be created. Parliament will not act, and its authority would not be admitted by Churchmen even if it did act. It is extremely uncertain whether the Convocation Bill will be accepted by the House of Commons, even if the circumstances of the country allowed of an ecclesiastical session, and if it were accepted it would only give authority to the Convocations to prepare a constitution which, when drafted, would have to be submitted to Parliament. Consequently the talk about obeying the law until it is altered is merely idle. The means of altering it are beyond our reach.

This then is the situation with which the Bishop of London has had to deal. On the one hand is a law which appears to forbid Reservation for the sick, though it is admitted that it was made for a wholly different purpose, and in necessary ignorance of the conditions in which we now live. The rigid application of this law would be resisted by many of his most active and devoted clergy, and it is beyond his power to get it modified in the smallest particular. Shall he try to enforce it at all hazards, or shall he take upon himself

to regulate and limit a practice which he canno suppress except at the cost of certain strife and possible disruption? We can as yet only infer what his choice has been from his own account of the effect produced. His episcopal directions have met, he tells us, "with loyal acceptance," and he looks forward to the winter with a good hope of ecclesiastical peace. His policy promises, therefore, to have the justification of success, and in a matter such as this success is the natural accompaniment of courage, independence, and a statesmanlike grasp of a complicated and difficult situation.

RUSSIA'S DEALINGS WITH SCHISMATICS.

THE policy of the Russian Government towards Schismatics has, from first to last, been ambiguous, capricious, and contradictory, varying with the character of each individual ruler and alternating from extreme severity to almost unlimited indulgence. Only within quite recent times have attempts been made to deal with the difficulty consistently and systematically.

At first, as was only natural in those intolerant days, a determined attempt was made to stamp Dissent out altogether. In 1681 the Patriarch Joachim, finding the most vigorous polemics useless, summoned a Council at Moscow to consider what should be done. It was resolved that all the old service books should be seized and confiscated and the new service books circulated gratis, and that four new sees should be founded in the very strongholds of the Dissenters, Kholmogory, Ustyuzh, Voronetz, and Tambov. In April, 1685, was issued a ferocious ukaz condemning to the stake all "obstinately proselytising" Dissenters, as well as those who incited their co-religionists to self-immolation. All who re-baptised the already baptised and all the re-baptised who continued "impenitent" were by the same ukaz condemned to death by the sword, while all penitent Dissenters, that is to say, those who returned to orthodoxy under compulsion, were to be imprisoned for life in a monastery. This bloody edict was virtually repealed by the ukaz of 1716, which permitted the Dissenters to worship in their own way, but made propagandism on their part a capital offence. Peter I. was no fanatic and discouraged persecution, but he was building up a great empire with very inadequate resources, and he saw no reason why the Dissenters should not pay for their exceptional and quite unexpected privileges. Thus they were permitted to have beards, but every beard was charged for, and a metal token, worn by each individual, specified the amount of the assessment. They had, moreover, to wear a distinctive dress, the chief features of which were a coarse homespun smock frock, and a large turn-down collar of glazed linen. They had also to work for a certain time gratis in the Government factories and pay double as much taxes as their fellow citizens. Under the mild sceptre of Catharine I. the lot of the Dissenters grew easier, and they were relieved of some of their burdens; but during the reigns of Peter II., when the ultra-conservative nobility was in the ascendant; of Anne, who ruled her Empire with a rod of iron; and of Elizabeth, whose orthodoxy was of the most fervent description, the Dissenters of all classes suffered severely. In 1745 they were forbidden to receive converts or call themselves "Old Believers." In 1752 the long obsolete statute of Peter I. ordering them to wear their metal tokens was revived. Shortly after the creation of the Senate, an inquisitorial office, the so-called "Dissent Inquisition," was instituted to take them in hand more thoroughly, and "missionaries," whom the Dissenters naturally regarded as police officers in sacerdotal vestments, harried the "worst infected" districts and used the machinery of the civil power as an instrument of persecution. Only by flying into the impenetrable forests, or systematically bribing the subaltern officials to let them alone, were the Dissenters able to exist at all. It is a significant fact, however, that we hear of few or no converts to orthodoxy in this grievous time.

With Peter III. a long period of toleration began. The new Tsar, naturally kind-hearted and anxious to emulate his idol Frederick the Great in all things, at once took the Dissenters under his protection and declared, in a special ukaz, that gentleness not violence was to be employed in convincing of their errors those who, after all, were fellow Christians, and ought therefore not to be placed on a worse footing than the Mohammedan and Pagan populations of the empire who were actually tolerated by the State. Catherine II., from less worthy motives, was equally indulgent. In the second year of her reign the "Dissent Inquisition" was abolished (1763), and the Dissenters residing abroad were invited to return to Russia with full liberty of worship. In 1769 they were permitted to give evidence in courts of justice. In 1782 the two-fold tax, levied upon them since Peter I.'s days, was abolished. On the other hand, by the ukazes of 1768 and 1777, they were forbidden to build chapels or use bells. Still the Catherinian era was, on the whole, the golden age of Russian Dissent. It was then that it took such firm root in Russian soil as to make it doubtful if it can ever be eradicated. Those were the days of the extraordinary expansion of all the sects, of the foundation of the great monastery of Irgiz, of the rise of the Cemeteries of Preobrazhensk and Rogozh.

The reign of Paul was a reactionary period from the religious point of view, that of Alexander I. was a perpetual contest between conflicting principles. By the ukaz of February 21st, 1803, the Emperor declared his intention of not interfering with individual consciences or liberty of worship, yet in the same year the word "Schismatic," "Raskolnik," which the Old Ritualists regard as deliberately offensive, reappeared, after a long interval, in public documents. From 1812 to 1824 prohibitions and permissions jostled one another in the most confusing fashion. A ukaz issued in the latter year condemned every male peasant lapsing into Dissent a second time to service in the ranks, and every female to banishment to Siberia.

But it was only when Nicholas I. ascended the throne that a systematic persecution of the Dissenters began, a persecution doubly detestable because of its treachery and underhandedness. The local governors were, on the one hand, secretly instructed not to interfere with the worship of the Dissenters, but these instructions were deliberately kept from the knowledge of the Dissenters themselves, who were openly oppressed, yet could obtain no redress, the very authorities who were supposed, and, indeed, ordered to protect them, acting, in many cases, as *agents provocateurs*. In 1842, in response to an invitation from the Minister of the Interior, the Procurator of the Holy Synod, Count Protarov, drew up for the use of the State a graduated list of the various Dissenters, divided into three categories of "most dangerous," "dangerous," and "less dangerous," from the point of view of the Orthodox Church. Amongst the "most dangerous" sects were included Judaizers, the Milkests, the "Spirit-Wrestlers," and three lesser sects; the priestless communities were reckoned "dangerous" simply, while the sacerdotal communities were labelled "less dangerous." As to the latter, moreover, it was conceded that they were not heretical and "capable of conversion." Secret committees had already been formed in every Government in the empire for the purpose of combining "a spirit of moderation with indispensable measures of severity" in all future dealings with the Dissenters, and a whole series of oppressive regulations were framed for immediate use. The Dissenters were forbidden to give evidence, print books, or frequent gymnasia or the universities. Employers of labour were recommended to give the preference to orthodox or uniate workpeople. "The most dangerous"

sects were deprived of all civil rights and their children declared to be illegitimate. Only those meeting houses which had been built before 1826 were allowed to stand, and these were not to be repaired, nor were new ones to be built. Fugitive priests were to be treated as convicts, dissenting monks were to be regarded as simple laymen. From 1850 onwards the anti-Dissent legislation became still more oppressive, owing partly to the universal scare at the contemporary revolutionary movements in the West, and partly to the ascendency of ultra-reactionary statesmen like Liprandi, Melnikov and Bobikov, who seriously regarded the Raskol as a social and political danger. Bobikov went so far as to propose that all the Dissenters should be outlawed. Even Nicholas I. refused to go quite so far as that, yet a whole series of still more stringent measures, including a most iniquitous tax of a rouble a head on the Dissenters for the benefit of the Orthodox Church in each parish, received the Imperial assent on June 10th, 1853. These fresh measures were to be enforced by a secret committee especially appointed for the purpose, and though the committee itself was abolished by Alexander II. on his accession, the Nicholean repressive system was at first rigorously enforced by the new ruler; all the time-honoured privileges of the Dissenters were gradually curtailed or abolished, and they themselves were placed under the direct control of the police.

Nevertheless this systematic tyranny in matters of conscience was hateful to the more enlightened of the Russian statesmen, and when, in 1857, the reactionary Bobikov was superseded as Minister of the Interior by the comparatively liberal Lanskoi, the Dissenters found that they had a friend at court. Lanskoi, at a Cabinet Council held in 1858, insisted that the hard lot of the Dissenters should be mitigated, and affected to regard the sympathy expressed for them by many foreign governments as an element of political danger to Russia. The Tsar objected that not the system itself, but the mode of its administration, especially the cruel and overhasty persecutions of the minor officials, was responsible for the unsatisfactory condition of things; but Lanskoi prevailed, and on October 15th, 1858, the sovereign sanctioned a circular issued by the Minister of the Interior to the local authorities impressing upon them the necessity of forbearance and moderation. Persecution was to cease. Inquisitorial proceedings were to be abandoned. The ecclesiastical authorities were rebuked for taking upon themselves police duties, and in dealing with the Dissenters were recommended to employ spiritual methods of conversion. Hereditary Dissenters were to be left unmolested, but they were forbidden to emigrate or proselytize. Henceforth the position of the Dissenters steadily, if slowly, improved. Their marriages were legalised by the Statute of April 19th, 1874. Despite the repeated efforts of the Holy Synod to place them outside the pale of the tolerated religions as being "a morbid excrescence" feeding on the very vitals of the Russian Church from whence they originally sprang, liberal influences continued to prevail in the Imperial Senate, which from time to time passed fresh measures of relief. Thus the decree of May, 1883, restored to the Dissenters the privilege of worshipping in private houses, or in buildings set apart for the purpose, in their own way. They were also permitted to engage in trade and participate in municipal elections; but their churches were not to be built like the orthodox churches, nor were they permitted to have bells, wear vestments, hold public processions, or sing in the streets. Thus the protection of the law was not possessed by the Dissenters as a right, but conceded to them as a special favour, a favour, moreover, which they were by no means certain of retaining. Still, they had acquired a sort of provisional toleration, and have at present little to fear from ecclesiastical persecution. For of late, under pressure from the State, the Russian Church has adopted more judicious tactics in dealing with the Schismatics. The Metropolitan Philarete was undoubtedly right in ascribing the persistence of the Schism almost entirely to ignorance, and the Church, after failing to coerce the Dissenters, is at last trying to instruct them. Since 1875 special schools have been founded for educating missionaries to work among the Dissenters, and numerous brotherhoods have been established to teach them the errors of their ways, notably the Brotherhood of St. Peter at Moscow, which annually circulates books and pamphlets for their benefit in tens of thousands. In 1885, at an episcopal missionary conference, held at Kazan, the question of sending missionaries to the Dissenters in every diocese in the empire was discussed, and regulations drawn up for the purpose. Since 1884, moreover, the Raskol system of apologetics, and the best means of refuting it, has been made part of the obligatory course of instruction at most of the theological seminaries.

That the Russian Church has at length adopted the right method of dealing with her sectaries there can be little doubt; but the success of her efforts in this direction must necessarily be slow and difficult. Much has to be forgotten before the better sort of Schismatics can be brought to regard her as their spiritual mother, while the dogged, brutal ignorance of the baser portion of the mob is as impervious to argument as it is irrefragable by force. Time and gentleness can alone bring these wanderers back into the fold. The existence of genuine Uniate Churches is of itself a good sign, and shows that the Schismatics *can* be won over by argument, and the tendency of the age, even in Russia, is all in favour of bridging over differences and softening asperities. Even Count Tolstoi almost compelled the Church to excommunicate him. The Roman Communion would have dealt far less indulgently with him.

R. Nisbet Bain.

A REPLY TO MR. TRUST, THE MILLIONAIRE.

MR. TRUST holds the doctrine, comfortable as a down bed to his millionaire conscience, that he and his like are the salvation of America. "Let rich men flourish," he cries, "else politicians without a cent will prey on this great country worse than they do, and Democracy will bleed to death." Fine alternatives these! We feed the jackal to escape from the hyena, cast out Satan by Beelzebub, and call our State a balance of power. But will Mr. Trust answer this question? If I take one ticket in a lottery, I have one chance of getting a prize; if ten, ten chances; but if I take all the tickets, how many chances? Come, Mr. Millionaire, do us this little sum in arithmetic. No? Must we do it ourselves? Or consult a Hamburg Jew, or Mr. Pierpont Morgan? These golden calculating machines are perfectly alive to the fact that a lottery always wins for the *croupier* and loses for the public; that is the sense of a lottery. And if I buy up all the tickets which a confiding crowd would otherwise make their own, it is certain I must lose. Here is the whole art and craft of company-promoting, and the philosophy of jackal and hyena. The system which grows and shows millionaires is a lottery, with some scores or hundreds of glittering fortunes in the sack, lost among millions of dollars, quarters, and dimes. "Anyone can put his hand in," says Mr. Trust. Granted; but how many can pull their hands out with Vanderbilt or Gould railroads in them, Rockefeller oil-tins, or Leyland fleets of steamers? Is the sack an infinite expanding one, like the Devil's in "Peter Schlemihl"? Go to, the juggling is childish. But it takes in all America. "Equal opportunity" to seize the most unequal lots is about the same as leaving a tiger and a baby in one cage at feeding-time. The tiger will certainly get his dinner; and as a *bonne bouche* he may end with the baby.

Millionaires are pleased to look down on "politicians"

forsooth! But had there been no Judases to sell the nation's land, water, iron, coal, and rights of freight and transit for an inconceivably ridiculous sum of dollars, would the big fortunes ever have been made? Name the millionaire who does not hold franchises granted him by town, State, or Senate at Washington, for an old song—which the insolent creature declines to sing when he has got his booty. Thus nothing will break him except a combination of rival "barons," and they not without a battle royal. But the creative fiat was uttered by bribed aldermen and in a whirlwind of lobbying. Surely, he is a thankless villain that will not own his creator. The plain truth is, that millionaires born in the purple have inherited from past "deals" with politicians now gone to Hades; while politicians not yet swept off thither dispose of what is left on the good old plan of a small commission for themselves and nothing for the nation. Some innocents at home term this arrangement political economy; and in pulpits we hear it exalted as the will of Providence. But if people would only see what is passing before their eyes, then millionaires and politicians would be visible as sworn confederates, holding the National Bank and inviting the public to play a game in which it cannot possibly win. The stakes are industry, labour, thought, time, laid down by the gullible victims of "free contract," and on every one of them the Bank gets its profit, which jackal and hyena divide. Such is the simple principle of the lottery applied to public resources.

"Well," answers the haughty Midas, "what would you have? Equal division? That is absurd because it is impossible." And he turns to his golden touch again, as if he and the nature of things were the same. It is clear that he has never grasped—nor does he want to grasp—the idea of "public property." Public property which need not, or ought not, to be divided, thrown into the lottery-bag, and fraudulently handed over to the Leland Stanfords or any other beasts of prey. Yet in degenerate old Europe this notion has been familiar since the days of feudalism. The King had a taxing power in some shape, however rude, because he was commander-in-chief, keeper of the peace, and judge of appeal. Barons, spiritual or temporal, held under him on like conditions. Only God-forsaken usurers, unclean and outcast, made money without being held to public service. All this the millionaire forgets, and, his "franchise" in his pocket, he says, with Jay Gould, "The public be damned!"—a classic sentence which wipes out the American Constitution, and at one stroke abolishes the right of the citizen to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness"—life sacrificed on the level crossings of Chicago streets; liberty illustrated by Henry George's never-refuted contention, "the ordinary citizen has no more influence in the government under which he lives than he would have in China"; happiness of two or three million tramps, of girls earning their bread by prostitution all over the Christian land, of children crucified on factory wheels, with no Lord Shaftesbury to take them down from their cross, of "toughs" and criminals crammed together in eyeless lodging-houses, by the myriad. So godlike a design is this economic lottery that immense wealth at one end is balanced (on hydrostatic principles) by unspeakable poverty at the other; and Miss Fifth Avenue in New York buys her yards of diamonds and acres of roses with human flesh on sale down in the "tenderloin" quarter. How do the millionaires from their ivory palaces stretch out a hand to lighten this awful eclipse of humanity?

One gives a reading-room; another founds a hospital; a third and fourth set up universities in which the professors are bound, under pain of starving, to expatiate on the beauties of the lottery system. But the crowd, as we might expect, do nothing. Consult for proof the charity lists of great cities, travelling in your course from the Atlantic to the Pacific seaboard. These gods accumulate franchises, with the necessary consequence that misery grows in a residuum whose takings are mostly blanks, and in a working population above them who cannot provide against sickness, old age, or the blizzards and tornados of Wall Street. It appears to be a law that the rich do not help the poor in anything like the proportion according to which the poor help one another. Millionaires believe that tramps can always get work; that girls who earn two dollars fifty a week can always live with virtuous relations; that no one but a fool, a criminal, or a drunkard, is ever in want of employment—in short, the lottery by divine guidance is all prizes, beautifully adjusted to each man's merits. Mr. Yerkes, so well known at Chicago, is a shining instance. By this supernatural election, acting on aldermen who were not to be bought, Mr. Yerkes could do as he pleased with the streets of the Windy City. To his coffers flowed the receipts of the steel tracks; and to the Chicagoans he left their sandstone, about which nothing had been stipulated in the bond. How much nobler is the system that produces a Yerkes than feudalism with its armour-clad knights, bound to attend the King's summons! Mr. Yerkes has graciously allowed some men of science to manufacture the biggest telescope in existence, for which he has paid with the revenues derived from Chicago streets; but he is modest, and for the world would not have its lens turned on himself. He does not wish to be magnified in the nation's sight. As is Mr. Yerkes, so is every millionaire by nature. The more he takes, the less he leaves. That is axiomatic. Equally so is the fact, now telling even in secluded English villages, that when a Standard Oil Company has cut out every other, it can fix prices, lower qualities, and "damn the public" to its own smoky light, regardless of the idiots who whimper that the economic use of a middleman is to circulate the best on the widest scale. But Mr. Rockefeller and his gang laugh at the notion of their being "public servants." Their monopoly is a private, personal, self-regarding concern. It has no duties annexed to it save the duty of piling up dividends. And the United States pays it tribute, England follows suit; the open market has been transformed into an everlasting "corner," entrenched behind the Constitution, though littered with broken laws.

Why cannot the Nation hold the bank, if a lottery there must be? Then, granting that individuals, in their private capacity, did not win all they staked, yet if they lost with one hand they would get back with the other. Franchises, to which equitable, graduated, and strictly limited terms were attached, might then serve the public, but not create millionaires out of nothing and in the chance medley of corruption, as they do at this moment. "I daresay," remarks Mr. Trust, "if you could get honourable men to see the terms executed; but where are they?" And is that the last word of American Democracy? Who was it that talked of "shooting Niagara"? The millionaire, Heaven help him, will pilot that skiff on its way down. F.

SHAMROCK AND *COLUMBIA.*

THE America Cup remains in America. When that has been said Englishmen have eaten the whole of their leek and may turn to the more comfortable aspects of the great contest of 1901, the most agreeable of the half-century to our national *amour propre.* Years there have been in which we might have said with the Nurse in the "Medea"—

> Εἴθ' ὤφελ' Ἀργοῦς μὴ διαπτάσθαι σκάφος
> Κόλχων ἐς αἶαν κυάνεας Συμπληγάδας,

but this year was not one of them. Once before, and once only, in the long history of these races, have we sent a yacht across the Atlantic which was a match for the America Cup defender. *Valkyrie III.* was defeated in one race by the blanketing tactics of the excursion steamers,

or at any rate that was the honest conviction of many who watched it. In another race she completely outsailed her rival, and crossed the winning line with a long lead; but the two yachts had come into contact soon after the start, *Valkyrie* was held to blame, and so she forfeited the race. Lord Dunraven so firmly believed that his yacht had not a fair chance of winning that he abandoned the third race after crossing the line. Some Englishmen sympathised with him; others were satisfied that there was no deliberate intention to favour the American yacht, and many more who condemned the management of the races utterly disapproved of the form that Lord Dunraven's protest took. But so much recrimination and so much bitter feeling were provoked that the whole incident was looked upon as an international calamity, and the Cup came to be regarded by peaceable persons as a veritable apple of discord.

Two years ago, when the contest was resumed by *Shamrock I.* and *Columbia*, there was an almost exaggerated courtesy in the relations of the Royal Ulster Yacht Club and Sir Thomas Lipton with the New York Yacht Club; they were like men treading delicately *per ignes suppositos cineri doloso.* And in spite of all the amenities exchanged between the challenger and the defenders, men were to be found who attributed the absence of friction to the easy victories of the American yacht. How often has one been assured that "Mark my words, no British yacht, however good, will ever be allowed to win that Cup." This year's races have shown how unjust and how childish such imputations were; they have shown that the Dunraven episode was an episode and nothing more, and that, in spite of every inevitable handicap, the Cup is well within our reach.

I trust that no one will think me unsportsmanlike if I say that the failure of *Shamrock II.* to win the America Cup has not convinced me of her inferiority to *Columbia.* I would even go further and say that in spite of her failure *Shamrock* may be the better boat of the two. No yachtsman would give his boat up as a bad job because in her first two races she was narrowly beaten by her most formidable rival, and in the third race was deprived of victory by a small time allowance. A whole season's racing would probably fail to establish the relative merits of two yachts so nearly matched. It is well to remember that the only thing absolutely and invariably decided by yacht races is the destination of the prize. Questions of design, handling, behaviour in this or that kind of sea, superiority in sailing on or off the wind, and a host of other points may be settled by the results of a given series of races; but it is much more probable, unless the series be a very long one, that they will be left more or less open. *Columbia* and *Constitution* raced together more than twenty times before the New York Yacht Club could decide as to which of them should be chosen for the defence of the Cup, and they were certainly not more evenly matched than *Columbia* and *Shamrock.*

There is an Irish proverb which says that "the man on the dyke always hurls best." Now, racing over the ocean course off Sandy Hook *Columbia* was, undoubtedly, "on the dyke," and the fact that *Shamrock*, despite her less advantageous position, "hurled" so well, gives one a very high respect for her prowess. If we neglect the two unfinished races, in which the honours were equally divided, and disregard time allowances and the curious system by which the New York Yacht Club neutralises advantages legitimately gained in the flying start, we find that in the three thirty-mile races (the actual sailing distance was, of course, much greater than ninety miles in all) *Columbia's* net gain on *Shamrock* was something like a minute and a half, or, say, a second a mile, and in every race *Shamrock* rounded the mark boat first. Moreover, she excelled *Columbia*, on one day or another, in running, in reaching, and in beating to windward, and she showed herself to be possessed of that rare combination of fair and foul weather qualities which has made *Columbia* so successful.

Shamrock was sailed with fine judgment, but the New York critics say that on two occasions mistakes were made, each of which probably cost her a race. Captain Sycamore's authority is said to have been subordinate to that of Mr. Willie Jameson, the famous Irish yachtsman, and it is very likely that differences of opinion at critical moments may have had unfortunate results. But even if it be assumed that no mistakes were made, *Shamrock's* performance fully warrants the belief that in the smoother waters of the Clyde or the Solent, where she would be "on the dyke," she would be more than a match for *Columbia.*

Shamrock II. is to winter at New London, and she will, it is said, race with *Columbia* and *Constitution* during next summer. But she cannot, except by favour of the New York Yacht Club, compete again for the America Cup until 1903. The New York Yacht Club has decided that the "mutual agreement" clause in the deed of gift gives no power to the club holding the Cup to accept a challenge which elsewhere the document declares to be inadmissible, and although I do not understand how the principle here set up can be reconciled with the club's practice in permitting the two *Shamrocks* to be towed across the Atlantic, no appeal against the decision is possible. We can only hope, then, that *Shamrock II.* will be so successful in other races against the American yachts next year as to induce her owner to enter her for the Cup in 1903. If *Columbia* was good enough to win two years after she was built, why not *Shamrock II.?*

T. M. Y.

THE CHIEF MOUNTAIN GROUPS IN THE ALPS.

VI.—THE CHAIN OF MONT BLANC.

BETWEEN the Little St. Bernard (which marks the northern limit of the Graians) and the Col de la Seigne (where the Mont Blanc range is usually said to begin) there is a small district, which seems to fall between these two stools. Its best known summit is the celebrated view-point of the Crammont (8,980 ft.), above Courmayeur, but still higher and far less known are two higher peaks more to the south-west, the Mont Favre or Berrier Blanc (10,693 ft.) and the Pointe de Léchaud (10,260 ft.), which should, the former in particular, command very fine views of the Mont Blanc range. For, as I have already said, it is only when this great chain is seen from the south or south-east that its full majesty and glorious precipices can be rightly appreciated. The "Chain" of Mont Blanc is beyond doubt the proper name to give to this huge barrier of rock and ice, now separating France and Italy, though till 1860 it was only an island in the realms of the King of Sardinia, who ruled over both Savoy and Piedmont. It stretches in one long ridge from the Mont Tondu (10,486 ft.) on the south-west to the Pointe d'Orny (10,742 ft.) on the north-east. Throughout that distance it never sinks below a height of 10,000 ft., save at its two extremities and in one or other cases, so that the passes over it are extremely elevated. The most celebrated of these passes, the Col du Géant (attempted as early as 1689), is 11,060 ft., while still higher is the Col de la Brenva (14,217 ft.)—and even the lowest of the great passes, the Fenêtre de Saleinaz, is 10,709 ft. Then, too, as all the world knows, this chain contains the culminating summit of the Alps, Mont Blanc (15,782 ft.), formerly known as the "Montagne Maudite," though I have found the name of Mont Blanc in a description of the Italian slope dated 1694. But though the loftiest point in the Alps, and also since 1860 in France (for by the treaty uniting Savoy to France it was expressly stipulated that the whole of the summit should be French), it is an ugly mass, imposing chiefly by reason of its hugeness, though the precipices on the Italian side are very fine. Far finer in every way are the glorious Aiguilles (a name nearly confined to this chain) which rise around it. The loftiest of these is the Aiguille Verte (13,541 ft.—it is surpassed by the Grandes

Jorasses, 13,797 ft., than which nothing less resembles an Aiguille). Perhaps, however, it is scarcely as magnificent as the Aiguille de Bionnassay (13,341 ft.), with its amazingly delicate snow ridges, on which it is hardly possible to walk upright. But as the term "Aiguille" is due to the weathering of the protogine granite of which the chain is composed, the purely rock summits are more characteristic in this respect than the two great peaks I have just mentioned. Of these probably the grandest is the Dru (12,320 ft.), so well known to all visitors to the Montenvers and the Mer de Glace, but in its way the Géant (13,170 ft.) above Courmayeur is even more astonishing and more like a paper knife. The Grépon (11,447 ft.) and the Charmoz (11,293 ft.) present another variety of Aiguille, which rejoices in saw-like rather than needle-like summits, but offers perhaps even greater difficulties to the climber. The Argentière (12,819 ft.) and Chardonnet (12,540 ft.), more to the north-east, belong rather to the Verte and Bionnassay type, having their bare rocks more or less clothed by snow and ice.

Another very marked feature of this chain is the way in which its chief glaciers are deeply sunk amid the enclosing ridges, and at the same time are not very narrow, and are generally very long. Of course the glaciers streaming down on the Chamonix side of Mont Blanc itself are not of this type, but consider the two Miage glaciers, the Brenva (the most magnificent of all), the Géant, the Saleinaz, the Argentière, not to speak of many others. One result of this characteristic is that these great glaciers are remarkably flat and level near their snout, or as regards their lower plateaux, although from these level plains it is often very difficult to attain the crest of the ridges that shut them in. Hence ordinary tourists can easily visit these great ice-fields, while the ridges from which they flow are accessible only to expert climbers. Another result is that these glaciers could be easily made the subject of observations by scientific men, such as Forbes and Tyndall, for in this level character of their lower part of their streams they resemble the great glaciers of the Bernese Oberland, on which the very earliest observations as to glacier motion, &c., were made by Hugi, Desor, and Agassiz.

The limit between the chain of Mont Blanc and the ranges stretching past the Grand Combin to Zermatt (of which in my next paper) is best fixed at the Col Ferret (8,311 ft.), between Martigny and Courmayeur, that is leading from Switzerland to Italy. This remark draws our attention to another curious fact as to the Mont Blanc chain; namely, that it belongs as to its north-east corner to Switzerland, while the rest is shared between France and Italy. Originally, as I have said, Savoy and Piedmont were in the hands of the same dynasty, the counts, then dukes, of Savoy, later kings of Sardinia, and now kings of Italy. But when late in the fifteenth century (more precisely in 1475-6) Lower or Savoyard Vallais was finally conquered by the men of the Upper Vallais, that end of the chain of Mont Blanc became of course Vallaisan, and so in the natural course of events became Swiss, when in 1815 the Vallais was admitted into the Swiss Confederation. Similarly, another portion of the chain became French, after the annexation of all Savoy to France in 1860. The diversified political complexion of the chain is thus easily explained, and it is interesting to note that the three frontiers meet on the summit of the Mont Dolent (12,543 ft.), up to which runs the ridge direct from the Col Ferret between Switzerland and Italy, while the boundary between Switzerland and France runs from that point along the watershed to the Col de Balme. Thus it may be said that the political geography of the chain corresponds pretty exactly with its physical geography, at least so far as regards the waters that flow down from the range in diverse directions. Those which ultimately form the Dora Baltea (an affluent of the Po) are Italian, and those running straight down to the Rhône are Swiss: France has not merely those (by far the largest amount) that form the Arve (an affluent of the Rhône), but also some unimportant streams that descend from the south-west end of the range, and join the Isère, which in its turn ultimately joins the Rhône.

The chain of Mont Blanc is thus in many respects of great interest, quite apart from any questions of geology, botany, &c., of which I am not qualified to treat. But I may at least point out that very splendid crystals are to be obtained therein, especially at the heads of the Italian, Miage, Géant, Talèfre, and Argentière glaciers, while I have always been very curious to know why that much prized but ugly flower called "Edelweiss" is *not* to be found in this chain, though it is to be gathered (no real fear of its extinction, despite certain croakers) in well-nigh every other part of the Alps with which I am acquainted.

Personally I have never been able to get up any special enthusiasm for our chain. I have felt bound (that word, I think, expresses my feelings precisely) to make a fair number of high ascents therein. I even for some time (I believe) held the record for slowness as regards the ascent of Mont Blanc (frightfully deep soft snow), but on the same occasion I unwittingly won the honour of being the first to *descend* it was in 1869) the long-dreaded ridge of the Bosses du Dromadaire, since, having made very deep tracks up by that route, we naturally followed them on the descent. I have also climbed (in 1870) Mont Blanc from the Brenva glacier, one of the most terrible and most arduous expeditions in the Alps, while I was the first to make (in January, 1876) a serious attack on Mont Blanc *in winter*. But it is just twenty-five years ago since I visited Chamonix or any other part of the chain, and probably in the future I shall always content myself with admiring it from a distance, especially if I find myself anywhere on the Italian side.

North of Mont Blanc are two valleys which hang together with it, those of Sixt and of Champéry. Sixt, 2,484 ft. (best known to English readers as the summer residence of Mr. Justice Wills), is famous for its grand limestone cliffs, down which stream countless waterfalls, and for its inn, of which the buildings formed part of the old convent of the Austin Canons Regular. (By-the-by, *why* was this order so widely spread in the Alps? Witness Sixt, the Great St. Bernard, the Simplon, Interlaken, &c.) The Buet (10,201 ft.) is the great peak of Sixt, which nowadays is but thirty-five miles from Geneva by steam tramway (save for the last four miles), and is becoming much frequented by Genevese. It is connected by several passes with the Swiss valley of Champéry (3,452 ft.), deep sunk beneath the sheer cliffs of the Dent du Midi (10,696 ft.), but very green and smiling notwithstanding. It is only eight miles by road from Monthey in the Rhône valley, but over three hours are required to surmount the 2,000 odd feet separating the two villages. On the "other side" (*i.e.*, of the Dent du Midi) are Salvan and Finhaut, two rising summer resorts, the former the scene of Edouard Rod's novel "Là Haut." The name of Champéry always recalls to my mind the exquisite Lac de Champex (at the north-east end of the Mont Blanc chain), in whose still pine-embowered waters are reflected the snowy peaks of the Combin range. And north of Champéry there is another lake, that of Tanay, of which I have always heard great things, though as yet I have not climbed up from Vouvry to the quiet hollow in which it lies. W. A. B. COOLIDGE.

ART.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION.

A MALADY most incident to the arts is lethargy. For years together initiative is completely lacking. In the history of painting there are *longueurs* that become more and more wearisome with every year of their continuance. It is enough if each copies the man who went before, and is copied by the man who comes after. Eventually a state of affairs is reached which is

felt to be unendurable. Even the self-satisfied patron, accustomed to have his taste pandered to without question, tires at last of the spiritless performance, and the time is ripe for great changes. No period of stagnation such as that in which the pre-Raphaelites found English painting spellbound has since recurred, but the danger is never far away, and beyond a doubt the mind has to be jogged and kept on the alert lest it should sink again into fatal acquiescence in convention. Hence the promoters of the International Exhibition (held this year at the Galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Piccadilly) determined two or three years ago that people should not be able to say that they had no opportunity of seeing what was being done and attempted in other countries than their own, and in circles that intersect their own but slightly. "Enough," they would say, "of Academic accomplishment can be found at an address not far to seek. For us, originality, freshness, individuality of expression. One spark of such virtue makes amends in our eyes for a thousand crimes." And they have succeeded so far, that the Exhibition stimulates curiosity and excites surprise. While the very widest diversity of style is of the essence of the Society's existence, there is yet a thread running through almost all the work shown here that gives a certain unity to the display. It is the endeavour to present a certain aspect of things, to preserve the original inspiration, whatever is omitted or slurred over or sacrificed in the pursuit. And indeed you are rarely in doubt of the artist's intention, even if with the result you have to accept a disproportionate allowance of defects.

In these three rooms are to be seen painting as good and as bad as could readily be found within the same limits anywhere. It is not necessary to waste valuable space in specialising the bad, for on such a ticket as entitles a painter to admittance it is easy to imagine how much charlatanism will squeeze its way in, how much rank imbecility will masquerade as original genius. Better then to turn our attention to what is worth studying. To begin with, there are several small examples of Mr. Whistler's work, but nothing of importance or likely to impress greatly any who are not already conversant with his best, and it is hard, indeed, to look with patience at canvases by people who label themselves "Apprentice to Mr. Whistler." But one is sincerely grateful for the introduction to the art of Mr. W. M. Chase, an American painter of distinguished talent. It is full of grace and sympathy, very harmonious and very subdued. It is the sort of work that would gain by being lived with, and of his several canvases perhaps "Little Miss C." (24) is the most agreeable. With all his good qualities, Mr. Lavery allows black to run riot too much in his pictures, except in the little study of the nude, "La Toilette" (97), which has a refreshing pearliness of colour and a certain sculpturesque quality that is unexpected in his work. And here should be specially signalised as a specimen of really good painting a little head by Mr. Da Costa, "Phyllis, daughter of Moseley Leigh, Esq." (285), which is rendered with a joyous certainty of touch that evokes an answering thrill of pleasure in the spectator. As far as design goes Mr. George Henry's "Mrs. Mories" (76) is admirable, and the colour in the greyish reds of the face, where failure is so common, most successful. But the picture is not wrought in one piece, the artist changing his manner completely when he comes to the hands, which is certainly a grave defect; and the modelling of the face is far from perfect.

It has been said already that most of the exhibitors succeed in conveying their original motive. As an example, take Mr. Leistikow's "Port" (279). Just such a strange impression of shapes might be left on the memory of one who, looking up from his work to think for a minute, let his eyes rest on what of water and shipping was framed between the bounds of the opened window. Mr. James Pryde is a very clever man and a humorist, and he, too, has attained his object—the production of a puzzle picture which should torment the spectator for an explanation. He has dragged from oblivion all those strange creatures that haunted poor Aubrey Beardsley's fancy—the wicked-ugly lady with the crinoline and monstrous feather headdress, the regency bucks, the dwarf, and queer long-waisted phantoms, crowded them altogether, and named them "The Romance of Life" (227a). It has only been possible to note here and there something worth attention, with no prejudice to much more of interest and merit to be seen in these rooms, nor has there been space to condemn what is vulgar and imbecile or simply and irretrievably bad. These things are not lacking, nor will they easily escape the eye. They may safely be left therefore for the visitor to criticise for himself. But he will be better employed if he confines himself to the work that is refreshing and sincere.

E. H.

DRAMA.

MR. BEERBOHM TREE AND SHAKESPEARE.

THERE is no denying that the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre has a marvellous power of making Shakespeare attractive to the great public, and that he uses this power to the happiest advantage; some further words are therefore due before his latest work altogether disappears. It is permissible to believe that a theatre in which Shakespeare's plays might all be presented in turn, with modest mounting, would be a national and artistic glory, but any such scheme (if haply it could be realised) would only appeal to the few and would not in the least conflict with the excellent work Mr. Tree is nightly doing. *Julius Cæsar*, *King John*, *Twelfth Night*, three plays of which managers fight shy—so shy, indeed, that two of them had not been seen in London for thirty or forty years—plays which, according to expert opinion, offer small hope of popular success, have by him been turned into overwhelming triumphs. What is his secret? Of the three, *Twelfth Night* is the greatest surprise, for though a pretty play, a merry play, a play combining delicate fancy with broad humour, it is not one that appeals strongly to a general audience. It does not grip the spectator at any point. The love of the duke is over-fantastic for these prosaic days, and yet—if the paradox may be permitted—not fantastic enough. In *La Princesse Lointaine* the passion of Joffroy Rudel is pure fantasy, the very coinage of the man's own imagination, the deliberately induced heart sickness for an ideal, and as such we accept it without question; but with Orsino it is different, he sees and speaks to his deity, he lives in the everyday world of his age and country, and consequently comes under human judgment. The love of Viola is both more natural and more genuine, and yet in the theatre we have to take it for the most part on trust, unless indeed there happens to be a Helen Faucit to fill the words with meaning and to interpret the silences. It is one of the cases in which the poet fares better in the study than behind the footlights. Nor does the love-at-first-sight of the Countess for Viola awaken much sympathy; the spectator is not deeply interested in the lady. So much for the serious half of the play. The comic characters appeal with more success. Sir Toby and Sir Andrew when well acted are sure to be favourites. Malvolio occupies a place between the serious and the comic, inclining to this side or to that according to the talents and idiosyncrasies of the actor. There is plenty of amusement to be found in this trio and their satellites, but something more would still be required to attract modern audiences in any number. The Lyceum production failed, or comparatively failed: the production at Her Majesty's has succeeded. What is the secret?

The answer is simple. Mr. Tree has mounted the

play as it has never been mounted before. It is not only that the scenery is beautiful, it is also novel. The terraced garden is something quite original in its way, and is admirably adapted to the requirements and opportunities of this particular comedy. It allows of entrances and exits such as would not be possible in any ordinary setting, and makes (for example) the duel and the recognition doubly effective. So with the terrace of Olivia's house, the look-out over the deep blue bay balanced by the wide steps leading up to hall and balcony. Both these scenes enable the stage manager to get his characters on different levels, and to produce variety of grouping of the highest value. The idea was first fully developed in London by the Saxe Meiningen Company in 1881, though, without doubt, it had been worked in a small and uncertain way before that time. The costumes are also as good as possible, handsome and harmonious. However it may be in tragedy and the great drama, there can be no objection to luxuriance of mounting in fanciful comedy. But had the inventiveness of Mr. Tree stopped here, the success would probably have been only mediocre. Still more was required; something—what? He solved the problem by entirely changing the position of the fool. Hitherto Feste has been a character in the play, saying his words, taking his part in the doings, singing a song or two, but only a character; he has now been promoted to a different plane and has become the genius of the play, pervading all the scenes and connecting the several situations with links of music and song. That this was rare self-denial on the part of a manager who was himself acting Malvolio needs no showing, but the success of the experiment has justified it. There will always be differences of opinion as to the exact meaning of Shakespeare's characters, and in so vast a field there is space for them, but there can be no difference of opinion as to the extraordinary merit of this Malvolio and pair of knights and Maria. Yet they must be content to stand around the fool, who for the first time is the centre of the group. It is not that he is greater than they, or more prominent, but he is all pervading, he is of the essence of the piece. And so there are begotten a softness and harmony which invest the whole action with a faint glamour and make even poetry itself more poetical. A really beautiful idea beautifully realised.

The acting is much as it was before. Mr. Tree gives the same consistent reading of Malvolio, a man immensely pompous, eaten up with a belief in his own importance, not able to understand how anyone (his mistress alone excepted) should presume to question his authority and yet live. The hidalgo element, which some have found in the character, he ignores. He is the solemn ass in his highest manifestation. A wonderful piece of acting. Equally wonderful is the inventiveness which embellishes it. Note the four attendants—who, by the way, follow him to his next place—a happy thought, capitally worked out. What can be more in keeping than the manner in which he gently pats one cushion on his mistress's seat, as though that were the supreme touch necessary to secure her comfort? What more true to nature than his sickly smile when the fool scores a point? And, to give one more instance, what more perfect than his inflection of "Jove, I thank thee!"?—an expression of gratitude which clearly shows he is addressing an equal, if not an inferior. It is a ripe performance, brought to the point at which nothing can be added. Mr. Courtice Pounds sings as well as ever, and is invaluable. Mr. Lionel Brough is still the best Sir Toby for two generations, getting all possible effect out of the part and yet not exaggerating—which is astonishing after playing it so many nights. Mr. Norman Forbes is if possible better than before as Sir Andrew—an interpretation which should supersede the old one if other actors could be found to embody it. It strikes me that these two have toned down the horse-play during Malvolio's soliloquy in the garden, to the great advantage of the scene. Mr. Gerald Lawrence is now Orsino, and gives a really admirable performance—by far the best thing he has done in London within my knowledge; he speaks his words as though they came fresh minted from the brain, not mechanically as though learnt by rote. Of the others, no special mention is needed, unless it be to repeat a word of warning to Miss Brayton. Her elocution is losing the limpid simplicity that made her first appearance in Helena last year so memorable. W. HUGHES HALLETT.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

LORD BEACONSFIELD once said that he "was not up to politics in September." I am not up to controversy in October. Indeed, my critics might say that I was not "up to it" at any season. I fear that the "damning sentence" which Mr. Frederic Harrison once launched against Matthew Arnold might be only too truly applied to myself: "We seek vainly in him a system of philosophy with principles coherent, interdependent, subordinate, and derivative." But I may, at any rate, try to explain myself, and to mollify an opponent whom I never wished to offend.

(i.) I see now that my offence consisted in saying that the name "High Churchman" (as opposed to "Catholic") stood for all that is "Established and Erastian and plausible and worldly"; and, therefore, was incompatible with the idea of Democracy. I am afraid I think so still. But it is manifest that, though certain terms may properly characterise a great mass or body of people as a whole, we need not apply each of them to each member of that body. For example, Dean Stanley once wrote about the "Savage qualities of Cantabrigians;" but I am sure he would not have called the present Master of Trinity a savage. Similar exceptions might be made for the revered names which Mr. Macleane enumerates, and yet leave the general description true. I most confidently claim Keble as a Catholic, and therefore he is excluded from my rather cursory characterisation of the High Church Party. Johnson was certainly not "plausible"; but his views about kingship, rank, authority, liberty, and the like, were exactly what I mean by "Established" and "Worldly"; and in these respects he admirably represents the spirit which, as I said at the outset, can never harmonise with Democracy.

(ii.) Mr. Macleane says that I "now turn my shafts against Religious Liberalism." Yes; because, if I read the early history of the Movement aright, it was against Religious Liberalism and not mere Secular Liberalism, such as the extension of the franchise, that the Catholic leaders fought. Newman wrote in the "Apologia": "My battle was with Liberalism; by Liberalism I meant the anti-dogmatic principle and its developments." In attacking the anti-dogmatic principle there is nothing inconsistent with Democracy. A man may be a very good Democrat and yet a whole-hearted believer in the Christian dogma. He not only may be, but he often is. Here I speak not from theory but from observation. Perhaps we ought not to exist; but we do.

(iii.) I "unkindly mention Lord Grey and the statesmen of the Reform Era." Yes; not because of any pre-eminent demerits in these great men—there have been plenty of Irreligious Liberals before and since their day—but because they happened to be the men whose mis-handling of the Irish Church and threats against the English Church awoke the Movement. I said before, and say again, that theirs was not the form of Liberalism which can harmonise with Catholicity.

(iv.) Mr. Macleane has, like Macaulay, "his own heightened and telling way of putting things." He says that "Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere are political Liberals. I suppose they ought consistently to be Catholics." The names are well chosen, for they exactly represent the two types of Liberalism which I

have in mind. Sir William Harcourt is, as he often boasts, a Whig. In all his thoughts and words about Religion and the Church, he embodies what I mean by Irreligious Liberalism. He is not a democrat, and I cannot conceive of him as a Catholic. Mr. Labouchere, on the other hand, is a democrat, and I am not aware that he holds a single opinion which would be inconsistent with the acceptance of Catholicity.

(v.) As to the dilemma, I must persist. If it is a degradation to argue against a nonsensical proposition, it must be a greater degradation to argue for it In the one case, the arguer is *ex hypothesi*, championing truth: in the other he is bolstering up error.

(vi.) I "see in the secularizing of the nation's corporate life and institutions, no loss of a great Christian ideal." But that is exactly what I do see, and I see that it has happened long ago. As long as every member of the State is, even nominally, a Christian, the State may, without too palpable irony, be called a Christian State, and a Christian State is a great ideal. But it has long since ceased to be anything more substantial than an ideal; and I am impatient of phrases and customs which imply that the lost ideal is still a fact. When every form of negation is permitted, and the most positive opposition to Christianity is no bar to the rights of citizenship, or the position of law-maker, or even of ruler, the State, I submit, is no longer corporately Christian; and from a non-Christian State, I, as a Catholic, decline to receive the law in things pertaining to the Kingdom of God.

(vii.) "As a true Gladstonian I could not hold other than Individualist views, the views of a Christian Cobdenite." Certainly I am not a Cobdenite; perhaps I am not a true Gladstonian. I am, in secular politics, what is called a "Collectivist," and I believe in the desirability of extending the range of State-control and State-enterprise. This certainly was not Mr. Gladstone's belief. Let me quote him again:—

(1887.) "The business of the last half-century has been in the main a process of setting free the individual man, that he may work out his vocation without wanton hindrance, as his Maker will have him do. If, instead of this, Government is to work out his vocation for him, I, for one, am not sanguine as to the result."

(1894.) "I am thankful to have had a part in the emancipating labours of the last sixty years, but entirely uncertain how, had I now to begin my life, I could face the very different problems of the next sixty years. Of one thing I am, and always have been convinced—it is not by the State that man can be regenerated, and the terrible woes of this darkened world effectually dealt with."

To this extent, at any rate, I was a true Gladstonian—that both Mr. Gladstone and I looked to the Church for the regeneration of man, and the remedy of this world's "terrible woes."

(viii.) "A Catholic Democracy is not merely a Catholicised population, but government by the people at large in Church and Commonwealth." Well, yes, that is pretty much my ideal of the City of God, assuming, of course, that the "people at large" are Christians. Government by the people at large in the Commonwealth is a purely political ideal, and only need be mentioned here because of its natural affinity to government by the people at large in the Church.

Here I follow Bishop Moberly in the preface to his "Bampton Lectures" (Second Edition, 1869). After speaking of the retrospective acceptance of the whole Church as being necessary to give Conciliar decrees their full Œcumenical character and weight, the Bishop, "borrowing," as he says, "the sentiment" of Mr. Keble, writes: "I venture to say that, if the assent of the lay people is thus necessary even in the highest of all instances, the settlement of the faith, it is matter not of principle, but of convenience and wisdom, to decide at what point and in what proportion this Christian Counsel shall be listened to and acknowledged." And, again, after fully admitting the exclusive functions of the clergy, he says, "The lay people, too, in their place and degree, have the right and duty of sanctioning (and therefore, of course, of refusing to sanction) the determination, of the ordained clergy."

(ix.) Limits of space compel me to pass by the merits of Obedience and the "Bride's Vow" (from which, if I remember aright, the Roman Church wisely omits all reference to obedience).

(x.) Mr. Macleane stated on a former occasion that Mr. Gladstone recognised the validity of Nonconformist Orders. This view is, I think, quite unsupported by the essay on "Heresy and Schism." If I understand Mr. Gladstone aright, he was deeply impressed by the fact that of the professed followers of Jesus Christ, a considerable number remain permanently estranged from the services of the apostolic ministry and from the Catholic altar. Yet, if they are validly baptised and hold the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, they are members of the Catholic Church, though they voluntarily withdraw themselves from her communion. This is a strange phenomenon; but to recognise it is by no means to admit that Nonconformist Orders are valid. Indeed, no Nonconformist would claim validity for them in our sense, as Nonconformist ministers do not profess to offer the Eucharistic Sacrifice or to absolve the penitent. In this connexion it is not irrelevant to quote Cardinal Manning's views in No. IV. of his "Hindrances to the Spread of Catholicism": "The great majority of the English people are baptised, and are therefore elevated to the Supernatural order. If they live in charity with God and man, their baptism would save them."

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEEK IN FRANCE.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *October 8th, 1901.*

ONLY three weeks ago the newspapers spoke of nobody but President Loubet: for the first time since his election he really represented the country, speaking in its name, discussing its interests, marshalling its forces and its distinguished men as he thought proper. The Government was eclipsed and forgotten. No mention was made of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, except to notice that he looked more sullen than ever, or of M. Millerand, except to record proofs that he is a very bad sailor, but could be a very good courtier. The men who were in front with the President were possible rivals of the Premier, like M. Brisson, and chiefly M. Ribot; gentlemen in office were behind the scenes, very busy arranging about trains and bath-rooms. Now the tables are turned, the President is merely spoken of as the well-known sportsman at Rambouillet; all that is chronicled of him is the number of rabbits he shoots, his reappearances at the Elysée, and the imminent possibility of his migrating from the blue bed to the brown. In return, the dark master's presence is felt everywhere, whether he be cursed or fawned upon, and those who think him resentful inspire as much awe of him as those who only think him firm. Every day gives rise to some incident likely to strengthen either opinion—now it is a General's resignation, now the bodily expulsion of a whole religious orphanage.

Admiral Lefèvre's resignation was the third that followed on General Davout's dismissal. You should not turn too credulous an ear to the motives given in Ministerial papers for the measure applied to General Davout. If the real reason was his refusal to moot the striking of Count de Lur-Saluce's name out of the lists of the Legion, the Government should not be afraid to show how this denial is irreconcilable with the duties of a Grand-Chancellor. Now they do not attempt anything of the sort. They merely say that General Davout seemed to have a right to be relieved of his heavy duties after discharging them for six years, whereas General Florentin, who will have to retire in two years, seems to have a converse right to be invested with the honour taken away from his predecessor. This is a very awkward excuse, and the many who make game of it insist that the real reason was the Chancellor's

refusal of allowing M. Monis's son to wear a foreign decoration which looks too much like the much-coveted crimson ribbon. Fifteen years ago the resignation of a Grand-Chancellor would have caused more commotion than the fall of a powerful Cabinet; but since the Wilson case there has been too much talk, and disrespectful talk, about the Legion of Honour, so that the ordinary reader is more interested than excited. It is different with the army: you hear little from those quarters, but there is little doubt that the hatred amassing against "Father André" will some day become dangerous for the Cabinet and the *régime* itself. The progressive change in the opinions of retired officers sitting in Parliament is sufficient proof that the danger is not imaginary. However, a more immediate cause of unpopularity might be found in the application of the Law on Associations. Here, again, I think the discontent will be limited to Catholic circles. Governments profit sometimes by the faults of their predecessors. We are not likely to see anything like the excesses which followed on the decrees of 1880. The allusion I made above to the expulsion of a whole orphanage in Brittany was founded on an information given by the *Vérité*, and which accordingly is very likely to be false. To-day, five days after the close of the delay granted to the Orders, we have not heard of any interference of the police against those who have not applied for authorisation, no search has been made in their houses, no sealing of any door has taken place. A good many convents are empty, and only guarded by one representative of their—in most cases—lay proprietor, but their inmates have not fled abroad, as they did in 1880 after the breaking in of policemen supporting guilty-looking locksmiths. Ten times in an afternoon we recognise the familiar gait of a Jesuit hardly made to look a trifle secular by a loosely-tied *rabat*. The religious live separately in rooms, or with some friends, and, as long as they do not teach, they are at perfect liberty to go about preaching or hearing confessions in church and chapel. I am told of various devices to go further and evade the law. For instance, it seems hardly possible to prosecute two Jesuits for accidentally stopping at the same hotel. Why, then, should not ten or twenty accidentally stop at the same hotel, especially if they can prove, as in many cases they could (considering there are nearly four thousand of them in France) that they had never seen one another before? Those famous regulars can be transformed into wonderful "irregulars," and there is something rather gallant in their quiet obstinacy.

I liked also the tone of the Letter issued on Thursday last by their four district superiors. It may be the first instance of an official appeal from the Society to the country. It was sad, solemn, and straightforward. However, I do not quite approve of the reasons they put in for not submitting to the law. Should they have the weight they attribute to them, the Pope would have been very wrong in not forcing resistance instead of leaving each Order to decide for itself. Then the Jesuits were too sure of not getting authorisation, and their example is less impressive than, for instance, that of the Benedictines, who would certainly have been authorised. You have probably noticed the demand from the English Benedictines at Donai, wrongly described in some papers as English Jesuits. I believe the only house that ever belonged to the English Jesuits in France was at St. Omer, and it was not reopened after the Revolution, although the buildings were, and are to the present day, in remarkably good repair. Of the comparatively numerous British establishments that suffered in the great crisis, the well-known Irish College near the Panthéon and the house of the English Benedictines at Donai were the only ones that survived. The English traveller whom his Baedeker induces to stop at Donai to inspect the masterpiece of Jean Bellegambe ought not to forget national relics of a still more venerable character which still abound in an ancient town doomed to speedy modernisation; if he appreciates the delightful Benedictine spirit, he will not regret his visit at the old Priory of St. Edmund's. The monks have never been molested on account of any legal measure taken against their French brethren, but some days ago they were warned by the English Ambassador that they would have to apply for authorisation like the others, and they had barely time to procure the documents enabling them to do so. So it was that their name appeared nearly at the bottom of the very last list of applications. There can be no doubt that they will be authorised. They are popular in a town of which they are probably the oldest inhabitants, and are certain to be supported by the municipality. Then there is between them and the French Government a sort of concordat which could not be easily suppressed. The buildings they occupy belong—by right of confiscation—to the State, but they are free from taxes, and besides, a certain number of *bourses* or scholarships are yearly paid to the monks, on condition that the sums they represent shall not be spent out of France. Under the circumstances, either the scholarships ought to be stopped, for which there would be no reason, or the English Benedictines must remain in the situation they have been in possession of for nearly eighty years. The prospects are generally in favour of a lenient application of the law to the Orders which have submitted to it. As to the others, the "remedies" used will take the form of quiet and leisurely legal prosecution. All we shall hear will probably be an occasional sentence of some provincial Court against this or that establishment, as we read at intervals that there has been a sale of the property of some convent refusing to pay the *taxe d'abonnement*. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is too cunning to provoke the agitation which proved so useful to the religious Orders in 1880. Since the passing of the law he never spoke or wrote a word about it, and the recent circular of the Minister of Justice shows clearly enough that after a few sittings of the Chamber, which promise to be interesting, its enactment will be left to the *jugerie*.

BOOKS AND MEN.

ARE JESUITS DISLIKED?

MR. ROBERT DELL, in the *Monthly Review*, asks, "Is distrust of the Jesuits reasonable?" Mr. Dell is "a layman and a convert" (to his present opinions) "of no very long standing." Conceivably he may not be the best possible authority; he does not much like Jesuits himself. On the other side, as a child of the Covenant, I may have insufficient reasons for a warm attachment to the Jesuits. "Your wholly worldly person," says Mr. Dell, "has, as a rule, a sneaking fondness for a Jesuit. My 'fondness' is not 'sneaking,' whether I am 'wholly worldly' or not."

There is no doubt at all that the Jesuits have incurred much popular dislike among Protestants, and are far from being universally popular among Catholics. Among Protestants at large the dislike is based on historical tradition and works of fiction. In the days of Elizabeth and James VI. and I. the Jesuits were the militant members of their church in England. But we need to know history much better than the man in the street, and much better than I, for instance, know it, before we can strike a just balance and say whether, on the whole, the Jesuits of 1565-1620 deserve more of love or dislike. The question really is most delicate. Certainly we cannot strike an adverse balance on the strength of "The History of the Jesuits in England," by Father Taunton, and "Treason and Plot," by Major Hume. Persons, or Parsons, for example, was not what the world now calls a very straightforward and scrupulous politician. He was all for Spanish interference in England, just as Squire Western, and Jacobites at large, were all for French interference. You and I, may be, would rather be bullied and persecuted by Britons on the score of our religion than emancipated by foreigners. Parsons's taste, like that of many honest men, lay in the opposite direction. Both Popes and foreign sovereigns, Philip II. for one, disliked the interference of the Jesuits. Like Mr. Henry Foker, they thought it a pity that the clergy should

interfere. But granting that Parsons intrigued with a foreign power against the Government of England, we must remember that the Presbyterian ministers were intriguing with a foreign power against the Government of Scotland. That is no reason why we should now dislike and distrust Presbyterian ministers—or Jesuits. Both these sets of clergymen were equally to blame, from our point of view. If it come to assassinations, the Pope on the one hand: "prophets" (that is, popular preachers) on the other, were supposed (at least, by the fanatics of either party) to be permitted to denounce condign vengeance against kings and rulers. These ideas seem purely Anarchist, but they were the ideas in vogue. Of course, Parsons caused English Catholics to be more stringently persecuted, but the extreme Covenanting preachers brought down persecution on moderate Presbyterians. It was, in the common phrase, "six of one and half a dozen of the other." But all these things are ancient history, and afford no excuse for disliking the Jesuits or ministers of to-day. If Major Hume chooses he can write a second series of "Treason and Plot" of Presbyterians against the Government of James VI. As to the supposed Jesuit idea of the end justifying the means, we know that a scheme proposed by John Knox shocked even the indurated conscience of Cecil. Excited and well-meaning persons are apt to stretch a point, so, indeed, are other people who are not certain that they are admitted into the council of eternity.

Mr. Dell seems to think that you cannot trust a Jesuit, "really to mean what he says," especially "if he professes 'liberal' opinions, and talks against his own Society." Anyone who habitually talks against his own society is to be distrusted, and, perhaps, men who habitually talk even against their own country ought not to command our confidence. But, as a person acquainted with some Jesuits, one may say that one would just as soon distrust soldiers, or barristers, or squires, *en bloc*, as distrust Jesuits. If ever one has met absolute sportsmanlike fairness, in the discussion of historical points which excite partisanship, it is among members of the Society of Jesus. No doubt this does not equally apply to all the members of that or any other community of any sort. But, speaking as a Protestant, one may declare that, whatever the principles and training of the Society may be, they do not warp in individuals that not too common intellectual virtue, absolute fairness of judgment in historical questions.

Let us take an example in the past. We have heard a great deal about Parsons; I do not know enough of him to defend or attack him. But observe Father Edmund Hay, S.J., a contemporary of Parsons. He was in Scotland at the time of Queen Mary's marriage with Bothwell. The correct "Jesuitic" thing to do was to slur over or palliate, or, at least, to be silent about that disgraceful affair. Father Edmund might have said that Mary was coerced when in bad health, and deserted by all her nobles. Deserted she was, ill she was; she had nobody to protect her. But Father Edmund, reporting to his superiors, frankly averred that Mary had lost her heart to her abductor, and begged the prayers of the pious for "a woman who is a sinner," *illa peccatrix*. His conduct was opposed to the political interests of his Church and his order, but he was a gentleman of Scotland, and told the truth as it appeared to him. Truth-telling was not so common in 1567 that one can forget Father Edmund Hay. What he had to report has lately been published in the *Month* by Father Pollen, S.J. According to the traditional theory of Jesuits, Father Pollen, having unearthed the documents —hitherto, I think, unknown—should have said nothing about them, or tried to weaken the evidence of Father Hay. That might be done, by an historian of any creed, or no creed. Father Hay *may* have been in error, but he spoke out his mind, and Father Pollen has not endeavoured to weaken his honest testimony. I hope that Mr. Dell would not feel obliged to be on his guard with such a Jesuit as Father Edmund Hay. Once more, whatever we may think of Parsons, in liking or disliking Jesuits we ought never to forget the extraordinary courage and the exemplary Christian bearing of men like Campian and his companions, who shine like good deeds in that naughty world of Elizabeth. "The arrest and torture of Campian were too horrible to be borne," says Mr. Froude. Campian was not mixed up with politics. Sherwin and Bryant appear to have been as truly martyrs as Campian. "The Continent rung with the story as forty-four years before it had shrieked over the deaths of More and Fisher . . . ." Mr. Froude writes. Really the Continent had, in these cases, something worth shrieking about. These examples are only a few out of many. One cannot easily dislike the Society which bred those martyrs, and the martyrs of the mission to the Hurons and Iroquois. Not very many people have read the letters of these marvellous men; none, perhaps, who has read them can dislike the Jesuits as a body, in the past and present, uphill and down dale. Indeed, it is to these letters, not very accessible, that I owe my liking for the Jesuits. They were shining types of courage, and self-denial, and benevolence. These virtues cover a large acreage of the moral field, while the services of learned Jesuits to science and learning are not likely to be impugned.

One knows that there is a great deal to be said on the other side of the account. The training of the Jesuits, as described by Mr. Dell, is un-English; one has read of the same kind of thing among eccentric little Dissenting communities. But I venture to deny that the training necessarily "prevents them from seeing straight." Many of them see as straight and speak as straight as Father Edmund Hay. No Jesuit would say (like a divine of another creed) that no gentleman fought for the Parliament against Charles I. Conceive the abject ignorance (want of candour one does not impute) which dictated that statement in a popular work for young Nonconformists! Had a Jesuit of our day produced a parallel to this, we might distrust Jesuits. It may be said that Father Gerard failed to implicate Cecil as the author of the Gunpowder Plot. He did fail, I think, but he made an interesting effort, and gave the grounds which, in his opinion, might supply an appearance of possibility to his hypothesis; it was no more.

Mr. Dell argues that the Jesuits are unpopular with many Catholics, even saints. I can readily believe it. If Saint Joseph of Cupertino had been examined as to his miraculous performances by a jury of Jesuits, they they would have made that holy but uneducated man exceedingly uncomfortable.

One can easily see how the Jesuits come to be disliked by members of their own Church. Mr. Dell says, with engaging candour: "The Society combines the qualities of a fussy, interfering woman with those of an officious detective officer." There is a want of guile in his remark that at once conciliates. I also gather that the Society is pro-Boer; but that only proves their absence of theological prejudice, the Boers being advanced Evangelicals. We need not look far to see why the Jesuits are disliked. Suppose that, in the Church of England, or the Church of Scotland, there was a fraction of the clergy mainly concerned with "the things of the intellect," why, they would be simply loathed by the rest of the ministry. The excellent and gentle John Knox always suspected the poor little universities of his distracted country. They were, or might be, officered by "intellectuals," and Mr. Knox shrewdly suspected that they would not be on his side. St. Salvator's College was entirely opposed to Mr. Knox. It is natural to mankind to dislike and distrust intellectual people, and this is a wise provision of nature. Now the Jesuits are, or aim at being intellectual. We need look no further, that is how they get themselves disliked. And here my apology breaks down. They are clever, educated men, I cannot deny it, but then they have redeeming qualities. Of course it is excruciatingly provoking that "they bask"—the snobs—"in the smiles of the great and the wealthy," perhaps of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. That, I

admit, must be very vexatious to persons who do not "bask." On the whole, I understand their unpopularity, but, with all their faults, I love them still. But this is unworthy, nay, wordly *persiflage*. Seriously, I can never dislike the society of Father Hay, Father Campian, Father Brébeuf, and Father Ayrolles. We might as well bring "an indictment against a nation" as against the Society of Jesus. Whether it is, as a whole, to be trusted in politics is another question. Personally one would as soon have trusted Father Holt in "Esmond," or our dear Aramis.

A. Lang.

SEPTEMBER EVENING.

Down a green lane I look the eastward way,
For sunset is behind me,—and summer is behind.
Light and shadow stream before, to melt in distant gray;
Winter lurks there, and whispers in the wind.

But there's delay, while still the glamour grows;
A halcyon time of truce, though the swallows try their wings.
On the briar a berry red is born of June's wild rose.
Piping near by, the hearty robin sings.

Gossamer spinners fearless fling their net.
The dragon-fly darts radiant from purple underglooms.
Many fragrant wildings will distil their treasure yet;
Bees may sip sweet where honeysuckle blooms.

Camomile tufts, yarrow pink and white,
The mossy turf that scabious has veiled with lambent blue,
Toadflax clusters in the hedge aglow with mellow light:
All have caught fire, to shine with vivid hue.

Brief is the hour; for even as I gaze
The glory is departing, the shadows closer creep.
To his heart the sinking sun recalls the level rays.
Earth is left hushed, and curtained for her sleep.

On the lush grass the dews that couchant lay,
Arising white and silent steal gently up the lea.
In Time's hoard the heavens drop another golden day.
Now the dim night foreshadows dawn to be.

Helen Chisholm.

REVIEWS.

MEDIAEVAL HISTORY.*

Professor Lodge has written a very clear and useful text-book on the last two centuries of the Middle Ages. He has a good sense of proportion, a clear style, and an accurate knowledge of details. He has grappled not unsuccessfully with the great difficulty of arranging in an intelligible order a very large mass of miscellaneous facts concerning a period of history whose fundamental characteristic must ever be its want of unity. Professor Lodge's comments are invariably marked by sterling common sense, and by a commendable avoidance of fads and extreme theories. He is therefore not only a very accurate but a very judicious and trustworthy guide to the student of an intricate age. Moreover he has made it his business to cover the whole of his field. He tells us not only about the great kingdoms of Western Europe, but some of the most interesting parts of his book deal with such issues as the development of Bohemia, Hungary and Poland, the fall of the Eastern Empire, the rise of the Turks, the might of Stephen Dushan, the varying fortunes of the Scandinavian Kingdoms, the rise of the Hanseatic League and the Swiss Confederation, and the growth of the Teutonic Order and the affiliated Knights of the Sword in the regions to the east of the Baltic. We have in our language so little good text-book literature dealing with the general history of the Middle Ages that we think Mr. Lodge was but right in taking this wide view of what belonged to his province. Unluckily, the result of his method must inevitably be to make his book rather too full of details for it to be easy reading to the careless or half-interested reader. Indeed, even on this scale a more sympathetic attitude of mind, a more brightly-flowing pen, or a keener eye to the picturesque, might have imparted a touch of colour and life to this singularly competent but somewhat cold and unemotional narrative. We are afraid that, with all its merits, the book will fail to leave a very clear general impression on many readers, admirable as each individual part of it is in precision and definiteness. And matters are made worse by the refusal of the writer to pause with sufficient frequency to summarise, to comment, or to indicate the more general tendencies of his theme. Whenever Professor Lodge does thus generalise, he becomes much more interesting, as for example in his good and consecutive story of the growth and failure of the Conciliar movement in the fifteenth century. Mr. Lodge's narrative of French and German history is adequate for his purpose, though it is not always quite up to date when dealing with the more intricate problems. For instance, no one has any excuse, after the labours of Langlois, Aubert, and other recent scholars, for saying that the Parliament of Paris was "created in 1302." This is the worst error we have seen in the volume, and combined with some omissions in the bibliography, suggests a certain limitation to Mr. Lodge's mediaeval scholarship. In some ways we are even less satisfied with the Italian aspect of this history. The details of the Constitutions of Florence and Venice can be studied in so many English books that we rather grudge the space they occupy in Mr. Lodge's work, though it is but fair to say that few writers have made these intricate details more clear and less tedious to the average mind. But still less satisfactory is the last chapter on the Italian Renaissance. We do not approve of so sweeping a generalisation as the statement that "the mediaeval period was a period of ignorance," although some people might be found to maintain the thesis. The statement that "such literature as existed was in Latin" is, however, even more questionable when we think of the "Chansons de geste," the romances, the poems of the Troubadours, the Icelandic sagas, and the great German writers of the thirteenth century. And Professor Lodge's proper appreciation of the sculpture of the Renaissance should not have made him ignore the wonderful sculpture of the thirteenth century which we can still see at Chartres, at Amiens, and at a great many other places. Yet he says that in the Middle Ages sculpture was a "lost art." Very rough and unprecise are his remarks on the pupils of Giotto. We need not go so far as some of the zealots for the purely French origin of Gothic architecture to condemn the statement that Gothic was a special movement of the religious zeal of the "Germanic peoples," and the statement can be absolutely disproved that "Gothic architecture had been introduced into Italy by German builders in the latter part of the thirteenth century." We rub our eyes with wonder when we read that "the great building of the early or transitional Renaissance is the Cathedral at Florence," despite Brunelleschi's "magnificent dome." Within certain limits, however, the book is very accurate. The slips in political, military or ecclesiastical history that we have recorded are nearly all of the most trifling description, such as the loose phrase "Dominican monk," the anticipation of history involved in the phrase "Edward of Wales" in 1298, the venial slip of "Vienna" when "Vienne" is meant, and a few printers' errors or vagaries of the pen that can easily be corrected. A more serious error is in the curious ethnological statement that the "Romanised Celts" were the "strongest element of the population in south-western France," when we should have thought that there was less Celtic blood to be found in Gascony than in any part of the French kingdom. We demur at the statement that Philip III. gained his surname of "le Hardi" from his "reckless and ill-planned" invasion of Castile. Surely Mr. Lodge has "Le

* The Close of the Middle Ages, 1273-1294. By Professor R. Lodge. Period III. of Periods of European History. Edited by A. Hassall. Rivingtons.

Téméraire" on his mind when he uses these adjectives. And, as a matter of fact, we prefer M. Langlois's opinion that Philip gained his enigmatic surname from his valorous conduct under the walls of Tunis after his father's death. The "narrow lane" that takes rather too prominent a place in the short account of the Battle of Poitiers, seems a reminiscence of the traditional stories of that battle as based on Froissart's loose narrative. The real limitation to this book is, however, not to be found in mistakes such as these, nor in occasional want of specialist up-to-date knowledge. It is rather to be found in the want of colour and animation that passes over in a few cold words the outrage of Anagni, the mission of the maid of Orleans, and all those episodes that still make the Middle Ages live. No doubt these renunciations were made advisedly, and we are perhaps unreasonable to ask for such things in what only claims to be a scholarly and precise narrative of facts on a scale too small to allow any words to be wasted. It remains to be added that a series of very full and competent genealogical tables will lighten the student's efforts in working out the intricate family histories of the period, that the maps, though rather few and a trifle careless in execution, are clear, useful, and discriminating, and that the index is both full and accurate.

A BOOK OF VERSE AND A POEM.*

It is an odd chance that brings to a reviewer two books in the same category, yet so essentially dissimilar. Here is a fair specimen of Mr. Lounsbery, a descant on a Greek phrase :—

> *I loved thee, Atthis*, long ago,
> Loved thee—nay, breathe it soft and low,
> For all its shattered sweetness, so—
> *I loved thee, Atthis*, long ago.

That is an accomplished piece of minor verse, the sort of thing that about a hundred people now living have done equally well. Mr. Lounsbery does not always keep at this level of accomplishment :—

> Dead, dead before me ! Strange it is that Life
> Should yield to Death her fairest ornament.
> Do the dead smile ? Nay, see what sign of strife.
> If she be slain, what wound is here, what rent?

"Rent" has to rhyme with "ornament," and has no other function. These things should be more skilfully concealed if the accomplishment is to rank high as accomplishment. But the point is that we have here absolutely nothing beyond an accomplishment, more or less perfected. There is no individuality, nothing at first hand. Anybody might have written these things. What characterises the work of a poet is a presence, a style, a temperament, an atmosphere inseparable from one person.

With this you may be a bad poet, as in many ways Browning was, or Mr. Swinburne, or as Byron was, in Mr. Swinburne's judgment. But without this, no one can be a poet. The first thing necessary before a man can be judged is that he should exist, and the same applies to poets. Now Mr. Lounsbery, who is here taken as the type of a class, does not exist as a poet ; he exists merely as the echo—at times the very attractive echo—of many poets. The case of Mr. Davidson is very different. He exists—exists even aggressively.

And that in itself is not a virtue. So long as our neighbours or friends exist, draw breath and so on, and are recognisably themselves, not pale phantoms, we do not ask them to kick us in the shins to convince us of their existence. That is what a number of writers, Carlyle and his cohort, persist in doing, whether by accident or design. One emerges from the perusal of a book of Mr. Davidson's as if from a football scrimmage. None of your reticences for him ! He is not going to groom his thoughts, teach them drawing-room manners, and make them presentable. On the contrary, you may rely on him just as upon the minor Elizabethans, Cyril Tourneur, and the rest, to overstate whatever he has got to say. And this exaggeration, this need for over emphasis, constrains us to set down Mr. Davidson, just as we set down Cyril Tourneur, for a bad poet. But that he is a poet with a voice, a presence, an atmosphere of his own, there is, in our opinion, no denying.

> "Nay," I cried :
> "There was besides an ape who lost his tail
> That he might change to man. Undo the past !
> The rainbow reaches Asgard now no more ;
> Olympus stands untenanted ; the dead
> Have their serene abode in earth itself,
> Our womb, our nurture, and our sepulchre.
> Expel the sweet imaginings, profound
> Humanities and golden legends, forms
> Heroic, beauties, tripping shades, embalmed
> Through hallowed ages in the fragrant hearts
> And generous blood of men : the climbing thoughts
> Whose roots ethereal grope among the stars,
> Whose passion-flowers perfume eternity,
> Weed out and tear, scatter and tread them down,
> Dismantle and dilapidate high heaven."

That is poetry anyhow ; words that spring together into cohesion, alive and instinct with beauty. What it is all about is another matter.

We do not presume to interpret with any certainty. But apparently in the "Testament of a Man Forbid" (that is presumably *aqua et igni interdictus*, a wolf's head) Mr. Davidson first sets out the cry and the creed of an Anarchist, which command his partial sympathy, and then the judgment of incarnate humanity upon the Anarchist, in which he perforce concurs. The cry of the Anarchist is to man that he should enfranchise himself ; shake off the "thirty centuries of literature" which cause the Man Forbid to behold as in grotesque vision a great part of humanity tottering in the effort "to balance libraries upon their polls" ; cut off, moreover, what is part and parcel of man—his tail, as another grotesque vision shows it—the religion, art, philosophy, and so on, that he has grown up with. And why ? Mr. Davidson gives the answer in a passage that we quote to show the defect of his qualities, the overcharged rhetoric recalling Tourneur's wildest moments :—

> This beauty, this divinity, this thought,
> This hallowed bower and harvest of delight,
> Whose roots ethereal seemed to clutch the stars,
> Whose amaranths perfume eternity,
> Is fixed in earthly soil, enriched with bones
> Of used-up workers; fattened with disease
> Of prostitutes, the prime manure; and dressed
> With brains of madmen and the broken hearts
> Of children.

Violent as it is, the conception of toilers as "the dung that keeps the roses sweet" is a poetic conception, and has only too much justice in it. But the Man Forbid loses his hold on truth when he cries to the toilers :—

> Out of you it is
> Cathedrals rise and Heaven blossoms fair.

From the squalid factory slums there rise no cathedrals. They sprang in days when the lot of man and man was less different, less specialised. However, Mr. Davidson must not be taken as assenting to the Anarchist's philosophy, though one cannot feel him whole-hearted in the condemnation of it. But society has a good right to be interested in the soul of the Anarchist, and Mr. Davidson has found in it a subject well suited to his genuine talent for depicting nightmares. The poem is, in our judgment, the best thing he has done.

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* An Iseult Idyll. By G. Constant Lounsbery. Lane. 3s. 6d.
The Testament of a Man Forbid. By John Davidson. Grant Richards. 6d. net.

THE RIVERS OF INDIA.*

UNDER this heading we have presented to us by a distinguished engineer a lesson in practical administration which deserves to be taken to heart by every Englishman. The problem which General Cotton discusses so ably and temperately is that of turning to the best account the physical features of the peninsula, and, especially in a land so often scourged by famine, its great natural system of perennial water-supply. The motive of the paper is the profound conviction, based on an intimate practical knowledge, that in the water of the great Indian rivers England owns a mine of wealth of incalculable richness. Here, we are told, is a great national property, which needs only to be administered (as it has never yet been administered) on a national basis to yield material returns not to be measured by any ordinary methods of calculation. What is advocated is not merely the extension, wherever possible, of a system of irrigation as the one and only sure safeguard against famine. Of no less far-reaching importance is the creation of a system of inland navigation, bringing to the doors of the people the "magic of cheap carriage" and "loading the country with goods to move and affluent people to travel." And when it is borne in mind how such a network of waterways constitutes not the rival but the handmaid of the railway, linking village with village and farm with farm, and swelling enormously all railway receipts, there opens before us a fine vista of material prosperity.

The pamphlet should be read from end to end, not only by all who wish well to India and to England, but by all who can appreciate clear and close reasoning in a style at once simple and forcible, with the added charm of a quiet humour very characteristic of a family that has given to India some of her greatest benefactors. "Water on the brain" it may be, but to the writer water is the "life-blood of the country."

NEW BOOKS.

(1) LORD MILNER. By W. B. Luke. Partridge. 1s. 6d.

(2) THE HISTORY OF EUROPE IN OUTLINE, 1814-1848. By Oscar Browning. Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

(3) THE PRIVATE MEMOIRS OF MADAME ROLAND. Edited with an introduction by E. G. Johnson. Grant Richards. 6s.

(4) HOW TO STUDY ENGLISH LITERATURE. By T. Sharper Knowlson. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

(5) CHARITY AND THE POOR LAW. By S. D. Fuller. Sonnenschein. 1s.

(6) THE SOVERANE HERBE: A HISTORY OF TOBACCO. By W. A. Penn. Grant Richards. 6s.

(7) THE STORY OF FISH LIFE. By W. P. Pycraft. Newnes. 1s.

(1) Mr. Luke's life of *Lord Milner* is an unexpectedly good little book. When it was announced it appeared hardly less impossible than premature. A life spent mainly at a writing-desk seemed, in its public aspect, to afford insufficient material for a biography of a hundred and sixty pages, while the four years during which Lord Milner's name has been familiar to every Englishman are full of controversies not to be fairly judged until the time comes when it is possible to distinguish between the personal element in his conduct of affairs and that due to his instructions. Mr. Luke has surmounted both difficulties by the ingenious device of devoting nearly one-half his book to the few weeks in 1885 when Lord Milner was the Liberal candidate for Harrow, and more than a half of this half to a reprint of a speech on foreign politics, of great interest in itself, and of still greater interest when read in the light of subsequent events. The speech shows that Lord Milner was far from infallible in his forecasts. Thus it speaks of Spain "slowly but surely" becoming a great Power, and of the English occupation of Egypt as an unmitigated evil, in which "the conditions of success do not exist," a gloomy view of which his own Egyptian career and his own book are the best refutations. On the other hand, the policy of "concentration and limitation" of "development rather than extension" in foreign affairs has seldom been more ably set forth, and it is more than interesting to come across in a speech delivered sixteen years ago such a sentence as, "It is not to Egypt, but to the Cape Colony, not to Gibraltar and Malta and Suez, but to St. Helena and Simon's Bay and Mauritius, that we should turn our attention in view of the defence of our Indian and Australasian possessions." Lord Milner's candidature for Harrow has got Mr. Luke out of his difficulties so handsomely that at the present time this is the best eighteenpennyworth of the series. What has to be said of the rest of his career is said simply and inoffensively, with no greater tendency to premature praise of his African policy than must reasonably be expected in a contemporary biography.

(2) Mr. Oscar Browning's *The History of Europe in Outline*, 1814-1848—that is, from the Restoration of the Bourbons to the fall of the Monarchy of July—is a useful little book, dealing with a period with which few Englishmen are sufficiently familiar. It is disfigured by some passages of rather tawdry rhetoric, and by too many slipshod sentences, such as that which tells us that "freedom of navigation was secured in the rivers which are common to Holland and Belgium, as well as a proportion of the public debt." A more serious fault in a handbook intended primarily for students in training colleges is that it is too crowded with names of comparatively unimportant persons. If the book is reprinted the title should be amended by the addition of the word "Continental," so as to show that Mr. Browning excludes English politics from his survey. The exclusion is itself to be regretted, more especially as regards the years 1815 to 1832.

(3) The edition of *The Private Memoirs of Madame Roland*, to which Mr. E. G. Johnson has prefixed a brief introduction, mainly dealing with Madame Roland's imprisonment and death, is taken from an English translation published in 1795. The translation, though a little Johnsonian in its style, is a fairly readable one, and is here prettily printed, with nearly a score of illustrations of persons and places mentioned in the text.

(4) The contents of Mr. Sharper Knowlson's handbook on *How to Study English Literature* are sufficiently varied. According to the promise of its title-page there is a long appendix "on fine passages in prose and poetry selected by Professor Dowden, Thomas Hardy, George Meredith, and many others," though it would have been more ingenuous if the title-page had mentioned that this is reprinted from an old number of the *Fortnightly Review*, instead of selecting for special honour only the names of critics who are still happily alive, to the exclusion of Matthew Arnold. There are also tips for students for examination, who are told "how to deal with questions," and supplied with model answers. The rest of the book is for the use of those who, without the fear of examiners before their eyes, desire to "foster a native bent to investigation and reflection by systematic methods." How these methods work out may be illustrated from "the following plan of analysis" drawn up for students of Browning's "Abt Vogler":—

I. THE STUDY OF THE SUBSTANCE.

A. Beauty.

1. Beauty in the main ideal pictures of the work.
2. Beauty in the minor details of substance.
3. The kind of beauty.
4. The unbeautiful element.

B. Ideality.

1. The main ideal symbol or conception.
2. Minor ideal conceptions.
3. Relation of the various conceptions.
4. The real element.
   (*a*) Thought and emotion.
   (*b*) External realities.

II.—THE STUDY OF FORM.

A. Structure. B. Metre. C. Style.

There is no "model answer" supplied to show how this particularly systematic method of fostering "a native bent to

* A LETTER AND TWO OTHER PAPERS ON THE WATER OF THE GREAT RIVERS OF INDIA. By Major-General F. C. Cotton, C.S.I., late R.E. Rivingtons. 1s.

investigation and reflection" should be worked out. If there were, it would surely be curious reading.

(5) Mr. S. D. Fuller, "sometime Chairman of the Paddington Board of Guardians," has collected into a small volume some interesting papers on *Charity and the Poor Law*. His main object is to advocate, not the abolition, but the intelligent administration of outdoor-relief, and this is ably set forth in his first two chapters. The third gives a chronological sketch of the history of the outdoor relief of the aged and infirm from 1818 to the present day, leading up to a plea for greater consistency in administration. Other points touched on are a scheme for "boarding-out" aged workhouse inmates on the same lines as those adopted for children, and various ways of bringing charitable societies and persons into closer co-operation with the administrators of the Poor Law. Lastly, in two appendices, Mr. Fuller describes the methods adopted at Paddington for carrying out the system he advocates. We can commend his little book to all who work among the poor or take an interest in improving their condition.

(6) There may be some smokers who hold that tobacco is too good a thing to be written about, and, indeed, for the ordinary literature of smoking we have scant sympathy. Mr. W. A. Penn's history of tobacco, to which he has given the rather affected title, *The Soverane Herbe*, is on a different footing altogether. Plenty of genuine research has gone to the making of it, and it is full of facts and figures which will come as a surprise to most readers. The history of tobacco for the first century after its introduction into Europe is indeed an extraordinary one, whether we regard the fact that in the first half of the seventeenth century in Russia and the East the sale or use of it was punished by whipping, and even by death, or the counter fact that in England in 1666 at least one Eton boy, according to Hearne, who knew him, "was never whipped so much in his life as he was one morning for not smoaking." After his historical survey, Mr. Penn gives a full account of the culture of tobacco and of all the processes of its manufacture, and his book is of real interest from first page to last.

(7) Like most of the other volumes we have seen of Messrs. Newnes's shilling "story" series, *The Story of Fish Life* by Mr. W. P. Pycraft gives a competent account of its subject. It would be more likely, however, to attract young readers if it were less full of technicalities.

FICTION.

Hearts in Revolt. By Henry Gilbert. George Allen. 6s.—This is a distinctly noteworthy novel. It has certain faults, but, unless we are much mistaken, the author's work will be presently looked for by the same class of readers as now eagerly look for the next new "Gissing" or "Hardy." The book is not easy to appraise, or to describe within the limits of this notice. It is an account of two women and one man, with little or no attempt at what the old-fashioned reader demands by the name of "plot." The novel whose arrangement is founded on actually observed life is, however, we are glad to note, gradually making a place for itself. The historians of the present century will search for their raw material in such books as *Hearts in Revolt* or Mr. C. F. Keary's *Herbert van Lennert*. For we have here a genuine record of what the average young man of the present day thinks and feels, of his struggles and temptations, his loves and hopes, the women who attract him and whom he attracts, his concern with religious beliefs, and his "honest doubts." Strictly speaking, the book deals almost entirely with the inner life (for of outward events there are practically none) of one man, Ernest Guest. The child of inharmonious parents—the mother a dipsomaniac, the father dissolute and cruel—he is cradled, as it were, in bitterness. His mother, in spite of her one failing, which is represented as inevitable disease, is sweet and "dear," and her memory, after a suicidal death, remains precious to him. But the theme of the book—and this might have been treated, we think, quite apart from the abnormally gloomy surroundings—is the struggle between the spiritual and the animal in the man. He is most conscious throughout of the driving and moulding impulses of sex, and yet his mental, spiritual, or intellectual nature—call it what you will—rebels against this thraldom. If we understand the author, Ernest finally succumbs to the overmastering need in his nature for the complementary and sympathetic woman, and we leave him with the hope that husbandhood and fatherhood will teach him enough of the solution of life's problem to still his obstinate questionings. And this, though the woman of his passionate desire is denied to him, by scruples which he and the author, and every fair-minded reader, would alike feel superfluous. Here is one of his reflections: "I wish with all my heart that circumstances would give me again the chance . . . . to be content, to have this poison of thought burnt out by the tremulous fire lit in me by dear eyes. These lovers see no further than the patch of planetary surface on which they pulse out their lives, their loves, their pleasures and their pains. They are self-rounded, their dual interests make an infinity of tiny mental worlds, each one the only real existing sphere, all others vague, remote. The touch, the presence, the dear confidences, the thoughts of each other are exclusive, and the pressure of lips and embraces thrill them more closely still to the very heart of the immediate. What else is better?" There are some beautiful things in the book; and in spite of dealing with a perilous subject, there is nowhere a touch of coarse suggestiveness. The author has approached his topic in the right spirit of reverence, and his attention to, and endeavour to get to the heart of, his hero's life and thought, has never flagged. The main defect, which we hesitate to mention, when we would rather be dwelling on our admiration for the author's merits, is a certain tendency to deviate into mere philosophical lucubrations, instead of conveying the intended impression by a hinted and dramatic action or word. Further practice in writing may cure this. Enough is said to show that Mr. Gilbert has the essential qualities of the novelist, the power, namely, to enter fully and sympathetically into the lives of other men and women, and to live with them as he writes.

Gyda the Goth. By Ernest Western. Burleigh. 3s. 6d.—*Gyda the Goth* has the advantage of an unusual period and an effective setting. A story of Constantinople in the eleventh century could scarcely fail in significant contrasts of gloom and brilliancy, and Mr. Western displays real power in suggesting the sinister splendours of the Imperial city. His romance deals with the fortunes of some of those Northern adventurers who came to "Mikligard" as to a fabled land of magnificent spoils, and whose swords, for generations or centuries, propped or imperilled the tottering throne of the Eastern Cæsars. Gyda is the daughter of Hervard, the sea-rover, who has left his Viking life to hold high place in the Varangian guard of Constantine. The girl, whose earliest memories are of wild sea-fights and plunderings, finds herself brought into the intrigues of a corrupt Court as the attendant and favourite of the Empress Eudocia. Gyda's romance with Romanus Diogenes, the brilliant Byzantine general, is strangely interwoven with the ambitions, triumphs, and final downfall of the gifted and unscrupulous Empress. The story is strong and interesting throughout, moving on distinctly unconventional lines, and Gyda is a fine heroine, frank and fearless, with a touch of barbarian awkwardness which gives reality to her figure. Romanus is a distressingly passive hero to be linked with two women of force and fire, for Eudocia, too, is vigorously drawn. Unfortunately, Mr. Western's style is unequal, at times irritatingly flippant, and we feel, perhaps on that account, a pervasive modernness of atmosphere and characterisation not to be either defined or over-looked. Certain of the scenes—notably that of Constantine's death—are depicted with sombre impressiveness, but we are not convinced that we are looking on the hazardous shiftings of Byzantine court life through the eyes of an actual contemporary and an actor in the perilous drama. In fine, *Gyda the Goth*, regarded historically, is an interesting and tantalising sketch rather than a completed picture.

The Darlingtons. By Elmer Elliot Peake. Heinemann. The Dollar Library. 4s.—This book, as befits the story of a Western railroad magnate and his family, is distinguished by "go." The father, President of the H. P. R. A. and S. line, is a man whose ambitions have over-ridden his affections, and whose pride in his children is less paternal than official. The characterisation of Carol, his daughter, auditor of the road, is strong and vital; her dormant womanliness is suggested through the practical grasp of her business methods. Herbert, the lovable son, is a poignant sketch. He inherits his father's ability, but it is flawed by an inherited weakness, the passion for drink, which breaks out in occasional paroxysms with homicidal mania. The other *dramatis personæ* are, the mother, whose faith spiritualises the worldly home; Elsie Clifford, Herbert's betrothed; and Kaltenborn, the Methodist minister. The last is a masterful man, who has resigned wealth and ease as a rich brewer's son to fight the evil which he feels deep-rooted in his renounced inheritance. The relations are well given between Carol, with her keen individuality, her breeziness of atmosphere, and her material standards, and the man of wider vision who has measured and abjured the world. There is one scene of intense dramatic interest, where the maniac Herbert has control of an engine on its trial trip with family and friends in the palace car. The father's Roman resolve to shoot his son and save the group, and Elsie's daring stratagem to rescue him are rendered with intense realism. The weak point in the book is the uncertainty in the father's portrait; the reader is not sure whether he controls all the springs of that mechanism, the railroad, or is playing somewhat reckless with its chances. One would hesitate to buy stock in the H. P. R. A. and S. Road.

MAGAZINES.

Blackwood's opens its October number with an article on "Recent Naval Progress," in which not the least interesting passage concerns the naval progress of the various Continental countries during the last generation. The writer elsewhere points out the shortcomings of the submarine, and while he maintains that its usefulness is still to be proved, concedes the wisdom of ascertaining, through actual trial, its true powers and limitations. On the whole, the writer is more optimistic in his view of our position relative to other nations than the alarmists would approve. Another writer gives a graphic little description of the great difficulties in making observations which were encountered and overcome by the navigators of the *Fram* when finding their way towards the Pole, and of the obliging way in which Jupiter placed himself and his moons at their service. Mr. Lang contributes a fascinating paper, of which the text is Mr. Jusserand's new book on games in old and modern France. To few of us is the reading of Chinese a favourite pastime, and many will regret their limitations in this respect when reading the extracts from the diary of Mandarin Kuo Sung-t'ao, which was kept by the latter during his four years' residence in London. Far less pleasing reading is Mr. Michie's account of China revisited. Splendidly as the fiery trial of the two sieges of Tientsin and Pekin was borne by a non-militant population, an ordeal from which the sufferers as a whole emerged invincible, all alike, says the writer, with the exception of individuals in all classes, succumbed to the temptation which followed upon victory. "Atrocities, the mere apprehension of which as committed by Chinese on Europeans sent a thrill of horror throughout the world, were all enacted by the Christian soldiers as soon as they got the Chinese into their power. . . . The West, taken off its guard when it thought nobody was looking, stood revealed before the East, and the East assuredly cannot forget the lesson." That at the same time with the lawlessness and general looting "national characteristics of a very superior order were being exhibited by the Allied Forces" is admitted; but these, the writer considers, will inevitably be forgotten, while the memory of the other will linger long. The sketch concludes with somewhat caustic though very clever notes on the leading features of the eight different nationalities "dumped down" on one spot and in the closest quarters. Mr. W. B. Harris writes on the Moslem Confraternities in North Africa, confraternities which, exaggerated as the rumours concerning their present equipment for war are, may in the not very distant future constitute a real danger in Upper Egypt, and affect especially also the position of France in Algiers and Tunis. The Musings for the month contain a fine tribute to the late President, and among other matters various suggestions as to the treatment—preventive and punitive—of Anarchists.

Cornhill.—The letters from Mrs. Carlyle to her housemaid, which form the nucleus of a pleasant article by Mr. Reginald Blunt in the *Cornhill*, are delightfully characteristic. Probably few letters are less likely, as a rule, to come home to roost than those written to engage a servant, and possibly the fact is scarcely matter for regret, but that these, which are full of the essence of the old pleasant friendly relations between mistress and maid, still sometimes though rarely to be found, and full, too, of humour and individuality, should be among the few to do so, is matter for congratulation. M. Henri Amie's recollections of George Sand have suggested to Mrs. Ritchie and the Fairy Blackstick a charming dissertation on Nohant in 1874, preceded by a vivid "impression" of Fontainebleau in 1901. Two half-whimsical, wholly attractive essays, the one an enquiry, the other a lament, are contributed by Mr. G. S. Street and G. V. Lucas. The first treats of that modern phenomenon, the persistence of youth, not, be it said, the youth of the past generations, which was apt to rudely elbow its elders out of its way, but the youth which is as young at forty, or even fifty, as at twenty, which obstinately refuses to retire even into the comparative shelter of middle age. The second laments, in terms which many of us will echo in our hearts, over the death of the old circus, which the advent of the new, as represented by the Hippodrome, seems to make inevitable.

Longman's.—"Some Experiences of a Commandant Prisoners of War at Deadwood Camp, St. Helena, 1900-1901," are exceedingly interesting. The difficulties of the post are more than apparent; the characteristics of the prisoners, Boers, Hollanders, and foreigners, are well shown. Gilbert White, from the domestic point of view, is the subject of a pleasant paper by the Rev. John Vaughan. Mrs. Allen Harker writes amusingly on a collection of eighteenth century childrens' books, among which we are somewhat startled to find abridgements—"abridged, not precisely in the direction one would expect"—of "Tom Jones," "Pamela," "Joseph Andrews," and "Clarissa Harlowe." One of the most pleasing, if we may judge from the extracts apart from the unpromising title, is a series of religious dialogues suited to the infant mind, Maria, the infant's remarks being distinctly humorous. Mrs. Murray Hickson contributes another story of beloved Teddy, who has, we are sorry to see, grown up since last we met him. Mr. Lang has been reading sixpenny novels, and does not seem to have much liked his fare, though his dictum on the popularity of Isabel Carnaby—*i.e.*, that it is due to the fact that Isabel Carnaby makes the best of both worlds and represents smart Nonconformist society, is delightfully to the point.

Macmillan.—A writer in *Macmillan* on "Pro-Boer Idealism" classes those in whom it is found as belonging to the excellent and immaculate people who may be generically described as "too good for this world," and pleads that, while our hands may not be spotlessly clean, our diplomacy ideally perfect, or our minds thoroughly enlightened, nevertheless, while things have to be done, it is wiser to attempt to do them than to wait inactively until he whose hands, diplomacy, and mind fulfil all requirements may drop from unknown regions into our midst. Mr. L. Yeats completes his picture of the "Land of the Poppy" by sketching the wild life found therein. Mr. Etty has selected King John for his fifth study in Shakespeare's history. John Bull, jun., writes on "Parliament and the Party System," of which he takes the opposite view from that expressed by Mr. Langdon Davies in last month's magazine.

Temple Bar contains one of the literary articles which were wont formerly to be its characteristic feature. Mr. Paston's sketch of the life of George Ticknor, and the incidental portraits drawn from the latter's journal, is thoroughly pleasant reading. Miss Catharine Pullein has a pretty though rather vague chapter of reminiscences, mainly in and about the studios of Burne Jones, Sir Edward Pointer, and William Morris. Mr. Bindloss contributes a clever story, "An Unofficial Expedition," and the number contains other good if not particulary striking fiction.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

SIR,—Your correspondent who writes on this subject has stated the reason which really stands in the way of many men. As personal evidence has weight in this case, perhaps I may be allowed, without disclosing my name, to give my own experience. I have always desired ordination, because I can see that it gives a power which, rightly used, may be great; it opens the door to a career of influence, and gains a hearing for the speaker. But if I were to gain these opportunities by an act which would wound my self-respect, I should be dumb and weak. That may not be the feeling of all, but it is mine. Now candidates on ordination are required to state their assent to a system of doctrines, started and by law established three or four hundred years ago, and then literally believed. These doctrines are not found in the New Testament, since Jesus Christ always refused to formulate doctrines; they are deduced from the text by men, and men may err. In this case they have erred, if the prevailing belief of earnest men is true; for I take it, few or none of the bishops and clergy believe the Articles as the men did who compiled them. They make mental reservation of the right to qualify; and my feeling is that unless the reservation is stated at the time of the assent, and as publicly, the assent is not honest. When I put this point to a clergyman, his reply is one of two—(1) either that the Church is a powerful agent for good, and must be upheld for the common good even by doing violence to private conviction; (2) or, if such men as Stanley could subscribe, why can't you? Similarly, I have sometimes asked friends who have taken Orders how they got over the difficulty; the reply always is: "I stated it to the Bishop (or to my rector), and he said it ought not to stand in the way of my usefulness." The first argument is short-sighted, for an institution which is founded on insincerity cannot continue to be a public good; the second is a mere shuffling off of responsibility which each man must himself bear.

Now, sir, I am old-fashioned enough to believe that a career which is begun by an act which is in some degree at least dishonest cannot have a good influence, and I see here the reason why the clergy have lost influence over the educated and thoughtful. For my own part, I have long since resolved to be on the safe side; but I would point out that it is one of the easiest things in the world for anyone to persuade himself that what he wants to do is right, and that with specious arguments in favour, and the force of public opinion and self-interest assisting what may be a genuine desire to do good work, it is inevitable that many men must give way. Once in the pale, these are the last persons to support a reform; for they naturally justify themselves and say, what we have done others can do too. Here I see the reason why the English Church has not the courage to attempt the most necessary reform.

But if history teaches anything, it teaches that an institution founded on insincerity must inevitably perish sooner or later. Heavy, indeed, is the responsibility which lies on the Bishops of the Church of England. If they cause England to offend, let them remember what their Master said of such.

LAYMAN.

SIR,—Your correspondent writing on the dearth of candidates for Holy Orders insists that intellectual difficulties are in a very great measure responsible for this dearth. Young men who have received a liberal education are reluctant to commit themselves to an unreserved acceptance of statements the truth of which has been challenged by approved methods of historical criticism. As the formularies of the Church remain unchanged and unchangeable, while all else moves, it is not strange that educators should hesitate to take Orders and thereby associate themselves with ideas which are yearly undergoing modification in the interests, as many believe, of truth. He suggests that subscription to the Articles should be dispensed with, as a standard of orthodoxy, presenting as they do in a "sharp form" difficulties widely felt. But great as are the intellectual difficulties, there are some minds to which spiritual difficulties will appeal more strongly. As long as those tremendous words are used in the ordination of priests, "Whose sins thou dost forgive they are forgiven, and whose sins thou dost retain they are retained," there will be some who, knowing what manner of men have been thus solemnly endowed with power from on high, regard the use of words on such an occasion as amounting almost to profanity. The priestly act of forgiving sins is a constant attribute of all Christians, and, indeed, of all men who have the spirit of Christ, whether they know him or not, but it is the sins against themselves they forgive, not sins against another man or the Almighty. Moreover, if a man believes in all sincerity that he is invested with this power it would be a sin in him to let it remain in abeyance; to exhort men to confession and priestly absolution would be his bounden duty. Fortunately men are illogical.

Again, an official barrier is thus raised between priest and layman, which in God's sight does not exist. The layman may often be a man more after God's own heart than the priest. Hence, too, a danger of the priesthood becoming an object of ambition for the uneducated, as giving them a certain status to which otherwise they could not aim, and which may thus be cheaply purchased.

If the bishops treated candidates for Orders with the same rigour which Lord Kitchener displays in dealing with the Yeomanry, would not even the decreased number of candidates dwindle still further?

On the other hand, if it can be shown that the words of our Lord, uttered solemnly as He breathed on the Apostles He had chosen, were intended by Him to be applied to all men called to positions of authority in the Church with no visible credentials beyond good moral character and the wits to pass a creditable examination, then let them stand in their place in our Service Book.

But if this cannot be shown, and an appeal is made to Catholic antiquity, how far back in the records of primitive Christianity can the use of these words in the Ordination of Priests be traced? They seem to imply a divine insight into the motives of men's hearts, such as was exhibited by St. Peter in the case of Ananais. Is it not quite unreasonable to suppose that such a gift is conveyed by the laying on of the Bishop's hands? Is it not palpably against the evidence of facts?

It cannot be argued that the power is real, but only bestowed on those who are worthy of it, as at the reception of the Holy Communion, because the penitent would then feel no confidence in the reality of absolution: it is official in character, the priest represents the voice of the Church. To some this will seem an artificial system wholly irreconcilable with the simplicity of the Gospel and the immediate appeal to Christ, while others would hold that to omit these startling words would be a breach of unity with the Universal Church.

Let the position, then, be stated in plain terms, and all that it involves considered. If such a breach be the inevitable consequence of such omission, then let the words stand, and those to whom they are a stumbling-block stand aside. They occur in the second Prayer Book of King Edward VI., which shows that, if repugnant to the Reformers, they were yet too deeply rooted in popular usage to be lightly removed. How did they fare in subsequent revisions of the Prayer Book? When men take deacons' orders, are these words put prominently before them and all that they imply, or are the difficulties attending a deacon's declaration of faith—*e.g.*, that he "unfeignedly believes all the canonical scriptures of the Old and New Testament"—of sufficient moment to engross his attention, and is the further question postponed?

Is it right to ignore the question altogether on the ground that the retention of these words in the Ordinal is, in the opinion of a large number of the clergy, vital to the claims they make and the position they uphold? or is it on that account all the more necessary that their validity should be established?

E. D. STONE.

SIR,—Your correspondent of last week on the "Dearth of Candidates for Holy Orders" has put most clearly what many of us are feeling—that for a real live faith we must wait in an increasing number of cases for an experience of life and work wider and deeper than can be attained by the age of three-and-twenty. Perhaps the mazes of doubt are more complicated now than formerly. Perhaps men of that age are younger now than they used to be. In any case, spiritual development may often then be only just beginning. Why, then, do bishops reject older men? I have happened on three such cases recently in which it was hard to see any other reason than middle age. Before schoolmasters, young or old, lies another obstacle. Many bishops will not recognise

a mastership as a title. But in any public school is there not a cure of souls most difficult and yet most fruitful? I believe that to many assistant masters a few years of school life is bringing, both for their own and their boys' sakes, a desire for Holy Orders, which at present must often be no more than a regret. A. A. DAVID.

SIR,—The minds of thoughtful Churchmen being much exercised just now by the falling off in the number of candidates for Holy Orders, it may seem paradoxical to suggest that it would be well if there were still fewer candidates—of a kind: the kind, namely, that gulps down formulas without making much fuss about them. The impression that such is the case is certainly forced on one by reading the evidence of some who are in a position to know the facts.

Take the following extract from a short paper (one of five on the same subject) by a "Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford," published in the current number of *The Commonwealth*. The writer states: "As regards my own experience as a tutor (extending over about six years, divided between two very different colleges), I should say that of those undergraduates of my acquaintance who have since taken Orders a large proportion have done so *after vainly trying to get other work*. Others have decided to do so at or after the end of their Oxford career, during nearly all of which the choice of a profession admittedly occupied little or none of their thoughts; and (on a rough computation) *less than half were communicants as undergraduates*" (italics are my own). It is rather startling to reflect that every one of the candidates thus alleged to have decided for the sacred calling either as a *pis aller* or in a spirit more or less of levity, must have solemnly declared to the Bishop at the time of his ordination that he trusted he had been "moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon him this office and ministration," etc., and that he thought he was "truly called according to the will of the Lord Jesus Christ to the Ministry of the Church."

The comparatively short time intervening between the taking of the momentous decision and the reception of Orders would be occupied with preparation for the Bishop's examination, and small space would be left in which the light-hearted candidate might consider whether or not he was about to "take on him this office and ministration" with "a lie in his right hand."

To a plain man it seems that the moral to be drawn from such a state of things is that the sooner those two questions which the Bishop is required to put to candidates are struck out from "The Form and Manner of the Making of Deacons" the better for all concerned. What good purpose can they serve? To those whose consciences are clear they are superfluous; to those others of the type described by the Balliol expert they must be simply an occasion for falsehood of a peculiarly wicked character. It is, perhaps, permissible to doubt whether they are of a kind to put to anyone.

M. R. H.

SIR,—Your correspondent, in his discussion of the reasons why so few Public Schoolmasters now take Holy Orders, has, I think, omitted to take into account one very important influence.

Some seventy years ago, Dr. Arnold said that the scholastic profession owed all the consideration which it received in this country to its association with the clerical profession. In those days the teaching profession was regarded as merely a branch of clerical, and no one engaged in the one who was not prepared to enter the other also. All this has been entirely changed. The teaching profession now stands on its own legs, and needs no ecclesiastical crutches to support its dignity. True, schoolmasters are badly paid (even in the opinion of Government Inspectors, *vide* last report of Board of Education); true, we are still without the means which doctors and all other professional men possess of being able to exclude unqualified men from their ranks (though this is now in a fair way to be changed), but we have at least gained this much, that the work of a schoolmaster is looked upon as sufficient of itself to occupy the energies for a lifetime of the most highly educated and ablest men.

To the schoolmaster, looking at his work from the inside, there appears no good reason why he should take Orders. If he loves his life's work and believes in it, he looks upon it as including the work of a clergyman. The business of a teacher is to train, and develop, and influence for good growing minds, and what more can the clergyman do? The layman's means of exercising influence are practically the same as the cleric's. True, he cannot wear a surplice and speak to his boys from a chapel pulpit (though in a few cases this has been done), but he can wear a black gown and speak to them from a schoolroom desk, which is perhaps quite as effective. Influence over boys depends almost entirely upon personality and sympathy, and in these points the lay schoolmaster cannot possibly gain anything by taking Orders.

One man, one profession is surely a sound working rule, and I believe that in many cases the schoolmaster who takes Holy Orders loses a great deal in effectiveness by introducing into his life the calls and the interests of another profession. In fact, I look forward to the time when the principle of the division of labour will be recognised in these spheres of work, as in others, and while on the one hand clerical schoolmasters will be viewed with mistrust, on the other it will be as impossible to make the headmaster of a public school a Bishop as to give a successful general the command of a fleet. G. F. BRIDGE.

25, Tower Street, Ipswich.

BYSTANDER'S COMMENTS.

SIR,—I shall be sorry to have detained your readers from "Bystander's" clever "Comments by the Way"; but as he may care to make some observations this week, and as I must husband the indulgence granted by THE PILOT to a chance correspondent, I will, with your permission, defer any explanation of my strictures on Mr. Gladstone's logical attitude.

I took up by chance the other day two books which have had a large sale, Mrs. Radford's "Jenny of the Villa," and Mrs. Linton's "Joshua Davidson." They expound a gospel of "righteousness" from the point of view of earnest Radicalism and quasi-Christian "emancipation." One urges the ethics of Free Love and the other those of the barricade. I think if "Bystander" would glance at these tales he would shrink from certain formulas. DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MESSRS. T. C. AND E. C. JACK send us the first nine volumes of the *Windsor Shakespeare*. Each play is in a single volume, printed in large type on pure rag paper, bound in dark red linen, and sold at 2s. net.; the text and notes are those of the Harvard Edition, and we are inclined to think that this is the best and handsomest of the cheap editions of Shakespeare. The size is full octavo, and each volume is illustrated with a portrait. The volumes already issued are *Hamlet*, *Coriolanus*, *Macbeth*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *Julius Cæsar*, *As You Like It*, and *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

The Works of Charles Kingsley are being published by Messrs. Macmillan in a form worthy of their contents. The edition will consist of nineteen large octavo volumes. We have received Vol. I., the first of four containing the letters and memoirs by Mrs. Kingsley, which have for some time been out of print. The volume is most handsomely bound, and is published at 10s.

Scenes of Clerical Life forms the fourth volume of Messrs. Blackwood's Library Edition of George Eliot's works. The book is illustrated with a frontispiece, and is published at 6s.

Mr. Grant Richards sends a sumptuous edition of the delightful *Uncle Remus*, illustrated with charming colour-sketches by J. A. Sheppard. The type is large and clear, and the volume is an excellent medium through which to introduce the charms of Brer Fox and Mr. Terrapin to young readers.

We have also received:—

Hazlitt's Table Talk: Grant Richards. 1s.

The English Pre-Raphaelite Painters, by Percy Bate; third edition: George Bell and Sons. 7s. 6d.

The Works of Goldsmith: Macmillan's Library of English Classics. 3s. 6d.

Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray, with illustrations by the author: Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

Italian Characters, by the Countess Martinengo Cesaresco; third edition: T. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures, by Douglas Jerrold, with the original illustrations of Charles Keene, John Leech, and Richard Doyle: R. Brimley Johnson. 2s. 6d.

Lessons from the Church Catechism, by the late Henry Stewart, D.D.: Skeffington. 2s.

Julius Cæsar: Black's School Shakespeare. 1s.

Catechisings for Church and Sunday Schools, by J. Hasloch Potter and A. E. W. Sheard: Skeffington. 2s.

In Memoriam Verses for Every Day in the Year, selected by Lucy Ridley: Chatto and Windus. Cloth 2s. 6d., leather 3s. 6d.

The Irish Land Problem, and How to Solve It, by Dudley S. A. Cosby: Brimley Johnson. 1s.

The Greek Catholic Church, by R. B. Sheridan: Williams and Norgate. 1s.

The Conflict, by the Rev. Sidney Phillips, M.A.: Wells, Gardner, Darton and Co. 3d.

Notes on Pastoral Work, by G. Robert Wynne, D.D.: Church of Ireland Publishing Company. 6d.

A Via Media between Universalism and Eternal Punishment, by A Layman. Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, and Co. 1s.

The Relations of the Sexes. Popular stories and legends, first and second series, by Leo Tolstoi: The Free Age Press. 4d. each.

Likewise the Younger Women, by Archdeacon Sinclair: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Flood Tide: Sunday Evenings in a City Pulpit, by H. Morison: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

Neglected People of the Bible, by Dinsdale T. Young: Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

Songs of Innocence and Experience, by William Blake: R. Brimley Johnson. 3s.

Familiar Studies of Men and Books, by R. L. Stevenson: Chatto and Windus. Cloth, 2s.; leather, 3s.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

Politics and Economics.

Imperium et Libertas, by Bernard Holland; *Finland: Its Public and Private Economy*, by N. C. Frederiksen: Arnold. *A History of the Law of Nations*, by T. A. Walker: Cambridge University Press.

Illustrated Works.

The Heraldry of Dante, by the late Rev. H. W. Pereira, with illustrations from Florentine sculptures: De la More Press. *Thackeray's Works*, illustrated by C. E. Brock, and edited by Walter Jerrold; *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, with 100 illustrations by Herbert Railton, edited by Arnold Glover, with introduction by Austin Dobson: Dent. *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, with 100 photogravures, 80 of which are portraits: Jack.

Travel and Topography.

The Avon of Shakespeare, by Charles Thorne; *Stratford-on-Avon*, by Washington Irving, both books illustrated by Blanche McManus: De la More Press. *The Great Deserts and Forests of North America*, by Paul Fountain: Longmans. *Travel in the First Century After Christ*, by Caroline A. J. Skeel: Cambridge University Press. *Wanderings in Three Continents*, by the late Sir Richard Burton; *In an Unknown Prison Land* (New Caledonia), by George Griffith: Hutchinson.

Belles Lettres.

From a Middlesex Garden, by Alfred H. Hyatt, with illustrations by Mary Tourtel: Philip Wellby.

Music.

Mastersingers, Appreciations of Music and Musicians, with an Essay on Berlioz, by Filson Young: Reeves. *Masters of Music*, by Anna A. Chapin: Hutchinson.

Education.

Horæ Latinæ, by Robert Ogilvie: Longmans. *Yale Bicentenary Publications*, illustrating the special function of the University in the discovery and orderly arrangement of knowledge, including a volume on the *Education of the American Citizen*, by Arthur Twining Hadley, LL.D., President of the University: Arnold. *Essays on Educational Subjects*, by S. S. Laurie; new volumes of the "Pitt Press Series," *Horace, Satires*, edited by J. Gow; *Livy*, Book I., edited by H. J. Edwards; *Livy*, Book II., edited by R. S. Conway; *Demetrius de Elocutione*, Greek text with translation and notes, by W. Rhys Roberts; *The Greek Bucolic Poets*, edited, with introduction, etc., by Peter Giles and Arthur Bernard Cook; *Greek Epigraphy*, Vol. II., edited by E. S. Roberts and E. H. Gardner; *Greek Votive Offerings*, by W. H. D. Rouse; *History of Classical Scholarships*, by J. E. Sandys; *Life and Letters in the Fourth Century*, by T. R. Glover; *Studies in Theognis*, with text of the poems, by E. Harrison: Cambridge University Press.

Miscellaneous.

Monastic Seals of the Thirteenth Century, fifty full page plates in Photogravure with Historical Introduction and descriptive notes, by Gale Pendrick: De la More Press. *The War of the Civilisations* (experiences with the Allies in China), by George Lynch: Longmans. *British Vegetable Galls*, by E. T. Connold: Hutchinson. *The Natal Field Force of 1900*, by Ernest B. Knox: Arnold. *The Care of Books*, by J. W. Clark; *Canterbury Libraries*, by M. R. James; *Thesaurus Palæohibernicus*, by Whitley Stokes and John Strachan; *Hegelian Cosmology*, by J. McT. E. McTaggart; *An Elementary Old English Reader* and *An Old English Anthology*, by A. J. Wyatt; *Early English Printed Books in the University Library, Cambridge*, by Charles Sayle; *Catalogue of Syriac MSS. in the Cambridge University Library*, by W. Wright; *Fables and Folk Tales from an Eastern Forest*, by Walter Skeat; *The Jataka*, translated from the Pali by Professor E. B. Cowell, Vols. V. and VI.: Cambridge University Press. *A Purpose in Life*, and *The Modern Home*, by Mrs. Creighton: Gardner, Darton. *The St. Leger Stakes*, by J. S. Fletcher: Hutchinson.

Fiction.

The Fortunes of Christina McNab, by Miss S. Macnaughtan; *Light Freights*, by W. W. Jacobs: Methuen. *The Arbiter*, by Mrs. Hugh Bell; *The Fiery Dawn*, by M. E. Coleridge: *Cynthia's Way*, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick; *Mr. Elliot*, by Isabella O. Ford; *Two Babes in the City* by Christine Seton and Estra Wilbraham: Arnold. *Luke Delmege*, by P. A. Sheehan; *The Failure of Success*, by Lady Mabel Howard: Longmans. *Captain Ishmael*, by George Griffith; *Our Lady of Deliverance*, by John Oxenham; *The Marriage of Lydia Mainwaring*, by Adeline Sergeant; *The Love of Richard Herrick*, by Arabella Kenealy; *Olivia's Experiment*, by Evelyn Everett Green: Hutchinson.

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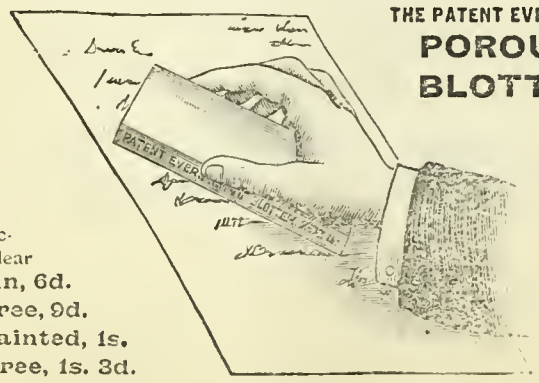

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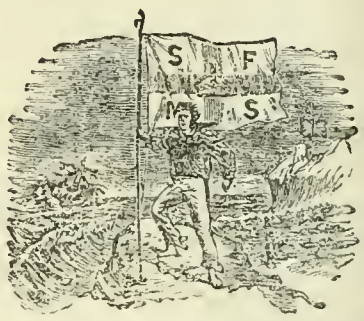

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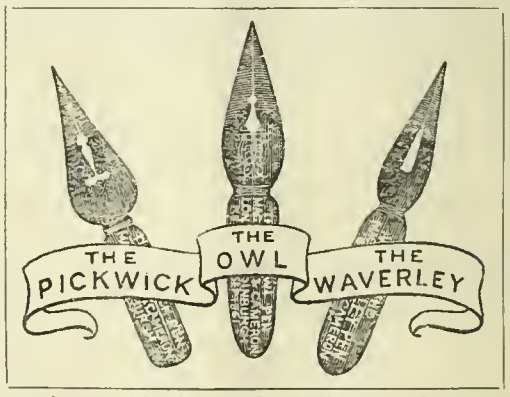

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THE WEEK.

Home. The Amir Habibullah has been duly acknowledged by the King and the Viceroy as ruler of Afghanistan, and there are indications that at any rate the opening of his reign will not be marred by any departure from Abdurrahman's policy towards England. As in the case of all despots, Abdurrahman's death has released a good deal of pent-up feeling, and it is now possible to distinguish between respect and fear as causes of the power he undoubtedly possessed. Of his cruelty there are endless tales, which may very well be forgotten. His son is not likely to imitate him closely in this respect, and he has already hinted that a somewhat easier and more beneficent state of things may be expected under his rule. It seems unlikely that Russia's policy will be altered because of Habibullah's accession, but we trust that it will not be considered any the less advisable that we should establish firm relations with the one Power whose friendship is of vital importance to us.

It has been a week of speech rather than action. Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, and a host of smaller fry have been making speeches, but, so far as the one immediately urgent affair in politics is concerned, nothing helpful or practical has been said. We hear rumours that the Boers are anxious to make terms, but the Cabinet is still scattered, and the deep repose of the Government is unshaken by sounds from a place so far away as South Africa. Mr. Asquith, in his speech at Edinburgh on Wednesday, said many excellent things, but the majority of Liberals must have been disappointed that he confined himself so strictly to the future, and said so little that was really pertinent to present difficulties. The Temperance question, the Housing question, the Education question are all extremely important to the welfare of the country; but it is of comparatively little use to discuss them just at present while the way to reform is blocked by the war, and the means of reform are being drained by it. There is no need at present for Liberals to show upon how many points they can agree with the Government, least of all is there need for a man of Mr. Asquith's ability to exercise that ability in widening the breaches in the Opposition. We cannot see, for example, how Liberals can refuse the support of the Irish party, or, indeed, how any party is justified in analysing the votes that are given to support it, and in accepting or rejecting them as seems good to it. If anything is to be done with the Irish party it must be done by accepting their help and leading them, not by ostracising them from all political parties in England and driving them to more or less desperate measures of their own.

Mr. Chamberlain gave the Temperance party at Birmingham some useful advice in opening their new temperance hall on Monday. Sir Wilfrid Lawson, we know, has a rooted conviction that where alcohol is concerned no concession or toleration is possible. To him an improved public-house is still a public-house, and, as such, a place to be shut up with no compensation to either owner or tenant. But the total abstainers who go this length are, we may hope, growing fewer, and in that case they may profit by Mr. Chamberlain's demonstration that they have all along been the real obstacles to reasonable reforms in our methods of dealing with the liquor trade. At the end of his speech there was an indication of a Bill which will, we hope, be included in the Ministerial programme for next year. Whether the present licensing authority is the best that can be devised is a matter upon which there may be two opinions. But we must all be agreed—at least, so one would think—that the licensing authority, whatever it be, should have the control of all licenses to sell liquor, instead of, as now, the control of only a particular class of licenses. To give the magistrates this comprehensive power should, in Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, "be the first object of every reformer." We would only add that it is an object which will be very much easier to work for if it is embodied in a short Government Bill.

Lord Rosebery, speaking at Birmingham on Tuesday, sounded a much needed warning against the "curse of complacency." It is so rarely now that a man of influence will get up and do anything but praise our national qualities and play upon our weaknesses that Lord Rosebery's outspoken protest was doubly welcome. His remarks about reading were very much to the point, for there is nothing about which people will more readily deceive themselves ; and reading, of which the real value is to stimulate thought, is amongst a large class of people becoming a substitute for thought. There are thousands of men who, if they have no one to talk to and no paper to read, will be unutterably bored by a half-hour's railway journey ; their mind is a blank. Not less needed were Lord Rosebery's words about the sense of individual responsibility which is the only possible vitality for a nation. If leaders are in the wrong, they can be coerced into the right ; but no leader can really force or lead a mass of public opinion in opposition to its own wishes. It is indeed necessary that we should strive with our "inherited centuries of complacency."

We confess that we cannot join in the chorus of indignation against the *Spectator* with which the publication of the Rhodes-Schnadhorst correspondence has been greeted. Certainly the *Spectator* was wrong both in its assertion that Mr. Rhodes had "bought up the evacuation policy for £5,000," and in its theory that the action of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt in letting Mr. Rhodes off so easily before the South African Committee was due to their guilty knowledge of the cheque ; and we think that the mistake might have been acknowledged a little more frankly and gracefully. But on the main question of how party finances should be handled and administered the *Spectator's* attitude is a sound and very wholesome one. One can quite understand that Mr. Rhodes, for example, was unwilling to contribute to the funds of a party of whose policy he disapproved, but his proper course would have been to find out from the Liberal headquarters what its policy was before offering his subscription ; to offer the subscription first, with a condition attached to it, was to toy with bribery. It would be a most deplorable thing if millionaires should ever be able to dictate their own terms to a political party, but, if the precedent be admitted, it becomes only a question of terms. On the whole, the *Spectator* may congratulate itself on having through its mistake rendered a public service. Its somewhat hasty misjudgment has procured the publication of an extremely interesting correspondence, which, we hope, will serve both as an instruction and a warning.

The court-martial on the *Cobra* disaster was concluded at Portsmouth on Thursday. The Court found that the *Cobra* "did not touch the ground nor meet with any obstruction, nor was her loss due to any error in navigation, but was due to the structural weakness of the ship." The Court also found that "the *Cobra* was weaker than other destroyers, and in view of that fact it is to be regretted she was purchased into His Majesty's service." The Court further acquitted Chief Engineer Percey and the remaining survivors of all share in the loss of the ship. This finding is satisfactory if only because it lays bare a state of things which is far from satisfactory, and will now, we hope, be remedied. It is not pleasant to learn that a ship, built as a speculation by the builders and bought by the Admiralty, may be sent to sea with engines much heavier and a hull much lighter than those of other ships of her class which had been designed according to Admiralty requirements ; neither is it satisfactory to know that many of those ships are themselves showing signs of structural weakness. Destroyers form such an important part of a navy designed chiefly for defence that their efficiency cannot be too carefully assured, and we hope that the whole question of destroyer construction will be overhauled by the Admiralty. As a first step, the raising of the *Cobra* and a careful study of her broken hull would seem to be mere common sense.

Now that the restrictions of martial law have been applied throughout Cape Colony we cannot pretend to give much record of the war. The official telegrams have never been very useful, and now that all independent correspondence has been brought into harmony with the official view of things we must make up our minds to hear only so much as is considered good for us. All we can say is that during the last week there seems to have been a lull in the activity of both sides, although on Friday there were rumours of Boer activity in the neighbourhood of Capetown. General Botha, according to the evening papers, has been "hard pressed," "surrounded by cordons," "cut off"; on two consecutive days we read of his "plight" and his "escape," although it is probable that these words described conditions of the Boer leader which had no relation to the British forces. The capture of a Commandant, announced early in the week, resolved itself into the news that Mr. Scheepers, a youth of twenty-two, had sent his commando on and himself remained behind, in a dying condition, in a farmhouse in which his capture was effected. Later in the week there were rumours of a Boer advance southward, but on the whole inactivity on both sides seems to describe the state of the war at present. This may be the prelude to another flaring up of the Boer energy, or it may mean that they are getting near the end of their resistance ; we hope so heartily, but we doubt it. Somewhere in the future the issue of this deplorable war is fixed, and therefore each week brings us nearer the end of it, but nothing but the lapse of time, no military happening, justifies us in expecting the end. Lord Kitchener states in his weekly report that twenty-six Boers have been killed, eight wounded, 194 taken prisoners, and that forty-two have surrendered.

Foreign. The French Workmen's Pensions Bill seems to be received both by employers and employed with disfavour, or with silent contempt ; and the miners of the Pas de Calais, to whose opposition the failure of the general strike last spring was chiefly due, have voted in favour of the movement now. True, there are 35,000 abstentions out of 51,000 voters, but it is arranged that all abstentions count as ayes. The men's leaders have asked the Ministry to announce its intentions by Sunday, and the answer must be unfavourable. The strike, therefore, may begin, but cannot possibly succeed. The Belgian miners are back at work, and the demand for coal for manufacturing purposes has declined. But while the strike is failing, there will probably be disturbance—arms have been already collected at Montceau-les-Mines, not far from Le Creusot, and the scene of serious disorders last spring—and after it is over, the Extreme Left of the Ministerial party will be more disintegrated than ever.

Our French correspondent sends us some remarks on Sir Henry Howorth's second letter to the *Times*, which came too late for insertion in his letter: "In the first place some details are not accurate. The word Ultramontane as applied to such a newspaper as the *Figaro* ought to be so qualified that perhaps it would eventually be found absolutely elusive. Sir Henry thinks that the third Order of St. Dominic demands authorisation, but not the other Dominicans, whereas the fact is that the Dominicans in the Paris district all apply for it. The Redemptorists, a large Order which he also thinks is going, remain in France. I have only heard of one community of Redemptorist nuns going into Belgium. Sir Henry asks why the French Benedictines and Passionists are not submitting like their English brethren in Douai and Paris. Those of my readers who remember the account I gave of the Benedictine case at Douai could, I hope, tell him its rights and wrongs, and convince him of its disparity with that of the French monks. He attributes to the letter of Archbishop Mignot a harsh tone against the Jesuits, whereas the characteristic of that document is, on the contrary, studied moderation. I fully agree with Sir Henry Howorth's learned observations on episcopal supervision, but I do not believe that the fear of episcopal interference was in one single instance the real motive of any Order's resistance. Hidden anti-Republican feelings, unreasoned terror, or well-grounded aversion to financial prying, were, I think, the true causes. Are we to describe them as uniformly absurd? Certainly not, though the less evil was submission to a law every point of which is not unjust. It seems to me that throughout his letter Sir Henry speaks from an assumption which even unconcerned people are far from regarding as certain—viz., that application for authorisation will be successful in every case. The lamb is quite right in not coming near the wolf if there is only one chance of its being eaten. Should Sir Henry have to act as counsel to any Order, he would immediately cease to be so sure."

The celebration of Professor Virchow's eightieth birthday on Sunday evening in Berlin was one of those impressive demonstrations of the cosmopolitanism of science which helps to keep alive those hopes of harmony and goodwill among the nations which have been cruelly blighted by the history of Europe during and since the Bismarckian and neo-Protectionist era. Deputations from three Continents assembled in the Prussian Parliament House at Berlin to congratulate the veteran to whom the world owes the destruction of the notion of disease as a kind of metaphysical entity vaguely localised in the human system as a whole, and the construction in its place of a conception of cellular pathology, and of disease as "continued life under altered conditions," which the bacteriological discoveries of a younger generation have only supplemented, and not displaced. Unhappily politics came in—or, at least, were seen outside. Professor Virchow is a Radical, and the Kaiser, while sending his cordial congratulations, did not come himself—it was noticed that the Royal tribune was the only empty place in the house—but conferred on Virchow the gold medal for science, which is a good deal less than was given to Helmholtz or to the artist Menzel. And the *Kreuz Zeitung*, the chosen organ of Conservatism, scoffs both at the celebration and at Virchow's work. Professor Mommsen, too, has celebrated his "professorial jubilee" this week, but of this, by his own wish, there was no formal celebration.

In both halves of the Dual Monarchy the political outlook is becoming more uncertain, because the older parties are weakening or breaking up. The recent general election in Hungary has resulted, as was foreseen, in the return of a Ministerial majority comprising more than half the Lower House, and this although it was conducted under a new and stringent Act for the prevention of corrupt practices (which are as much a matter of tradition in most parts of Hungary as they used to be in Bridgwater or Sandwich) and a relaxation of the severe official pressure which was the chief cause of the furious hatred of Baron Banffy among the Nationalists when he was Premier five years ago. Still, not only have the Ministerialists or Liberals lost a good many seats to the Kossuth section of the Nationalists, but, what is more important, many of them are new to Parliamentary life, and there are new types of Liberalism among them. The new Act disqualified certain categories of persons for membership, including bankers and Government contractors, and many old members preferred their businesses to their political career. Moreover, some of the Liberals are also "agrarian," some are less anti-Clerical than has hitherto been the way of Ministerialists; and these new Liberals have occasionally beaten the stalwarts—as in the case of M. Tisza, defeated at Grosswardein. The returns now are: Liberals of all shades, 263; Kossuth Nationalists, 75; Ugron Nationalists, 11; Catholic Popular Party, 20; various Slavs, 5; Independents, 14; second ballots, 25. This looks, of course, like a Ministerial triumph, but it all depends on the kind of Liberalism the new members profess.

The news from China continues fair. The Chinese plenipotentiaries closed their official activity on Sunday by handing to the *doyen* of the Foreign Ministers a bond for the indemnity, and Imperial edicts have been issued ordering certain reforms, and intimating that vengeance awaits the officials who have embroiled, or may in future embroil, the Court with Europe. And, if the Court is really going to winter at Kaifongfu, and return to Peking next year by railway, it will give a fresh proof of its submission to Western ideas. Meanwhile, however, a new Manchurian Convention is talked of, and the terms on which the Shan-hai-kwan railway, paid for by British debentures, is to be restored to China by Russia, suggest reasons for further fears of Russian aggrandisement.

American affairs are becoming very interesting again. President Roosevelt, who is at work on his Message to Congress, to be delivered on November 5th, has broken with tradition by appointing to office on personal merits, irrespective of politics or Senatorial recommendations, and so revives the conflict which indirectly led to the assassination of Garfield. He has also sacrificed the most powerful instruments possessed by the President of controlling the more erratic section of the Executive. Second only to the interest in his Message is that aroused by the contest in New York between the forces of Tammany and the Reformers. Tammany, which has recently had sufficient adroitness to accompany its corruption with a certain amount of really efficient, if expensive administration, has a promising candidate for Mayor in Mr. Shephard, and is supporting him by the usual methods of planting "colonists" and organising the foreign or immigrant vote. The Reformers are working hard for Mr. Seth Low, a tried and admirable administrator, an independent politician, and the President of Columbia College—a post, however, which implies administrative capacity rather than learning; but Mr. Low has the support of the Republican Boss Platt, and the fear expressed is that his election will only substitute one machine for another. The issue, therefore, is less simple than it seems, but the Mayor has very large powers, and a courageous Mayor may well ignore his makers in the interest of his charge. Unhappily, Mr. Shephard, who is primarily a rising politician, is far less likely to do this than Mr. Seth Low, who is essentially independent of party rewards.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

Readers are requested to bear in mind that the opinions of The Pilot are expressed only in unsigned matter, and that the opinions expressed in articles to which is attached a signature (real or fictitious), or an initial, or which are marked "Communicated," or "From a Correspondent," are those of the writers, and not necessarily those of the Editor.

The Pilot.

Saturday, October 19, 1901.

THE PRESS AND ITS OBLIGATIONS.

THE newspaper-press, speaking with its thousand voices in almost unbroken unison just what pleases the country best, seems to be more powerful to-day than ever it was before. There are good reasons for doubting, however, whether all the while, and more and more, it is not destroying its own authority.

To earn and to keep the influence which most newspapers aim at these things are necessary. In one department, trustworthy news of every kind, printed without regard to its political significance but not without regard to the civilities and decencies that mark a wholesome state of society. In another and well-separated department, whatever remark the events of the day may call for: this written with sound and honest judgment—circumspect, faithful to the facts, and as free from imported bias as we know the judge on the bench is and as the advocate that pleads before him is not. Neither of these conditions is very difficult of attainment. The first—which is of far greater importance than it may seem to be at a glance—calls for nothing but the quick intelligence commonly found in newspaper-offices, the absolute separation of the news department from the department of opinion, and a fixed canon against the indulgence of any political preference in the news editor's domain. The second condition is less easily fulfilled, because of the almost unavoidable intrusion of party spirit and party fellowship. Yet here, too, a perfectly sufficient measure of independence can be maintained, the judicial spirit may work in all the freedom that honesty demands, on one condition. The Able Editor may render obedience to party *principles* and yet remain at liberty. But if he makes the common but yet amazing mistake of tagging himself on to party leaders (a very different kind of servitude), so becoming Lord A's, Lord B's, and Mr. C's man, good-bye to independence and the free judicial character. If, perchance (but of course this does not always happen)—if, perchance, Lord A, Lord B, and Mr. C. should prove disappointing and costly geniuses, away goes the newspaper's pretension to sagacity also.

Such are the considerations which incline us to think that a singularly accordant newspaper press is destroying its own authority. The war, which has made havoc of many things beside South African farms, is accountable for this untoward consequence. In many cases, a prolonged access of intense feeling, fevered and angered by disappointed expectation, has led to the worst malpractices where they are most avoidable and least pardonable. The honesty of the news department has been completely upset. The fever and the fret have overcome the president of the paste-pot and the wielder of the scissors, and there is as much of political animus in the selection or the suppression, the veiling or the display, of news relating to the war, as we look for in its own place—the leading article. Now this is entirely contrary to the well-understood obligations of good journalism. It is not what the reader bargains for, not what he ought to get in any circumstances, and certainly not what the newspaper professes to supply. Yet the high trumpeting of every rumour favourable to its desires, the doctoring, the belittling, the suppressing of everything to the contrary that will bear the operation, is not after all, perhaps, the worst practice of the Jingo or the pro-Boer journal. It is eminently noticeable that while "the politics of the paper" have corrupted the news supply, the leader-writer has found an extremely bad use for the reporter. Almost every day, in one paper or another we see the reporter wafting to "the office" some bodiless rumour of the right sort, and the leader-writer promptly working it into a fact. Sometimes the rumour is breathed from Brussels, but much more often from South Africa of course. "It is believed here," or "According to a remarkably intelligent native," or "There is a growing conviction in South Africa" is usually all the authority which the correspondent offers for what he has to say, though he does not always need as much as that for changing an agreeable guess into a positive assertion. At two hundred miles distance from a retiring commando which our troops have rarely sighted though they can go no farther, he will report the exact state of feeling among the disordered, baffled, and down-hearted Boers. But no matter. In two days all these communications are minted into solid facts, or at least into probabilities sound enough to build an argument upon. On the fourth or the fifth day the facts dissolve and the argument evaporates.

The consequence of these mistakes, repeated and prolonged over many months, must be, and indeed is, to destroy the reader's confidence in his newspaper. If inquiry could be made, it would be found already that thousands and thousands of once-eager readers of the war-news refuse to lend their minds to it any longer, save and except that which is presented on official authority.

That is not good for the newspapers; and if we look beyond these particulars to other changes and developments in the journalism of to-day, we come at once upon proof of a most unexpected indifference to obligations not long since willingly acknowledged. At the outset of this article we spoke of the regard that should be paid as a matter of course to the civilities, decencies, reticences that mark a wholesome state of society. Not always, but for a long space of time after the reign of the Georges the restraint so imposed was exercised with more than contentment by every newspaper in England with the least pretence to consideration. The news-editors understood what was expected of them,

and whether they had some ghastly murder to report, or some horrible maiming, eviscerating accident, stopped short of the full particulars. He had his motive against stripping off the sheet that covered the mangled body —the same humane impulse that hastened to hide the dreadful sight from view. *That* scruple has disappeared. Curiosity—or whatever it may be that word stands for —is gratified now by a "frank" description of all the details, and so, too, when assassination provides a particularly interesting *post-mortem*. So common, indeed, have these violations of decency become that we are not sure but that they cease to shock—in the way that a disembowelled horse in a Spanish bullring becomes an entertaining spectacle. But there is another form of outrage, if we may venture to use the word, which has always been thought far more evil—much more offensive in itself and infinitely more to be feared for its effect upon domestic peace and public morals. And so, indeed, it is still thought; and nowhere more sternly than in the newspaper-offices, or rather in parts of them. Does a dramatist bring out a play of the sex-problem description—a little too "frank," a little too courageous, a little too stimulant of the murkier passions—the newspaper critic falls to work immediately with the rod of correction. Does a novelist commit the same offence? Out from *his* corner of the establishment comes the literary critic, and the novelist is scourged into a better understanding of what is due to decency and the public good. But scan the news columns of the same journals when certain cases come before the courts, compare the licence you find there to-day with the licence hazarded two years, four years, eight years ago, and you will find a constant advance from stage to stage of hardihood, till at last the utmost possible comes into sight. Look to the reports of the "Horos" trial as rendered not by hole-and-corner journalism, but by the most distinguished newspapers in England. These reports are actually of to-day; and never before has there been anything like such freedom of speech in English newssheets of the same standing. And it is not as if there were anything in the trial to give it importance. It is not the trial of a Queen Caroline. It is not another investigation into the suspected debauchery of nunneries. It is all of the gutter, and quite without any distinction beside that which may be claimed for an incredibly revolting stew of obscenity and blasphemy. Yet it must have columns and columns of report in a plain-speaking style which the author of *La Terre* himself could hardly wish to carry farther.

Without saying more, we appeal to the dramatic critics of these great newspapers, to their literary censors, to the gentlemen who write their admirable essays on the declining morality of the age, and would ask whether *they* think it a pedantic opinion that in some very important particulars the newspaper-press degenerates.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR ORDERS.

The letters which are appearing in these columns on the dearth of candidates for Holy Orders, and the valuable papers contributed by the Dean of Christ Church and others to the current number of the *Commonwealth*, set out various aspects of a question which has lately come to be of practical importance. The decline in the number of ordinations is so marked and so uniform that it cannot be regarded as accidental. The causes, whatever they are, are plainly operative on a large scale and over large spaces of time. Fewer and fewer men take Orders, and this at a time when, as Canon Scott-Holland points out, the obstacles which once stood in the way have lost much of their force. Of the reasons assigned for this falling off each has some share in the result. But the reason which has the chief share has been little insisted on, and as a consequence of this omission a great deal too much stress has been laid on some of the others.

The intellectual difficulties to which "A Layman" and Mr. E. D. Stone in The Pilot, and to some extent Mr. Pickard-Cambridge in the *Commonwealth*, attach so much importance count, no doubt, for something. But we agree with Canon Scott-Holland that they were far more generally and more justly felt thirty or forty years ago than they are now. Yet thirty or forty years ago there was no falling off in the number of candidates. Nor, even if intellectual difficulties counted for much more than we think they do, would it be of much use to insist on them. If a young man doubts whether Christianity is true he had better dismiss all thoughts of becoming a Christian minister. If he doubts whether Christianity, as presented by the Church of England, is what Christ meant to teach, he had better look out for some form of Christianity which comes nearer to his reading of the New Testament. Those who dwell on these difficulties sometimes write as though a Church ought to make the opinions of the young men it wishes to enlist in its service the measure of its creed. It would be better to have nine parishes out of ten left unserved than to have them served by men who had been induced to take Orders by the assurance that they may believe just so much or so little as they like. Money, again, goes for something. The clerical profession is worse paid than it was. It still has its prizes, but they are less within the reach of the average young man, and when the supply of any profession on a large scale is in question it is the average young man that we must keep in view. But here, again, the man who remains a layman because it does not pay to be a clergyman is a man whom the Church may well consent to lose. It is not by such soldiers as these that she can hope to win victories. The Dean of Christ Church gives a large place to "the fact that a very large proportion of men are entirely uninstructed in religion." It is not so much that they doubt about it, as that they are wholly ignorant of it. Is it reasonable to expect a young man's thoughts to turn towards Orders when the Divinity lessons at school have been merely "disquisitions on the history and antiquities of the Jews instead of the Greeks and Romans, or discussions of the Greek of the New Testament instead of Thucydides"? That is a very pertinent and weighty inquiry, though we are not sure that the Dean makes sufficient allowance for the interest which young men will often take in subjects in which they are very badly grounded.

But the main reason which keeps men back from taking Orders is, we believe, the recent rise in the standard of the clerical calling. Formerly, the life of a clergyman differed little from that of a layman. Sunday was for him a working day instead of a holiday, but on other days his pursuits might be, and usually were, very much those of any other man of fair leisure and moderate income. He was, in fact, a layman animated by a

somewhat higher conception of duty, and protected in the discharge of that duty by a somewhat stricter standard of decorum. Miss Austen's Mr. Elton gives the lower version of the type, her Edmund Bertram the higher version. There was nothing in this ideal which any well-disposed young man might not make his own without scruple or hesitation, because there was nothing in it which went beyond that of his well-disposed companions. Even where a stricter standard prevailed, as in the case of the Evangelical clergy, it was not a specially clerical standard. The limitations imposed by it were religious, not clerical. To the evangelical the things that a clergyman ought not to do were for the most part things which were equally unlawful for the religious layman.

When we compare this state of things with that which prevails now we see at once that the change is one which may well frighten a great number of the young men who used to take Orders. They do not wish to fall behind what is expected of them, and they see that what is expected of them is far more—is something different in kind as well as in amount—than was expected of their fathers or grandfathers. The conception, indeed, of the clerical character varies as widely as ever it did, but it is everywhere intensified. If a man is a High Churchman, the "work of a priest" has a new meaning for him. If he is an Evangelical, he feels that he must be as active in his own way as any "Sacerdotalist" can be in his. If he is neither, he is probably impressed by the number and magnitude of the civil duties that the clergy now take upon themselves. Whichever way he looks he sees demands for devotion and sacrifice unaccompanied by any prospect of material reward to which there is no parallel in any lay calling. Is it wonderful that in the absence of any special sense of vocation he prefers to take the easier way?

This, we repeat, is in our judgment the real explanation of the present dearth of candidates for Orders. If we are right, it is plain that we cannot wish to lower the present standard of clerical work, or seek to induce young men to fancy themselves prepared to accept that standard when they are not. The remedy must be sought in a quite different quarter—in the development of that "special sense of vocation" which can alone secure the acceptance of the higher standard. How this can best be done we do not pretend to say, but we are sure that this is the only means of multiplying candidates for Holy Orders without lowering their quality.

THE POOR LAWS: THE REFORM OF 1834.

LONG years ago it was a subject of frequent argument whether a Poor Law was a desirable thing for England, or, indeed, for any other country. The sum of good to be expected from the establishment of a compulsory maintenance for the poor was held by one school to be far outbalanced by the sum of evil which it would inevitably create. It was pointed out how the certainty of a legal provision must weaken the principles of natural affection, thus rendering the exercise of domestic and social duties less necessary; how it must encourage idleness and vice by assuring to a man that, whether he might have been indolent, improvident, prodigal, or vicious, he should never suffer want; and how it weakened the strongest tie of civil society—the desire of acquiring property—by its declaration that whether a man were industrious or idle his most pressing difficulties, the necessity of food, lodging, and clothes, should be provided for. It was further pointed out how a poor's tax would be unavoidably burdensome and unequal, and how the distribution of a large public fund, confided as it must be to officers who could not but be invested with discretionary powers, must be a fertile source of partiality and peculation. On the other side were those who held that the promise of a Poor Law could only remove the horror of perishing by famine and somewhat alleviate the sorrows of sickness and the pangs of disease. To do this was surely generous, humane, and benevolent. And how could it incite to idleness and vice? "If I do not work the parish will compel me. Is this more pleasing than to do it of my own accord? Is it more agreeable to work under the scourge of the task-masters than voluntarily to exert my utmost endeavours to provide for myself and family and increase the joys and the pleasures of my nearest and dearest connections? Shall I be vicious and profligate because I know that the parish will provide me with a doctor to protract the wretched remains of life?" Never did a profligate, they said, reason thus; never was his conduct governed by such distant views. Hurried on by the impulse of passion and the cravings of appetite, he would not hear the suggestions of reason, but was plunged in the gulf of perdition before he knew where he was or whither he was going, before the provisions of the Poor Law or anything of the kind entered his head.

There was, of course, the proverbial third party which, while acknowledging all the faults and defects of the English Poor Law system, in its original construction and in its modern ramifications, was not at all prepared to level it to the ground. Sir Frederic Eden, in his "History of the Poor," which was published in 1797, expresses the views of these "Moderates" as follows:—

> It is hardly possible to conceive that a wide-extended system should have existed for nearly two centuries without acquiring—in some parts, at least—an useful direction. No temperate political speculatist of the present day, therefore, has ventured to recommend the whole lopping off of this vast member of our system of jurisprudence. Among the various opinions as to the mode of relieving the wants of the distressed classes of the community and of correcting the abuses which have insensibly crept into the administration of the Poor Laws, it seems to be very generally agreed that a modification only of those laws, and not a total repeal of them, can be attempted. Something appears necessary to be done for the benefit of the poor themselves—not by extending the operation of a system which is adverse, in many points of view, to the exertion of honest industry, but by checking the too ready encouragement which it offers to idleness, improvidence, and immorality.

The result of the teaching of the "humanitarian" school was made sufficiently evident in the report of the Royal Commission of 1832. Their arguments had been completely falsified by the event. In the face of the evidence given before the Commission, it was impossible for any impartial judge to separate the effect from the cause. The increase of pauperism and of the poor's rate,* the discontent of the labouring classes, and the prevalence of crime were shown to be mainly owing to the inducements to dependence offered by the Poor Law. The contest therefore lay between those, led at this time by Dr. Chalmers, who wished to see it abolished altogether, and the third school of thinkers to which I have referred. The latter gained the day, and it was hoped that the reforms recommended by the Commission and carried out by the Act of 1834 would result in such a diminution in the burden of pauperism and relief expenditure that it would in the course of time be no longer felt by the country.

It is impossible to say what would have happened had the Poor Law Commission not been abolished, but in

* Year.	Population of England and Wales.	Expended on Poor Law Relief.	Per head on the Population.
		£	s. d.
1714	5,750.000	950,000	3 3¾
1760	7,000,000	1,250,000	3 6¾
1803	9,210,000	4,077,891	8 10¼
1832	14,105,600	7,036,969	10 0

1848 its powers were transferred to a Department of the Government, and the Poor Law was brought within the domain of politics. The aim of the Commissioners had been, first of all, to rid the country of the burden of the able-bodied male pauper. They expected that if he could be made independent the freedom of the aged poor and of widows from reliance on State-relief would sooner or later be assured. The Prohibitory Order of 1844 was issued with this object. Unfortunately, the Poor Law Board thought fit, by a new order issued in 1852, to relax the stringency of the former order in London and other populous places, and the able-bodied labourer can still look forward to employment being found for him outside the workhouse at the expense of the rates even in ordinary times. But in spite of this backsliding, the workhouse system which was established by the Act of 1834 has had the effect of freeing the country from the permanent relief of able-bodied male and single female paupers, at the same time bringing about, as the Poor Law Commission expected, a diminution of general pauperism. The average number of persons relieved during the years ended Lady-day, 1849 and 1900, was 1,088,659 and 792,367 respectively. During these fifty-two years, therefore, the ratio of paupers per thousand of estimated population has fallen from 62·7 to 25·0. This large reduction will be better appreciated from the statement that if the mean number of paupers had borne the same ratio to the estimated population in 1900 as it did in 1849, the number in the former year would have been 1,990,960 instead of 792,367.

But if the hopes of the Poor Law Commissioners have been so largely fulfilled by this decrease of pauperism, they would be much disappointed, could they come to life again, to find that the cost of poor relief had so greatly increased. Between 1834 and 1848 this expenditure fell from £6,317,255 (or 8s. 9½d. per head of population) to £6,180,765 (or 7s. 1¾d. per head). The lowest point was reached in 1852, viz., £4,897,685 (or 5s. 5½d. per head). Since then the cost has risen steadily year by year until it reached the huge sum of £11,286,973 (or 7s. 2¼d. per head) in 1899. Thus, the relief expenditure per head of population now stands as it was in 1848 when the Poor Law Commission was superseded.

The present time, then, seems to be a suitable one for an examination into the causes of this increase of expenditure. Is it in any way connected with a departure from the principles of legal relief laid down seventy years ago? Are these principles of less force to-day than they were then? In other words, has such a change taken place in our national character by the strengthening of the moral fibre of the people as to justify their modification? These, speaking generally, are the questions which confront all who are interested in Poor Law administration, and such an inquiry appears to be specially needed now when there are so many schemes in the air for opening the doors of the Poor Law to many who have hitherto managed to rub along without any help from the State in money or kind—schemes which, if carried into effect, must add to the pauperism of the country as well as to the present burden of relief expenditure.

A NEW CLASSIC.*

AMONG Mr. Kipling's warmest admirers were not a few who looked forward with anxiety to the appearance of his new book. In the career of every man whose genius has taken shape early and revealed itself in brilliant youthful achievement there comes a moment, fraught with the whole fate of his future, when the first fires are burning themselves out, and Anxiety rakes among the ashes to see if the man himself has perished or if there remains any pure metal from which new fire may be struck. In Mr. Kipling's case this crisis, delayed by the remarkable vitality of his talents, only occurred when "The Day's Work" was published; for "Stalky and Co." indicated nothing, and is therefore negligible. The critics, in unseemly haste, and burning their fingers in the process, began their raking process before that amazingly clever collection had grown cold, and the unwilling verdict of more than one of these was: "Kipling has done his best work." There was more than a little justification for the doubters. In his later work Mr. Kipling had shown an increasing tendency to dazzle and impress, to perform prodigies of cleverness, to storm away on the strong wings that he had made for himself rather than to sit still and allow himself to mature humanly. There was always the sense of a great driving power, of white heat, of high pressure, of decks trembling; and always the possibility that the whole thing might suddenly go up with a merry noise and leave us searching for the remains of an author who was too clever to live. The worship of power and of brute force threatened to become an obsession; and at this critical moment healthy development was further menaced by the spectacle of a bloody war to which the gaze of the grimmest of grim children was immediately diverted. And once more the doubters threw up their hands; blood had been tasted; all was over; farewell, Kipling of the jungle and the salt sea!

It was very real at the time, and none suffered more acutely than the doubters, who knew how to appreciate all that was strong and beautiful in Mr. Kipling's early work. But the Grim Child did not intend to reassure them. The war tingled in his veins; the foul-mouthed, pure-hearted Tommy was abroad on his not very fell business; here, with a continent for a stage and two nations for players, were new toys for a giant. He walked into the snare set for artists who feel their power—but he knew a way out of it. He had a mission; he wrote, to earn money for sufferers, "The Absent-Minded Beggar"—surely the most generous and heroic act possible for an artist with a high reputation; he also wrote "The Sin of Witchcraft"—a composition as delightful to students of the Grim Child as it was bewildering to students of fact. In all these things the doubters saw their fears justified; the strength, the worship of power, the uncanny cleverness were still there, but no growth, no expansion of humanity, no maturing, no growing up even out of grim childhood; and they saw visions of a kind of literary goblin, a monstrous dwarf who would continue to ride upon their shoulders, torment them with his diabolical tricks, and make their world hideous with his ungodly genius.

And now, to the doubters like morning after a night of bad dreams, comes a book filled with the good things of life; the handiwork of no grim child, no Clever Young Man, but of an artist who is in touch with his fellows and in harmony with the world; sure of his hold, amid the whirl and passage of the trivial and changeable, upon things great and changeless and abiding. "Kim" is an answer to the doubters, and how gladly they will admit themselves in the wrong, how cheerfully cast away their doubts! The author of "Kim" has grown and mellowed; it is no hot-house, frame-forced growth this time, but the wholesome waxing of the heart that corresponds to the growth of things born in the sunshine and the open world. "Kim" is the story of a boy, son of an Irish soldier, but brought up by a native woman to be more than half a native in habits and ideas. He is full of all the virtues and shortcomings most admired by his author—unutterably "knowing," never to be found at fault, a rover by disposition, and by reason of his remarkable qualities known as the "Little Friend of all the World." While he is still very young he falls in with a lama, a holy man who has left his monastery to retrace the footsteps of the Lord Buddha throughout India, to free himself from the Wheel of Things, and to find a certain river of cleansing. Kim

* KIM. By Rudyard Kipling. Macmillan and Co. 6s.

attaches himself, and the two set out upon their travels, an account of which, with the adventures they brought to Kim, form the bulk of the book. The lama, to acquire merit, undertakes to provide Kim with a Sahib's education at St. Xavier's College; and there the boy's gifts are developed to such a pitch that he becomes an important person in the Indian Secret Service—certainly a fine sphere for the exercise of knowingness, but, one cannot help feeling, a service unworthy a diligent *chela* of the lama.

That, however, is the mere outline of the story, and matters comparatively little. What makes this book remarkable even among Mr. Kipling's best work is the presence of certain new qualities in it, many of them unexpected, and all of them combining with the author's superlative craftsmanship to produce a work of art unmatched as yet by him for breadth of manner and beauty of design. There is all the power and all the cleverness of the old manner, but there is added to them a mellowness of humour and a wonderful rhythm of movement that together constitute a new manner. The life of native India Mr. Kipling, of course, knows well, but he has transcribed it on these pages with a charm born, not of mere knowledge, but of true feeling and sympathy. This broad, romantic interest of the book is centred in the lama—a figure that will henceforth have his own place among imagined characters. He stands for all the kindliness, the mystery, the slow charm of the story. And here one must acknowledge gratefully Mr. Lockwood Kipling's share in the book, for the photographic reproductions of his clay modellings add to its beauty in a very great degree. It is not often that, turning over the leaves of a book, one comes upon an illustration that sums up and embodies all one's impressions of an important character; but the portrait of the lama is a masterpiece, and completes the beauty and reality of the author's conception. One finds there, in the lines and blemishes of the holy, kindly, infinitely wise face, an expression in different terms of the great qualities in the book. I have referred to its "slow charm"—not a very happy expression, perhaps, but one comes back to it for want of a better. Very early in the book occurs this passage:—

> They ate together in great content, clearing the beggar's bowl. Then the lama took snuff from a portentous wooden snuff-gourd, fingered his rosary awhile, and so dropped into the easy sleep of old age, as the shadow of Zam-Zammah grew long.

In that passage a pace is set which is adhered to throughout the story. Through all the myriad crowds that throng the roads and the bazaars and are themselves revolving and mingling in a slow commotion, Kim and the lama thread their way, moving, two bright patches of interest, in and out amid the restless background. Mr. Kipling knows how to use cunningly the fascination of the Buddhist philosophy, and the result is a kind of hypnotic effect of myriad movement enclosed, as it were, within a great frame of eternal silence and rest. Everything is subordinated, although not unduly, to this general effect. The affection between the two central figures is suggested, but not often expressed. The lama, feeling it to be, like the flesh, an illusion, and a binding upon the Wheel, knew it for a weakness; and Kim was not of the demonstrative sort. But here and there the affection is expressed, as in the passage describing the parting between the two when Kim was to go to school:—

> "I have considered that also," the lama replied, in a shaking voice. "It is manifest that from time to time I shall acquire merit—if before that I have not found my River—by assuring myself that thy feet are set on Wisdom. What they will teach thee I do not know, but the priest wrote me that no son of a Sahib in all India will be better taught than thou. . . . Again, maybe thou wilt forget me and our meetings."
>
> "If I eat thy bread," cried Kim, passionately, "how shall I ever forget thee?"
>
> "No—no." He put the boy aside. "I must go back to Benares. From time to time, now that I know the customs of letter-writers in this land, I will send thee a letter, and from time to time I will come and see thee."
>
> "But whither shall I send my letters?" wailed Kim, clutching at the robe, all forgetful that he was a Sahib.
>
> "To the Temple of the Tirthankers at Benares. That is the place I have chosen till I find my River. Do not weep; for, look you, all Desire is illusion and a new binding upon the Wheel. Go up to the Gates of Learning. Let me see thee go. . . Dost thou love me? Then go, or my heart cracks. . . I will come again. Surely I will come again."
>
> The lama watched the *ticca-garri* rumble into the compound, and strode off, snuffing between each long stride.
>
> The "Gates of Learning" shut with a clang.

Mr. Kipling's literary style seems to have undergone the same mellowing change, for the purposes of this narrative, as his outlook upon life. It has lost nothing of its vividness, but it is smoother than formerly; there are no ugly, clotted sentences hurled in the reader's face. Sentences such as "Golden, rose, saffron, and pink, the morning mists smoked away across the flat green levels"; or, "'At first I was amazed to see those tall poles by the side of the road snatching up and snatching up their threads'—he illustrated the stoop and whirl of a telegraph-pole flashing past the train"—remind us that Mr. Kipling has his mint for inspired expression. But we are familiar with his powers of compression and incisive language. Here is an example that shows him in a rarer mood:—

> At last they entered a world within a world—a valley of leagues where the high hills were fashioned of the mere rubble and refuse from off the knees of the mountains. Here one day's march carried them no farther, it seemed, than a dreamer's clogged pace bears him in a nightmare. They skirted a shoulder painfully for hours, and, behold, it was but an outlying boss in an outlying buttress of the main pile! A rounded meadow revealed itself, when they had reached it, for a vast tableland running far into the valley. Three days later it was a dim fold in the earth to southward.
>
> "Surely the gods live here!" said Kim, beaten down by the silence and the appalling sweep and dispersal of the cloud-shadows after rain. "This is no place for men." . . .
>
> Above them, still enormously above them, earth towered away towards the snow-line, where from east to west across hundreds of miles, ruled as with a ruler, the last of the bold birches stopped. Above that, in scarps and blocks upheaved, the rocks strove to fight their heads above the white smother. Above these again, changeless since the world's beginning, but changing to every mood of sun and cloud, lay out the eternal snow. They could see blots and blurs on its face, where storm and wandering wullie-wa got up to dance. Below them, as they stood, the forest slid away in a sheet of blue-green for mile upon mile; below the forest was a village in its sprinkle of terraced fields and steep grazing grounds; below the village they knew, though a thunderstorm worried and growled there for a moment, a pitch of twelve or fifteen hundred feet gave to the moist valley where the streams gather that are the mothers of young Sutluj.

In such a passage as this Mr. Kipling expands into a broad, mighty measure of style that sweeps the reader into its flood and draws his gaze across a panorama of eternities. It is but for a moment; at once the habitual restraint is applied again; but in that moment you have had an exhibition of power such as the author delights in, a glimpse over the brink of your own weaker imagination, a sense of the earth's tonnage revolving and wheeling among the suns. This great manner, indulged so rarely, is comparable to the imagery and savage description of Psalms that speak of great spaces filled with clouds and billows, storm-swept, thunder-shaken, alternately blessed and blighted by the paroxysms of a wrathful God. Anyone who is in the least to be persuaded by the power of words must feel the domination of that passage, and himself be "beaten down" by its bigness and grandeur. It is more than a technical perfection, more than an admirable collision of fine sounds; that is attainable by the merely diligent. Such a passage is motive in itself; it is like a ship launched, and it sails about in the mind long after it has been read and its burden delivered. But Mr. Kipling's great rude strokes of background do not dwarf the life of his romance. That moves clearly and minutely within its channels, busy in itself, lapping against the silences and masses of things we call everlasting. It is the book's greatest merit that it contrasts these two things, forcing us to a contemplation of both, and leaving us to adjust for ourselves the balance of reality between them.

A. B. F. Y.

COSAS DE ESPANA.—II.

THE contemplative traveller is subject to the temptation of generalising too much and too easily. But it is better to travel and generalise rashly than to stay at home and not generalise at all; since we travel not only for amusement but to learn, and chiefly to learn how other nations live, in order to correct our own insularity—like Ulysses (who also lived in an island), who saw cities of many men, *and knew their mind.* If we go abroad with "Anglus sum," instead of "Homo sum" as our motto, we may return as purblind as we came out: like the Cockney tripper who comes home from his cheap tour, having extended his ideas only so far as to have ascertained that Neapolitans and Spaniards beat their horses, and that there are many insects in Seville. Nothing that he has seen on his travels has made it easier for him to understand why differences exist between one country and another, nor why the English are not popular all over the world. But if he has been quickened by contact with the South to read newspapers, and perhaps to look at books, and so to begin to generalise, he has not travelled all in vain.

In visiting lately three African towns, Algiers in French possession for fifty years, Tunis for ten, and Tangier still under its own sultan, I have become more than ever aware that the East and the West do not mix. The Moors of Algiers have learnt to talk French and wear European shoes and calico, and use other French commodities. But cross the street, and you are in Islam. As the blind white Moorish town remains separate in the midst of the French buildings to the right and left of it, so the Algerine Mohammedan remains obstinately Arab, unchanged by fifty years of conquest. The two creeds and races do not interpenetrate. The Moors have not the elasticity or suppleness of the Jews, who suit themselves to all conditions. A proud and stiff-necked people, they have accepted their conquest and have learnt to treat Christians with some sort of deference, not with indifference or rudeness, as in the interior of Morocco, and not many years ago at Tangier itself. But they do not love the French, and they would, if possible, have their Dey and their sheikhs back again, with the bastinado, the strappado, the slave market, and the corsair galleys. A warning to us, if India did not already teach the same lesson, that we are not to expect much thanks from the Egyptians for the benefits which British rule is conferring on that fortunate land, and that they will not change the set of their minds because we have taught them how to pull some European strings. The French occupation of North Africa has not affected national habits; if there is hope of a different result in course of time in Egypt, it is because the Egyptians are more flexible, morally and intellectually, than the Moors. There is this difference also, that whereas the Egyptian is raised above his old level by being set to work the engine of self-government under British direction, the African citizens of France are corrupted by contact with a civilisation which they cannot assimilate and to which they contribute nothing.

Tunis is less Frenchified than Algiers, but there is not enough difference to account for half a century of French methods. They still keep a Bey there; not a glorious despot with mutes and bowstrings, but a mediatised prince, who lives in a black and white marble palace with cheap French furniture of red velvet and gilding, and plenty of glass chandeliers, the modern substitute for rocs' eggs. He and his subjects buy French goods, but do not marry French women nor think in French, though they are beginning to pick up the language—why should they? They like their own ways best, and see no reason for changing them.

A like problem will have to be faced next—by whom, I wonder?—in Morocco, unless that State, like a greater but equally barbarous power, is maintained in "integrity and independence" by the jealousies of the European Concert. Tangier is nearer to European contamination than it was ten years ago; the way into the interior is open, the Government is weak and violent, and before long some outbreak may bring in Christian interference. Would America like Morocco, or is it part of the heritage of France?

The contemplative traveller, touching at a few ports in Spain and Italy, is soon delivered from the crude notion that because the Spanish language resembles the Italian, there is a like resemblance between the two nations. "I find Italian does very well," said an Englishman the other day. "I said 'andate,' and they went." This is not the right way to generalise. Beggars, priests, dirt, fleas, oranges, and melons, sunshine, shadow and bright colour, are the common ideas which we carry away from the Italy and Spain of pictures and books. But a very little observation of Spanish people shows us how different they are from Italians, and should teach us not to dislike them because they have not the welcoming manners of the Italians.

Nine people out of ten, if you ask them why Spain is unprogressive, will tell you that it is because of the Jesuits and the bad government. Why, then, is Italy progressive, the religious and political history of which till 1860 was much the same as that of Spain? The answer is in the difference of temperament. The Spaniard is saturnine, the Italian mercurial. The Italian wishes you to buy, the Spaniard to see you out of his shop. The Italian driver wants to make arrangements to go with you to-morrow, tells you all there is to see, and sits on his box talking into the carriage with his back to the horses. The Spaniard smokes his unsocial cigarette, and cares no more for you than for the horse which he flogs morosely through the streets. Of course, the traveller likes the Italians best; if he saw more of the Spaniards he might find, as I have heard, much simplicity and courtesy among them. But no doubt the Spaniard seems not to want the traveller. He does not steal your luggage as they do in Italy, but he gives you little help in your journey. The English contractor may build railways for the Spaniards, but he cannot make them run trains. They do not want to travel, why should you? Good inns are to be found everywhere in Italy, nowhere in Spain. Fifty years ago there was not a great deal to choose between them. Is it constitutional government that has made the difference, or the British tourist, or the march of the times? The times have not marched in Spain, and the reason is that the people do not want to march. Bread and onions all the year round, and *corridas de toros* at Eastertide, make them contented, and contentment costs little. The soil of Spain might produce five times as much as it does if it were properly tilled. But the Basque peasant prefers his fork, and the Andalusian a plough like that described in the Georgics, to all novelties. This is not the people from whom to expect improvements. Their wisdom is that of Sancho Panza, who preferred his cottage to the government of an island. They must always have had a capacity for inaction; and this has been fostered by the system of centralisation perfected, if not created, by Philip II. Centralisation produced corruption; for nothing could be done but by government, and government would do nothing unless officials were fed. The people lost the habit of hoping, as well as that of bettering themselves, and fell back upon bread and onions; these descendants of the companions of Columbus and the Great Captain. Centralisation has gone, but corruption remains. It is the Spanish way of paying taxes, and, like other cosas de Espana, no one objects to it, irrational as it may seem to us.

It is one thing to believe that English ways are best, and another to wish that all the world should adopt them. We do not adopt French cooking; why should the French adopt English free trade? The first is more obviously good for the world than the second—though, for the second, it does seem a little odd that an English ship of a thousand tons coming into Algiers, and wishing to land ten tons of her cargo, should pay duty on the whole thousand, and quite natural that she

should not go there again. The trade of Algiers does not flourish under this system; it does not follow that our methods would suit the French.

The contemplative traveller may generalise thus: "In Seville with wheels, and in the Sierra with a mule-pack"; and "for Biscayan sheep Biscayan shears." He will not quote, "'This way, Caballeros,' said the crab; still less, "'Why wear shoes?' said the goose to the horse; 'we go barefoot.'" F. W. C.

THE PROSPECTS OF FLIGHT.

THE achievement of flight has always been a fascinating prospect for mankind. Anthropologists tell us that the familiar dream in which most of us at some time have known the joys of sailing through the air and shooting along aerial switchbacks is but a reminiscence of the days when our probably arboreal ancestors frisked and gambolled, with the help of a prehensile tail, among the high boughs of the primæval forest. However that may be—even the youngest of sciences may sometimes be mistaken—we all have a kind of hope that some day this dream will be realised. The keen interest that is taken in M. Santos-Dumont's endeavour to win the Deutsch prize, and in the recent abortive attempt to cross the Mediterranean in a balloon, is a proof of that. Such attempts, of course, are very far from being the novelties that we are hastily apt to call them. "The philosophers of King Charles's reign," says Addison, "were busy in finding out the art of flying. The famous Bishop Wilkins was so confident of success in it, that he says he does not question but in the next age it will be as usual to hear a man call for his wings when he is going a journey as it is now to call for his boots." The aspiration for wings, if not the rational endeavour to shape them, is far older than the birth of the Royal Society. It goes back to the myth of Dædalus, which has been rationalised by some students, as Sir Thomas Browne tells us. "'Twas ground enough to fancy wings unto Dædalus, in that he stole out of a window from Minos, and sailed away with his son Icarus, who, steering his course wisely, escaped, but his son, carrying too high a sail, was drowned." It does not seem necessary to assume such an interpretation of a myth which merely bears witness to man's early desire for "the way of an eagle in the air," as does the representation of a winged man—said to be "singularly like Lilienthal in his soaring apparatus"—upon an Egyptian bas-relief, or the "Arabian Nights" description of—

> "The wondrous horse of brass
> On which the Tartar king did ride."

Bishop Wilkins, whose passage on the art of flying is an entertaining summary of earlier speculations, says that "it is related of a certain English monk, called Elmerus, about the Confessor's time, that he did by such wings fly from a tower above a furlong; and so another from St. Mark's steeple, in Venice; another at Norenberg; and Busbequius speaks of a Turk in Constantinople who attempted something this way."

Of the last hero alone we have any extant particulars from which the scientific student of the problems of flight can suppose that "there was anything in it." A detailed account of his flight, which took place in the august presence of the Emperor Manuel Comnenus and the Sultan of the East, has been preserved, from which it may be conjectured that the Turk—or Saracen—had devised a simple aeroplane, not very unlike the first devices of the late Otto Lilienthal, and that he really did succeed in flying—or rather in tobogganing aerially—some distance before he lost his balance and dropped. At least, it is hard to suppose that the chronicler of the event could have imagined an account so closely in accordance with modern knowledge of the conditions of such a flight. It is believed, too, that there is some truth in the fifteenth-century record that a certain Dante of Perugia made several flights over Lake Trasimene, by the aid of a similar apparatus, until one of "his wings" gave way, and he fell and broke his thigh. But all these early records are of the vaguest nature, and give no help, though perhaps they lend encouragement, to the modern student of flight. Their very unscientific nature is, indeed, well shown in Bishop Wilkins's work, where the possible ways of flight are classified thus: "(1) By spirits or angels; (2) by the help of fowls; (3) by wings fastened immediately to the body; (4) by a flying chariot."

The first serious contribution to the problem of human flight was made in the latter part of the eighteenth century by the discovery of the balloon. At the present moment the balloon can still claim to be the only practical "flying machine," as all those who have navigated the air have hitherto adopted some modification of Montgolfier's discovery as the basis of their experiments. Yet some of the best authorities are of opinion that the balloon—useful in many respects as it has been to science—has rather retarded than helped in the solution of the main problem. They hold that the half-legendary flying men of whom we have spoken were really on the right track, and that the balloon, whose latest developments are now prominent in the work of M. Santos-Dumont and that French aeronaut who has just failed in his trip across the Mediterranean, is really a side-issue or *cul de sac* in the research. To make a rough comparison with a more advanced science, it is as though the first inventor of a raft had led the thoughts of would-be sailors away from the obvious analogy of the swimming man or animal, and the mere improvement of rafts that would drift without sinking had been allowed to deter men from the invention of boats propelled by paddles and oars, and ultimately by steam engines, in imitation of the swimmer. The problem of flight, as a moment's thought will show, consists of two independent and yet inseparable portions. The first of these is to keep afloat in the air; the second is to travel in the desired direction. At present almost every would-be inventor has failed to combine the two elements. The balloon, from its first discovery, gave a nearly perfect solution of the first part of the problem, and so led aeronauts to try by its help to solve the second. They are only now beginning to see—indeed, the point is far from settled—that the balloon has inherent defects which will prevent its ever forming part of the ideal flying machine. M. Santos-Dumont, though his experiments have been hailed as epoch-making by those who are not familiar with aeronautics, is but the latest comer in a long series of men who have, with more or less ingenuity, endeavoured to discover some method for steering a balloon and propelling it, in any reasonable weather, to a desired haven. Hitherto they have failed with a unanimity which seems to indicate something inherently erroneous in the attempt. Two or three of the chief European nations have been for twenty years or more devoting large sums of money to the perfection for military purposes of the navigable balloon. It is obvious what an immensely powerful weapon success would place in the hands of any Government. The circulating libraries swarm with stories in which the world is pictured under the despotic sway of even a tiny organisation in possession of such air-ships, against whose attack neither fleet nor army could stand. Yet the only meagre success that has been announced is that of MM. Renard and Krebs in 1885, who succeeded on more than one occasion—when the weather was favourable—in making their balloon "La France" return to its starting-point after a flight of some miles. M. Santos-Dumont has reduced the problem to its simplest terms by contenting himself with a balloon that will only carry a single passenger—a kind of flying motor-bicycle—and which could be of no practical value except perhaps for scouting duty in war; and he has not yet succeeded, in spite of the immense mechanical improvements in light engines which the motor car inventors have lately

made, in flying from the hill of St. Cloud round the Eiffel Tower and back on a calm day.

There is little doubt that, with luck and good weather, the plucky and ingenious young Brazilian aeronaut may ultimately succeed in carrying off the £4,000 that M. Deutsch has offered to the first who achieves this simple feat. But we are certainly in agreement with those students of the flight problem who say that his success or failure in this respect are of the very smallest importance, except to his own bankers and those of M. Deutsch, or the gaping Parisian *badauds*, to whom a new sensation is the most precious thing in life—wherein they resemble Miss Blanche Amory and the ancient Athenians to whom St. Paul preached. It is possible that the motor-balloon at which M. Santos-Dumont is working will, if it can find yet a stronger engine and a less fragile framework, be of some service to "the eyes of an army," and it will undoubtedly be of much interest to the sporting members of the community, who are harassed by the vexatious insistence of the police in all countries on the rights of road-users who cannot afford or do not wish to drive a racing motor-car at forty miles an hour on the great highways. It may be no bad thing for society in general if these ambitious and gilded youths turn from the dusty roads to the cerulean depths of middle air, and follow in the wake of M. Santos-Dumont, though new regulations may be needed to confine their gyrations to the skies of sparsely-populated districts. But as a serious flying-machine the navigable balloon seems to us to be foredoomed. In order that such a machine may be of real service in any weather short of the most violent storm, as a liner or a battleship is of use, it must be capable of a speed of at least sixty miles an hour in still air—many aeronauts say ninety. Only with such powers can it be sure of making its port in a reasonable time, for the average velocity of the wind at the summit of the Eiffel Tower is above eighteen miles an hour, and at least twice that speed must often be reckoned with. But the moment we think of the effects of air-resistance at such speeds on the envelope of a balloon, anyone who has tried to look out of the window of an express train will see the hopelessness of the plan. How can any envelope of silk or other textile fabric resist the pressure of the air at high speeds? If not actually torn to pieces, it will be so hurled about and pitted in front as to stop its way under any power that the necessarily light engines can apply. A rigid envelope will be necessary, and we come at once to see that the navigable balloon must be of such gigantic size, in order to raise its own weight, that it is practically put out of court. From whatever side we approach the question, it seems equally necessary to conclude that the practical flying machine of the future must be heavier than an equal bulk of air; the lifting power of the minute difference between the specific gravities of air and hydrogen is not worth considering, and we have to return to the ideals of flight that were in men's minds before the balloon was invented. Such machines as that of M. Santos-Dumont can hardly be more than the toy of a sportsman or the aerial cycle of a scout, and we must look rather to such experiments as those of Sir Hiram Maxim and Professor Langley on the one hand, Lilienthal and Pilcher and Mr. Chanute on the other, for the most likely avenue to the practical conquest of the air.

MUSIC.

THE LEEDS FESTIVAL.

THE Leeds Musical Festival, which took place last week, differed from its predecessors in some important particulars. First, as to the new conductor, Dr. Stanford, who succeeded to the chair vacated by the death of Sir Arthur Sullivan. To those who knew him and his methods Dr. Stanford's success in his new position was a foregone conclusion, but he is not so well known in Yorkshire as in London, and in some quarters doubts had been expressed as to the wisdom of his appointment. Fortunately the Festival dispelled all doubts of this kind in the most emphatic manner. Dr. Stanford's success was unquestionable. From the first it was plain that he understood his choir and orchestra, and that they understood him. There was no hesitation and uncertainty. Quiet as he is in manner, even nonchalant at times, he knows exactly what he wants and takes good care to get it. It is always pleasant to see an elaborate piece of machinery in good working order, and often the Leeds choir and the band as well reminded me of Purcell's "wondrous machine" in the promptitude and certainty with which they responded to the slightest indication from their conductor. Dr. Stanford's success has been practically undisputed, but with regard to the programme—a second point in which this year's Festival showed an innovation—there was less unanimity. The Leeds authorities took it into their heads, or let us rather say that Dr. Stanford took it into his, for presumably he was mainly responsible for the notion, that it would be a good idea to celebrate the advent of the twentieth century by making this Festival a summary or rather a review of the music of the nineteenth. It is a pretty enough notion in itself, but distressingly difficult to put into practice. In the first place it does not appeal to the ordinary concert-goer in the least. He goes to a concert to hear good music well performed; he does not want a lesson in musical history. An erudite musician like Dr. Stanford probably does not realise how little the ordinary amateur knows or cares about the history of music. I remember, at a time when Mr. Henschel used habitually to perform the "Eroica" symphony on Wagner's birthday, hearing one young lady solemnly explaining to another that Beethoven wrote it to celebrate the memory of Wagner. This is an extreme case, of course, but it may serve as an illustration of the almost incredible vagueness of many concert-goers with regard to dates. But even if there had been a public to appreciate it, Dr. Stanford's excursion into musical history would have been ill advised, for it is next to impossible to squeeze enough music into four days to represent the activity of a century. The nineteenth century was pre-eminently the century of opera, and how can you suitably represent opera in a concert-room? Then there is instrumental music, also highly important in the musical history of the nineteenth century; and here a new difficulty crops up, for people go to Leeds to hear the choir, not to listen to instrumental music. Yorkshiremen do not affect it, and Londoners have plenty of it at home. As it was, there were many complaints that the choir had not nearly enough to do, although, considering what the nineteenth century did for instrumental music, the allowance of the latter in the programme was absurdly small. The fact is that the idea was a mistake from beginning to end, and this seems to have been pretty generally recognised even by the authorities, for they stultified themselves by deserting their nineteenth century and including music by Mozart, Bach, and Palestrina in their programme, as well as Handel's "Messiah," and this by no means because the nineteenth century was exhausted, since, to name only a few of the omitted composers, even such important men as Liszt, Chopin, Grieg, and Smetana were left out in the cold, to say nothing of Raff, Hermann Goetz, Cornelius, and Goldmark. No, Dr. Stanford would have been much wiser if he had left the nineteenth century to repose in peace, and busied himself only with putting together a series of programmes which should have exhibited his choir and orchestra at their best, without troubling about dates and dictionaries.

It is pleasant to turn from grumbling to eulogy. If the programmes were in some measure open to criticism, the performances were almost uniformly excellent. The chorus this year was as good as ever, and how good that is only those who know what Yorkshire voices are can

realise. This year the choir was taken almost entirely from Leeds itself, instead of, as in previous years, being recruited from many of the neighbouring towns as well. The innovation worked exceedingly well. Both in tone and musicianship this year's chorus was at least as good as that of last year. There was the same brilliant ringing quality of voice, and the same velvety richness of tone. The altos were, perhaps, slightly weaker than the others, but as a whole the balance was remarkably good. As regards attack and staying power, the choir was almost beyond criticism. Now and then at the end of a tiring concert the sopranos were just the shadow of a shade out of tune, but considering the difficulty and exhausting nature of much of the music which they had to sing, they would have been hardly human if they had not shown occasional symptoms of fatigue.

Given the scheme of the Festival, it was hardly avoidable that some of the programmes should be rather scrappy in character; but there was a great deal of good music done, and very well done too. The novelties were hardly so interesting as usual. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor's "Blind Girl of Castel Cuillé," which was written in response to a commission from the Leeds authorities, was a disappointment to those who had founded high hopes on his "Hiawatha." There is some charming music in it, but Longfellow's poem is hopelessly feeble and uninteresting, and it seems to have clogged the wings of the composer. Mr. Coleridge-Taylor has a natural instinct for the picturesque, and he seizes every opportunity which the poem affords, but these opportunities are few and far between. There is some pretty writing in the opening scene, which describes a merry procession of Gascon peasants. This sort of thing is not very difficult to do, of course, but Mr. Coleridge-Taylor does it particularly well. Later in the cantata he strikes a deeper note. There is real pathos in the plaintive lament of the deserted maiden, which is echoed by the sympathetic chorus, and the final scene, a mournful counterpart to the joyous opening scene, is admirable also. But between these oases stretches a dreary waste of superfluous dialogue and description, on which all the talent of the young composer is squandered in vain. The choral writing is simple and straightforward, and the cantata may well achieve a certain popularity with provincial choral societies, but something more than this is expected from Mr. Coleridge-Taylor. He has mounted very quickly to a high place among the younger generation of English composers, and his position entails certain responsibilities, of which he does not appear to be sufficiently conscious. Mr. Charles Wood's "Dirge for Two Veterans," a setting of some fine lines by Walt Whitman, achieved a decided success. It is dignified in style and treatment, though lacking any distinctive individuality. It was unfortunate for the composer's reputation for originality that his "Dirge" happened to be companioned in the programme of the Festival by Dr. Stanford's "Last Post," a masterpiece of the first water, to which —at a respectful distance—it bears some resemblance.

Another novelty was a short cantata by Glazounoff, written to celebrate the memory of Pushkin. It is a manly and vigorous piece of work, transparently simple in construction and straightforward in treatment, but hardly a typical specimen of the music of one of the most learned of modern Russian musicians. The rest of the music must be briefly dismissed. A magnificent performance of Beethoven's Mass in D made the Festival memorable, and very fine performances were also given of "The Messiah," which had been carefully rehearsed, and was played and sung in a manner contrasting favourably with the careless and slovenly renderings to which Handel's masterpiece has so often to submit; of Verdi's "Requiem," a work with which Dr. Stanford seems to have a sympathy quite unusual in an English conductor; and of Sir Hubert Parry's noble "Song of Darkness and Light," of which the exalted beauty and sustained power fully entitles it to mention in this connection. The soloists were not in all cases happily chosen. Madame Albani, Miss Ada Crossley, Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Andrew Black, were beyond reproach, and a very great success was won by Miss Agnes Nicholls, a young singer whose work at the Festival has lifted her at a bound to a leading position among the sopranos of the day. But many of the singers seemed ill at ease in the work entrusted to them. The Festival authorities seem not to have realised that success in opera and chamber music does not necessarily imply success in oratorio, a fact which was brought home to the Leeds audience last week more than once in a sufficiently convincing manner. But I must not leave the Festival with a grumble. There were spots on the sun of its perfection, but on the whole it was a brilliant success. This success, as I have already said, was largely due to the indefatigable labours of Dr. Stanford, but it would not have been possible without the hearty co-operation of all concerned. To the splendid work done by the orchestra I have already alluded; and here a tribute must also be paid to the fine playing of Dr. Joachim and Mr. Leonard Borwick. Warm praise is due to Mr. Alfred Benton, the chorus-master, and to Mr. H. A. Fricker, the organist, and lastly Mr. Herbert Thompson must be complimented upon his excellent analytical programmes.

R. A. S.

DRAMA.

A NEW PLAY AND A REVIVAL.

IT is an old, old story that Mr. Henderson tells and Mr. Wyndham stages, but not necessarily the worse for that. All stories are old, more or less. We are ever being reminded that there are only so many possible characters, so many possible plots, developments, situations, incidents, at the disposal of the dramatist, that they have all been used again and again, and that the one chance of success lies in a skilful and—so far as may be—fresh treatment of them. The statement is probably true, if interpreted in a liberal spirit. A good memory and a good library would supply the double of the most unlikely feature of even a modern drama. Certainly, few ideas are more familiar to the playgoer than that of the elderly husband who, immersed in his own pursuits—usually scientific—neglects a young and lovely lady, leaving her an object for the dangerous attentions of the first gay Lothario. The question that arises is always the same—"Will she pass through the ordeal without serious injury?" It is a story that never palls if only it is well told. Now, in *The Mummy and the Humming Bird*, Mr. Henderson does not tell it well, owing to a feverish straining after novelty, which results in violations of the reasonably probable.

Lord Lumley is an electrician or engineer of some sort. He is going abroad on professional business for three months, leaving his young bride behind. The Lothario is an Italian, a poet, very much in evidence. The night before his departure Lord Lumley is sitting at home, too busy to accompany his wife and her friends to a dinner party. It is snowing. The gruesome notes of a street organ are heard. The man of science takes pity on the operator and has him up into the drawing-room, for which he is very properly reprimanded by the butler. Turning a deaf ear to this faithful monitor he then proceeds to dine *tête-à-tête* with the vagabond, who is an unnaturally clean specimen of his tribe. The one does not know a word of English, the other is equally ignorant of Italian. Recourse is had to signs. Bottles, plates, coins, even syphons, are pressed into service, and an elaborate code constructed by means of which (and much emphasis of words) the host at last grapples with the bare fact that his guest travelled to London by land and not by long sea. Once started, however, intelligence grows apace, and for the first time in history the promises of the gentleman who undertook to teach "Italian in a quarter of an hour" come near fulfilment. Before that hasty meal is over Guiseppe is telling the tale of his life tragedy, and Lord

Lumley is kindly doing chorus, translating it bit by bit for the benefit of the audience. It will not do to pretend that he understands it by the gestures alone with which the youth accompanies his words, for to follow pantomime is an accomplishment of itself and can only be acquired after mastering certain conventional movements, the alphabet so to speak. The ordinary spectator may interpret the dumb action of a Celeste or Paul Martinetti, because there the other characters, the scenery, and the dresses assist, but a monologue delivered in an unknown tongue, a story of true love and heartless villainy and betrayal and desertion and death, if understood at all must be understood by the words and not the gestures. Lord Lumley has learnt Italian in those few minutes, that is the explanation, and MM. Gouin and Hugo can hide their heads. Guiseppe's love has died of grief, the victim of a scoundrel with turned up moustachios. But Signor d'Orelli, the admirer of Lady Lumley, wears turned up moustachios. What more obvious than that he is the man? Talk of the long arm of coincidence! why, this arm would make a gibbon pale with envy. Another glaring improbability—as it seems to me—is the interview in which Lord Lumley asks the signor for advice as to the working out of his book, and the latter suggests that outraged husband No. 2 should put outraged husband No. 1 on the track of their common enemy. D'Orelli is not a fool, and since he knows the true cause of his visitor's presence, knows that Lord Lumley is himself there in the character of an injured if not outraged husband, he could not but suspect some hidden meaning. It may or may not be yet a further improbability that D'Orelli should show no signs of physical fear with the one man and yet be in such abject terror of the other. The long conversation in which he and Lord Lumley bluff each other regarding the reputation of Lady Lumley betokens the possession of exceptional calmness and nerve on both sides.

The play is acted after the best traditions of Mr. Wyndham's management, but it is too feeble and far-fetched to repay the trouble spent on it. Mr. Wyndham himself makes no attempt to present the man of science in particular, but is the elderly husband in general, and as such excellent. It is not a grateful part, but he fills it with the ease and tact which always mark his performances. Especially may be picked out his entrance in the third act, the personification of distress and bewilderment. What can be done to save the piece he does. Mr. Taber gives us the best work he has done in London since Macduff, and if the type is hackneyed that is not to be laid at his door. His alluring tone and gaze when purring into the ear of his would-be victim are almost painfully real. Mr. Devereux is capital in the first act, as the hungry and passionate Italian lad, come all this way for his revenge, and in the later scenes is commendably unobtrusive. Miss Mary Moore fills a small part so prettily that we all wish for more. Finally, Miss Lena Ashwell maintains, if she does not increase, her deservedly high reputation. Her air as the girl bride, yearning for her husband's love but too proud to ask for it, is delicately and subtly true; her manner when, despairing of that love, she listens against her better self to the voice of the tempter is convincing. Her best scene is that with Lord Lumley in the second act, where the high-strung nerves, tried almost to snapping point, the hysterical laugh, the restlessness, are all equally unmistakable evidence of a tortured heart.

The Second in Command has come back from the provinces; for how long, who shall say? Of its class a play, perhaps, without a rival. Never has the atmosphere of regimental life been better produced. Even the admirable *Tommy Atkins* (if that was the exact name), in which Mr. Bourchier was so clever, must yield place to it. Staged to perfection and acted with rare completeness, it is one of the greatest triumphs of a monotonously successful management.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

Canon Henson has done well to publish the paper on "Sermons," which he read at the Church Congress. It is a little paradoxical, and a little pugnacious, and a little exaggerated. But, in spite of these characteristic qualities, it is full of shrewd observation excellently expressed. "In certain quarters," Canon Henson tells us, "it is fashionable to make little of sermons"; and this fashion of belittlement he sets himself to repudiate with all his energy, which, as his friends know, is not a little. The pity is that this energy leads him, at the very outset, into a startling exaggeration. He calls preaching "the highest function of the Christian ministry." One would have thought that the highest function of the Christian ministry was the administration of the Sacraments. After all, when it comes to a pinch, a layman can preach; but there are certain offices of the priesthood with which no layman can intermeddle. "The highest service," wrote Dr. Liddon, "which a creature can offer to the Supreme Being is the celebration of the Blessed Eucharist. This is, indeed, the central and supreme act of the Christian ministry, by which it is directly associated in the mediatorial work of Jesus Christ."

But, after this unguarded phrase, Canon Henson goes on to more moderate and, therefore, more convincing language. "So far as the mass of his congregation is concerned, his ministry as teacher and as pastor must be fulfilled in those brief moments during which he speaks to them face to face in his Master's name." This is very true; but it gains nothing in cogency from a side-hit at "the much-vaunted wisdom of the Confessional." If it were true, as one Canon alleges, that in Confession human life is "studied only in its morbid mood and darker aspects," the value of the Confessional as a guide to the priest in dealing with his flock, though still great, would be less than it is. But when we consider that those persons who practise Confession do so as a rule habitually and regularly, in cloud and in sunshine, in the joy of thankfulness as well as in the sorrow of contrition; the experience so gained by the priest must surely be an enormous help to him when he preaches to those of whose private lives he has no personal knowledge.

But, after all, the people who habitually submit themselves to the discipline of Confession are comparatively few; whereas comparatively many submit themselves to the discipline of sermons. "However reluctantly we may admit it, admit it we must in the end, that our hold over the people depends mainly upon our sermons. It must be our interest, as it certainly is our duty, to set a high standard of preaching before us, and to resist as an insult and a peril the modern fashion of belittling the pulpit."

But is the fashion so modern? In 1870 a secular writer, extolling Dr. Liddon's Lent Lectures at St. James's, Piccadilly, wrote: "'As dull as a sermon': no proverb is more trite. 'The age of the pulpit has gone by': no idea is more readily taken for granted by cultivated men." In 1867 the present Dean of Canterbury said: "It is too much of a modern and un-Christian fashion to disparage or discredit this ordinance in itself. . . . These despised sermons may perhaps be the invisible links of that golden chain which keeps our souls from falling into utter forgetfulness of God." Twenty years earlier Prince Albert asked Bishop Wilberforce: "Sermons—why so dull?" and supplied his own answer, "No object." So the current disparagement of preaching is no new fashion, but is rather a convention of secular speech, and personally I doubt if it represents any very deep feeling. Of course, the great majority of people are wholly indifferent to religion, while a large section are actively hostile to it. These people contemn or dislike sermons just as they contemn or dislike religion. But among those who have in any way or degree a right intention towards things unseen I always seem to find a keen appetite for

sermons. Indeed, the prominence of preaching has often seemed to dwarf all other religious effort, and it has become necessary to remind people that the Church is, primarily, not the place of hearing, but the place of worship. We all know churches in London where the sermon on Sunday morning is the be-all and end-all of congregational religion. And, even where the ministry of preaching is subordinated to worship, a good preacher invariably attracts attention and draws an audience. Canon Henson himself speaks of the "immense congregations" which gather to Canon Gore. Go to St. Paul's or Westminster Abbey and see the huge crowds which listen to teachers so diverse as the Bishop of London, Canon Holland, and Archdeacon Wilberforce. Go to the evening services, under the dome or in the nave, and mark the eager attention with which the utterances of quite unknown preachers are followed; and the conviction is forced upon one that, if only a man has spiritual earnestness, human sympathy, and simplicity of speech, he will never preach to empty benches.

But, says Canon Henson, the publishers assure us that there is no market for sermons. If this be the fact, it certainly marks a curious change. I remember the vast collections of Evangelical sermons under which, in my youth, the bookshelves, and not seldom the children, groaned; the lively oracles of Spurgeon, the stilted rhetoric of Melvill; Dr. Vaughan's reiterated Editions; the long blue series of Dr. Liddon's volumes. All these productions sold widely and paid handsomely; and yet to-day no one will buy. What is the reason for this change? I believe that it lies in the increase, and abuse, of extempore preaching. I do not disparage extempore preaching. If a man has the necessary fluency, and will consent to give the adequate preparation, I believe that extempore preaching has an effect upon the masses of mankind which is denied to manuscript. But an extempore sermon, however well it may sound, hardly ever reads well. It shares the failings and the fate of the political speech. I believe that all political speeches which are good to read were either written before they were delivered, or prepared with an elaboration equivalent to writing. And some of the most splendid orations which were ever delivered extempore, have been, when reported verbatim, unreadable. To the extempore speaker, voice, manner, gesture, play of countenance, are at least half his apparatus. They all have their part in the effect; and that effect is instantaneous; it cannot be recaptured. And the same words, divorced from the accessories which recommended and enforced them, lose most of their significance, and all their charm. But the written sermon, carefully thought out, intelligibly divided, and clothed in becoming English, is often a great deal better in the reading than in the hearing. The late Dr. Vaughan was pre-eminently a case in point. His voice and utterance in the pulpit were absolutely distressing. They suggested the insincerity of which his friends knew him to be incapable. A Templar once said to me about the performance on "Grand Night," "It's enough to set a man against his dinner to hear Vaughan say Grace over it." But when once Vaughan's Sermons were dissociated from his voice, they seemed—and seem—to me worthy to rank with the best, and to combine in the most singular degree the power of searching the conscience, insight into the meaning of Scripture, and English of exquisite precision. Canon Henson observes, with great justice, that it is a grave blunder to discuss the two methods of reading sermons and preaching extempore as mere alternatives. A free use of a carefully prepared manuscript has often been found to combine the advantage of both systems. Such, if I remember aright, was Kingsley's method; such, at one period of his career, was Dr. Liddon's. But perhaps the greatest exponent of it was the present Bishop of St. Andrew's, who, after twenty minutes of a written sermon, would stuff the MS. into his pocket, and give us five minutes of extempore hortation which sent us home graver, if not wiser, people. BYSTANDER.

LESBIA TO CATULLUS.

WILT thou importune the gods to confound me?
Gods? were there gods they had answered thy prayer,
Snatched me from earth, in the firmament crowned me,
Woo'd me with nectar of jealousy there!
Born of humanity's fear and desire,
How can *they* help thee or pity thine ire?

Wilt thou protest to all ages mine infamy
Carved in thy rhyme and athrill with thy pain,
When but a glance, but a turn of the head from me,
See, shall I try? . . thou art humble again!
Men will but marvel that lips so divine,
Lips of thy Muse, could not win thee from mine.

Why have I tortured thee? . . lo, thou art human,
Compound of dust, and of change, and of me;
Thus, if the god in thee yield to a woman,
Shrined in thy song, made immortal through thee,
Time and his years I defy to annul us,
Lesbia, queen of the rhymer Catullus!

H. A. A. CRUSO.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHURCH AND STATE IN FRANCE.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *October 15th*, 1901.

POLITICS, I mean pure politics—political chess, or the political tricks, or the political farce, in short, the sadly ludicrous wrong side of serious history—has suddenly reappeared this week. The fact is made evident by a bitterer tone in the newspapers and an increasing agitation in the lobby of the Palais-Bourbon. Do not imagine that it is the exceptional symptom which some writers comment upon as a forerunner of catastrophes: it is the same thing every year. In reality there is always a little politics simmering in the Chamber, and a committee of vestal Deputies keeping up the sacred fire. There they sit through scorching August and dreamy September, a mysterious conventicle of thirty-three, setting up the warp through which Penelope Chamber weaves and unweaves for ever, just as I myself do and undo my classic metaphors. And all the time the guard is there, and the gentlemen-ushers are there, at the beck of an invisible and nameless President, and eventually it is announced some fine morning that the *opus magnum* has been consummated, and that the Budget is ready. This means that if the Cabinet feels strong, Parliament will, without delay, be convened, and at once Deputies flock from every quarter to see if the Cabinet does feel strong. Dates are suggested, probable interpellations are discussed, and through a merciful dispensation the excitement spreads to the press, and that is how we, poor journalists, revert with unsuspected agility to the vain work of which our fleeting lives are made.

The Chamber will probably be summoned for the 22nd. As its life will not be very long, it is proposed that the Budget should be discussed in the ordinary sittings, and extraordinary ones devoted to interpellations and to the Bill on Pensions for Old Age as altered by M. Millerand. The Budget Committee rather startled the public by refusing to attend to the chapter of Cults, and shortly declaring to M. Delcassé, who as Minister of Foreign Affairs takes much interest in the missions, that their minds were quite made up on the subject, and he had better not discuss it till he could do it in the Chamber. As in the end of July the same committee had also cancelled the chapter concerning the French Embassy to the Vatican, the Chamber will have, for the first time, to decide on total disestablishment, not on the time-honoured suggestion from M. Lilletan, but on the very text drawn up by the committee. Now, less than a year ago, M. Waldeck-Rousseau openly said that the Bill on Associations he had in hand was only a preface to the separation of Church and State; consequently, it will be awkward for him to give the usual little couplet with which his predecessors, and himself on two occasions, have hitherto dismissed the matter. Who knows, then, but he will not find

there the stumbling-block which awaits him, as it has awaited the forty Premiers who have sat on his bench since 1870? His friends the Radicals will push him on in a way he may not like. The polemics which have been going on during four months about M. Jaurès's superstitious weakness in letting his young daughter make her first communion have led them to repeat more forcibly the declaration of M. Viviani that a religious revolution must come before the great social change. But of the eighty deputies who gave M. Waldeck-Rousseau his majority in passing the Associations Law, forty-one might not be quite ripe for such radical doctrines, and there would be an end of our longest-lived Cabinet.

There is little to say about the congregations. On the 6th, police officers called at all the convents, asking everywhere whether authorisation had been applied for, and on a negative answer, going over the premises to satisfy themselves that the old inmates had left. This enquiry was courteously conducted everywhere, excepting two places in Brittany where the *commissaires* did not understand their directions, and required immediate moving out. On the 8th, the *séquestre*, as we say, of the Jesuits and Assumptionists' property was appointed, and the choice of these two Orders as the first to be dealt with is sufficient proof that the law was primarily directed against them. The legal situation of the *séquestre* is identically the same as that of a guardian of minors. In the case of the Jesuits and Assumptionists he will not have much to do. The official reports handed to the Deputies valued the property in the name of the Jesuits a wretched one hundred thousand francs, and in the long year during which the Assumptionists considered themselves as virtually suppressed they have had time to make over their property to their friends to the last centime, or so mortgage it that the *séquestre* will turn pale when he discovers it. However, the *Gaulois* reported the other day a menacing speech of M. Trouillot to the effect that the civil societies to which the Jesuits' colleges and other property had been made over after the decrees of 1880 would be prosecuted as interposers. Such prosecution would hardly be justified legally, and the various courts might not agree, so I think the Government will not fight for schools which would be sold for next to nothing to their present owners. M. Jules Lemaître says that he would have preferred open resistance on the part of the Orders to those petty dodges, and he goes on to explain that by resistance he means absolute ignorance of the law till the police broke into the convents, even the nunneries, and laid hands on their inmates. This opinion is surprising in M. Jules Lemaître. The desperate course he suggests was carried out in 1880 by hundreds of communities. What was gained by this course? Catholics screamed for a few weeks and then subsided. As to non-Catholics, I should like M. Lemaître, who is candour itself, to tell us, as he often did about other matters, what his feelings were before the violent process. There is no record printed of them, but knowing M. Lemaître as we all know him, we are pretty sure that they were not expressed by much more than a shrug of the shoulders and a comprehensive taunt at the *dramatis personæ*—judges, police officers, locksmiths, and monks. Now, what M. Lemaître was then millions are at present. There was no unmanliness in the religious in feeling sure of it. The best that those who, right or wrong, did not choose to obey could do, was to go. M. Drumont is also very angry at the bishops, to whom he gives very hard names from valets downwards. But we know his history as we do that of M. Jules Lemaître. We have only to look seven years back to see the most virulent of our writers fly to Brussels at the mere announcement of a law on the press which never came under discussion, and only began to shriek for vengeance when he was safe on the other side of the frontier. History is indeed a light and a teacher.

We have just had another instance of the happy influence of the literary animal on the morals of nations. You have possibly read the fervid article in which M. Laurent Tailhade —already doomed to immortality for praising Ravachol's beautiful gesture—expostulated with the honest tramps for not using their knives or their staves or any handy weapon against the Czar and the President and a few other vampires. When tried on the charge of incitement to assassination, he exhibited indignant astonishment at such an interpretation of his words. He did not mean murder, it was only literature. Had not a man every right of thinking what he pleased and putting it in the papers for the enjoyment of his friends? Only dull inferior beings like fussy magistrates could think otherwise. Your old intellectual Dreyfusard friends, more particularly M. Zola and M. Anatole France, stood up and said so one after the other so quietly and honestly that for a minute I very nearly believed them and realised your state of mind three years ago. An architect declared that tramps never read the newspaper—a pretty statement for an architect, who ought to have heard of Mr. Czosgolz and Miss Emma Goldmann. Eventually the judge told M. Tailhade that his article was certainly a fine piece of literature, but he was a coward, seeing there was no other name in the language for people who tried to get others do what they dare not do themselves, and that consequently he sentenced him to a year's imprisonment. Whereupon M. Tailhade stood on his bench, and stamped and foamed, and, with beautiful other gestures, wished a long life to all sorts of horrible things, whilst your Dreyfusard friends kept up a row in the same fine style. As to me, being a Frenchman, I do not like the whiskered judges and the moustachioed police people who lord it over me because they are supposed to protect me from robbers and murderers, but I do like that fussy judge.

REVIEWS.

THE CULT OF THE TREE.*

"ARCHÆOLOGY," some one has said recently whose profession is to study one department of archæology, "is not a science"; and he goes on to show that without continuous literary tradition it is never safe to generalise from archæological data. We are so apt to read our own modern thoughts into ancient customs, that we are bound to go wrong, unless we have the distinct statements of the ancients themselves to support us. For instance, the practices of Christianity have given a new value to symbols. It is doubtful whether the Greeks ever regarded the cult-image as standing in the place of the deity; how they felt towards it is doubtful. It is certain, that although all the god's belongings were consecrated, they excited none of that superstitious feeling which the moderns sometimes have for a crucifix or a relic. In fact, the word "sacred" has a different meaning for the ancient and for the modern. A "sacred" thing to the Greek was one which a man might not use, and answers more nearly to *taboo* than to "holy." Its force is best seen in the phrase, ἱερὰ καὶ ὅσια.

This paper, interesting as it is, still shows the mistake we have alluded to on every page. Mr. Evans speaks of "sacred trees" as though every one of their kind were "sacred," and, indeed, even an image of the leaf. There were in Greece several sacred fig-trees, but it does not follow that "the fig-tree" was sacred, even granting that the deity was embodied in one such tree. The mere fact that fig-trees are associated with Demeter, Dionysus, and Zeus, as he points out himself, ought to have convinced him that it was not the *genus* but the specimen that was "sacred," *i.e.*, belonged to a particular god in a particular place. Other trees are sacred too; and if a tree is seen within an enclosure it is neither more nor less likely to be sacred because it is a fig-tree. So again doves are associated with Zeus and Aphrodite, they are even soothsayers, but they are no more sacred than a priest. Both belong to the god, but neither is the god; and it is the last idea, that doves are the god, which seems to be hidden in Mr. Evans's mind when he speaks of the dove-cult. Once started on this track there is no saying when a man will stop. Mr. Evans not only regards trees, pillars, and rude stones as

* THE MYCENÆAN TREE AND PILLAR CULT, AND ITS MEDITERRANEAN RELATIONS. With illustrations from recent Cretan finds. By Arthur J. Evans, M.A., F.S.A. With a coloured plate and seventy figures in the text. Macmillan. 5s.

objects of worship (and as being "inseparable"), but he sanctifies the axe itself as "the actual material shape of the divinity." We know Ares could give strength to the weapons of his worshippers, but a divinity of such diverse actual material shape as tree, pillar, rude stone, and axe we have not yet come across. Indeed, the axe on one gem is "something more than a mere symbol." It needs to be so, seeing that Mr. Evans sees the god here in one corner and his "symbol, the actual material shape" of him, in the centre. This particular "symbol" also, being ornamented with a ridge on each blade, he regards as the symbol of a divine pair. He supports this novel idea by a coin of Tenedos, which has a double axe on one side and a double head on the other, as if it were necessary for the two sides of a coin to represent the same thing. All this of the double axe is so much wasted breath, for Mr. Evans has no evidence to prove his case. This axe was a common thing in Greece, and is found dedicated to several different gods—Zeus, Artemis, Dionysus, Apollo. The axes found in the cave of Dicte, therefore, prove nothing; they were not symbolic when offered to Artemis, and they cannot be assumed to be so when offered to Zeus; they were no more symbolic than the hundreds of other objects found along with them. The axes carved on a pillar in Cnossos do not stand alone; there are a dozen other signs carved on the walls, and these Mr. Evans has himself explained as literary symbols. On this unsafe foundation is based the identification of the Cnossian palace as the Labyrinth. When we see how loosely Mr. Evans handles this evidence, we are less inclined to trust his opinion about pillars. He is over-fanciful in thinking the legs, or at least the central leg, of a table or altar was specially sacred; he leaps from a round oblong stone to a round pillar, and thence to a square pillar, without feeling it necessary to prove that what is true of one must be true of the others. He flies off on the wings of this fancy again when he hints that pillars actually supporting a roof might be worshipped because the god was the Pillar of the House. Equally poetic and equally without proof is the term "horns of consecration," which he uses of a three-pronged or two-pronged object, which, placed upon the altar or wall, was used to support an ox-head or other offering. Is it meant that this stand could have the effect of consecrating or making holy any object placed upon it? If so, we ask for proof; if not, this title, like the House of the Double Axe, is another instance of Mr. Evans's fatal facility in phrase-making.

Although we cannot grant Mr. Evans his numerous assumptions, and therefore reserve our judgment as regards both pillars and trees, we hasten to add that this essay has an interest in its very complete collection of illustrative parallels from stones and gems of the Mycenæan age. Mr. Evans hopes to publish a comprehensive work dealing with these. We hope he will do so, and that he will, as much as possible, keep clear of theories.

SIR ROBERT MURDOCH-SMITH.*

Mr. W. K. Dickson's account of the life of Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch-Smith is an unbroidered summary of the life of a valuable public servant, and has a special interest for archæologists. Sir Robert's own archæological researches, the story of which occupies nearly half the book, were all undertaken when he was still only a young lieutenant in the Engineers. After having won golden opinions at Chatham, which even the crime of turning up in safety after he had been officially reported to be drowned did not seriously disturb, he was selected in the autumn of 1856, when he was just twenty-one, to command the detachment of sappers which accompanied Sir Charles Newton's archæological expedition to Asia Minor. Few expeditions of the kind have been more splendidly successful, since it resulted in the discovery and safe transport to England of the sculptures which now occupy the Mausoleum Room at the British Museum. In finding and securing these the young lieutenant of Engineers played no small part, and the letters here published show that it was he who first pointed out the actual site of the Mausoleum, and that it was his report, with its accompanying drawings, which provided the key to the restoration of the building. Hardly less credit is due to him for the skill by which, sometimes with hastily improvised and very insufficient materials, he got the bulky treasures on board ship. The great lion of Cnidus was a peculiarly difficult find to deal with, and more than twelve pages are here occupied with the report of how it was safely raised, transported, and embarked from a rocky coast. Fortunately at this time, so soon after the Crimean War, the work of exploration was greatly aided by the friendliness of the Turks, a captain of a small Turkish man-of-war once refusing payment for some planks with the remark, "What is Turkish is English, there is now no difference." Even the fact that each small land-owner had to be treated with separately before the ground could be broken up, did not seriously hinder the exploration, for by the simple if tedious process of mining underneath his property it was demonstrated that the antiquities could be unearthed without his aid, and the liberal terms offered were then gladly accepted. When the Halicarnassus expedition was ended, and eighteen months had been spent in garrison duty at Malta, Lieutenant Murdoch-Smith turned again to archæological research, undertaking, mainly at his own expense, a reconnoitring expedition to the Cyrenaica. Here there were no surface-rights to be bargained for, but an obstacle of a different kind in the shape of fanatical Bedouins. This expedition also was a success, nearly a hundred and fifty pieces of sculpture and thirty-three inscriptions being secured and safely embarked despite the blackmailing attempts of a certain Sheikh who was finally defeated by the goodwill which the little English party had won from other Arabs. Before he was twenty-six Murdoch-Smith had thus served his apprenticeship in dealing with Orientals, and this stood him in good stead when in 1863 he was sent to Persia to help in superintending the construction of a telegraph line in connection with the Indo-European telegraph system. The situation with which he and his colleagues were confronted was unsatisfactory enough. The employment of only one English officer had been provided for in the Convention between England and Persia, and when Sir John Champain was accompanied by three officers and twelve non-commissioned officers, besides six civilians, suspicion was naturally aroused. As Murdoch-Smith afterwards expressed it, "a line of 1,250 miles, through an extremely difficult country, had by hook or by crook to be made with Persian materials, at Persian expense, by a handful of foreigners whom every man in the kingdom from the Shah downwards then regarded as pestilent interlopers." Made it was, however, and speedily proved so profitable that the Englishmen, when their time was up, were begged to stay, and in 1865 Murdoch-Smith was appointed by the Shah as Director of the Persian Telegraph at Teheran. He held this post for twenty-three years, gaining the confidence of Shah and people in a unique degree, greatly to the advancement of English interests in Persia. The habit in rural districts of using the poles and insulators of the telegraph as targets for ball practice gave him immense trouble, but he surmounted this like other obstacles, and kept his line in splendid order. In 1873, at the request of Sir Henry Cole, he expended a modest hundred pounds for objects of Persian art for the South Kensington Museum, and thereafter was chiefly instrumental in building up the magnificent Persian collection the Museum now possesses. He thus gained for himself a new reputation, which was deservedly recognised by his appointment to the Directorship of the Edinburgh Museum when his service in Persia was at last over. That his biographer and son-in-law only won his friendship in this last stage of his life is a misfortune for his book, more especially as comparatively few of Sir Robert's letters from Persia have been preserved. All the same he has compiled an excellent record of a life which, though the best part of it was spent under a foreign government, was certainly from first to last devoted to the service of England.

* The Life of Major-General Sir Robert Murdoch-Smith. By his son-in-law, William Kirk Dickson. Blackwood. 15s.

ELEMENTARY PHYSICS.*

THIS book will be found useful to teachers and students. It discusses the fundamental units of length, mass, time, area, volnme, and density in a most able manner. The selected experiments are sufficiently numerous to give a clear meaning to the text; although we wish that the diagrams of the apparatus were better. The chapters on Mass and Time are very good. Most young students find a difficulty in distinguishing between Mass and Weight. The chapter on Time should also clear away any foggy notions as to the meaning of this idea. We particularly like the way in which the authors explain the words Law, Hypothesis, and Fact. Again and again we meet people whose scientific training has been so loose that the so-called Laws of Nature are continually confused with the causes of the things which happen in nature. As the authors very properly remark: "A body does not remain at rest or continue to move in a straight line, *because* of the first Law of Newton." A "Law," as a command, says "this or that shall or shall not be." The laws of nature do not tell us why certain events take place; but only "how they seem to ns to happen." We are continually pleading for exact physical conceptions of phenomena. We must be careful that our expression of them is just as exact. This small book will assist the reader therein.

FLORENTINE HISTORY.†

WE owe to Madame Villari this pleasant translation of the last of her distinguished husband's books on the history of Florence. In some aspects the book is a new departure for its author, for it deals with the *origines* of a history which he had hitherto studied chiefly in its later stages. The publication of the books of Hartwig, Perrens, and Capponi, seem to have fired the veteran historian of Florence to show that he also had begun at the begining, and burrowed into archæology and antiquities. The volume before us is a collection of lectures and articles written during the last thirty or forty years, and not always we think fully revised. It contains an exhaustive examination of the constitution of the Florentine republic, a lengthy discussion of the legends of Roman origin, and a sketch of early Florentine history up to the exile of Dante. On all these subjects a very great deal has been published since Signor Villari delivered his lectures, and it is not clear that he has fully revised what he has written in the light of recent investigations. He criticises M. Perrens with considerable freedom, but the passages in which he refers to the most recent writers strike us as being rather of the nature of excrescences on the book. As it is, however, for English readers there is nothing to replace Signor Villari's volume.

HISTORICAL BOOKS.

(1) SAVONAROLA. By Rev. George M'Hardy, D.D. T. and T. Clark. 3s.

(2) SWALLOWFIELD AND ITS OWNERS. By Lady Russell. Longmans. 42s. net.

(3) AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE. By W. W. Woodward. Cambridge University Press. 1s. 6d. net.

(4) THE HISTORY OF SOUTH AFRICA. By the Hon. A. Wilmot, K.S.G. Keegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co., Limited.

(1) Few deliberately popular biographies are satisfactory, and this volume of "The World's Epoch Makers" is more annoying than most. In style it is garrulous, in material flimsy, while its whole tone fails entirely to present a sympathetic picture of the man and his surroundings. It is, indeed, a fundamental distortion of Savonarola to regard him as an epoch maker. In all history there are perhaps few figures as notable as he, who at the same time had less permanent effect. He enjoyed a wonderful influence over his contemporaries in Florence by his eloquence and enthusiasm, and he employed that influence in such a manner that his good sense and good taste will always be matters of dispute. Had he confined himself to the moral and doctrinal duties of a Friar he would have been famous as an unrivalled popular preacher But the interest of Savonarola's life lies in his departure from his proper sphere of action and in his use of his authority for purposes purely political. Dr. M'Hardy gives the reader no idea of the intricate state of Florentine politics, and without a clear grasp of that subject it is impossible to realise the Friar's successes, difficulties, and failures. To the reader of this book, for example, Machiavelli's remark, "Fra Girolamo faceva in Firenzi il diavolo" would be meaningless. We do not care for a work that so obscures the real interest of its subject.

(2) "It is observed that lands in Berkshire are very skittish and often cast their owners," Lady Russell notes in her opening quotation. This restless spirit of the county is certainly the presiding genius of her book. The reader must not expect to sit down to a quiet pastoral tale of Swallowfield, for before he has finished he will find he has traversed far-off portions of the globe with its owners. Nor is it merely to its owners that he is introduced, but to any friend or relation who may happen to be of eminence. Indeed, the tie which binds to Swallowfield many of the persons and subjects that appear in this book is curiously slender. Portraits are given of John Evelyn, Horace Walpole, and others because they were guests, a delightful engraving of the Frost Fair of 1684 is reproduced because the Clarendons visited it, several pages are devoted to the Overbury case, because the father of Sir Thomas Overbury's wife had held Swallowfield some 30 years before the trial took place. With a very slight increase of ingenuity Lady Russell could, no doubt, have brought in a discussion on W. H's. identity, and traced the development of logarithms. We do not intend this to be a hostile criticism, for we have enjoyed much of this strangely varied collection of men and matters. From the time the Manor passed into the hands of the second Earl of Clarendon, its history is full of general interest, and Lady Russell tells it very pleasantly. Especially successful is her story of the grandfather of Lord Chatham, who went "a pirating or at best a interloping" in India, and returned with the famous Pitt Diamond, and a crusty temper. A chapter on Napoleon at St. Helena attempts to show that the Emperor was not treated badly, but the evidence is too indirect to be quite convincing. It is, however, useless to begin to mention any subjects in detail. The book as a whole is good reading, and possesses the charm that belongs to work which has obviously been a source of pleasure to the writer.

(3) Mr. Woodward's object in writing this book has been to provide schools and training colleges with a primer of British Colonial history. We have no fault to find with his manner of fulfilling it. He tells his tale briefly and well, and explains when necessary the conflicting views of the Mother Country and her Colonies with admirable sense. It is, for example, refreshing not to be told that the Navigation Acts were the product of an ignorant generation to whom the mysteries of economics were not yet revealed. To schools where history is but little taught we would recommend this volume as a "holiday task," for it contains shortly a story of which no Englishman who wishes to understand the present position of the British Empire can be ignorant.

(4) This last of Mr. Wilmot's books suffers from the fact that the author is a politician and not a historian. He seems to be unable to tear his mind away from momentary controversies and prejudices, and regard his subject from the lofty external standpoint from which alone he could view it in historical proportion. We dislike this book. South African history is a tragedy which becomes merely revolting when narrated in a spirit of partisanship, and clothed in the language of newspaper articles. The Raid, we are taught, was an expedition of "brave lads" sent on a noble mission to over-

* INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF PHYSICS. VOL I. GENERAL PHYSICAL MEASUREMENTS. By A. F. Walden, M.A., and J. J. Manley. Black.

† THE TWO FIRST CENTURIES OF FLORENTINE HISTORY. By Professor Pasquale Villari. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

throw "a corrupt oligarchy, or in other words Krngerism." After its failure, see with what sort of justice the high-minded Reformers were treated. "Immense sums were wrung from the men of the 'Reform Committee,' first in prison, where they had to pay heavily for even the necessaries of life, and subsequently when condemned to extortionate fines for committing the heinous crime of endeavouring to throw off the yoke of one of the most corrupt and arbitrary oligarchies whose rule ever covered the name of Republic with disgrace." This book lacks all the essentials of history—style, imagination, calm judgment, and magnanimity.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) STUDIES IN CEREMONIAL. Essays illustrative of English Ceremonial. By the Rev. Vernon Staley. Mowbray. 3s.

(2) LEISURABLE STUDIES. By the Rev. T. H. Passmore. Longmans. 4s.

(3) THE SONG OF SONGS. Selections from the Sermons of S. Bernard. With notes and introductions by Bruce Blaxland. Methuen. 2s.

(4) THE PRAYER BOOK: ITS HISTORY, LANGUAGE, AND CONTENTS. By Evan Daniel. Twentieth Edition. Wells Gardner. 6s.

(5) THE ART OF BUILDING A HOME. A collection of lectures and illustrations by Barry Parker and Raymond Unwin. Longmans. 10s. 6d.

(6) THE OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY. Edited by J. H. Murray. Kaiser—Kyx. Clarendon Press. 5s.

(7) OWEN GLYNDWR AND THE LAST STRUGGLE FOR WELSH INDEPENDENCE. By Arthur Granville Bradley. Putnam. 5s.

(8) THE MARQUESS OF SALISBURY. By W. F. Aitken. Partridge. 1s. 6d.

(9) LETTERS FROM JOHN CHINAMAN. Brimley Johnson. 1s.

(10) MONETARY PROBLEMS AND REFORMS. By C. H. Swan, jun. Putnam. 4s.

(1) We hope we are not unduly optimistic in thinking that the time has gone by when the summer holidays of Anglican priests filled their congregations with legitimate dread as to what fresh Neo-Roman practices they might bring back with them from France or Belgium. Within the last few years, thanks mainly to the labours of a little band of ecclesiologists, there has been a marked increase in knowledge of how considerably the modern Roman ceremonial has developed from that to which Anglican churchmen make their appeal. It only remains now for this knowledge to be applied to some practices which were introduced into English churches when the true state of the case was less well understood. Towards this consummation Mr. Vernon Staley's little book, *Studies in Ceremonial*, offers a useful help. While its pages bear abundant evidence of his own researches, its conclusions are in agreement with those of such trustworthy antiquaries as Mr. St. John Hope and Dr. Wickham Legg, and it may be welcomed as a useful epitome of much recent work. Among the innovations against which Mr. Staley protests are the use of more than two altar-lights (the evidence here is profuse and overwhelming), of the silken chalice-veil, of the stiffened chalice-pall, and of the Italian biretta. He shows also that genuflection (as opposed to inclination) during the Canon was not ordered in the Roman missal before 1570; that there is no English authority for using the sign of the cross at the end of the Apostle's creed, and in the case of the Nicene creed none save at Lincoln; and lastly that the Epistle should be read with the reader's face towards the congregation, who should listen to it not kneeling, but seated. Two other essays give the true authority for bowing at the name of Jesus (as opposed to the popular theory which bases it on a misrendering of Philippians ii. 10), and for bowing to the altar on entering and leaving church. All these points have been dealt with by other writers, but Mr. Staley summarises and illustrates them very happily, and his book is a contribution to intelligent uniformity.

(2) One of the essays in Mr. T. H. Passmore's *Leisurable Studies* is also devoted to ceremonial eccentricities. It is entitled "Silly Ritual," and deals with the "Elevation of the Alms Dish," "Incessionals" and "Recessionals," the "Ely Confession, which consists in setting one's sins to music," and other observances beloved of "Moderate Churchmen," which are every whit as unauthorised and objectionable as those against which Mr. Staley protests. Unhappily, in this essay, as in most of the rest of his studies, Mr. Passmore writes with a rollicking humour, ill suited to his subject. We have no great love for harvest festivals and their accompanying decorations, but there is nothing gained by writing of them as "Harvest Orgies," and here and elsewhere, notably in an essay on "The 'Religious Woman,'" Mr. Passmore shows a plentiful lack of good taste. On the other hand, clever touches may be found throughout the book, and the essays on preaching and reading the lessons are both excellent. What, for instance, could be better than this short passage on reading aloud?—

> The object of reading is neither to proclaim one's own incompetence nor to advertise one's own ability. It is to impress upon one's hearers the true inwardness of the thing read, to provide the writer with a *persona* or mouthpiece, that he may speak; to give a book life and a tongue; to draw the heart out of a printed page, as one might charm the soul out of an instrument of music, and identifying it with one's own heart, to open it to the people; to take up the harp of language, and declare upon it the dark speech of those long-silenced voices through whose divers tones the Eternal Wisdom spake in days of old. It is the honoured cunning of the drama, pressed into the all-cogent service of the Church. And as with the drama so with this, whereas it is the essence of excellence in other arts and crafts to accentuate one's own identity, to be as distinctly as possible oneself, it is in the art of Reading all paramount to efface one's personality and assume another's; to be for the nonce that other, and not oneself.

There may be a touch too much rhetoric here, but (save in the line and a half of blank verse) it is good rhetoric and well employed, and a whole world removed from the smart jocularities which Mr. Passmore elsewhere affects.

(3) The latest addition to Messrs. Methuen's pretty little "Library of Devotion" is a selection from S. Bernard's sermons on *The Song of Songs*, edited with a brief life of the saint by the Rev. Bruce Blaxland. The sermons, which were begun in a brief interval of quiet in 1135 "in a bower formed of a trellis covered with sweet peas," were never completed, and S. Bernard's method is so far from being that of a commentator that there is no unfairness in presenting them in a selection. Those here printed comprise about one-third of the whole number, and are given in the English translation of the Rev. A. R. T. Eales.

(4) The twentieth edition of Canon Daniel's *The Prayer-book: its History, Language, and Context*, contains many new notes, a translation of the Canon from the Sarum Missal in parallel columns with the corresponding parts of the first Prayer-book of Edward VI., the reports of the two Convocations on fasting communion, and many other additions. The information given on all points connected with the Prayer-book is now very full, and the general care and caution by which it is marked sufficiently account for the attainment of a twentieth edition.

(5) The title of Messrs. Parker and Unwin's *The Art of Building a Home* gives, as a title should, though it seldom does, the keynote of their book. Simplicity, reality, and fitness are insisted on by both writers as the prime requisites in architecture, and the sixty-eight illustrations from their own designs show their success in carrying their doctrines into practice. Mr. Parker, in his lecture on "Our Education in Art," protests against the conventional and stereotyped nature of modern training in architecture. Even the study of the great buildings of the past may easily, he thinks, be pushed to excess, since it encourages lifeless imitations in place of original work. His own advice to the student is to become saturated with knowledge of beautiful form in nature itself, and to apply this in his own way to the requirements and difficulties that each task presents. Like other architects, Messrs. Parker and Unwin have found their chief opportunities in designing for wealthy clients, but in their lectures and

in some of their plates they give plans for comparatively inexpensive cottages, as well as some very interesting designs for co-operative dwellings and villages. Their book fairly deserves to be called a fascinating one, and will set most readers of it dreaming of the homes they would like to build.

(6) The new double part (Kaiser—Kyx) of the *Oxford English Dictionary* is a little less interesting than usual, "K" yielding more than its fair share of the exotic words which have shorter and less fascinating histories than those which have grown up with the English language. Numerous as they are, however, Dr. Murray asserts in his preface that it would have been easy to double their number, if every such word occurring in English books, or current in the English of Colonies and Dependencies, had been admitted, and that his constant effort has been to keep down, rather than to exaggerate, this part of the "White Man's Burden." Despite this jealous care not lightly to accept foreign intrusions, the five volumes of the Dictionary which this part completes (letters A—K) explain 106,696 main words, the grand total when subordinate words and combinations are added being 167,234. This is about seventy per cent. more than any previous dictionary has recorded.

(7) *Owen Glyndwr* falls a good deal below the level of most of the other "Heroes of the Nations," but Mr. A. G. Bradley has written a very readable book about him, with an introduction and postscript sufficient to make it serve also as a sketch of Welsh history. There is a rather painful up-to-dateness about Glyndwr's struggle against English supremacy. Henry IV. anticipated the modern policy of making war by proclamation; his armies marched through Wales, and his foe re-occupied each district as soon as they quitted it; he suffered severely from the faithlessness of men who surrendered and again took up arms, and there was an abundance of "unfortunate accidents" and stories of lost convoys. To complete the parallel, the one hope of the Welsh was in the impatience which the expense of the war provoked in England; but the struggle was really hopeless from the first, and this, as Mr. Bradley sees, is Glyndwr's greatest condemnation. For a brief period he was really Prince of Wales able to write to the King of France as one potentate to another, and to show some signs of constructive ability in the bargain he tried to make with the Avignon Pope, which included the foundation of two Welsh universities. But he was essentially only a guerilla chief, rivalling the English in his devastations, and the struggle, which originated in the unjust seizure of Glyndwr's estates, brought nothing but misery to Wales. Yet, if hardly an heroic, he is at least a very picturesque figure in Welsh history, and Mr. Bradley tells his story so as to do him full justice.

(8) Mr. Aitken's *The Marquess of Salisbury* is a disappointing addition to the "New Century Leader Series," several volumes of which have been rather clever little essays in contemporary biography. As far as promise is concerned his book is more ambitious than its fellows, its title-page announcing a study of Lord Salisbury's "inherited characteristics, political principles, and personality." But the programme is scrappily carried out, without any historical grip or happiness of expression, and we can only rate the biography as a tolerable piece of bookmaking.

(9) We suppose that it is courteous to accept the anonymous *Letters from John Chinaman* as of Chinese authorship, but we can see no reason, if so, why the author should withhold his no doubt euphonious name, nor is there anything in the letters which could not be written by a European with any skill in looking at things from a foreign standpoint. This particular gift can hardly be said to be rare in England at the present time, and whatever their authorship these "Letters" will provoke excuses rather than angry denial from most Englishmen into whose hands they may fall. Their contention is that European interference has brought the Chinese little but misery, that the trade we are anxious to force on them will not increase their happiness, and that the sum total of European intercourse does not make for the spread of Christianity. We could produce an answer, of a kind, to each of these points, but it would need a skilful apologist to drive "John Chinaman" from the field, though in these "Letters" he rather weakens his case by exaggerating his countrymen's virtues.

(10) After a preliminary dissertation on the origin of money, Mr. C. H. Swan devotes his pamphlet on *Monetary Problems and Reforms* to a denunciation of fiat money, and all systems of legal tender, and then to a proposal for an international coinage with a twenty-five shilling piece as its basis. We do not think that his coinage will ever come into existence, or that the use of silver token money in a fixed ratio to gold is likely to be abandoned for one in which the number of shillings to a pound might vary from month to month. To Mr. Swan, the condition of the coinage under Charles II. seems "not unnatural," though the guinea, coined to be a twenty shilling piece, was then habitually current for twenty-one shillings and over, even up to thirty shillings, when the silver coins were exceptionally rare. It is difficult to say what is, or what is not, to be called "natural" with regard to such an essentially artificial thing as money, but if business men had found the system convenient, Locke's reform of the currency would never have been attempted.

FICTION.

The Story of Eva. By Will Payne. Constable. 6s.—There are three ways of taking the *Story of Eva*, and out of any of them there is profit to be got. It strikes one first as an unusually impartial and therefore wholesome study of American social strata, with a special eye to the women who earn little more than daily bread in a life of hard, dull monotony as typewriters, cashiers, clerks, in the monster offices of the monster cities. And next it draws one into the heart of that much-vexed problem of our day—the rights and wrongs of the woman who, finding her marriage a failure, breaks away and takes up again the position of independence. Eva having cast off the yoke of Emory Soden, begins by feeling that she owes it to herself, if not to him, to keep all other men at a distance so long as he lives. When she lapses from this sound position it is under pressure of two considerations which, though casuistical, are of fine inspiration. She is told that Emory Soden has married again, and that before doing so he obtained the bill of divorce which, according to American law, sets her free. That is point one. Point second is that Philip Marvin cannot manage his life without her. He is poor and constitutionally helpless. Giving herself to him, she will continue to earn her own living, for she will not do the doubtful deed for any worldly reward. And, moreover, as the divorce rests merely on hearsay, she will not go through a marriage ceremony which may turn out, after all, to be an empty form. All the risk shall be hers. Her nature is the motherly one—she must always be giving, protecting, helping. And, so long as she is the one who gives, she feels innocent But very soon after her surrender the wheel of fortune turns, and Philip is a rich man. It is now for him to protect, help, make sacrifices, and show a fine consideration for Eva, whose homely origin puts her at a disadvantage in the smart hotel, and among the fine people into whose midst she is transplanted. Philip fails in his part, Eva blunders in hers. They grow apart, and she becomes conscious of the weakness and the shame of her position. She is not his wife, only his mistress and he would do better now without her. Then Soden turns up again, making a new trouble in which Philip cannot help her. Eva, noble and generous through all, stumbles through her complicated circumstances and finds the way out, according to her nature, in serving and loving. And in the end Soden dies, tended at the last by Eva, and Philip returns to his loyalty and marries her before her child is born. So much for two threads of interest in the book. The third string is the character of Philip Marvin as the son of a family of decadent gentlefolk living in "a welter of inertia" the results of which are hateful to him, but against which he has no power to react helpfully. He is, in fact, like his people—only capable of offering a dumb and inoperative resistance to

circumstance. One is made to feel that this hereditary inertia is at the root of his failure to play the man's part towards Eva in the difficulties of their life in the hotel; and that the saving quality in Eva is precisely the opposite to this. She can always do something to help somebody, and, in doing it, she unconsciously helps herself to recover from her mistakes —even the great mistake that so mysteriously became a crime when her circumstances changed. The book is extremely clever. But it is rather too monotonous in manner and matter, and its best meanings are possibly too subtle to reach the average reader through a medium so opaque.

The Westerners. By Stewart A. White. Constable. 6s.—The power displayed in the early part of *The Westerners* is such as to leave us extremely intolerant of its weak conclusion. Something of the struggle of two races on the frontiers of a nation and on the battle-ground of a man's nature is finely suggested in the first chapters which deal with Michaïl Lafond, the half-breed. There is sincerity and vitality in the conception of his long hatred for the men who, on account of his race, have refused him companionship on the journey across the plains. The portrait of the one woman in that rough group of men, the self-sacrificing wife of the intent scientist, is one of exquisite pathos, while incidentally we have some spirited sketches of Western America in pioneer times. The most impressive scene is that which shows General Custer on the field of Little Big Horn, dead, defeated, yet "seeing with closed eyes that at which he smiled with deep content," seeing the ultimate triumph of his race. The influence of that battlefield on the man of mixed white and Indian blood is traced with singular insight, and we seem on the verge of a truly masterly study of the perilous, crossing strains in a subtle and savage nature. Lafond uses his Indian allies to deal death to the household of the innocent scientist, saving the child for slower and completer vengeance; "the depriving each man of that which he prizes the most." Unfortunately, there is a sad drop into the obvious in the development of his relations with the girl, who is at once victim and instrument of his revenge, and in the girl's conquest of the mining camp. Molly herself and her would-be compelling lover, who compels nothing and nobody, do not compensate for the sudden collapse of Lafond's psychological drama. When the half-breed takes up his vengeance again, enmeshing one of his enemies in a mining scandal, he degenerates into the conventional villain, and his death at the hands of his old allies for a crime he has *not* committed is an inconsequence which deprives that terrible catastrophe of tragic force. In the mining parlance with which he makes us familiar, Mr. White's story does not pan out well.

Royal Georgie. By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen. 6s.—*Royal Georgie* is a romance in Mr. Baring-Gould's most characteristic manner, full of spirit, crude at some points, beautiful at others; having some scenes that suggest comparison with Shakespeare and others in which the level of serious comedy is ignominiously deserted for that of the farce or burlesque. The scene is Dartmoor, and to all West Country people, at any rate, the description of the "drift" and the "raid" will be delightful. The time is that of the accession of George IV., and the heroine, Georgiana Thirkleby, is the King's illegitimate daughter. That is the open secret of the book and the real secret of the girl's uncle and guardian, the Rev. Josiah Thirkleby, vicar of Welcombe. Thirkleby is a parson of a most disreputable type; sometime chaplain and boon companion of the Prince of Wales, now sent away into the wilds with the child he is to bring up and the secret that has to be kept. He resents his treatment and threatens to make capital out of some scandalous reminiscences of old days. Sir Thomas Tyrwhit, another old friend of the King, points out to him that the action he contemplates is that of a blackguard. Thirkleby offers to sell him the MS. in the King's interest for £10,000. Tyrwhit goes to London to get authority to conclude the bargain. But in the same night Thirkleby dies, and the papers pass into the keeping of Georgie. The girl is a typical Baring-Gould heroine. Untutored and undisciplined, with a high spirit and a rough tongue, she holds her own against a succession of suitors, but she does not win the reader's affection until the right man turns up, and she softens into womanliness. In the matter of the MS. she behaves like a lady and a woman of honour, and well deserves the tribute Sir Thomas Tyrwhit pays to her loyalty.

Herb of Grace. By Rosa Nouchetta Carey. Macmillan. 6s. —Under the pretty title, *Herb of Grace*, Miss Rosa Nouchetta Carey tells a story of several lovers who make mistakes and repent of them, and prove by patience, constancy, and sweet-reasonableness that there is healing for most heart-wounds, and sometimes comfort in second choices. We could not quite conscientiously say that Malcolm Herrick is not a bit of a prig, or that the perfections of the sisters Templeton do not at times oppress us. We must protest also—in a day when thirty is no age at all—against the fuss made about Elizabeth's years. But we like Elizabeth and reverence Dinah, and are heartily grateful to Herrick for getting young Templeton out of his scrapes. The book will do excellently as a gift-book for girls. Boys, we fear, will rebel against the pointedness of its morals and the excess of its feminine detail. Which is a pity, for to boys rather than girls the intention of the plot should speak.

The Romance of a Hill Station, and Other Stories.—By Valete. Pictured by F. M. Minns. Fisher Unwin.—This is a collection of very short and slight stories, chiefly of Indian life. They are told with grace and poignancy, and pleasantly flavoured with sentiment. We gather from the title-page that the volume is a "first attempt." It is, however, an attempt of the kind that may be called a success, and will bear to be repeated. The illustrations are charmingly delicate.

MAGAZINES.

Mr. Shebbeare's article in the *Contemporary Review* on the "Intellectual Strength of the Low Church Position" is rather misleading in its title, as it is chiefly an appeal to High Churchmen to state categorically the precise meaning they attach to their teaching on the Sacraments. The article is written by "a loyal member of the Low Church Party," but it aims at approaching High Churchmen with full recognition of the many points they have in common. It is impossible here to answer the questions raised except in the most cursory way, but we can assure Mr. Shebbeare that as the High Church party ground their teaching concerning the Sacraments upon definite statements and commands of Christ Himself, we can quite echo his consolatory conviction that "Truth is great and will prevail." To Mr. Shebbeare's question that "if Faith can do all things, how can there remain any additional miracles over and above which only Sacraments can work"? we can only reply that, taking his word "miracles" to mean essential effects upon the soul, it is because Christ has chosen to make Baptism and the Lord's Supper conditions of obtaining certain gifts from Him. Whether people can obtain the same gifts without obeying these commands we cannot pretend to be so certain as Mr. Shebbeare seems to be. But professing as we do to follow the teaching of Christ, we are bound to believe that not faith in the Sacraments but faithful reception of them is the way that he has chosen for us. Mr. Shebbeare also complains of "vagueness" on the part of High Churchmen in their definition of what "Eucharistic teaching means," while at the same time he finds fault with those who attempt to put it into words. Surely, however little he may agree with either the English Church Union Declaration or with Canon Gore's book, "The Body of Christ," he has no right to assert that High Churchmen shirk definition. We fear in his haste to ask questions he has no time to read the answers. Mr. Thomas Holmes's paper on "The Making of Hooligans" is full of suggestion as to the successful treatment of the

rough element in our towns. His practical knowledge of the class and his experience of the results of the various methods of dealing with the culprits has led him to believe more in prevention than in increase of punishment. The "insufferable homes" that they come from, the natural unruly instincts of youth allied to total absence of training, point to the necessity of finding some counteracting influences. Extension of school life till sixteen, municipal playgrounds with organised games on the one hand, with fair rents and fair chances of cleanliness and decency, and with certain alterations of the liquor laws on the other, make up Mr. Holmes's programme. Coming as these suggestions do from one so intimately acquainted with the class, they should be allowed their full weight, though not, it may be, to the exclusion of other aspects of the subject.

Mr. Archibald Colquhoun writes in the *Monthly Review* on "Manchuria in Transformation." In the course of a journey up the Amur river and along the line of the Trans-Siberian railway, he has been studying Russia's method of dealing with the enormous slice of territory which she is assimilating in the Far East. The difficulty of maintaining order on and beyond the new frontier is a huge one, and is only overcome at a staggering cost. In Trans-Baikalia, Amuria, the Primorsk Province and Manchuria, an army of two hundred thousand men is quartered, and Mr. Colquhoun mentions that at Khabarovsk, through which he passed a few months ago, there were no fewer than twenty-nine generals. Enormous sums are being spent on war materials, railway supplies, fortifications, and the whole machinery of commerce. The Russification of the huge tract of new territory is being rapidly effected by the Government, which spares no pains or money to secure colonists of the right sort. Neither Finns, Poles, or Germans are eligible; only pure Russians are chosen. To each male colonist is given a piece of land of thirty *dessyatines*, with agricultural implements and a grant of money. The weak point in this great colonisation scheme seems to be that, as the Government is the author and controller of everything, the colonist has no particular incentive to industry; and Mr. Colquhoun tells us that, as a rule, the farmers are daunted by the extent of their farms, and prefer to doze in the verandah, hiring native labour to produce the bare necessaries of existence. If this is so the colony can hardly be expected to repay the vast initial expenditure, and Russia may yet find that she has saddled herself with a burden that is the reverse of a strength to her. Mr. Colquhoun is right, however, in regretting the absence of any British traders along the new line, where German and French traders are already establishing themselves.

The place of honour in the *Fortnightly* is given to an article on "The two Presidents and the limits of American Supremacy," and following it is an article by Mr. Geoffrey Langtoft on "Assassination," in which he attempts, not very successfully, to prove that organised assassination is a fruit of Socialism. Socialism consists of so many separate divisions, each of which repudiates the others, that, even if the point were proved we do not quite see what value it would have as a solution of the Anarchist difficulty. That, as we have before pointed out, is a fruit of social, not socialist, evils, and can only be remedied by an elevation and purification of the whole social system. "A Diplomat" writes instructively on "British Statesmanship," which he blames for our loss of national prestige. The sudden change in our attitude towards Turkey is certainly humiliating if we take "Diplomat's" view of it. The case against the reduction of Irish seats is ably stated by Mr. Swift MacNeill, who very properly accuses Mr. Chamberlain of wishing to uphold the letter of the Act of Union when it is in his own favour, and to disregard its spirit when it is in favour of Ireland. Mr. MacNeill quotes from Mr. Chamberlain's earlier speeches some very telling remarks in condemnation of his present policy. But it is only too easy to confront Mr. Chamberlain with criticisms from his own lips. The Earl of Mayo writes interestingly on "Ireland and the Budget," and Mr. H. G. Wells continues his somewhat dreary "Anticipations."

We have only space to call attention to a very important article in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, by Dr. H. R. Percival, on Canon Gore's book, "The Body of Christ." When we remember the position Dr. Percival occupies in the American Church, and some of the things which have been said of Canon Gore's book at home, it is consoling to read that "it marks an epoch which cannot fail to be of the greatest importance to the Church of England—viz., the coming together again of what threatened to be two separate factions of the historic High Church party of the Anglican Communion."

International Art Notes is a monthly magazine worthy of the support of painters and all amateurs of art. It has a brief record of all matters coming within the scope of its title, and is illustrated with small but excellent reproductions of paintings and sculpture.

The Playgoer makes its first appearance this month as "an illustrated monthly magazine of the stage and all amusements." It is edited by Mr. Fred Dangerfield, and consists chiefly of articles on, and photographs of, actors and current theatrical productions. The price is 6d.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

NEW TESTAMENT CRITICISM.

SIR,—I will ask your leave briefly to indicate—for I cannot at present do more—on what lines I should reply to the criticisms of "J. A. C." (see PILOT of October 5th) on my article on the Synoptic Gospels.

First, on my own account, I should wish to recognise that all positions are open to criticism, and involve difficulties. But I maintain that the evidence, on the whole, so shapes itself that it is those who deny that the representation of Christ in our Synoptic Gospels is strictly and substantially trustworthy, and not those who affirm it, who do violence to the evidence. And this sort of evidence is all I can ask of history naïvely and popularly written.

Then, coming to "J. A. C.'s" points in detail—

1. I am sure that the internal evidence of the Fourth Gospel, as estimated by Godet, Lightfoot, Westcott, and others, *compels* the conclusion—I cannot use a weaker word—that the composer of it was a contemporary and eye-witness of the events he records. And the external evidence, taken with this, *compels* the conclusion that St. John composed it. I was hoping to deal with the Fourth Gospel at some future time; but I can say at once, up to this point the evidence seems to me overwhelming. Current criticism is often disposed to underrate it ludicrously. We have then a "common tradition," represented in the Synoptic Gospels, of what Jesus said and did, which has all the appearance of having been kept pure; and we have also an intensely individual memory by one aged disciple, recorded when the common tradition had long held the field, and intended to be supplementary and at points, I think, tacitly corrective of the common tradition. This Fourth Gospel bears within it conclusive proof that the aged disciple really recalled the situation which he records as it was, the movement of the actors, the state of parties, the current ideas, etc., but it raises a special difficulty, chiefly because it gives a different colour to our Lord's teaching, both in matter and form. To this difficulty I shall hope to recur at a future date.

2. I wonder if "J. A. C." has realised how much follows from his admission?

3. "J. A. C." can hardly need reminding that the common matter of discourses in St. Matthew and St. Luke, which it is the fashion to ascribe to "the Oracles," has exactly as much and as early authority as St. Mark's Gospel. If anyone can doubt on grounds external or internal that the account of the substance of our Lord's temptations, as given in St. Matthew and St. Luke, really represents a communication of the Lord Himself, I can only differ from him as to the historical probability.

4. On the grounds just stated, and on the comparison of St. Mark xiii. 32 and other passages, I should strenuously maintain the primitive character of Matt. xi. 25-7. Luke x. 21-2.

5. As to the question, If a tabulated list of appearances, such as is given in 1 Cor. xv., was taught to all Christians, why did the Evangelists show such imperfect acquaintance with it—I should reply, certainly such a tabulated list was

taught in the churches founded by St. Paul (see 1 Cor. xv. 1-3 and ver. 11). Certainly St. Luke, the companion of St. Paul, knew what was taught in those churches. Therefore, if his Gospel narrative is independent of it, it is not because he was ignorant of it. Nothing can be more certain than that St. Luke must have known the substance of 1 Cor. xv. 1-11. And any theory to account for the difficult phenomena of the narratives of the appearances must start from recognising this fact. CHARLES GORE.

CATHOLIC—*QUAND MÊME.*

SIR,—Might one with propriety deprecate the division of Christian persons into "Catholics" and "Protestants" on scientific grounds? It is logically fallacious, in that it professes to be exhaustive and dichotomous, while it is nothing of the sort. A duly baptised person is willy-nilly a Catholic. Every Christian person, therefore, has an indefeasible right to one of these two titles; the other may be assumed or rejected at each person's will and pleasure. A "christened man" may call himself and be called by others a "Protestant," but he does not thereby cease to be a Catholic, any more than would a peer of the realm cease to be a nobleman because he handled a bass-broom and called himself a crossing-sweeper.

The Wigwam, Wortham, Diss. E. T. FRERE.
October 13th, 1901.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR ORDERS.

SIR,—Your correspondents, as well as the contributors to the *Commonwealth* symposium, may possibly have revealed some of the causes which contribute to produce the dearth of candidates for Orders. But I am convinced that there exists a more fruitful cause than any mentioned by them. And to understand that cause you must first grasp the fact that the ministry of the Church of England is an old-established *family business.*

Very many of the English parsons are their own patrons; many more are the clients of family patrons, or of patrons who are got at by family influence of one sort or of another. In this way the great majority of English benefices are filled by family nominees. And as a family business the ministry of the Church of England—there is no denying it—has been a highly respectable one. Nay, many of the family parsons are entirely admirable characters—no better have graced the Church. Dedicated from their youth for the "Church," with a "living" awaiting them, they have dropped into their own without being contaminated by professionalism of any sort. They are educated, conscientious gentlemen, free from "shop" and the cant of professionalism, and capable of holding their own with the laity of all classes. As a family business the ministry of the Church of England has done well. But like all family businesses it is proving inadequate to the demands of modern life.

The growth of towns and industrial centres has been more than the family ministry could cope with. It needed more men than the family system could provide for. Under the old placid conditions of life son or relative could succeed to the country family living, and carry on the work; but with a town to minister to, what was the family parson to do? Hire a curate—nothing easier. And voluntary societies, such as the C.P.A. and the A.C.S., came to his assistance, and found him the means whereby to pay his hireling. Still the population increases. And what is he now to do? Hire another curate—then another, and yet another. The good family parson can no more conceive of the supply of hireling priests running short than can his wife conceive of the (just) possibility of a scarcity of cooks. And so during the last fifty years we have been slowly creating a new ministry—a menial outlander one of hireling priests. The old family business still exists, and retains in its hands the vast majority of the benefices of England, but we have also this outlander menial ministry as well. The family business is the creator of the outlander one. Thus were things going on; and the Church of England seemed to be settling down to the belief that there are only two Orders in the Christian ministry—the beneficed and the unbeneficed. It did not seem quite in accordance with her professed faith to be sure, but then, if she faced this question of converting her ministry from a family business into a national and a social one, she would need corporate courage and statesmanship and have to face a difficulty. And the Church of England has no corporate courage nor statesmanship and cannot face a difficulty. Therefore as long as hirelings are forthcoming she does not worry.

But in the meantime two things are happening to the family business. God, in His providence, is slowly depriving it of its endowment. Its income is going down and down and down. The family business is going towards bankruptcy. And at last the Church of England rises to the dignity of corporate action. She forbids the free sale of advowsons, and so helps to complete the ruin of the family business. What she had not sense enough to amend she has at least stupidity enough to ruin.

As a family business the ministry of the Church of England is verging on bankruptcy. And naturally, therefore, the sons of the parsonage no longer recruit the ministry but seek employment elsewhere.

But things have not been still in the outlander ministry. After the number of hireling priests had increased to such an extent that many had to remain hirelings for ten, twenty, or thirty years, certain facts began to be realised by the classes from which these spring—the middle and lower middle. It is becoming understood that, though the Bishop may ordain a man for the work of the ministry in the Church of God, nevertheless, in the Church of England it is the patron or his nominee that is the real master of the situation. Unless you can find a patron you must remain an outlander and a hireling. That fact is now being burnt into the lives of too many who have received "Orders" from English bishops. And the result? Just think. A man has been dedicated by pious parents for the ministry, and he himself thinks that he is led by the providence of God to offer himself for the same. But his parents and himself are outlanders; they don't understand the situation. The man is ordained. The years pass by, and at last he realises that permanent employment can only be given him by some patron. Now begins the tragedy of the ordained soul. Shall he work on quietly and earnestly, and retain his self-respect, or abandon his self-respect, and by wire-pulling and trimming win the smiles of a patron? In some shape or other this tragedy has occurred in countless hireling souls. And the world sees the desiccated and grey hirelings pass their joyless days like shadows upon the family business—and thinks it a bit of a pity. But the real tragedy is not there. These have not become living deaths in vain. They are opening the eyes of men to the real nature of the Church of England ministry. But the real tragedy is to be found within the walls of the vicarage, rectory, canonry, or even palace. There you find too often the deeper and more appalling tragedy of success: men who have obtained their "livings" by selling their souls. So the situation for an outlander priest in the Church of England is just this: he must run the risk of starving his body to save his soul, or of damning his soul to feed his body. No man, therefore, who values his self-respect and his soul's welfare should seek Orders in the Church of England. This, as I have said, is the conviction that is being burnt into the souls of many an ordained man. And so you will find that the sons of the outlander clergy are being placed in all kinds of humble trades and callings rather than being dedicated for the ministry. "Is James going into the Church?" I asked an outlander priest the other day, about his son who is an Oxford undergraduate. "God forbid!" was the prompt answer. A very wicked man, you say. Why? Must the clergy who know the Church from within dedicate their sons to a ministry which demands the sacrifice of self-respect? No; he is a good father at least. And, moreover, it is what every good father is doing who understands the situation. And the number of candidates for Orders would more rapidly decrease, were it not for the existence of a large number of pious ignorant parents. All the men that I know who are now preparing for Orders, are doing so under entirely false impressions. Did they but know!

This then is the situation. The ministry as a family business is decaying—the sons of the parsonage do not recruit it; as an outlander business it is being found out; no self-respecting man will enter it.

And what is the remedy? There is none. The fact that the Church of England has no corporate capacity of any kind except that which comes from its colossal stupidity makes any remedy impossible. But by private initiative? Private action cannot remove the difficulty. Laymen are not going to give their money to increase the revenues of the family business, and if they are foolish enough to do so, they but perpetuate the evil—the continuance of the ministry as a family business. And if the proposal to increase the revenues of the family benefices be no remedy, neither is the proposal to educate poor men a remedy. You may possibly find plenty of men willing to be ordained, if you educate them; willing to abide as hirelings for a time, but they too, if they have any characters, will rebel eventually. And if they do not, their influence in the Church will be on a par with the influence of my Lord Bishop's butler. My Lord's butler is an estimable man. Many of his cronies think he would have made an excellent bishop; nevertheless, it would be too great a comedy to make him the curate of a working class parish. And that is all that private enterprise can hope to do—just to make clerical butlers. Already the ministry of the Church of England is sinking in

the esteem of men who know, but when we shall have increased the number of clerical butlers will it regain the esteem of self-respecting men? No—there is no remedy. We have simply to wait till God in His providence shall have completely ruined the ministry of the Church of England as a family business—then the stupidity of the Church will no longer resist the organisation of the ministry upon a national and righteous basis. Y. CAM.

SIR,—According to "Layman," the dearth of candidates is partly due to the very encouraging fact that a large number of men, otherwise qualified, have not altogether lost their self-respect. I say "not altogether," for their self-respect must be somewhat damaged by their admission of a once desire and an abiding regret for a status or office in which they do not really believe. For, I suppose, the doctrine of Ordination is comprised within that system which, according to your correspondent, was "started three or four hundred years ago" (why not give the exact date?), and is "not found in the New Testament," but has been "deduced from the text by men." One is glad that so many laymen have been saved from insincerity and prevented by their self-respect from taking an office which they would have exercised in a sense contrary to that of the Body conferring it, and one may be allowed to express the earnest hope that such candidates may continue to be scarce.

Mr. E. D. Stone has discovered a very pretty dilemma. The formula of ordination is either a lie, because the ordinee seems to be the same man after ordination as he was before; or else it was never intended to apply to ordination, because it seems to imply a divine insight which is contradicted by the facts. The would-be candidate naturally shrinks from self-impalement; hence the dearth, etc.

But here again, those who do not accept the Apostles' Creed, and who consequently do not believe in the Holy Catholic Church and the Forgiveness of Sins, are really not required to violate their conscience and forfeit their self-respect by becoming candidates for a rite which, to them, is either a farce or an anachronism. And the less they say about what might have been, if, etc., well, the better for their conscience and their self-respect. A. E. ALSTON.

Framingham, Norwich, October 15th, 1901.

SIR,—The problem which is exercising so many minds at present is, no doubt, due to many causes, good and bad. May I suggest seven causes which I believe to be good and genuine?—

1. The first lies, I think, also at the root of another problem—viz., the decrease in the number of laymen who attend church. This is due not to any lack of interest in the work of the Church, or to indifference to the spiritual and eternal. On the contrary, the time and money given to the first were never given more generously or less grudgingly, and the interest in the second is manifest in the conversation and literature of the day, and in what one might term the "note of seriousness," which, despite many other and opposite appearances, is decidedly characteristic of our times. But, rightly or wrongly, the average layman of thought and purpose feels that the Church (*i.e.*, as represented in his particular parish) is out of touch with the realities which so crowd and press his life, and seek some satisfaction, some solution. I think the layman is often right. The clergy are not preachers or theologians; they are not, in a word, "divines." They may be good men, men of strong convictions, men of many activities, but their tone of thought is, alas! not seldom the weak and wearisome *monotone* of tradition and religious conventionalism of teaching and preaching; and within the vicious circle thought stagnates in the ruts of commonplace. The clergy are for the most part parochial "generals," seeking first the working of the parochial machinery, and second the edifying of life.

What men really want are thinkers, students, seekers after truth, men speaking with "the living voice" of knowledge, the power of sympathetic and intelligent interest, the faculty of imagination which can see and appreciate "the other point of view."

But, strangely, the clergy cannot or will not be such, nor will they give the opportunity or encouragement to their subordinate colleagues. Indeed, such a type of colleague is at a discount. "Your divinity degree might be an impediment to you," was said not long since to a man so qualified who was seeking a post as assistant. "I want a curate," said a vicar a little while ago, "who will spend all his time in the parish; it does not matter what sort of a preacher he is." It is the assistant "general" who is at a premium.

Now, of course, the parochial routine is necessary, but surely the quest of truth is also necessary. Why not discriminate between man and man, and give to each the work which most needs him, and to him the work he most needs? At present there is little, if any, specific demand for the scholar or student priest. Is it strange that the supply should show itself so sensitively small and ever diminishing? Is it not an economic law, a natural consequence?

2. It will easily be seen that the outlook for such men is certainly precarious. They are not at any time, apparently, the most sought after, but as time goes on their opportunity grows less, and through no fault of his own such a man may find himself either without work, or, in sheer self-defence, forced to take work for which he is assuredly not quite fitted. Surely intending candidates cannot quite ignore such a consideration.

3. Insecurity of tenure is likely to become a more potent factor in the problem even than at present. An incumbent only too often believes, or acts as if believing, "la paroisse c'est moi." At all events an assistant must seek first to reflect him; there is no room for individuality of thought and action—the first is dangerous, the second disloyal. This is true not only of leading principles upon which, of course, there must be agreement, but even in the pettiness of detail which in no other sphere of life would be thought of. I refrain from illustrations which would sound ludicrous. What wonder that from time to time little rifts appear, and that these become great cleavages until there is left no harmony in the working, no unity in the work of incumbent and assistant? Surely the relationship between such ought to be something different from, and more than that of master and schoolboy. As it is, the assistant soon learns to sink himself, and be and do just what the incumbent requires of him. For the man to whom this is difficult and irksome and, perhaps, impossible, there is only one alternative—move on! Is it strange that men of thought and individuality should shun a position so unnecessarily difficult and so hopeless in prospect?

4. Another cause at work is what I may call the *disease of diocesanism*. Unless a man have private means, or influence, he must, if he wants preferment, confine himself to a particular diocese. In other pursuits experience, wherever acquired, and attainments would avail; in Holy Orders the diocese in which a man works is the limit of their value. So men remaining in a particular diocese find their point of view as limited as their opportunity, and it can hardly be doubted that the Church, as a whole, suffers. Why should men be subject to these arbitrary limits?

5. Inadequacy of remuneration is, doubtless, a cause of the problem. A man beginning work need think but little about the amount, but if a man be allowed to begin, he ought to be enabled to continue, unless there be moral reasons against him; and he ought to be sure of remuneration, increasing with the increase of service and experience. This is notoriously not so at present. Indeed, we know of painful instances to the contrary—cruel and unfair to the victims. Is it strange that men to whom such things matter (and for the majority this must be so) should not care to involve themselves and others in undeserved anxieties and difficulties besetting the winning of the daily bread?

6. The present abuses of self-advertisement are another cause. The best and truest work may be, and often is, that least seen or heard of; but only too frequently is it unmistakably the fact that preferment is given rather to those who make most sound, though they may be but "operosi nihil agendo." Is it strange that men of gentlemanly instincts with their characteristic reserve about themselves should shrink from the thought that they may be obliged to "bulk large" before the eyes of the powers that be?

7. Someone has suggested that a cause of this problem is a loss of the sense of vocation. But if any truth is becoming more and more evident, it is that of the sacredness of life as a whole.

So we need not be surprised if men deterred from taking Holy Orders by some such considerations as those suggested should decide (however they might regret the impossibility of the other alternative) that the obligations of being and doing may be more easily and more adequately fulfilled in other walks of life. TRUTH-SEEKER.

SIR,—As "M. R. H." has quoted in his last issue some statements of mine, made in the *Commonwealth* recently, it is right that I should call attention to the remark which there accompanied them, that I gave my experience merely for what it was worth, and that it might very likely be contradicted by that of others. I am in no sense an "expert," and I do not think that too much weight ought to be attached to statistics from one source alone, and I should not have given mine but for the hope of eliciting similar accounts of facts from others with perhaps wider opportunities of observation. In view of the recent correspondence in THE PILOT, I may perhaps say

that the letter of "Layman" in your last issue, in regard to the assent required from Ordination-candidates, and the dishonesty (as many must feel it) of the mental reservation which probably most of them have to make, expresses exactly the difficulty to would-be candidates which has most strongly forced itself upon my own notice; and I may add that it not only hinders the candidates, but makes it extremely hard for those who are in a position in which they have to advise men as to their choice of a profession to suggest Holy Orders to them or to discuss the subject with freedom. The difficulty is of the same kind in regard both to doctrine and to Biblical criticism; candidates are required to assent unfeignedly to what almost all of them know to be in some degree antiquated and even contrary to what is now believed to be true.

The other points on which I should lay stress are (1) the fact that only a small proportion of undergraduates (in my experience) have seriously considered their profession, and a still smaller proportion *this* profession, before they come up, nor does it often appear to have been brought before them in any effective way; (2) the financial difficulty, which is indubitably a strong deterrent; (3) a general tendency to "let things slide" as regards vocation until the last year of undergraduate life, if not later, except in the case of the Civil Services and perhaps the medical profession also, both of which *have* to be taken seriously from an earlier period. Would some similar raising of the standard have similar effects in the case of Holy Orders? I suppose the objection is that it is not only the intellectual standard which requires raising, and that there is no rule-of-thumb for raising men's interest in spiritual things. At the same time the consideration of spiritual things and of the adoption of the clerical profession is often set on one side simply because the Church's formulas are so far out of harmony with the results of intellectual progress and investigation; and I cannot but believe that reform in this respect would attract new interest and open the way once more to many who now feel themselves shut out. A. W. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE.

Balliol College, Oxford.

SIR,—Your correspondent "Layman," writing under this head, shows, in my opinion, good reasons why he should be a layman still; but it seems to me unreasonable that he should charge all clergymen with entering on that career "by an act which is in some degree, at least, dishonest" because they do not regard their position exactly as he has done. "Layman" tells us unreservedly what were the reasons why he desired ordination, because, he says, "it gives a power which, rightly used, may be great; it opens the door to a career of influence, and gains a hearing for the speaker." If one of the theological students at Wells (where I was a long time ago) had given those as his reasons for desiring ordination, I think our old principal might have told him he did not rightly understand the meaning of the word "ministry."

"Layman" also gives his reason for not seeking the ordination which he desired. He says: "For my own part, I have long since resolved to be on the safe side." Such a resolution was certainly incompatible with taking Holy Orders, but may I remind him that, though a layman still, he must "lose himself to save himself" if he is ever to sit in Merlin's chair.

Other two of your correspondents suggest (Mr. Stone) the omission from the Ordination Service of the words, "Whose sins thou dost forgive," etc., and "M. R. H.," as a means of producing more candidates, would omit the question to the deacons as to whether they believe themselves to be "moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon them this office and ministration." "Levelling down" is always a fatal policy. It would be easy to increase the number of recruits in any army if you reduced the standard, and got quantity at the cost of quality; and whatever there may be to say against the quality of our Church of England ministry, I suppose they might be worse. "M. R. H.'s" policy applied to the law courts would do away with administering the oath to witnesses, but would that increase the number of truth-telling men?

It is sad to read the fellow and tutor of Balliol's evidence, that of the young clergymen who had graduated from two colleges, "less than half were communicants as undergraduates." One would like to ask whether the tutor had ascertained that none of those who did not communicate in their college chapel were communicants at some of the parish churches in the city. RIC. O. ASSHETON.

October 12th, 1901.

[We regret that we are obliged to hold over several letters this week. As our space is limited, correspondents are requested to express their opinions as briefly as possible. —Ed. PILOT.]

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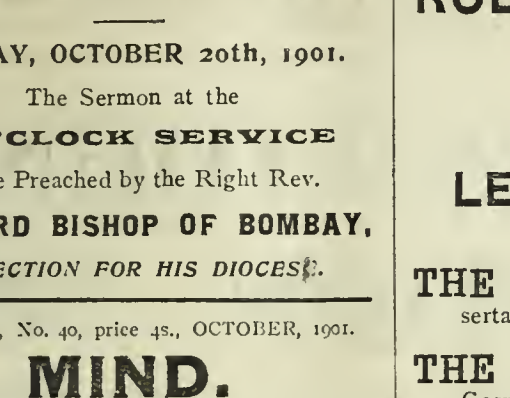

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THE WEEK.

Home. The King and Queen returned on Wednesday from Balmoral, and we are heartily glad to learn that the rumours which have lately been circulated with regard to the King's ill-health are quite unfounded. Already His Majesty has got into touch with his Ministers, and it is gratifying to know that his personal influence, always on the right side, is again active in public affairs. The condition of inertia, of acquiescence in disaster, and of general apathy to which the country has unhappily been reduced is one in which the King's influence and counsel, judiciously exercised, might be of incalculable benefit. He has always shown himself so deeply interested, so tactful, and so anxious to be of help to his subjects that one cannot help wishing that he may find some way of rousing to activity a great mass of public opinion which, now inert, only needs a start to be set rolling in the right direction.

The announcement made by the War Office on Wednesday to the effect that in consequence of Sir Redvers Buller's recent speech, "the Commander-in-Chief, after full consideration of all the circumstances, and of the explanations furnished by Sir Redvers Buller, has recommended that he be relieved of his command," came as a complete surprise to the country, although it has been almost universally felt that his removal was inevitable. Perhaps it was; it would be hard to find excuses for his silly and improper speech; but we cannot resist the conviction that the War Office, in throwing Sir Redvers Buller to the lions, has done so to appease or divert the public, which has lately begun to manifest an ominous and importunate curiosity about the conduct of the war. For Sir Redvers Buller has not been dismissed because of his military indiscretions, but because he was unwise enough to let the public know of them. The War Office has been thoroughly disingenuous over the whole matter, and appears in anything but a dignified light. It knew all about the Ladysmith despatch, and apparently considered that Sir Redvers Buller's long services to his country entitled him to forgiveness; but at the first cry of the Press it abandoned him and stultified its former conduct.

Probably, we repeat, Sir Redvers Buller's removal was inevitable, but since he should never, according to Mr. Brodrick's promise, have been appointed to the Aldershot command, we may be allowed to express some sympathy for him, dismissed in disgrace from a false position. A great deal has been said about the importance of the Aldershot command; really it is unimportant, for the division is simply a hotch-potch of odd details, recruits, provisional battalions and invalids, and is no more able to take the field than a training-ship is to take the sea as a battleship. In a more real environment, in his own place as a fighting soldier, Sir Redvers Buller had done work for which the nation had reason to be grateful, and it is the more hard that a distinguished military career should be brought to an ignoble end by an indiscreet piece of speechmaking. It is the newspapers that have overthrown Sir Redvers Buller, even as, in the case of Mr. Meredith's Lord Ormont, "the editor's leading type gave the writer a prominent place or scaffolding for the execution of himself publicly." But the newspapers and the public are not safe guides in this matter; if they had had their way we should long ago have lost the services of Lord Methuen, and many another able soldier.

The Buller diversion came just in time, and while in the arena of public affairs an appeased public is still faintly growling and licking its chops, a matter far more important to the country, and more damaging to the Government, is being passed over almost in silence, the word of protest being well-nigh restricted to the newspapers stigmatised as "pro-Boer" and to a few honest and thoughtful men who cannot keep silence. The statistics of the concentration camps in South Africa for September show that the already appalling mortality in them is still on the increase, and that last month 2,712 men, women and children died under our care. Out of 54,000 children, more than 2,000 have died during this one

month. In June, the death-rate among the whites was 109 per thousand per annum. That figure was so large that the Government thought necessary to apologise for it, and to explain that it was quite abnormal, and due to an epidemic. In July, however, it rose to 180, in August to 214, and now it has reached the shocking figure of 264. Where will it stop? The death rate per thousand per annum for an ordinary town is, we believe, about 17. One would have thought that these dreadful figures would speak for themselves to Englishmen. In four months over 6,000 people, chiefly children, have perished in our camps. Little children are dying daily by scores, yet we at home make a party matter of it, and leave it to the party tabooed as unpatriotic to raise the voice of protest. An English gentlewoman long ago warned us of this horrible thing, but she was treated with thinly-veiled contempt, and not allowed to continue her single-handed effort to make things better. She was even hooted when she tried to tell us the truth. Other ladies were sent out, who continue to report that all is well.

This matter is so ugly, it constitutes such an awful blot on England's fair name, that no half-words or half-measures are of any use. If we are not to be disgraced for ever the thing must stop. This was the war of humanity that was to lift the Boer yoke from the neck of the blacks, yet the blacks are dying faster in our camps than both Boers and British combined in the field. There is a simple way of making things better. Months ago we urged in these columns that the camps should be removed to the sea coast, where they would be healthy, and where transport would not interfere with the military operations; and we are glad to see in the columns of the *Times* and elsewhere that others are beginning to urge the same thing. The Bishop of Hereford's severe and solemn words are not too severe nor too solemn for this subject. In the Name that is associated with all gentleness and beneficence he calls upon every Englishman and woman to make haste and to stop this "holocaust of child-life." "Everything is being done that can be done in the camps," say the authorities. Then the only thing to be done is to break up the camps, at whatever cost. Nothing else, in our opinion, matters while this outrage upon humanity continues. What do the objects for which this war is even ostensibly waged count, in the sight of Heaven, beside the needless death of one innocent child? It will probably be extremely troublesome to Lord Kitchener to change the camps, and may throw the war back by several months. But if it were to throw it back two years, it seems to us that this is a matter in which we may not count the cost.

Monday was the anniversary of Trafalgar, a day that Englishmen rightly remember with pride and thankfulness. It is upon such unsullied names as this that English patriotism has been built up, the true patriotism of an island race glorying in her power of defence; and Monday's celebrations remind us of Mr. Newbolt's fine lines for a Trafalgar cenotaph:

> Lover of England, stand awhile and gaze,
> With thankful heart and lips refrained from praise.
> They rest beyond the reach of human pride
> Who served with Nelson and with Nelson died.

But Trafalgar, by its very glory, imposes its obligations upon us. The Navy in Nelson's time was a simple affair; if we had the men, if they were well led, we had everything. Now the complexities of naval construction have been so developed, and fighting machinery so improved, that there is a danger lest we should forget the need of men and leaders, which exists as much as it ever did. We can say with pride and truth that the British Navy has never been better disciplined or more ably manned than it is to-day. But that great efficiency, both of men and ships, can only be maintained by incessant watchfulness. We can never afford to rest on our laurels, and even now we know that there is much need for activity and reform in the administration of our dockyards. It must never be forgotten that our whole prosperity, even our existence, may any day come to depend solely on the condition in which a sudden call finds the Navy. Pride in our past is only justified if we use it as a test for the present and an ideal for the future.

Mr. Morley's fine speech at Manchester was a happy event in a week which has been rather barren of happy public events. It was a strange coincidence that on the same day statues of two great Englishmen should have been unveiled—one of Gladstone at Manchester, and one of Cromwell at St. Ives. Mr. Morley was singularly fortunate in keeping his speech altogether above the level of party strife, and the whole occasion, in which Liberals and Conservatives took equal part, was quite free from any manifestation of party spirit. It was a tribute to a great Englishman who, in Mr. Morley's eloquent words, "was one of the men who rise from time to time in the world—a rare class of men, sometimes a great ruler, sometimes a heroic soldier, sometimes a revolutionary poet, sometimes a mighty Churchman, whether you call him Bossuet or Luther—who sweep like some new planet into the skies, and waken, fascinate and absorb the attention of their age." At the present moment more than ever the nation, crying out for a leader, is able to appreciate the qualities that made Gladstone great. It was not that he never made mistakes—he was fated to make many; but he had so intense an enthusiasm, so burning a zeal for national morality and righteousness that he forced the country into the wake of his ardour, raising it to a living power. We have not got on so well since he was taken away that we can afford to forget the country's debt to him. We should be fortunate indeed if we could find another man who could so raise the spirit, and not the mere emotions, of the country, even if he should sometimes blunder.

On Thursday speeches were made by three members of the Government, only one of whom, Mr. Hanbury, said anything worthy of remembrance. Mr. Wyndham is fortunate in being able to feel that our position in South Africa is quite satisfactory. As for a change of Government, we agree with him that such a change now would not at any rate bring peace nearer; that, however, only proves, not the strength of the Government, but the weakness of the Opposition. Mr. Long made a curious defence of the Cabinet's inactivity. How could the Cabinet be callous, he asked, when it had sons of its own at the war? That, he seemed to indicate, was a guarantee that the Cabinet would finish the war as soon as it could be finished, and that those who doubted the Government were therefore shown to be wrong. Perhaps Mr. Long forgets that these personal sacrifices have

been also made by those who are dissatisfied with the present conduct of affairs, and that they share with him the great incentive of personal and family loss. It was left to Mr. Hanbury to do the Government some credit by his speech, which was quite different in tone from the speeches of his colleagues and leaders. Of his opponents he said that "he respected those men, because those who were determined to keep the rust from their swords must also sympathise with those who would keep England's ermine entirely free from stain." This is one of the rare tributes paid to the patriotism of those who would rather see their country's actions conform to standards of righteousness than see those standards forced into conformity with national blunders.

The passing of the North-Western Provinces and Oudh Tenancy Bill through the Legislative Council of those provinces brings the Lieutenant-Governorship of Sir Anthony McDonnell to a fitting close. The land question in India presses upon the attention of the legislature in very different forms in different provinces. In the Punjab the grave economic and political danger caused by the ever-increasing alienation of land from the agricultural to the money-lending class has recently been met by the Punjab Land Alienation Act. In the North-Western Provinces the danger which the present enactment is intended to counteract is a different one—the gradual degradation, namely, by the landlord of the occupancy tenant to be a mere tenant-at-will, and the unfair enhancement of the rent of the said tenant-at-will. A somewhat similar condition of things in Bengal led to the widespread agitation which resulted in the Bengal Tenancy Act of 1885. There has been no such agitation in the North-Western Provinces, but for nearly twenty years the desirability of amending and consolidating the rent law has been under consideration. Fixity of tenure and fair rents are two of the most important conditions of prosperity in an agricultural country, and are especially important in those parts of India where the periodical assessment of the land for revenue purposes is closely bound up with questions of rent; and it is the merit of Sir Anthony McDonnell's Act that it secures these conditions for both classes of tenants, while leaving the landlord all legitimate freedom to do what he will with his own.

The war news is, as usual, most scanty, and nothing of real importance has been chronicled in the official records. Early in the week a small Boer commando penetrated to the coast at Saldanha Bay, sixty-five miles west of Cape Town, and exchanged shots with a British gunboat, so that the Boers have fulfilled at any rate the letter of their threat to penetrate to the sea. The incident, however, is, from a military point of view, quite unimportant, except in so far as it indicates the freedom with which the commandoes can move about in spite of our sixty-five mobile columns. Those columns, indeed, if we are to judge by the official reports, seem to wander about in the hope of coming in touch with the enemy, and, when they do come in touch with him, only gallop after him until he is out of reach. It must be mortifying to Lord Kitchener to be reduced to reporting that such and such a commandant is being "closely hustled," as if our object were merely to annoy the Boers instead of to fight and capture them. The hustling process, indeed, as I daresay many a plucky, enduring British soldier could tell us, goes on actively enough, but its results do not seem to amount to much. Later in the week we had two scraps of good news—the capture of part of a commando and the recovery of a couple of guns; and we must be thankful even for these. Lord Kitchener's figures for the week are 43 killed and wounded and 240 surrendered or captured.

Foreign. The French nation has escaped a very grave danger. At the end of last week the miners' leaders "invited" the Premier to reply to their demands for a minimum wage, the eight hours' day, and retiring pensions after twenty-five years' service. An unfavourable reply, it was all but decided, should be the signal for a strike; the miners of Montceau had at least a thousand rifles; and great military preparations had been made to check disturbance. The Premier replied in a letter which the Conservatives thought too conciliatory and the Socialists denounced as temporising. The question of a minimum wage, he said, must be settled between employers and employed; the eight hours' day must be so arranged as not to reduce the output; and the pension question might be studied in connection with the pending Bill. The miners' actual leaders were mostly eager to strike; the emissaries from the Ministerial Socialists managed to keep them back. When the Chamber met on Tuesday the demands were again formulated in a motion by M. Basly, the Labour leader, and M. Waldeck-Rousseau repeated the substance of his letter with rather more emphasis and decision. M. Basly's motion was refused immediate discussion by 290 votes to 245—85 of the minority being adversaries of the Parliamentary Republic, who hoped to precipitate a catastrophe—and was then referred to a Committee. Partly because of this, and partly because it was clear that the strike could not succeed, it has been indefinitely postponed, though local disturbances are feared. Very great credit, however, is due both to the Ministry for its firmness and to the leading Ministerial Socialists for their successful efforts to avert an outbreak which could have done nothing but harm.

The Session opens well, therefore, for the Government. The applications for authorisation from the Congregations who have decided on submission cannot be examined in time to be laid before the present Chambers, which must terminate their active life by March 15th, the general election taking place on the first Sunday in May. The Workmen's Pensions Bill will probably have to be deferred also, and the chief business must be the Budget. The Budget Committee, being Radical, had seized the opportunity offered by the deficit to strike out the sums devoted to the support of the Church—a wholly unpractical proceeding: it now inclines to a State monopoly of petroleum, perhaps of sugar, as steps to Collectivism. But the experience of the match monopoly is not encouraging. An interpellation on the relations of France and Turkey is down for Friday, November 15th; but a good deal will probably have happened first.

Two startling pieces of news have come from Constantinople this week. The first, from the correspondent of the well-informed *Frankfurter Zeitung*, is that Prince George of Crete has won over the Czar to the view that the island may be annexed to Greece. France, of

course, will agree ; so, it is said, will Austria-Hungary ; the attitude of England is unknown, but we have enough to occupy us in South Africa. Last June, it will be remembered, the four protecting Powers above-mentioned positively declined to reopen the Cretan question ; but, if the Czar agrees, the others are not likely to resist. The other item of news is that in view of the financial straits of the Porte, of its diplomatic rupture with France, of the possible interference of the United States to exact satisfaction for the abduction of Miss Stone—who is not released yet—and finally, of the growing disorder in Armenia and Albania, Russia and France will propose a revival of the European Concert to compel the Sultan to carry out the reforms specified in the Treaty of Berlin, and other reforms on similar lines. One reason why this has never been done is, doubtless, the Continental suspicion of sinister designs on the part of England. The suspicions are unfounded, but ineradicable. Now that we are busy with South Africa, Continental nations are less afraid of us. If this is humiliating to us, the reform in Turkey which it facilitates is an undonbted benefit to the human race.

The German Government seems to be providing itself with means of escape from disaster. The Tariff Bill will probably pass with little important change; but, according to the least unfavourable theory, it is a mere weapon for use in international negotiations, the fact that while in use it does more harm to its holder than to its opponent, being, of conrse, conveniently overlooked. On this theory, however, Germany may refrain from giving notice to terminate the existing commercial treaties, until new ones have been concluded ; but it is semi-officially announced that circumstances will determine its course. The Agrarians must not expect protection at once. The threat of terminating the treaties will be a supplementary weapon—with the same defect, of course, as the tariff itself—in the negotiations with other States. And the severe commercial depression in Germany affords an additional reason for prolonging the treaties for a time.

Meanwhile the other States concerned do not like the prospect. The notable warnings given on the part of the Dual Monarchy by Count Apponyi in a speech and by Herr Szell through diplomatic channels were followed last week by a still more forcible warning from the Premier of Austria. He took occasion to deprecate the project of separate Customs systems for Austria and Hungary, and to point out that a tariff dispute between the two countries might easily be used by a third party—Germany, to wit—for its own advantage. He added that a tariff war with an allied nation might easily affect the alliance, and intimated once more that the Dual Monarchy would not shrink from it if provoked. Following up this line of thought, a leading Viennese paper declares that the Triple Alliance is tottering, that even under the existing commercial treaties Germany has exploited Austria-Hungary and "shorn her of her commercial *hinterländer*" in the Near East, and that, as it is, the Kaiser is "keeping Russia and France in reserve." That is not impossible, in view of the curious advertisement of the Czar's friendship which he published from Wyztyten ; but if so, it means that the European equilibrium will undergo rearrangement at an early date. And it is not to be supposed that Russia, who sells the bulk of her cereals to Germany, and wants to foster infant industries as sources of revenue, will be so ready to make friends with the German Government as the Kaiser is with the Czar.

President Roosevelt has shown his independence of party by entertaining at the White House Mr. Booker T. Washington, the negro whose noble efforts for the elevation of his race have earned him cordial commendations in England and the Northern States. In the South this is described as a "damnable outrage," and it has probably lost Virginia and Maryland to the Republican party, and so retarded that break-up of the "Solid South" which began in 1896. But it was quite time, both to remind Americans that the Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution is practically a nullity, and to bring into relief the prejudices of that section of them which is of all educated classes in the world the most provincial. Its fathers were carefully instructed that the negro was either under the curse of Canaan, or a missing link with the apes, and they are themselves convinced that the only way of restraining the coloured race from unspeakable crime is to lynch its suspected members on occasion. President Roosevelt has done good work for American civilisation by bringing these ideas into relief, and has stimulated other prominent citizens to follow his example.

The Pan-American Congress met on Tuesday in the City of Mexico, in spite of the difficulties caused by the irregular warfare between Colombia and Veneznela and the squabbling of Chili with Argentine and Pern. Its object is, primarily, to promote commercial intercourse between the various American Powers, and, secondarily, to drive the Monroe doctrine into the Spanish-American mind. Its predecessor, eleven years ago, failed in the former purpose, but the United States has outgrown extreme Protectionism, and the advocacy of reciprocity treaties by President McKinley in his last speech, and by President Roosevelt subsequently, has been echoed by minor personages. The real danger of failure lies in the dissensions of the Spanish-American States. The Generals who dominate their politics cannot be eager to replace war by arbitration ; and Argentina, of course, has many more ties with Europe than with any power in America.

The report that a new heir to the throne of China is shortly to be designated indicates that the Court has learnt its lesson less thoroughly than was hoped. Pü Chun, the present heir, has, it seems, proved himself "dissipated and uncontrollable," and his father is Prince Tuan, the Nationalist leader, who is in exile in Mongolia. Accordingly, he is to be replaced by a nephew of the same illustrious exile, Lun Peitze by name, who, however, is stated to be of weak intellect, and to have led the Boxer attack last year on the French cathedral in Peking. While the Dowager Empress lives, it does not matter much who is Emperor ; after her death, in view of the experiences of the Powers in China, it will probably matter much ; and it is to be hoped that they will raise objections to the appointment, and so provide against the difficulties which will otherwise await them in the future. Other troubles, too, are in sight. The Convention assuring the retrocession of Manchuria to China involves so many special privileges, military and commercial, to Russia, that it gravely affects British interests, and is exciting active protest in Japan. And the Chinese plenipotentiaries, who unexpectedly continue their activity, are evidently bent on making things unpleasant for Europeans in China.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, October 26, 1901.

CABINET GOVERNMENT.

To be involved in our greatest, darkest, and most inglorious war of modern times, and in the same hour to behold the supreme government of affairs breaking down in some undeveloped but unpromising process of transition, must be accounted a grave misfortune. If we are unconscious of how grave it is we shall not be charged in the future with extraordinary dulness, for the long history of the world shows it to be the usual thing in similar conditions. The magnitude of contemporary events, when they have any real importance, is generally underrated, the working of the more potent influences rarely noted. It is impossible, however, to avoid seeing that the system of Government which worked so well, and of which we were so proud, during the greater part of the last century, has fallen into an anarchic condition, and equally impossible that the country should mark the change without concern. Not very long since it could rely upon a sufficient understanding of the machinery of Government—of how its counsels were debated and determined; and was quite satisfied with machinery and method. The authority of the Crown might be called nominal, but the constant operation of its formalities, the frequent exercise of its privileges, served well to keep random impulse and ambition in check where the main governing power was delegated, at the same time sustaining the Cabinet upon a plane of dignity favourable to deliberation and high conduct. In the Cabinet itself the country saw a standing committee of the chiefs of the Executive, for the most part men of tried judgment and experience in affairs—emulous, but above all watchful against error. Yet more trusted was the House of Commons; in those days extremely jealous of its honour, its authority, its independence, and as free from the vices of the *claque* as such an Assembly should be. Of course things went wrong in those times as before and since; went wrong from defect of judgment or other frailties of the wit of man; but there was never any doubt, never any reason to doubt, that the higher government of the country worked by good methods upon sound foundations. There was that comfort in the worst disappointments: how much of it is left?

None at all. If the plain truth is wanted, the plain truth is that we look up from disappointments more costly, humiliating, and irreparable, the fruit of error more complete, than any in the experience of centuries; and we see when we look up that the old system of government is broken and its foundations with it. If the House of Commons is anything at all—a disputable question unless upon materialistic grounds alone—it is not what it was, but in most essentials the reverse. It may be something to the Government of the day as a registrative body, and convenient as supplying the apparatus for stamping the acts and purposes of the Government with that "public approval" which divides responsibility. But as an organic and operative part of the governmental system it has practically ceased to exist. Its spirit has departed, its functions are atrophied or taken up by the Cabinet, which no longer pretends to treat it with respect.

Turning to the Cabinet, we see there, too, a remarkable change. This change is sometimes ascribed to a process of evolution, similar to that which drew from the Privy Council, once the supreme organ of government, all its authority and centred it in the Cabinet. Process of evolution it may be, but process of usurpation it strongly resembles, and the changed relations of the Cabinet and the House of Commons favour that description of it. The Cabinet is still composed of the heads of the greater executive departments of the State, and from time to time they all meet at the council-table; but it is understood that some of these gentlemen—the greater number, perhaps—expect no more than a sort of honorific voice in the greater affairs of the empire. It appears that there is an acknowledged Inner Cabinet which takes to itself all authority in these deeper matters, and probably settles them, as an inchoate oligarchy naturally would, by informal conversation among themselves. If so, no further explanation is needed when, at a most anxious and uncertain time, the suspension of Cabinet Councils is justified on the ground that "there are such things as interviews between Ministers," that "there are official messengers who carry communications between different departments," and that "the telegraph and the post-office are open." These private and informal means quite suffice to keep an Inner Cabinet of half a dozen men "in touch" upon any matter broadly settled by them in a similar way. But it is obvious that an "evolutionary" development of this character, coincident with the suppression and decay of authority in the House of Commons, points to a great and most unpromising change in the governing institutions of the country.

But cannot they be restored to their old footing? The *Times* seems to doubt whether anything can be done to arrest an evolutionary process, but can believe that its full development may be beneficial though its beginnings are unsatisfactory. The *Edinburgh Review* is convinced that if we will but be patient and refrain from fuss, the system that we flourished under till Mr. Gladstone shattered it will all come right again. Other authorities fear the perilous meanwhile, during which the power of a narrowed Cabinet will increase and the subversion of Parliamentary authority continue. To these more apprehensive spirits—from whom we cannot withhold our sympathy—it seems desirable to apply some immediate check to what has all the look of a

precipitate course of political degradation. Mr. Gibson Bowles is one of these ; and he lately published a letter in which, after stating the case with his usual force and with but little exaggeration, he proposed a means of cure. His proposal is one which, considering that it proceeds from a mind truly sagacious and well instructed in political affairs, sinks all expectation of immediate remedy ; for, say we, as we consider his suggestion, if this is the best device that so clever a Parliament-man as Mr. Bowles can offer, what shall be hoped for ? He, too, sees the gathering of all authority into the hands of "the Minister" (the Cabinet) first at the expense of the Crown and now by "removing the House of Commons equally out of the effectual government of the country." Apparently, he discerns no timely means of redemption for the House of Commons, and so turns to the Sovereign with a petition that he do come to the rescue by exercising a simple unchallengeable right. He should resume the presidency at Cabinet Councils. So presiding, "he would represent the State at large, and in his presence it would be impossible to debate State affairs otherwise than with a principal view to State interests ; or party interests, if at all, otherwise than as subsidiary thereto. A Cabinet Council presided over by the King could no longer be, or suspected to be, the conspiracy of a faction. In his presence and under his presidency it must become a Council of State."

The fascinations of this proposal are obvious, instant; but, unhappily, they are more bright than lasting. A cloud of objections—some very pregnant, others petty enough, but in all a formidable gathering—rises up at once and covers them. These objections relate to the working out of the arrangement; but before it could begin to work two considerable difficulties would have to be overcome. One is the Sovereign's consent, the other is the Minister's acquiescence; and, both being necessary, there is extremely little likelihood that both could be obtained. On this account alone Mr. Bowles's remedy is hopeless; and it is really doubtful whether any effective cure can be provided by contrivance. But Fortune may have relief in store—perchance in the shape of some startling disaster, through which the country shall take thought and learn that of all the various forms of Government none is so false, so ignoble, so dependent on successful juggling with the best impulses of the people and its most confiding weaknesses, as that which may be called a Demagogic Oligarchy. And, by all the signs, that is the sort of Government we are now to look for, whether by mischance of evolution or the contrivance of usurpation.

THE ADMIRALTY AND TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYERS.

(Communicated.)

The loss of the *Cobra*, followed by the "buckling" of two other torpedo-boat destroyers, the *Crane* and the *Vulture*, has created a very bad impression. It has, of course, always been known that the great speed of these miniature warships is gained at the sacrifice of other qualities, and notably at the sacrifice of everything like comfort for their officers and crews. Drenched with spray forward, smothered with smoke and soot aft, hot and ill-ventilated below, cramped and crowded everywhere with machinery, armament, stores, and men, and shaken from stem to stern by the throbbing of the mighty heart in her frail body, the destroyer taxes the endurance and fortitude of her crew more severely than any other modern war-vessel, except, perhaps, the submarine. But the traditions of the British Navy are not Sybaritic, and there has never been any lack of young officers and men willing to endure the discomforts of service in such craft, and even to face the probability of utter annihilation in a naval engagement at the call of duty. We do not suppose that even if, in addition to being uncomfortable, all torpedo-boat destroyers were known to be unseaworthy, the devotion to duty and the indifference to danger which are the pride of the Navy would not enable the Admiralty to find crews for them. But the cheerfulness and even the alacrity with which their manifold discomforts are now faced are certainly due in part to the fact that destroyers are understood to be seaworthy. They are, in fact, intended to be "sea-going torpedo boats," and since the *Havock*, the first of them, was launched at Poplar in 1893, scores of them have proved their ability to keep the sea in moderately heavy weather. If they were not seaworthy, or if there were reason to believe that some of them were unseaworthy, popular opinion would not tolerate the risking of lives on board those ships in times of peace. The question that is now disturbing the public mind is, what guarantee have we of the seaworthiness of any new destroyer ?

All destroyers are designed and built at private yards, but before any destroyer is purchased for the Navy, the design is submitted to the Admiralty and approved by the Chief Constructor ; an Admiralty overseer watches the work, and steam trials are carried out at sea, in the presence of Admiralty officials. Therefore it would appear that the responsibility for the destroyer's seaworthiness rests with the Admiralty alone, although the Admiralty itself designs none of them. A mere layman might suppose that the naval architects and engineers at Whitehall would make it their business to know the strength of the materials used in the construction of every ship, would calculate the strains and stresses to which every part of her structure would be liable, and would take care that the maximum strain should never exceed the minimum resistance. The difference between the maximum or ultimate resistance of material and the strain or stress that may safely be put upon it in practice is called, we believe, the "factor of safety," and it might be supposed that in the calculations of the Admiralty constructors this would be a fixed quantity.

The remarkable evidence given by Mr. Chief-Constructor Deadman before the *Cobra* court-martial on October 15th entirely upset that theory. Mr. Deadman admitted that the Admiralty were fully aware that the *Cobra*, even after she had been strengthened in accordance with their directions, was liable to sagging stresses higher than had ever been experienced in other destroyers. Their calculations showed that there would be, under similar conditions, additional stress at the bottom of the ship in a wave-hollow. When asked why steps were not taken to meet these additional stresses by a further strengthening of the *Cobra's* hull, Mr. Deadman is reported to have answered, "Because she was a finished ship, with all her machinery in place; nor was it considered necessary." The assumption that there is a minimum factor of safety required by the Admiralty in the structure of destroyers, is disposed of by Mr. Deadman's statement : "We must

continually accept higher stresses in material in seeking for higher speed." And to dispel the last illusion respecting the functions of the naval architect, he declared that the desirability of putting speed before actual seaworthiness was "more a question for a naval officer" than for him. If the officer were prepared to take the risk of going to the bottom with his crew, we are to understand that the naval architect would give him the opportunity. And so far from its being the Admiralty's province to prevent an unseaworthy ship from finding her way into His Majesty's Navy, we are to understand that the Admiralty can only learn that a ship is unseaworthy when she actually collapses. This Chief-Constructor himself avows it. "It is all a matter of experience at sea as to when we have arrived at the ultimate point of safety in stress of material."

From all this we gather that Mr. Alexander Loudon has his disciples at Whitehall. Mr. Loudon (as readers of R. L. Stevenson will hardly need to be reminded) began life as a stonemason, and became a master builder and his own architect. In the course of a long and active career he contrived to deface the suburbs of Edinburgh with a great number of "cheap and tasty" villas, not very habitable, perhaps, but still capable of being let and of enriching himself. Mr. Loudon's two cardinal maxims were that the architect should not be "hadden doun" by the theory of strains, and that Portland cement, properly sanded, would "go a long way." We can well believe that the Whitehall view, as stated by Mr. Deadman, would be heartily endorsed by this old jerry-builder. Translated into the terms of his own practice, it would be something like this:—"*We must continually accept higher stresses in material in seeking for higher* [*profits*]. *The question how far* [*habitability*] *should be sacrificed to* [*cheapness*] *is one for the* [*necessitous tenant*] *rather than for me. It is all a matter of experience* [*in bad weather*] *as to when we have arrived at the ultimate point in stress of material.* But it has been rather disconcerting to discover that such doctrines are held by the Admiralty.

The finding of the court-martial presided over by Rear-Admiral Pelham-Aldrich has been unanimously and heartily approved by public opinion, and it has been assumed, somewhat hastily perhaps, that the severe censure meted out to the Admiralty will make the officials at Whitehall more careful in future. We hope so. But the capsizing of the *Captain* thirty years ago was supposed to have taught the Admiralty the importance of studying the laws of stability, and yet the top-heaviness of the new Royal yacht showed but the other day how imperfectly the lesson had been learnt. And in this very matter of torpedo-boat destroyers the Admiralty had had its warning long before the loss of the *Cobra*. In April last eight destroyers put back to port disabled by heavy weather in the Bristol Channel, and one of them, the *Seal*, had her deck cracked across so that it admitted daylight to the stokehold, whilst her side plating was split for 18 inches. Surely that might have been taken as an indication that the ultimate point of safety had been arrived at in stress of material, and that seaworthiness had already been too far sacrificed to speed. But no; a more dangerous experiment in the same direction had to be made, and the *Cobra* had to be purchased, manned, sent to sea, and devoured by the waves, in order to demonstrate to the Admiralty that a weaker structure could not bear a greater strain than that under which a stronger had collapsed.

Our complaint against the Admiralty, then, is twofold. So far as can be judged by recent events and admissions, it not only conducts experiments at sea which ought to be conducted in the engineering laboratory and the model tank, but it also fails to make use of the lessons taught by some of its most disastrous experiments. It is not by naval architects of the Admiralty school that such triumphs of construction as the *Oceanic* and the *Deutschland* are achieved, and unless we seriously misjudge the public temper the country will not tolerate the happy-go-lucky methods of Whitehall much longer. Methods which would bring disgrace upon any Atlantic steamship company and derision upon any America Cup challenger are hardly to be trusted where the security of the Empire is at stake.

PREHISTORIC ARCHÆOLOGY.

THE antiquary of to-day is a very different being to the one who bore that name in the days of Sir Walter Scott. The study of antiquities is becoming more and more of an exact science; it is no longer a vague babbling about Beltane fires, Druids, and serpent worship. Archæology is now recognised as the invaluable handmaid of history and of the fine arts, and has attained to a dignity unknown to our fathers. Nevertheless, it would be a sorry mistake for those desiring to enjoy some of the purest pleasures of mental enlargement to shrink back from archæology as a matter far too deep for them to fathom, and requiring a lifetime of painstaking toil. Archæology, like every other great subject, naturally falls into a variety of branches. Whilst some may gain a general knowledge of a wide field of research into the human conditions of the past, others may pay closer attention to some special feature or to some particular period. Nor should it be supposed that it requires a well-laden purse to become an antiquary, to the extent at all events of deriving keen personal enjoyment from its pursuit, even if there is no immediate intention of imparting information gained to others.

England needs no incentive to indulge in reflections on her superiority to other countries. But in this respect no Continental nor American archæologist can possibly gainsay her Contention of absolute superiority, namely, that England has an infinitely greater variety of prehistoric and historic remains of man than any other known part of the habitable globe possess within a like area. She cannot for a moment compare with Egypt in the mighty temples of the early civilisation, with Greece in her classic beauties, with Rome and Italy in their wondrous history, with Scandinavia in her wealth of stories pertaining to the ages of stone, bronze, or iron, nor with the Isle of France in the soaring sublimity of her churches. But in the making of England so many different strains of humanity played their part, that on her soil there is to be found the most remarkable diversity of the first traces of man, as well of his achievements in later days. Her outlying position in one of the further corners of the known world, and more especially her wealth of copper, tin, and lead, as well as her accessible seaboard, serrated in many parts with creeks convenient for small knots of raiders, made the shores of England constantly sought by marauders and settlers from all parts of the Continent. The study of English place and field names, particularly in the centre of the country—say, Derbyshire—discloses a remarkable variety of origins which can scarcely be met with anywhere on the Continent. It can, however, be paralleled to some extent in our own days by noting the extraordinary diversity of place nomenclature in parts of South Africa, where a great variety of nationalities, hungering after land or mineral wealth, have imposed the names of their own languages on settlements, camps

and rivers, almost to the exclusion of those of native origin.

To the Englishman, then, the appeal to know something of the past history of his country from other sources than those of the printing press or the record room, should come with special force. One of the peculiar delights of archæology is that, if pursued aright, the study at the desk or in the library comes to be only a supplement to the examination of antiquities in the open. It is no small reproach to the ordinary round of English school life that the study of the past traces of man is so generally neglected, or imparted after such a superficial and inaccurate fashion. There is no English county, nor part of a county, however apparently dull or squalid, which will not yield abundant interest to a fairly intelligent and well-grounded antiquary. The misfortune is that there seem to be so many branches and such a variety of knowledge to be gained, that many a would-be student, though feeling it would be an interesting study, particularly for a summer holiday, gives up the idea in despair.

What is wanted is a few plain hints and suggestions that may serve to pilot a beginner through initial difficulties, and to point out the more trustworthy authorities. Let me, by way of example, try to render this service to the great subject of what is generally termed prehistoric archæology—that which treats of times when we have no testimony from extant documents.

The immeasurably long period of man's slow progression in his ruder state is usually marked by his gradual development in prehistoric industries, classified according to the material of the tools he used, viz., flint, copper or bronze, and iron. Hence we get the terms, the age of stone, the age of bronze, and the age of iron. The age of stone is usually subdivided into two, the paleolithic or older stone age, and the neolithic or newer stone age, the implements of the first being rudely chipped, large flint heads found in the gravel drift of valleys, telling of the time when man and the mastodon lived side by side, and the implements of the second age being polished or more finely chipped. An almost better subdivision of the stone age, from a popular point of view, has been suggested in connection with animal remains, namely (1) the epoch of extinct animals, such as the mammoth or cavebear; (2) the epoch of migrated existing animals, such as the reindeer; and (3) the epoch of existing domesticated animals, when polished stone implements were used.

To these succeeded the epochs of working in metal. Copper seems to have been the first metallic discovery, and then followed the process of hardening it by an admixture of tin, and thus forming the durable bronze. The iron age that followed merged into definite historic times. It must always, too, be remembered that all these different ages or periods overlapped each other, and that no definite date can be given where the one begun and the other ceased. In many instances, as our best museums show, the modern savage uses the very weapons and implements that centuries ago were in the hands of the inhabitants of these isles. "Prehistoric Times" by Lord Avebury (Sir John Lubbock), and Professor Boyd Dawkins's "Early Man in Britain" are the standard works to consult on the subject of our more remote ancestors. To them should be added Sir John Evans's works on "Ancient Stone Implements of Great Britain," and "Ancient Bronze Implements of Great Britain." Mr. Edward Clodd's little illustrated handbook, "Story of Primitive Man," is of value, though his ideas of the place of man in earth's time history need not be accepted. Mr. Hunter Dewar has also brought out a useful guide to "The Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages."

So much for literature, but where are we to look for traces of early man other than those which can be found in museums or pictured in books? Relics of the earliest man are to be found in the deposit of the fresh-water drift, or river gravel period, when the rivers were excavating the valleys and bringing down with them materials that were scattered over the older and under-lying strata. The rough flints of that period, chipped by human hand, have been found in the Thames Valley, at London, Oxford and elsewhere; in the valley of the Ouse, near Bedford; and in large quantities at Herne Bay. Analagous forms of the types found in Britain have been discovered at Abbeville and in other parts of France, and no wonder, for at that time there were no Straits of Dover and no English Channel. The wild hunter had an uninterrupted plain till he was checked by the range of the Pyrenees. Earliest man, as well as his prehistoric followers, also left traces in the caves or clefts of limestone and other rocks. There is no doubt that many an English cave and fissure will yet yield successive strata of human habitation deposits, as interesting as those of Kent's cavern, Torquay, Kirkdale in Yorkshire, or Cresswell Crags in Derbyshire. They are only awaiting intelligent examination. The great book on this subject is Professor Boyd Dawkins's "Cave Hunting." The later stone implements—flint shaped into knives, daggers, spear-heads, arrow-heads, scrapers, etc., as well as a great quantity of discarded attempts at chipping, are scattered over the surface of the soil, or are turned by plough or harrow, or uncovered by the action of heavy rain. When the young antiquary becomes accustomed to their form, it is surprising how often good examples may be found in particular districts. The East Riding Antiquarian Society did a useful thing a year or two ago in distributing to the elementary schools a chart for hanging up, describing and illustrating the most likely specimens of stone implements.

Archæological research has recently brought to light a most interesting fact with regard to great banks of shells along certain sea-beaches, and has proved that they have been deposited, shell by shell, in past ages by human hands. Investigation of these shell heaps has discovered flint implements, fragments of pottery, burnt hearthstones, as well as bones of land animals. In Denmark they are of vast extent, but they have also been found in Devon, Cornwall, and on the Welsh coast. We are convinced they may yet be found elsewhere round England. A special treatise ought to be written on these uncommon objects of the seashore.

Another comparatively recent discovery in English archæology is that we had had lake-dwellers amongst us, or those who, for purposes of safety, lived in dwellings built on piles driven into the beds of lakes or swampy rivers. As long ago as the early "sixties" that great anthropologist, the late General Pitt-Rivers, was confident he had found traces of them on the banks of the Thames, near London, but he did not convince many. In the "fifties" great discoveries of this kind were made at Lake Zurich, and subsequently elsewhere in Switzerland, the dwellings pertaining to the stone and bronze ages, and a very few to the iron age. Now, however, their presence not only in Scotland, Ireland, and Wales is assured, but also in the old morasses of the East Riding of Yorkshire, and near Glastonbury, in Somersetshire. Here, again, there can be no reasonable doubt that many a discovery of supreme interest has yet to be made by intelligent antiquaries in likely places. Dr. Munro's fine work on the "Lake Dwellings of Europe" should be read and studied.

It was a fairly universal custom to raise a mound or barrow over the buried dead in all prehistoric times, save, perhaps, the very earliest. England abounds with them, particularly the breezy moors of Derbyshire, the wolds of Yorkshire, and the higher grounds of Wiltshire and Dorsetshire; but they are to be found everywhere. Many have been explored, though few scientifically, but many more have not been touched. In Britain there are two chief classes of barrows, the long and the round. The long barrows are of the stone age, and cover the remains of a people of short stature, with skulls of the long-headed or dolico-cephalic type; whilst the round barrows are of later date and mainly of the bronze age, and their interments show a much taller, stronger race, with round or brachy-cephalic skulls. Canon

Greenwell's "British Barrows" is the authority on this subject. Many an earthwork, bearing a later name and frequently assigned to the Danes because they used it, will on careful investigation and section cutting prove to be prehistoric. A notable instance of this is the well-known great "Danes Dyke" at Flamborough. General Pitt-Rivers proved beyond all gainsaying, in 1879, that that wonderful entrenchment could not be of later date than the age of bronze, and is therefore a mighty work of our prehistoric forefathers. J. C. C.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.*

THERE are many stages in the passing of an author from the little group of living workers to the great company of the dead. If he dies in harness, as Stevenson died, there is his last piece of work to be finished and published, a piece of currency sharp from the mint; there is the posthumous publication of works hitherto withheld, and in that process, often a long one, the author is still living among us, revealing himself; although the spring has dried up, its waters do not flow away in an instant. Then there are letters to be collected and published, in which a new and intimate side of the character is revealed; and, last of all, there is the authorised biography, issued under the eye of intimate friends, in which all available and pertinent material is brought together and the sum of character and achievement reckoned up on paper. Thereafter he who was our contemporary passes finally from our ranks, becomes a memory, a name, a "life"; his work, that issued from him in pieces as his mind grew, falls into the order and cohesion of perspective; and, with its merits and defects upon it, a thing finished for good or ill, it is whirled off into the eternity wherein all things said, written, suffered, wished, attempted and done continue in dread activity. Thus the authorised life of Robert Louis Stevenson is something more than an important book; it is a milestone that marks the very end of Stevenson's career, the point at which we must part company with him and go forward only with his memory.

In the case of an author who had achieved some work vast enough to keep his name alive through ages, this parting company, although sad, would not be tragic; his death then would only concern his friends; for the world he would still live, would, in fact, be entering on immortality. But, infinitely valuable as Stevenson's work has been to his own age, and to the younger generation that grew up with him, it is far from certain that it will remain for long a living force in the world. Mr. Graham Balfour has with great industry compiled a fairly complete record of Stevenson's life; but the more one knows of that life and the better one knows and loves the man and his work, the more firmly one is convinced that Stevenson will not be widely read by generations that follow the one now growing up. It is not that his work is anything but first-rate; it *is* first-rate work; but, like certain wines of rarely delicate flavour and aroma, it is not in its nature to last. There is a tendency to suppose that in literature what lives, lives of its goodness, and that what perishes, perishes of its badness. As well might one say that violets are unlovely because they fade. Not all good and beautiful things, even in art, have the briny quality that preserves them in long life. Some are born to serve the hour. So Stevenson had the gifts to serve nobly his own generation; other generations too, but they will not know it. His was work for a day; journalism, in the widest and best sense of that word; the "Day's Work," Mr. Kipling calls his share of it. Because of its very vitality it cannot live long. It is very hard to express this view without making misunderstanding easy. But put it this way. There are three broad divisions in literature. There is the literature that lives—Homer, Virgil, Goethe, Shakespeare; there is the literature that dies—nearly all literature; and there is also the literature that is good enough to live, but does not, although neither does it altogether die; but it continues in a moribund state from which it may now and then be roused by passing fashions or affectations of taste which are none the less affectations because they happen to select as their object works of genuine merit. Go into any old library and you will come upon books the names of whose authors are quite unfamiliar to you, but reading such books you think, "Here is an excellent thing, far better than so-and-so, and perfectly written. Why does one never hear of it?" Even so, we fear, may "The Master of Ballantrae," "Memories and Portraits," "Prince Otto," and many others one day repose on dusty shelves, monuments to the world's forgetfulness and preoccupation with current affairs.

This view is hardly realised by those of us to whom every line that Stevenson wrote has been and will remain a joy; but, if we consider it well, the prospect need not depress us. For Stevenson has accomplished his work, and if every copy of every book of his were destroyed to-morrow it would not affect the reality and completeness of that work. All he lived for was to express and communicate himself. Mr. Graham Balfour may tell us of a man born for outdoor adventure and for a life of physical activity: that, with all respect to Mr. Balfour, was not Stevenson. It was rather one side of Stevenson, the only side that a great many of his admirers have been able to understand. He liked to think of himself as an adventurer on the high seas, but really that was only one small department of the adventure of the mind, the exploiting of himself, with which he was wholly concerned. The essence of this matter is contained in a passage wherein Stevenson describes his dislike as a small boy for outdoor games. Of football at school he says:

> I knew at least one little boy who was mightily exercised about the presence of the ball, and had to spirit himself up, whenever he came to play, with an elaborate story of enchantment, and take the missile as a sort of talisman bandied about in conflict between two Arabian nations.

That is the truth; the football, the schooner *Casco*, the lighthouse tender were but properties in a drama of the imagination, valued not for themselves (they were often disliked) but for the assistance they gave to Stevenson the stage-manager and principal actor. Every page that he wrote was an expression of himself, a study in some new mental posture; and this is why his work appeals with such certainty to those who write or study the art of writing. He once said that his was a small vogue, chiefly among boys and journalists; what he meant was that they were likely to understand him best.

Mr. Graham Balfour has added next to nothing to our knowledge of Stevenson; it was hardly possible that he should. All that can be done at present he has done; that is to say, he has amassed a quantity of material about Stevenson's life, and placed us in possession of the principal facts. Really that is all that is necessary. Perhaps in fifty years some Lockhart may add to these facts particulars of certain sides of Stevenson's life and of his relation to certain aspects of life which at this stage cannot be discussed, and write a brilliant biography; at present it is impossible, and hardly necessary. Everything that Stevenson wrote is worth reading; very little that has been written about him is worth even skimming.

Incidentally, however, Mr. Graham Balfour tells us a good deal about Stevenson's father—enough to make us wish for more; and indeed a biography of that glum, affectionate, devout, able man would be well worth writing. Stevenson's relations with him were pathetically interesting, but, of course, he himself has told us all about them in "Weir of Hermiston," "The Wrecker," and "John Nicholson." But if any proof were needed that

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* THE LIFE OF R. L. STEVENSON. By Graham Balfour. Methuen and Co. Two vols. 25s.

Stevenson's apparent passion for a physically strenuous life was only a pose, it would be found in the fact that he deliberately refused to follow in his father's steps. The voice that was calling him was a voice far different from that many-toned voice that is to be heard on headlands and skerries; how otherwise could he have neglected what duty and opportunity alike suggested?

> My father would pass hours on the beach, brooding over the waves, counting them, noting their least deflection, noting when they broke. On Tweedside, or by the Lyne and Manor, we have spent together whole afternoons; to me, at the time, extremely interesting; to him, as I am sorry now to think, extremely mortifying. The river was to me a pretty and various spectacle; I could not see—I could not be made to see—it otherwise. To my father it was a chequer-board of lively forces, which he traced from pool to shallow with minute appreciation and enduring interest. . . . It was to me like school in holidays; but to him, until I had worn him out with my invincible triviality, a delight.

For my part, I think (although I am not sure) that I would rather have built the Skerryvore than have written "Treasure Island," and rather have failed to conquer the sea at Wick than have succeeded in captivating the public with "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"; but Stevenson cared only for the romantic side of such things, and did not care at all for the consideration that would affect lesser men—of leaving behind him great and majestic monuments. He was explorer rather than builder by nature, and in revealing himself to us he has opened paths that we may follow, if we will, to our infinite advantage. It is hard, on an occasion like this, even to seem to find any flaw in the work of a man who is so deservedly beloved, who was so perfectly conscientious, who lived so bravely and suffered so patiently. But if there was one quality for which Stevenson was conspicuous in all his thoughts and actions, it was honesty, and the least one can do is to apply it to one's own estimate of him. And I have already said why the possibility that it may be forgotten should be taken as no disparagement of his work. The trees have grown again upon the mountain path at Vaea, the sea air is making havoc in the concrete structure of his tomb, but birds, undisturbed by gun or snare, sing more sweetly for his presence there. So his books may disappear, his name die from men's lips, and what we call his fame suffer the corroding damage of time; but the man himself lives in the lives of those who have known and delighted in his work, and all that he had to express and communicate has been distributed among them. Whom they shall influence, he has influenced; so long as the sun warms the earth that process must continue; and who can say but that Ephraim Mackellar may have a hand in the diplomatic calamities of the thirtieth century, and the financial gravity of future nations be disturbed by the spinning of Jim Pinkerton's dollars? A. B. F. Y.

EPITAPHS.

THE clever imitation of one type of Christian epitaph in THE PILOT of July 13th suggests various thoughts on the motives and feelings which have inspired epitaphs in general, and in particular such impersonal inscriptions as the one there suggested, so far removed from the original intention of the epitaph. For the earliest form of this is plainly nothing but an articulate expression of that which a great tomb, such as a barrow or cairn, was intended to effect—to keep safe the dead man's memory as well as his mortal remains. Such a tomb is a "monument" in the original sense of the word, a "reminder," and tradition was trusted to do the rest. As to the care shown for the safety of the dead body or its ashes, it is hard to say how much of this is due to natural good feeling and how much to the belief, which can be traced almost everywhere, in the continued presence of the spirit near the place of burial, a notion which seems to enter into the veneration of saints' relics—at least in its popular form. And this idea is reflected in epitaphs, not merely by the deceased speaking in the first person—this may be often a mere dramatic trick. But the dead Marcus Cæcilius certainly seems to be grateful for notice and company:—

> I am pleased, stranger (he says), that you have stopped near my abode. May you have success and health, and sleep without anxiety.

A little girl, too, from a Greek tomb at Mitylene asks for sympathy, and cannot fail to get it:—

> I, Elpis, seven years old, fell into a tank while playing. Shed a tear for me, passer-by.

The duty of keeping the dead undisturbed was in part transferred to the inscription, and was discharged by appeals to the living "not to hurt this monument," by consecration to the spirits of the dead (the "Di Manes"), sometimes, too, by awful curses, Pagan or even Christian—there is a weird story of the result, in very recent times, of removing an Egyptian mummy thus defended, and the verse believed to mark Shakespeare's burial-place is well known. Sometimes, too, the body was protected by more prosaic means—by the threat of a penalty (a fine of £200 at Ephesus under the Empire) for injuring the tomb, or by diverting it from the heir and handing it over to trustees, this being stated on the tombstone.

But this object of the inscription has always been less prominent than the main one of preserving the name (the year of death was not a necessary addition till comparatively recent times), and in the more elaborate instances the achievements, character and characteristics, and sometimes the personal appearance of the dead. This last is more commonly perpetuated in sculpture or painting. But the epitaph sometimes records it, in all degrees of elaboration, from the sketch of Scipio Barbatus, "whose appearance was just like his high character," to the description of a Greek lady's features in full detail. The following are examples of epitaphs of a simple form, Roman and Greek:—

> Stranger, what I say is but little, stand and read it through. This is the tomb without beauty of a beautiful woman. Her parents called her name Claudia. She bore two sons; of these, one she leaves on earth, the other she laid beneath the earth. Her talk was full of charm, her walk becoming. She kept at home; she worked at wool. I have spoken. Go.

This account aims, very wisely, at brevity, but is surpassed by the following in a Greek elegiac couplet:—

> His children set up, at his death, this memorial of the justice, and temperance, and high character of Sosinous.

But the epitaph does not confine itself to such descriptions of the dead. For, as a general rule, his relations or friends must provide the tomb and supply the epitaph, as they often tell us that they have done. Accordingly they have a right to speak for themselves, and thus further elaboration comes in, in the form of reflections upon death, often suggested by the circumstances of the life or death of the person commemorated, but sometimes of a more general character. In many Greek epitaphs there is a note of resignation (though not in the modern religious sense), especially in the case of old people:—

> She grieved no one, and saw, too, her children's children. Now she has her share of the lot common to all.

"That thou shalt see thy children's children" forms a large part of the promise of a happy life in a well-known Psalm, and the general sentiment of such epitaphs is like that shown in the account of David's death, that "he died in a good old age, full of days, riches, and honour," which almost reads like a part of his epitaph. Even with younger persons there is sometimes the same resignation:—

> After many pleasant sports with my comrades of like age, sprung from the earth, I have become earth again: and I am Aristocles of Peiræus, the son of Menon;

he is just the "vitæ plenus conviva" of Lucretius

This, in Roman epitaphs, sometimes takes the form of mere animalism :—

Balnea, vinum, venus corrumpunt corpora nostra sed vitam faciunt.

Tiberius Claudius Secundus had seen life to some effect. But we know, from the elaborate and repeated arguments of Lucretius, that such equanimity was by no means universal, and thus Procope is made to say :—

"I raise my hands against the God who snatched me away, though I had done no harm." Who lived twenty years.

This is indignation ; another Roman example shows mere hopelessness :—

Fortune makes many promises to many ; she fulfils them to no one. Live for the day and the hour, for nothing is really one's own.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die." The new light brought into the world by Christianity is nowhere more conspicuous than in its early epitaphs. There is as much affection as in the Pagan inscriptions, but a different view of death. And the charm of these documents (for such they are) seldom owes much to literary expression—it is, as has been remarked, a pointed comment on the literary attainments of the survivors that they could tolerate the work of such illiterate stone-cutters. Though Pagan formulas, such as "domus eterna," are found, the general note is "in peace"; "in Christ"; "a sweet soul in refreshment"; "the sleeping-place of Elpis" (this Elpis does not ask for sympathy ; she is all hope); "You will arise, rest for a time has been given you."

Sometimes, as is natural, these feelings take the form of a prayer. This is not unknown before: "May the earth be light upon thee," is perhaps little more than a form; "May the gods be good to thee" seems to have more substance. But existence after death, though most people, except the superior intellects, seem to have believed in it more or less, was almost too shadowy for Pagans to pray about. Christians were on firmer ground. "May you live in the Lord Jesus"; "God give you refreshment"; "God refresh your spirit" are some of these early prayers for the dead. It is to be noted that these Christians seem to have been mostly free from the confused popular theology which ignores "Hades" or "Paradise," and therefore the Resurrection—expressed in the formula "going to Heaven when you die"—which is common in more than one part of the Christian Church at the present day. This practical turn given to the epitaph became, as is well known, the commonest form in the Middle Ages, when men seem, from one point of view, to have devoted so much of their attention to saving their individual souls, or getting others to do it for them. These prayers or requests for prayer, vary from the simple form, "A prayer for Maol Patrick," or whoever he might be, common in Ireland and Scotland, to the more elaborate formula of the later Middle Ages :—

Orate pro anima . . . qui obiit . . . cuius anime propicietur Deus. Amen.

Or sometimes there is the less selfish form (whether in Latin or, more rarely, in English) suggested by the words of the Liturgy :—

On whose sowllis and all Christen sowllis our Lord have mercy.

There is one beautiful example of a prayer for the dead, once in Old St. Paul's, forming part of the epitaph of a man named Lambe, of Henry VIII.'s time :—

O Lambe of God which Sinne didst take away;
And as a Lambe was offred up for Sinne,
Where I (poor Lambe) went from thy Flock astray,
Yet thou, good Lord, vouchsafe thy Lambe to winne
Home to thy Folde, and holde thy Lambe therein ;
That at the day when Lambes and Goates shall sever
Of thy choice Lambes, Lambe may be one for ever.

But there is one aspect of death, its physical results on the body, little referred to in the epitaphs of the Greeks and Romans (though Lucretius shows us that it was not absent from people's thoughts), which comes into prominence for the first time in the later Middle Ages. It was thought edifying to dwell on what may be called the death's head and cross-bones view of death, and it is in connection with this that the epitaph sets itself most definitely to teach the survivors a lesson. Sometimes this duty is (like other functions of the epitaph) turned over to sculpture, and the deceased is represented as a skeleton ; sometimes it is discharged in plain words. The following is a powerful and horrible example, which had best be left in an untranslated form :—

Unde superbus homo ? Cuius conceptio culpa,
Nasci poena, labor vita, necesse mori.
Vana salus hominum, vanus labor, omnia vana ;
Inter vana nihil vanius est homine.
Post hominem vermis, post vermem foetor et horror,
Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.
Mors venit absque mora, nescis cum venerit hora,
Esto paratus ei, cum venerit hora diei.

As regards modern epitaphs, we are, since the Renaissance, the heirs of the ages, and samples of almost all the kinds mentioned above can be found belonging to the last few centuries. That in Old St. Paul's on Elizabeth Freeman, A.D. 1632,

Who lived in the feare of God, died in the faith of Christ Jesus, and restith heere in assured hope of a glorious resurrection,

is almost as good as the character of General Gordon in the building which has taken its place :—

Who at all times and everywhere gave his strength to the weak, his substance to the poor, his sympathy to the suffering, his heart to God.

The use of a quotation, nearly always a text, which has recently prevailed in England, while good and dignified in itself, obviously only adds to the number of original epitaphs where the circumstances of the person commemorated give a fresh sense to the quotation, as, in the case of an aged person,

When the even was come, Jesus saith unto them, Let us pass over unto the other side.

A. C. C.

THE OKAPI.

"EX Africa semper aliquid novi." Whoever he was who first used this terse expression in some political club of imperial Rome, he little dreamed that it would become a winged quotation which would hold good for well-nigh two thousand years. There is always some news brewing in the Dark Continent, not only of political strife and war, but of discoveries in the more peaceful realm of science, especially in geography and natural history. Populations of pigmies, relegated for many centuries to the land of fiction, have been rediscovered; the muddy reaches of the Congo and its tributaries have yielded a rich harvest of queer fishes, notably members of the family Mormyridæ; the same vast district has produced frogs with claws as sharp as those of a cat, and other frogs with "hairy" nuptial excrescences. On the Gambia the archaic Polypterus, suspected ancestor of many other fishes and of Amphibia, had to reveal its larvæ. Tanganyika, already famous for that paradox, a freshwater Medusa, has given up from its depths a number of living shells whose relations are typically marine kinds in the Indian Ocean. Now, this year has brought a beast which might tersely be described as a short-necked giraffe without horns, but with stripes like a zebra on the limbs. Rumours of the existence of such a creature, based upon native reports, had been known since the Emin Pasha Relief Expedition passed through that land of wonders to the west of Lake Victoria. Last year some belts, or bandoliers, made of the skin of the unknown creature, came into the hands of Sir Harry Johnston, and were sent to the Zoological Society. Dr. Sclater, the secretary, named the animal *Equus Johnstoni*, a very excusable mistake, since only

zebra-like animals were known to possess such a skin striped with chocolate brown and white. Then Sir Harry, always on the look-out for zoological specimens, succeeded in procuring through native hunters a complete skin and two skulls, and he announced that the animal belonged to the genus Helladotherium, a ruminant related to the giraffe, but hitherto known from fossil remnants only of upper miocene date, discovered in Greece, but ranging from France to India. For one who is not a specialist in the lore of mammals, living and extinct, but a High Commissioner in the heart of Africa, with the scantiest means of reference, this guess is worthy of the greatest credit, since it comes very near the truth.

The animal, the native name of which is Okapi, has been renamed *Okapia Johnstoni*. The skin, beautifully mounted, is now one of the greatest attractions in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. The general colour is a strikingly rich red-brown gradually paling off into white on the middle of the belly, whilst the outside of the legs, especially the haunches, are white with numerous and very conspicuous horizontal stripes of dark chocolate-brown. At present the complete skin, the toes, and two skulls are known. The cloven feet and the dentition show that the animal belongs to the large group of ruminants. The configuration of the skull, especially the lightness of the bones forming its roof, some of which are very pneumatic, and the entire absence of lateral toes, indicate relationship with the family Giraffidæ. To find a living representative of a genus which, like Helladotherium, flourished in the upper miocene or in the lower pliocene period, may appear startling, but there are many cases of mammals—for instance, the tapir, the rhinoceros, and the camel—which have existed almost unaltered since those periods. Moreover, most of those persistent types lived in Southern Europe and corresponding latitudes of Asia, while they are now restricted to Africa and other more tropical countries. Therefore, to judge from the analogous cases of the rhinoceros, the aardvark or orycteropus, the ostrich, and the giraffe itself, Africa would be the proper place for the lingering survivors of Helladotherium. However, the Okapi is not a member of this genus, and a survey, not too technical, of the rise and fall of the giraffe-like animals in the wider sense discloses some features of general interest.

The giraffes proper, now represented by a southern and a northern form in Africa, possess several "horns." These are neither horns nor antlers in the ordinary sense, but they consist of bony protuberances which are covered by the ordinary hairy skin. In this respect they resemble the young growing antlers of a stag in the velvet-covered stage. One pair arises, in both sexes, behind the orbits upon the juncture of the frontal and parietal bones; an unpaired "horn" (but in reality the result of a fusion of paired outgrowths), stands in the middle line upon the root of the face, spreading from the frontal upon the nasal bones. This middle horn is best developed in specimens of Central and Eastern Africa, low or absent in those of more southern countries. A third pair, always low, is carried further back, near the occipito-parietal crests, and this hindmost pair seems to be especially well developed in those specimens which Sir Harry Johnston has procured during his last excursion to the north of Mount Elgon. Undoubtedly they are the five-horned giraffes mentioned in the newspapers, some accounts of which have mixed them up with the Okapi. The skull of the giraffe is very pneumatic in its upper parts, and very light. The neck, as everybody knows, is much elongated, and the back slopes down sharply, the elevation of the forequarters being correlated with an elongation of the forelimbs, the radius being considerably longer than the tibia. Fossil giraffes are known from the lower Pliocene of Greece and the Himalayas, apparently with somewhat shorter necks and with the limbs less disproportionate in length.

The Helladotherium of Pliocene Greece is known by one skull only and the greater part of the skeleton. It was plumper, more bulky than the giraffe, with shorter neck and with the fore and hind limbs of equal length. The skull lacks the bony protuberances, with the exception of an unpaired low swelling. Samotherium of similar date from Samos and Persia resembles Helladotherium in proportions and shape, but resembles the giraffe by the possession of a pair of blunt bony protuberances in the orbital region, while the unpaired excrescence is wanting. The Sivatherium of the Sivalik Hills surpassed them all in bulk and stoutness. The limbs are of equal length. The remarkable features of this beast are the exuberantly developed horns, which, to judge from their length and shape, were probably not covered with skin and hair. The anterior, orbital pair is low and simple, but the posterior pair, placed, like that of the giraffe upon the parieto-occipital region, is very strong and ramified, showing several types.

Consequently the pedigree of the giraffe is by no means certain. None of the fossil genera mentioned above can claim the honour of the direct ancestor of the giraffe; on the contrary, each of them has been specialised in a direction of its own. So far as numbers of cranial protuberances are concerned, the five-horned giraffe carries the palm, and the same applies to the elongation of the neck and the corresponding lengthening of the forelimbs. In all these respects the giraffe reveals itself as the final achievement of what this tribe of ruminants has been capable of developing into. At the opposite end stands the Okapi, by far the smallest of its congeners, without any cranial protuberances, still with a short neck, and with but slight elevation at the shoulders. But are we justified upon these grounds to look upon the Okapi as resembling the supposed common ancestor more than the others? If so, then we are forced to conclude that the development of the horns is a comparatively late feature which has reached its maximum of bulk in the huge Sivatherium, and its maximum of numbers in the tall but graceful giraffe. In this case there remains the puzzle of what has started the growth of these protuberances. Such a weakly constructed, pneumatic, and light skull as that of the Okapi or of the giraffe can ill be reconciled with the reasonable idea that horns and antlers are due to the accumulative result of fighting or butting with the head. Or are these protuberances merely ornamental freaks?

Perhaps it is more reasonable to reverse the whole imaginary process, and to assume that all these creatures are the diverse descendants of animals with strong skulls and serviceable antlers or horns (no matter how they got them), and that hand in hand with subsequent weakening and lightening of the skull, the former weapons have degraded into now merely ornamental remnants, lingering to the number of five in the giraffe, of four in Sivatherium, two in Samotherium, one in Helladotherium, and lost completely in the Okapi. The latter would, from this point of view, be the most modern and most modest member of a tribe which has flourished in bygone times. H. Gadow.

DRAMA.

OTHELLO.

MR. LOUIS CALVERT owns a theatrical name much honoured in Manchester and the north of England, but he is best known in the south through his performances in Mr. Beerbohm Tree's Shakespeare revivals at Her Majesty's. He is an actor who, though imbued with the traditions of the old school, has ever proved himself alert to march with the times. Learning that he was advertised to play *Othello*—a tragedy rarely within reach of the Londoner—I made the journey to New Cross for the purpose of seeing him.

This Othello is more Latin than Oriental—a thick-set Frenchman of the Midi, one would say. He is not poetical, but yet is by no means the mere savage with a varnish of civilisation whom some have imagined. A strong man, but marring his strength with gusts of passion on slight provocation; over-prone to assert himself by violence. In Act I., when checking the faction fight, in Act II., when entering on Cassio's quarrel, and again on leaving with the line "I'll make thee an example"—which he transposes and precedes with a shout, interpolating the name of the offender twice—in all these he is too noisy and demonstrative. This is clear for two reasons. Othello has won his great reputation by giving constant proof of "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control." These he has exhibited in all the chances of life up to the beginning of the play—that is to say, in many circumstances of war and tumult. It is the man's greatest virtue that he bears an even mind in the midst of excitement and danger. A mere crossing of swords by over-eager partisans, a squabble raised by a soldier in liquor and his consequent punishment, if these could ruffle him he would never have reached his high position. The second reason is that dramatic contrast is required in order to give full effect to Act III.—where for the first time he is confronted with troubles of the heart and, in the novelty of the situation, loses all command over himself, loses all sense of self respect, of dignity, of justice, nay even of common observation. This third act is terribly weakened if Othello has already shown himself to be a man easily moved to passion by the simple annoyances incident to his profession. Looking at Mr. Calvert in these earlier acts, one asks with Lodovico :—

> Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate
> Call all in all sufficient ? Is this the nature
> Whom passion could not shake ?

On the other hand, his meeting with Desdemona at Cyprus is finely conceived, and the shadow of presentiment which hangs over the lines :—

> If it were now to die,
> 'Twere now to be most happy ; for I fear,
> My soul hath her content so absolute
> That not another comfort like to this
> Succeeds in unknown fate.

as though he were oppressed with the old world idea that the gods resent too much happiness in mortals, is well expressed. This reading, though comparatively unusual, is not unknown. In Act III. the familiar outburst :—

> Excellent wretch ! Perdition catch my soul,
> But I do love thee ! and when I love thee not,
> Chaos is come again.

seems to me to be spoken without conviction.

It is now that the test comes by which an actor must stand or fall. Mr. Calvert's Othello listens quietly to the first suggestions of Iago, quietly and unsuspiciously (the opening gambit almost invariably employed), but as the scene progresses he departs both from the suddenly awaked suspicion which some exhibit and from the extreme slowness of comprehension favoured by others. He listens rather with the air of a man following an impersonal argument, a reading particularly to be remarked in his utterance of the interjectional "O misery!" These words are commonly taken to be a muttered acknowledgment to himself of the truth of what he hears, but Mr. Calvert speaks them direct to Iago—as who should say "I quite agree with you; it would be horrible." He makes a new and striking point with the lines :—

> 'Tis not to make me jealous
> To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
> Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well ;
> Where virtue is, these are more virtuous :
> Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
> The slightest fear or doubt of her revolt ;
> For she had eyes, and chose me.

Here he strongly emphasises the final pronoun. This differs in degree rather than in kind from the ordinary reading, and is in the same key of argumentative retort. From this point onwards to the end of the act he follows the natural course of the scene, but after hurling Iago to the ground introduces a menacing gesture with his dagger, which recalls, though with a considerable difference, the great effect introduced by Salvini. It is a rough, powerful, and quite satisfactory interpretation of perhaps the greatest tumult of passion known to any stage.

Mr. Thalberg, who acted so well in two or three of the Criterion successes a few years back, does not shine as Iago. He misses the fact that, in spite of all his vices, the ancient is every inch a soldier. He is too pale and clerkly in appearance, with a slouching gait that Othello would not have tolerated. He avoids the mistake of looking like a villain and allowing his face to reflect his thoughts when in presence of others, and that is good ; but he falls into the other mistake of not accentuating his evil disposition when alone. Soliloquy is thinking aloud, and each successive thought should not only be spoken, but faithfully translated by tone and gesture. Like everything this actor does, it is intelligent, but it is inexcusably colourless.

Everything comes to him who waits, and, having waited many years, I have at last come upon a Roderigo who obeys the clear indications of the author, and disguises himself. Indeed, he goes further, and comes over to Cyprus as one of Othello's guard. This is an innovation not less effective than desirable. Mrs. Mouillot makes Desdemona far more coquettish than at first sight seems proper. One prefers the customary reading. Yet it is undeniable that this manner may be no more than the expression of an intense desire to please on the part of a perfectly simple nature. The Brabantio is too uniformly irritable and violent, but has one very good moment when handing over his daughter to the Moor.

To those old-fashioned folk who believe that the words of a classical author should be spoken with scrupulous accuracy there is not a little to grate on the ear. Here are a few detached examples, some of which betray not only careless study but a curious lack of the rhythmical sense :—

> Rude am I in speech (*my* omitted),
> Still questioned me the story of my *youth* (should be *life*)
> But still the house affairs would draw her *hence* (should be *thence*)
> How comes it Michael, *that* you are thus forgot (*that* inserted)
> Your *handkerchief* is too little (should be *napkin*)
> And do *you* but mark his vice (*you* inserted)
> *And* though Cassio did some little wrong to him (*and* inserted)
> Thou know'st we work by wit not witchcraft (*and* and *by* omitted)
> Myself *will* draw the Moor apart (should be *the while to*)

It is right to add that I was compelled to leave at the end of the third act, so cannot say anything concerning the later part of that which, in spite of faults, is a creditable performance, headed by a very interesting actor.

W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

THE death of Lady Mount Temple is an event of which the general world took very slight notice ; but in the hearts of those who knew her it has awakened thoughts too deep for tears. She was a woman on whom Nature had lavished gifts—beauty, grace, intellect, character, position, influence ; but all these were qualified—should we not rather say enhanced ?—by a sympathy with suffering so keen that she could never be happy in a world where others were miserable. All the cruelties and tyrannies that are done under the sun,

all the pangs and tears of a groaning and travailing creation, were to her—

> Desperate tides of the whole great world's anguish,
> Forced thro' the channels of a single heart.

The problem of pain was to her one of the unsearchable mysteries of God. To know the truth about Him, and to lessen the load of earthly suffering, were the two objects to which her long life was unbrokenly devoted.

> "Her thoughts were detached from the world, and only visited it, with an interest like that which guardian angels take for their charge, in behalf of those friends with whom she lived in love, or of the poor whom she could serve and comfort. Thus passed her life, enjoying from all who approached her an affection enhanced by reverence; insomuch that, when her friends sorrowed for her death, they were comforted by the fond reflection that the humanity which she then laid down was the only circumstance which had placed her, in the words of Scripture, a little lower than the angels."

Nothing like a biography of Lady Mount Temple (nor of her husband, who predeceased her in 1888) will be attempted here. But perhaps it may be worth while to recall a curious phase of religious life which was identified with their name. This was the "Broadlands Conference." The idea was borrowed from the American Camp Meetings, and the first Conference was held in July, 1874, at Broadlands—the beautiful place near Romsey which Mr. Cowper-Temple inherited from his step-father, Lord Palmerston.

The order of proceedings was something like what follows. Mr. and Mrs. Cowper-Temple (to use the name by which they were known till 1880) invited a large number of friends and acquaintances, male and female, who had this much in common—that they were interested in religious enquiry—and nothing more. A few weeks before the Conference assembled, a syllabus of subjects for consideration was circulated among those who had accepted the invitation. On Monday evening the gathering assembled; the house at Broadlands was filled to the attics, and many of the guests overflowed into the inns of Romsey. On Tuesday morning there was an early Celebration in Romsey Abbey. For those who preferred non-sacramental religion, devotions were provided in the house. After breakfast we had family prayers and expositions. At eleven the whole company assembled in a glorious grove of beeches on the lawn, where a rostrum and seats had been arranged. Lord Mount Temple presided, with infinite grace and devoutness, and the Conference began. Let me enumerate only a few of the people who attended it—Mr. Russell Gurney, Mr. Andrew Jukes, Bishop Wilkinson, Father Corbet of Stoke, Basil Wilberforce, Theodore Monod, Pearsall Smith, George MacDonald, A. H. Stanton, Alfred Gurney, Canon Body, Bishop Boyd-Carpenter, Lord Radstock, Ion Keith-Falconer, George Russell, Roden Noel, and Edward Clifford. To these must be added Lady Gainsborough, Lady Waterford, Lady Ashburton, Mrs. Charles, Miss Yonge, Miss Ellice Hopkins, Miss Marsh, Antoinette Stirling, Mrs. Sumner, Mrs. Gibbs, Mrs. Pearsall Smith, and Mrs. Russell Gurney. It will be readily perceived that in this society there was a considerable variety of religious opinion; and among the orators I recall (without naming them) a Jew who had been converted by studying the Law of Sacrifice, a negress who had been a slave, and a working-printer who taught that sin was a disease. The debate was animated, amiable, and desultory. No one kept to the prescribed subject. Everyone had his own gospel, and preached it. Everyone agreed immensely with the last speaker, and forthwith proceeded to launch some entirely novel theory of his own. There was no quarrelling, and the mutual admiration was perfectly sincere. After luncheon the Conference was resumed, and we went on debating till tea-time. In the evening there was a mission-service in the Park; and the day was wound up with family prayers and more expositions. The next day and the next exactly the same order was pursued; and then, after farewell services and meetings, the Conference broke up.

A religious newspaper, reporting the spiritual exercises of the week, concluded its notice with this characteristic touch: "We are informed that the noble host's income is not less than £30,000 a year"; and the luxurious appliances of the "Broadlands Retreat" made capital fun for people accustomed to the more austere regimen of Cowley or Keble. And yet, though it was so very easy to laugh at them, the Broadlands Conferences did good. They brought together people who certainly would never have met elsewhere. They enabled Ritualists to understand the vital element of Evangelical religion. They showed Evangelicals that Ritualists were not necessarily slaves of the husk and the letter. Probably, even more usefully still, they opened the eyes of orthodox religionists to the mysterious workings of the Divine Spirit of Truth in regions far beyond the precincts of all recognised churches.

I look back through the vista of years, upon the scene in which the Conference assembed, and see the overarching trees, the glowing garden, the river gliding softly through the quiet green lawns. All is pervaded and beautified by the presence of the loved and honoured lady who on Monday last was laid to rest beside her husband in the cemetery at Romsey.

Vattene in pace, alma beata e bella.

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE WEEK IN FRANCE

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *October 22nd*, 1901.

I HAVE read with the highest interest the letters from Sir Henry Howorth and Father Gerard to the *Times*, and the comments lately passed on the Associations Law in several Catholic English papers. The abundance of information about us accessible to the ordinary English reader, compared with what we can get from our dailies concerning our neighbours, is always a cause of wonderment to me. At the same time I cannot help being struck by the sort of general inaccuracy resulting from the different standpoint necessarily forced on a foreigner. The same facts cannot appear the same in two different atmospheres, and a fact viewed by itself may be as deceptive as an historical lie. You remember Walpole's contempt of history. Sir Henry Howorth, in spite of the few wrong statements I have pointed out in his letter, has evidently gathered considerable information about the Orders, but it is no less evident that he has not come near any convent where he could have been in touch with a state of mind which he describes without knowing it. Father Gerard, on the other hand, denies—with real eloquence—that his French brethren have "either plotted against the Republic, or exerted themselves to allure other congregations to step on board their foundering boat by refusing to apply for authorisation." These negative statements, more particularly the former, are true. No Jesuit, not even Père du Lac, whose testimony Father Gerard adduces without choosing to give his name, ever was what you call a politician, trying to influence the electorate directly by speech or writing like an Assumptionist. That is very true, I should say too true, for the Society was indifferent to politics to a fault. After the Pope had advised *railliement* to the Republic, the French clergy so universally gave signs of their relief at this step that silence on the point looked like disapproval. Now very few Jesuits were sufficiently independent from the ordinary *clientèle* of their schools to express approval of the democratic policy it abominated. It is a well-known fact that their reticence was not sanctioned by all the branches of the Order abroad, and even in France many of the younger religious would be found sufficiently free from the titled and military prejudice to let

the dead bury their dead, but these have not found their tongues yet. They may find them later on, in a few years, when the present storm has abated, leaving, however, its lesson. Without growing more of a politician than the Jesuit, the mediæval Dominican is now known as the most modern of monks. Orders, like nations, have their revolutions. Father Gerard would have wished to inquire further concerning "the extraordinary story of the French Carmelites having actually commenced their migration on the strength of a letter received by them in the name of a superior general with whom they were so little in touch as not to know that he was too ill to write, and that the missive must consequently be a forgery."

The story does look extraordinary, and the letter was a forgery. But it is no less certain and no less extraordinary that the letter was printed by several Catholic papers always on the look out for something alarming, without a word of doubt on its authenticity, and that many Orders, especially the Carmelites, each house of whom is independent of the others, went very much by newspaper information. Some weeks ago I happened to visit a convent where the nuns were packing up their "poor riches," as Freiligrath says—a melancholy sight. The priest whom I was accompanying ventured to express to the *tourière* his regret at seeing them go. "*Mais, Monsieur l'Abbé,*" she replied, almost indignantly, "how can one stay and remain in communion with Rome?" The poor little sister had evidently got her view of the case from some reader of *La Vérité.* Rome was purposely silent during the three months' delay left to the Orders. Its silence was imitated by M. Waldeck-Rousseau, who never said a word about the Associations since the vote of the law, and never gave the faintest hint on which either the Bishops or the Orders might have acted. This puts me in mind of the book so warmly praised by Sir H. Howorth, and commonly attributed to M. Waldeck-Rousseau. The book is indeed full of the clear clever speeches delivered by him about the Associations since his first election as a Deputy. But the reader who had bought it on the rather deceptive advertisements would be quite disappointed to find it closing with M. Waldeck-Rousseau's address to the Senate which we heard four months ago. The book is interesting in that it shows in the Premier a unity of purpose which is not always admitted by his opponents. M. Waldeck-Rousseau is hardly likely to break his silence concerning the Orders excepting to answer M. Gayraud's interpellation, the date of which the Chamber is perhaps fixing at this very moment. The demands from the Orders will be handed to a committee of thirty-three members, who cannot give their opinion of them before making inquiries which are not even begun, and which will probably last till the 15th of March, when the Chamber will leave everything for the elections. In the meantime, the Government will have other large fish to fry. The congress now sitting at St. Etienne may not decide the miners' general strike and fix it, as proposed by many, to the 1st of November, but it is awful enough to think that Socialist discipline is sufficiently strong among the miners to empower eight of them to give a decision on which the life of the country is suspended. These eight delegates seem to shrink from the responsibility, but as the fifty thousand men they represent are likely to urge their claims more and more, and have regarded the Premier's declaration as a mere evasion, the danger can only be put off. It will require bloodshed to face it when it eventually breaks out. The Préfet of the Loire declared this morning that he would consider the strike as an insurrection, and deal with it as such. He may be right, but it is rather a surprise to see the right to strike denied for the first time by a Government so often described as Socialist. Whereas perfect union prevails among the poor blindfolded working men, their leaders are fighting with a violence dismaying even for outsiders. It is painful to reflect that the most advanced party, the one supposed to be freest from prejudices, should make so little of individual liberty and pry into one another's privacy just like their ancestors of the Comité de Salut Public did more than a hundred years ago. How slow France will have been learning the lesson of liberty she taught others at the Revolution! Week after week M. Gohier, the writer in the *Aurore*, goes on twitting M. Jaurès with unmanly inconsistency in allowing his wife to bring up their daughter a Catholic, and M. Jaurès goes on explaining in an embarrassed tone. The amazing conclusion of the long debate is to be a proposal from a Socialist deputy that no *curé* shall be allowed to give religious instruction to a child and admit him or her to the first communion without the written consent of both parents. Thus will sheepish philosophers no longer be able to put forward the old excuse known to husbands since the beginning of the world.

Another edifying instance of concord is that given by M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his brother-in-law, M. Edwards. The latter, after being for years the *fidus Achates* of his connection, eventually turned his activity and his enormous wealth to the service of the least veiled hatred. He bought the *Petit Sou* and made it a Socialist organ of the bitterest tone merely to give vent to his brotherly love. Gradually he passed to action, and nobody was astonished when it was proved some days ago that the three or four thousand guns discovered at Montceau-les-Mines had been conveyed there through his care for the special purpose of making things a little more lively for his perplexed brother-in-law.

Let me conclude this chapter on union with my conviction that the fusion of the *Figaro* with the *Gaulois* will be a fact in a few days. Figaro, languid and penitent, but penitent only because he feels languid, thinks it better to cast his old skin off altogether, and like the old lama in Mr. Kipling's "Kim," seeks the purifying river in which he can wash away the stain of his Revolutionist and Dreyfusist sin. I take little interest in either, the lama or the river.

"QUEL FOCO CH'IO PENSAI CHE FOSSE SPENTO."

(*After Petrarch.*)

THE fire I deemed so long extinct,
  Lo! in my bosom newly glows,
And flickers in that cold precinct
  As it would flame in Alpine snows.

I quenched the embers with my tears
  What time its light burned near to dying;
Nor ever guessed that all these years
  One smouldering brand unquenched was lying.

The thousand, thousand tears I shed
  Are naught—a tongue of flame upflashes!
Ah! when I thought my love was dead
  I should have trampled on its ashes.

D. K. BROSTER.

REVIEWS.

EARLY GREECE.*

THE results of recent exploration in Crete have revived amongst archæologists and historians the interest and excitement which were aroused twenty years ago by the sensational discoveries of Schliemann. Mr. Hall's studies on early Ægean civilisation, therefore, appear opportunely; but it is somewhat unfortunate that his volume should have been published almost simultaneously with the first volume of Professor Ridgway's "Early Age of Greece," which, as an original investigation, promulgating new and revolutionary views, will necessarily demand and win a greater share of attention. It is consequently the more incumbent on a reviewer to emphasise the utility of Mr. Hall's cautious and discreet treatment of the Mycenæan problems.

*THE OLDEST CIVILISATION OF GREECE: STUDIES OF THE MYCENÆAN AGE. By H. R. Hall, M.A., Assistant in the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. D. Nutt.

He discusses the race of the people who made the Mycenæan civilisation, the date at which it flourished, the influence exerted upon it by Asia and Egypt. So far as the chronology is concerned, he is led to accept the orthodox view which fixes the middle and third quarter of the second millennium B.C. as the epoch of Mycenæan greatness; and while he rightly points out that some arguments, taken alone, are inconclusive, he refutes the extreme scepticism which has been manifested in certain quarters. On the other hand, he will not admit that there is any evidence which justifies us in referring the earlier pre-Mycenæan civilisation further back than the middle of the third millennium. It is to be observed with satisfaction that Mr. Hall does not concur in the new dating of the Twelfth Dynasty of Egypt (second quarter of third millennium) accepted by Professor Petrie, but places it after 2500 B.C.; and, on the other hand, he rejects Mahler's chronology for the Eighteenth Dynasty, and sets, for instance, the reign of Thothmes III. in the sixteenth, not in the fifteenth, century. We are glad to have Mr. Hall's authority for persisting in the belief that the chronology established by Lepsius and Brugsch has not yet been seriously shaken. Its general accuracy, in regard to the Eighteenth Dynasty, is confirmed by the date of Amenhetep IV., supplied by the Tell el-Amarna letters. As to the late survivals of Mycenæan culture, the treasure of Ægina, which Mr. Hall quotes as an instance, probably belongs to a much earlier period than 800 B.C., to which he, following Mr. A. J. Evans, would assign it. Mr. Evans himself has now retracted this view, having discovered Cypriote analogies which justify an earlier dating.

Though approaching the subject from the Oriental side, Mr. Hall has not suffered himself to be led astray by the *mirage oriental*. He comes to the conclusion that few traces of Asiatic influence, whether from Mesopotamia or Syria, can be found in the sphere of Ægean civilisation. On the other hand, he concludes that "the influence which was exercised by Egyptian culture generally on the development of that of Mycenæ was great"; yet he fully recognises that Mycenæan art was essentially European. "The palm trees on the Vaphio cups point to Egypt for their origin; but the spirit of the whole design in which they are an accessory to the main idea, and its execution, are totally un-Oriental, they are truly 'Mycenæan'; that is, they are Greek."

These last words bring us to the question of race. Here, again, Mr. Hall avows himself of the orthodox persuasion, and holds what for brevity's sake we may, with Professor Ridgeway, distinguish as the Achæan theory—the theory which sees in the Homeric Achæans the makers of Mycenæan civilisation. The chief motive of Professor Ridgeway's book, to which we referred above, is to upset this theory, and, without following him to some of his other conclusions, we think that he has been successful in demonstrating his "Pelasgian" theory. Mr. Hall attempts, in a few pages, to refute Professor Ridgeway's thesis that the Mycenæan and pre-Mycenæan civilisations were developed by the same people, the Pelasgians; but his arguments are quite inadequate, perhaps necessarily so, since he only knew the theory from a short preliminary statement in an archæological journal. In Mr. Hall's exposition we miss a full and detailed comparison between the Homeric and the Mycenæan culture, the general identity of which it is so important for the Achæan theory to establish, while Professor Ridgeway sharply—too sharply, we think—emphasises the discrepancies. The most serious difference was in the disposing of the dead. The Homeric Achæans burned, the Mycenæans inhumed, their dead; and this difference in burial custom has been a perpetual thorn in the side of the Achæan theory. It is a fundamental discrepancy which demands explanation, and it seems to us that Mr. Hall underrates its significance. He omits to discuss the question of Homeric and Mycenæan armour, and we have sought in vain for a reference to Reichel's now famous work on the subject.

In combating the view of a dominant Oriental influence, Mr. Hall observes: "There is also an element which dominates the whole, and which gives the whole its peculiar character. It is impossible to refuse to this element the designation 'Greek.' The spirit of the Mycenæan artists appeals to our sympathies instantly as something which we know and understand—it is Greek; the general *facies* of the Mycenæan culture is Greek. It is, therefore, impossible to assign the Mycenæan civilisation to a non-Greek race—the Phœnicians, for instance." This is perfectly true in one sense, but it is an argument which, thus expressed, seems to invite misapprehension. The point is that Mycenæan art has something about it, a certain stamp, which likewise distinguishes classical Greek art, and may properly be designated as Greek. But this does not prove that "it is impossible to assign the Mycenæan civilisation to a non-Greek race," if "non-Greek" is taken to imply non-Greek-speaking or non-Aryan. For those who hold that the "Mycenæans" were non-Aryan may consistently hold that it was to non-Aryan elements amongst them that the Greeks of later times owed their artistic genius.

Mr. Hall takes a sensible view of the Phœnician question, though he is perhaps inclined to overrate their activity in the Ægean. In this connection, he might have mentioned the cuneiform document of Cythera, recently discussed by Köhler; he might have pointed to the probably Phœnician origin of the name Abdera; and in rejecting the hypothesis of a Phœnician settlement at Thebes he should have stated and exposed the Gephyræan argument.

As a careful and independent examination of the evidence by a competent archæologist, Mr. Hall's book may be recommended, particularly for those who have been disposed to regard with scepticism the wonderful revelations of recent discoveries in the Ægean. It has especial value as emanating from the British Museum and proving that the heresy of Dr. A. S. Murray, who would bring down the culture of Mycenæ to the eighth and seventh centuries B.C., has not infected all his archæological colleagues. This curious theory, which hardly calls for a refutation, has recently been reduced *ad absurdum* by Mr. A. J. Evans, who has shown that it involves the hypothesis of two Bronze Ages in Greece, with an Age of Iron between.

LESSONS FROM WORK.*

To read the collection of papers published a short time ago by Bishop Westcott with the title "Lessons from Work" is to have a deepened sense of the loss which has been sustained in his death. One value of the book is that it gives in a short form the main principles of the teaching contained in the long series of works which he has written. Widely as the subjects treated differ from one another, the spirit pervading the treatment is throughout the same. The protest made in one of the papers, read on March 23rd, 1900, to the College of Science at Newcastle-on-Tyne, against applying the word "secular" to industry, science, literature, and art is significant of the general tone. The work of the Church, the study of Christian Doctrine, the criticism of the Bible, the ideal and methods of temperance, the relations between nations, questions affecting capital and labour, and the regulation of personal expenditure, are all treated as matters of religion and viewed in the light of the Incarnation. Bishop Westcott was perhaps more a seer than any other teacher of our own time. And the great lesson he taught was that of the possibility and the need of Christianising all life, international, political, social, individual.

As we have already indicated, the papers here collected include some of very recent dates. How fully the Bishop maintained his interest in events of the time and continued to contribute valuable help in pressing problems, may be seen from the paper entitled "Our Attitude Towards War," read at the Church Congress at Newcastle-on-Tyne on September 26th, 1900, and the address on "The Empire," delivered at All Saints', Tufnell Park, on November 15th, in the same year. In the latter, with its recognition of the rightfulness of expansion and the truth contained in Imperialism, together with its

* LESSONS FROM WORK. By Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D. D.C.L., Bishop of Durham. Macmillan. 6s.

repudiation of false and wrong ideas very often connected with the thought of Empire, the Bishop has made a powerful appeal to the best feelings of our race, and has emphasised the responsibilities which our national history has imposed upon us. Amid much else that is striking, he says :—

We shall, then, remembering the master-truth that "there is no wealth but life," endeavour to give to all the parts of our Empire of the fulness of our own life. If we have learnt the lessons of our national history, we shall not seek to assimilate but to co-ordinate the federated communities, and to call into play their peculiar forces as joint ministers with us to the common good. We shall not seek to reproduce an image of England under other conditions, but to make the spirit of England fertile in new results. We shall not seek to organise a highly concentrated government, but to apply ruling thoughts to various circumstances. We shall not seek to convey a form of civilisation only which, after all, is of the earth earthy.

We shall seek to recognise and to confess the reality of the unseen, as well as of the seen, in our policy and in our enterprises; to cherish and to manifest in all we do the conviction of a spiritual destiny of all men, which fills every action, great and small, with the sense of the invisible and the eternal; to communicate the fulness of our own highest aspirations, industrial, social, moral, spiritual—all that can be seen in history to have contributed to make whatever is noblest in our character; to welcome the formation of new popular types under the inspiration of the old temper, for in empires, no less than in men and nations, differences of function answer to fulness of being.

It is not in the least degree inconsistent with our deep reverence for Bishop Westcott's abilities and character and our gratitude for his life and work that we feel parts of his writings—and, among them, of the book now before us—to be open to criticism in some respects. A marked feature in his teaching is the assertion of the reality and continuity of the guidance of the Christian Church and the human race by the Holy Ghost. Of this divine guidance, whether of the world in general or exercised continuously in the present as in the past within the Church, he certainly does not make too much. But in the contrast, made, *e.g.*, on page 67 of "Lessons from Work," between the final and absolute character of the Christian revelation contained in Holy Scripture, and Christain doctrine as a human interpretation of the facts of life and of the Incarnation, he does not, we think, allow sufficiently for the apostolic deposit which was given effect to in the Christian tradition, and for the special authority of those decisions of the Church for which universal Catholic consent can be rightly claimed. It is, perhaps, to some extent connected with this, as it appears to us, weak point in Bishop Westcott's teaching, that he should make the mistake of saying that the Tractarians "were deeply influenced by mediæval, if not by Roman, forms of thought," whereas their theology, so far as it was not directly Scriptural, was almost entirely derived from patristic sources, and that some expressions which he uses should seem to attach too high an authority to the work of the English Reformation.

This latest volume from Bishop Westcott's pen contains many treasures. What has impressed us most in our perusal of it is the fact that in his old age, with his keen insight and long experience of life and resolute facing of facts, he has left behind him a message of hope and a testimony to the power of enthusiasm. As instances of this message and this testimony, we may quote two passages of great beauty. In his address on May 18th, 1899, at the dedication of the Cambridge Clergy Training School, the Bishop said :—

The times appeal to faithful souls. We stand, as I believe, on the threshold of a new age. In the prospect of this future I recall with thankfulness the promise of the outpouring of His Spirit in the last days, and the two forms in which the gift is revealed: your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions. I confess that my joy is to dream dreams; and may I, as an old man, charge the younger men—the young men here—to claim their privilege of seeing visions. Visions will assuredly, my friends, be offered to you; welcome them, gaze upon them, refuse to surrender them, and as the days go on they will take shape perhaps in some unexpected form with ever-increasing blessing. A youth without visions means an old age without hope.

And, still more recently, at the Commemoration of Benefactors at Trinity College, Cambridge, on December 11th, 1900, he spoke thus :—

I have had an unusually long working time and I think unequalled opportunities of service. Where I have failed, as I have failed often and grievously, it has not been because I once saw an ideal, but because I have not looked to it constantly, steadily, faithfully; because I have distrusted myself and distrusted others; because again and again I have lost the help of sympathy since I was unwilling to claim from those who "called me friend" the sacrifice which I was myself ready to make. So now an old man I dream dreams of great hope, when I plead with those who will carry forward what my own generation has left unattempted or unaccomplished to welcome the ideal which breaks in light upon them, the only possible ideal for man, even the fullest realisation of self, the completest service of others, the devoutest fellowship with God; to strive towards it untiringly, even if it seems "to fade for ever and for ever as we move." The world is ruled by great ideals; the soul responds to them. If they are neglected or forgotten they reassert themselves, and in this sense truth prevails at last. Without an ideal there can be no continuity in life; with it even failures become lessons. To a "surrendered soul" there can be no discouragement, for, as we have been truly told, "discouragement is the disenchantment of egoism." But we are God's ministers; and the highest which we can imagine for men, for nations, for humanity falls short of God's will for His creatures, and of the resources which he offers to us for its accomplishment.

Words like these supply a sufficient explanation of Bishop Westcott's great influence and of his own dauntless courage.

DOCTRINE AND THE REFORMATION.*

THIS is an excellent little sketch of Church history from a particular point of view from the beginning of the Avignon papacy to the end of the Lollard movement. It is written from a very complete knowledge of the best modern books and a considerable study of original authorities. It is singularly clear, and on the whole remarkably fair. The author's position, as a Wesleyan Methodist, is so happily expressed in the preface that we cannot do better than quote what he says. "Nonconformity is not, in my opinion, as some critics would have us understand, altogether a hindrance to historical study. On the one hand, it is true, the Nonconformist loses some degree of sympathy with, and inner understanding of, the life and faith of a Church diametrically opposed to his own. On the other hand he gains, or should gain, in impartiality by this very detachment. The Anglican historian, however fair, is always liable to the temptation of pointing out the lines of his own growth; his weakness in dealing with the Reformation is his anxiety to prove that there has been no break in continuity. The Nonconformist, on the other hand, should be delivered from this bias. Of his own complete break of continuity, whatever be the case with the Anglican, he can have no doubt. His polemical contention, that this break is really a reversion to earlier type, should not be allowed to colour his historical examination of how this great break occurred." Writing in this spirit Mr. Workman has done extremely well. And he is not only in many respects quite without prejudice, but he is—what is much more important—remarkably accurate wherever we have tested him. His appendices show that he is also capable of clear-headed original investigation.

MR. BANKS' book is a companion volume to Mr. Workman's history. Probably, from the nature of its subject, it is much less satisfactory. On points such as penance and the Eucharist it suffers from the want of a complete knowledge of Catholic theology. Nor is it always trustworthy in particular statements. Gregory the Great, for example, does not teach that the sacrifice of Christ is *repeated* in each Eucharist.

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* THE DAWN OF THE REFORMATION. By Herbert B. Workman, M.A. Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

* THE DEVELOPMENT OF DOCTRINE FROM THE EARLY MIDDLE AGES TO THE REFORMATION. By John S. Banks. Charles H. Kelly. 2s. 6d.

Again, Hoptianism should not be mentioned without reference to the modern contention of its primitive character, a contention certainly baseless, but with which students should be made acquainted To speak of private masses as "masses without communicants" is ambiguous. The sentence on page 17 needs revision. The book depends very largely upon Seeberg and Loofs, and has not the character of an original inquiry, so conspicuous in Mr. Workman's history. But it is really impossible to compress all mediæval and Reformation theology into a little book of 250 pages. The result can only be a summary which is little better than a cram-book.

THE HEARTS OF MEN.*

This is a curious and in some respects a remarkable book. It is curious that at the beginning of the twentieth century a man who claims to have read and studied should sit down and write out the most time-honoured platitudes with all the self-importance of a great discoverer; it is curious that a man who claims to have thought things out for himself should think so superficially and so loosely; it is curious that a man who claims to use the scientific method should be so inaccurate in his statements of facts, so hasty in his generalisations, so unscientific in his reasoning. And it is remarkable because these very defects sometimes enable Mr. Fielding by accident, as it were, to put old truths from a new point of view in a manner which is even forcible to those whose minds move instinctively and habitually in accordance with the valid laws of thought. Mr. Fielding lost his faith in Christianity when a young man, and, deeply conscious of the craving of the human heart for religion, he set out to discover what thing this religion can be. He first of all examined the creeds of the leading religions and found that he learned nothing from them. He then set to work *à posteriori* from the "hearts of men," and he found the explanation of religion in their emotions and instincts—"religion is the recognition and cultivation of our highest emotions, of our more beautiful instincts, of all that we know is best in us." Now, in the first place, Mr. Fielding has evidently never really studied Christianity at all. He allowed himself to succumb to the conventional bogies (the six days of creation, efficacy of prayer, origin of evil, etc.) which attack most young people when they begin to think. It is true that he went for help to the "scientific theologians"; but how little he can have understood what they taught him is shown by the grotesque parody of Christian doctrine which the earlier pages of his book present, and we may note in passing that the theory of the efficacy of prayer which he rejects because he thinks it is Christian in Chapter V. is the one which he accepts because he thinks it is his own in Chapter XXIII. These, perhaps, were rather the occasions than the cause of his defection. The real cause, he says, was the contradiction which he observed between the practical and the professed faith of Christians. His argument was that the code of Christ was not absolutely followed in daily life, therefore it "could not be absolutely followed in daily life, and therefore it was absolutely untrue." It never occurred to him that men might be wrong and the code right. It is obviously useless to argue with a man who adopts that point of view. He is, though he would not admit it, a materialist pure and simple, and this vice runs through all his thought. The world to him is very good, even its sin and its sorrow, which are essential parts of it. Consequently, he interprets everything else in terms of the world. He seeks to explain religion by man, the higher by the lower, and thinks that this is the scientific method of reasoning from the known to the unknown. Law is to him something higher than personality; and so confused is his thought that he habitually mixes up law in its scientific sense with law in its moral sense, and he nowhere attempts to show how a "law of righteousness" is conceivable apart from personality. Conscience he explains as inherited experience, but he never thinks of examining its moral sanction. He uses freely, as in the passage quoted above, the comparative and superlative degree—"highest," "more beautiful," "best"; but it never occurs to him that he is begging the question unless he explains, which he never attempts to do, how we get our standard of comparison. Similarly, he is unaware that his premiss "religious instincts" involves a *petitio principii*, and that his conclusion "religion" by no means follows from it. Mr. Fielding is evidently in earnest, but we put down his book feeling with renewed force the truth of Renan's saying: "En réalité, peu de personnes ont le droit de ne pas croire au Christianisme."

* The Hearts of Men. By H. Fielding. Hurst and Blackett. 10s. 6d. net.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Public Health and Housing; or, the Influence of the Dwelling upon Health in relation to the changing style of Habitation. By J. F. J. Sykes, M.D. P. S. King and Son. 5s.

(2) The War of the Civilisations. Being the Record of a "Foreign Devil's" Experiences with the Allies in China. By George Lynch. Longmans. 6s.

(3) Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln. A short story of one of the makers of mediæval England. By C. L. Marson.—Monsieur Vincent. A sketch of a Christian social reformer of the seventeenth century. By James Adderley. Edward Arnold.

(4) The Vicar and his Friends. Reported by Cunningham Geikie, D.D. Longmans. 5s.

(5) The Formal Garden in England. By Reginald Blomfield, M.A. Third Edition. Macmillans. 7s. 6d.

(1) In a very useful little book on *Public Health and Housing* Dr. Sykes gives numerous well authenticated tables showing an increase of death-rate in definite relation to increased density of persons in rooms, of rooms in dwellings, and of dwellings in houses. He also duly accounts for the cases which seem to invalidate the force of his statistics. Thus in an investigation into the conditions of the Peabody Dwellings he notes that in these and similar buildings the death-rate from all causes in 1885 was about two per 1,000 lower than that of London as a whole. But since 1885 the death-rate of the Peabody Buildings has remained stationary, while that of London has declined, so that the difference has now almost disappeared. Moreover even in the Peabody Dwellings, though, as is well known, they are occupied by a superior class of tenants, phthisis and other respiratory diseases give a high death-rate, as do also the ordinary infectious diseases, such as scarlet-fever and measles, thus proving that high and crowded buildings suffer from lack of light and air, and also offer special facilities for the spread of infection. If model dwellings are thus unsatisfactory, houses in rows, built back to back, are much worse, on account of the impossibility of obtaining through ventilation, while those which have once been occupied by better-class families and are now let out in rooms or floors, without structural alterations, are the worst of all. As an example, Dr. Sykes gives the case of a family of six persons, living on the top storey of a house let in floors. For a living-room and two bedrooms the rent is 8s. 6d. a week. All sanitary conveniences are in the basement or the back yard. Every drop of clean water has to be brought up, and every drop of dirty water taken down. All refuse is thrown into the fire-grate, and kept there till someone thinks of taking it to the dustbin in the yard. Is it to be wondered at that "the condition of the rooms left much to be desired," although the mother "appeared to be an industrious woman"? It would not be surprising to find Dr. Sykes advocating the abolition of all "tenement" houses. He realises, however, as we must all do, that year by year our clerks and our better-class working men and women are moving further out of London, enticed into the suburbs by facilities of transport and comparative lowness of rents. Left behind are crowds of poorer workmen and streets of houses no longer used by the classes for whom they were built. What are we to do? Demolish the houses and erect model buildings? No, says Dr. Sykes. Break up the houses into groups, letting in light and air, and making some spaces between them. Compel the owners to provide a well-ventilated staircase to each house, ventilating direct into the open air, and not merely from one floor to

another. Compel them also to provide clean water and means of carrying off dirty water, on each floor, together with proper scullery and lavatory accommodation. By-laws at present do not deal with converted houses, so fresh by-laws are needed to control such houses. At present, owners find eager tenants at high rents for floors and rooms in houses where no structural alterations have been made, and so see no reason to start improvements. Even if the law were made stronger and (a far harder matter to ensure) were rigorously enforced, it could not make the owners do all that is really needed. Dr. Sykes thinks that it would be cheaper to give subsidies towards improvements than to pursue the present plan of buying out owners and rebuilding, or indefinitely to increase the army of sanitary inspectors. But he himself points out that but for the palliatives already applied, rentals might have risen still higher, workmen have demanded correspondingly higher wages, and more manufacturers have found it cheaper to move their workshops out of London. If subsidies to improving owners, or in the form of unremunerative model-dwellings, hinder this exodus, they do more harm than good. What at least can do no harm is to insist on the fuller enforcement of the existing sanitary laws, and Dr. Sykes's book will have done good work if it stirs its readers to ask more strenuously for this.

(2) Mr. Lynch's *The War of the Civilisations* is a much better book than the rather catch-penny headings in his table of contents led us to expect. Whether it be good enough to find a market after so many other books have been published on the war in China is more doubtful. Here and there it supplies a useful corrective to faults in previous works, as, for instance, to Mr. Landor's blind admiration for the Russian troops and his systematic depreciation of General Chaffee. On a few points, again, Mr. Lynch is able to add really fresh information. Thus he was the only European correspondent with the Japanese contingent in the assault on Pekin, and gives a graphic account of their heroism in attempting to get near enough to the Eastern gate to blow it up. But the greater part of the book is occupied with now familiar details of the campaign, in which the fortitude of the besieged at the Legations and at the Roman Catholic mission, and the bravery of the troops in action, are the bright spots amid much that is horrible and shameful. Without indulging in unseemly details, Mr. Lynch speaks plainly enough of the outrages committed by the Christian troops, admitting the claim of the Americans to have been the least guilty, and putting our own men next to them. One story, of which Mr. Lynch remarks that, "with the alteration of the names of places," it was being repeated all along the track of war, should not have been set down, since it is fair to hope that a tale thus carelessly localised may itself have been a fiction. But what Mr. Lynch reports of his own knowledge is bad enough, and fully justifies his suggestion that if any monument be erected to our own martyrs, one should be placed beside it to the women of the province of Pechili, who slew themselves to escape outrage. Mr. Lynch's keen perception of how much the Chinese have to say on their side has led him, we think, to a very uncritical estimate of the Dowager Empress, whom he hails as Yehonala the Great, with the remark that "such a life as hers is not crowned with failure." He speaks of the million and a half pounds sterling which "a grateful country presented" to her on her sixtieth birthday, without mentioning the more general belief that this "present" was won by mere extortion, and the subsequent disgorging of part of it hardly voluntary. A war correspondent, fresh from South Africa, presumably with small knowledge of Chinese, is no good witness as to Yehonala's character, and we regard Mr. Lynch's opinions on this point as lightly as we regarded the scandal retailed by a Europeanised Chinaman in "The Chinese Crisis from Within," which we noticed a few months ago. But as to what he himself saw Mr. Lynch is a good witness, and his book will cause all who read it to desire more than ever that in dealing with China, England should continue to act with America rather than in the spirit of either Russia or Germany.

(3) We have lately reviewed several volumes of the biographies of the saints, which Mr. Duckworth is publishing, mostly in translations from the French. To the rival series by Anglican writers, issued by Mr. Edward Arnold, we have to notice this week two useful additions in the *Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln*, by the Rev. C. L. Marson, and the *Monsieur Vincent*, by the Rev. James Adderley. In endeavouring to pourtray the genial character of S. Hugh, Mr. Marson has been led into eccentricities of style which are really deplorable. It is not illuminative to write of S. Thomas à Becket, "Thomas goes home still cursing and gets his sacred head split open," to remark that Hugh did not "dog the clerical tailors or potter about in goldsmiths' shops," or to narrate how "a deputation from Lincoln next waited upon the Archbishop to expostulate with him for playing chucktaw with the immunity of the Church." These boisterous antics are bad in themselves and altogether out of place in a book which naturally has its religious side. They are the more irritating when accompanied by such an eccentricity as the persistent spelling of "forester" as "forestar," a form, the New English Dictionary tells us, used in Scotland in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, but not otherwise current. Readers who are not too much disturbed by these follies will find in Mr. Marson's narrative a very vivid presentment of the great Bishop who was afraid neither of Henry II. nor of Richard nor of John (three ill men to thwart), who carried friends and enemies by storm, and was enthusiastic in all acts of charity, from acting hodman to the builders of his own cathedral to giving a fine burial to any poor body he found in need of it. S. Vincent of whom Mr. Adderley writes shows many of S. Hugh's gifts, notably his courage, his humility, and his love of the poor. Mr. Adderley, as might be expected, claims him as more or less of a Christian Social Reformer, and, indeed, he initiated more reforms than most men dream of Here is his biographer's list of our debts to him :—

> It is no exaggeration to say that in the Church we owe, wholly or in part, directly or indirectly, to S. Vincent the following precious institutions : Active Communities of Sisters of Mercy, Ten Days' Missions, and such like work, Retreats and Quiet Days for both clergy and laity, Theological Colleges, and the enlistment of the rich and well-to-do Christians as active workers—for example as District Visitors, Hospital Visitors, etc. In the State we owe to him the initiation of, or at least the stimulation of, such works as Foundling Hospitals, Workhouses, Casual Wards, Night Shelters, Prison Reform, and Charity Organisation.

That Mr. Adderley's narrative makes good all these assertions, is the best testimony we can bear to its interest, and indeed, S. Vincent, though a less picturesque figure than the mediæval S. Hugh, had as hard a battle to fight, and fought no less intrepidly, while the fruits of his good works are still with us.

(4) In the course of a long life Dr. Cunningham Geikie has thought over many things. He has also, we should imagine, kept a series of "commonplace books," and now by the aid of thought, books, and remembered conversations, he has produced an interesting little volume, *The Vicar and His Friends*. Unfortunately he adopts a method which does not, as a rule, find much favour with readers of to-day. The Vicar—a slightly modernised version of Goldsmith's good priest in the "Deserted Village"—collects around him his cronies, the doctor, the schoolmaster, "Parson" Broadbent, and the curate, and discusses with them the affairs of the universe. The Vicar's wife and an anonymous maiden lady occasionally venture a remark, but as Dr. Geikie holds definite views on woman's "sphere" and woman's "place," these ladies are not allowed to add anything of material value to the discussions. The subjects of these are various : Politics, angels, heredity, the Christianity of the future, clairvoyance, woman's rights, bishops, Mahommedanism, marriage, the millenium, Shelley, Thackeray, and Queen Victoria, about each and all of these the Vicar and his friends have much to say, and readers who do not object to dialogues may enjoy their discourse, whether or no they agree with the conclusions.

(5) Mr. Reginald Blomfield takes the opportunity of the present somewhat artificial zeal for gardening to publish a new edition of his book, *The Formal Garden in England*, of which two editions appeared in 1892. Mr. Blomfield is an architect, and pleads the rights of the architect, as a master of design, to be consulted in the formation of the garden, though without claiming the superintendence of the details of horticulture. He has much to say also on the long-standing disputes between the rival advocates of the formal method and of landscape gardening. Aided by numerous and instructive illustrations, his book may well claim a place in all garden libraries.

FICTION.

The Gathering of Brother Hilarius. By Michael Fairless. Murray. 2s. 6d. net.—This book is sure of a welcome from readers of THE PILOT, for it is the "Roadmender's" parting gift, and it displays the delicate style, the eye for the inner truth of everyday things, and the rare power of vivid presentation without any appearance of striving after effect, which characterised his work for this paper. It shows also some things of which the scheme of detached utterances did not admit; it shows sustained construction and dramatic contrast of incident and personality; and it brings out, as it were, the very heart of human life, the development of character in its school. The setting of Mr. Fairless's charming romance is mediæval, but its theme has no temporary limitation; its "white road" is travelled in all times and places. The story of Hilarius is the story of a fine artist soul, blind-eyed, in cloister-bred youth, to all save beauty and the narrow righteousness of misapprehended homilies. He is sent out from the monastery by his wise Prior to learn to "hunger and love," to have his eyes opened "to a world of men—living, striving, sorely tried men"—a world in which for long he walks in judgment. "'Tis an evil, evil world,' quoth young Hilarius." How his awakening comes we will not reveal; but we cannot refrain from giving illustrative passages concerning his beginning and his end. In the introductory scene he has gone to the monastery gate to look for a train of mules bringing stores to the convent, and there "the voice of the forest called, and Hilarius, answering, walked swiftly away, with bowed head and beating heart, between the sunburnt pine-boles." He, a seventeen-year-old novice, has broken cloister; but "as he bathed his thirsty soul in the great sea of light and shade, cool depths and shifting colours, the sense of his wrong-doing slipped from him, and joy replaced it—joy so great that his heart ached with it. He went on his way, singing 'Lauda Syon,' his eyes following the pine-boles, and presently, coming out into an open glade, halted in amazement. A flower incarnate stood before him; stood—nay, danced in the wind. Over the sunny sward two little scarlet-clad feet chased each other in rhythmic maze; dainty little brown hands spread the folds of the deep blue skirt; a bodice, silver-laced, served as stalk, on which balanced, lightly swaying, the flower of flowers itself." He rebukes the flower:—"'Woman,' he said, and his voice trembled somewhat, 'art thou not shamed to deck thyself in this devil's guise?'" But she is more than his match, and, abetted by her brother, who has just stolen a hen from the convent, she turns the tables on poor Hilarius, with his short-sighted ignorance of humanity and life. He is catechised and brought to confusion. "'So, good Preacher,' said the dancer at last, rising to her feet, 'thou dost know it is wrong to steal; but hast never felt hunger. Thou dost know it is wrong to love any but God, the saints, and thy mother; but thou hast never known a mother, nor felt what it was to love. Blind eyes! blind eyes! The very forest could teach thee these things an thou would'st learn. Farewell, good novice, back to thy saints and thy nursery; for me, the wide, wide world, hunger and love—love—love!'" The seed-time of his schooling begins here, and in the third part of the book we have its "Fruit." In the wide world we see him learning to hunger and love, to strive and suffer temptation, to find good in evil dress and truth behind a mask. He is all but overcome himself, and when his trial ends he no longer walks in judgment but in love for other men. He returns to his monastery a man open-eyed, as becomes both artist and monk, but keeping the heart of a child, as his Prior bade him when he sent him forth. In due time he is elected Prior, and as Prior he once more breaks cloister to succour a plague-stricken village. On the Feast of the Transfiguration the convent is awaiting his return, his work being finished; they hear the sound of chanting in the distance, and from the gate they see a little band coming slowly along the forest pathway. "Four Brothers, only four; and lo! on their shoulders they bore a rude bier of pine-branches. This was the gathering of Brother Hilarius. Sweet-scented boughs for his last bed; Mary's lilies aglow for tapers tall; the censer of the forest swung by sun and wind; and the glory of the face of the Lord. He had called his children to him in the late night-watches, and having kissed and blessed them, he bade them turn him to the east, for his time had come; and they obeyed in sore grief and perplexed. Prior Hilarius lay and watched for the light, and as dawn parted night's veil with the long foregleam of the coming day, he shut his eyes like a tired child and went home." The book as a whole is artistic in theme and execution, and it contains powerful scenes, some with the note of tragedy, some pathetic, not a few of singular beauty of form. Those which stand out most conspicuously in memory are, perhaps, the one in which Piping Hugh of Mildenhall is cursed by the blind Friar, and that in which the Florentine Princess plays temptress to Hilarius.

The Wooing of Sheila. By Grace Rhys. Methuen. 6s.—This is a beautiful book, full of surprises. The graceful style—instinct with the charm we may still call feminine—of the opening chapters leads one to expect a story that will be pretty all through upon conventional lines, and a pitch of feeling never rising above the minor key. But as the novel develops we come upon one chapter after another that entirely defeats the moderation of such a forecast. Sheila herself is the ever-fascinating, ever-provoking type of wayward girlhood that fences with passion and all the fundamental human realities until *force majeure* compels surrender. But Michael Power, her lover, is no kind of type to be checked off upon a register. He is new, and his circumstances are conceived with originality. We do not know what he will do till he does it. But when it is done we feel that he could not have done otherwise. The manslaughter, into which he is hurried by righteous anger and natural passion, works on his conscience independently of convention. His surrender of himself to the Justice of the Peace; the easy judgment of Sir Rawleigh Monsell, who regards the matter with the eyes of worldly commonsense and estimates the deed according to the worthlessness of the victim; the man's own remorse that is in no wise quenched by the worldling's forgiveness; Sheila's exaggerated horror—all these moods and actions are presented with a vividness and reality that take strong hold of the reader. The solution, when it comes, is impressive. Michael is of the old faith of Ireland, and realising that the acquittal of the world does not content him, he goes on pilgrimage, and finds God by the way. Again, there is remarkable originality in the drawing of Mick-o-Dady, the village "innocent"—that character so often done upon a stereotyped pattern. Miss Rhys has fearlessly shown some points in this sort of half-developed intelligence which are apt to be forgotten; the inextricable contradictions of a shrewdness more than normal in combination with a defective reasoning power; extraordinary loyalty where affection goes; much malice, and a very defective moral conscience. Mick is loved by all honest and warm-hearted souls. But the affection he wins is an affection without respect, and, in the ghastly end, he is a sacrifice to the cruelty of wanton merriment. Full of charm as is every page of this book, it is yet calculated to make the most thoughtless reader think to better result on many of the commonplaces of life, that nine out of ten of the laboured novels with a purpose, which call these commonplaces problems, and offer to solve them for us.

The Fourth Estate. By A. Palacio Valdez. Translated by Rachel Challice. Grant Richards. 6s.—Sarrio, the little town on the Cantabrian coast, is studied and set forth in the clear, hard light of modern realism. The group of townsfolk are introduced at the theatre, the central household being that of the Belinchons. Don Rosando, the father, a wealthy cod-fish importer, is a restless egotist, a man of fads which he dignifies by the name of ideas, of ceaseless poses which delude himself and his satellites into belief in his progressive public spirit. His wife, Dona Paula, once a cigarette-maker and his mistress, has spent the years in a series of social advances, marked by the mantilla, gloves, then a French hat. The two daughters, about whom the story gathers, Cecilia and Venturito, are types of the self-effacing saint and the self-aggrandising sinner. The romance opens with the return from England of Cecilia's betrothed, Gonzalo, whose heart is soon drawn from the reserved womanliness of the elder sister to the tantalising allurements of the younger. Therein lies the tragedy; but its unfolding is in a series of social sketches, convincing in their satire, from the embroideresses over the trousseau to the group of self-inflated citizens in the office of *The Light of Sarrio.* This paper, the latest idea of Don Rosando, is the introduction to the community of the Fourth Estate—the Press. The members of The Cabin, an opposing clique, start the rival organ, *The Youth of Sarrio.* The undue illumination of personal matters in these scandalous little sheets leads to to the comedy of quarrels, challenges, and bloodless duels, and to awfulness of ultimate tragedy. With the advent of the Duke of Tornos on the scene the inevitable is enacted—the seduction of the courtezan-hearted wife, Venturito, the passion of sacrifice of Cecilia, and the despairing suicide of Gonzalo. The canvas is crowded with characters, all keenly individualised, among whom the grand old sailor, Gonzalo's uncle, is invigorating as a whiff of strong salt air across the stale tobacco smoke and boudoir perfumes of the pages. The plebeian Dona Paula, under her uneasy finery, has a true mother heart and simple directness of womanhood. In the style of dry, dusty, every-day transcript the book is a masterpiece, and through all the petty human comedies the dark tragedy is relentlessly evolved.

Death the Showman. By John Fraser. T. Fisher Unwin. 6s.—Any readers who may succeed in getting beyond the gratuitously offensive and irreverent first chapter will find certain elements of power in *Death the Showman.* The chief motive, with its stolen jewel and violated tomb, is unpleasant enough, as are many minor incidents; but there is a certain *bizarre* nobility about the heroine Dolores and her astounding compact with the Turk, Mukhtiz Bey, who is himself not ill-drawn. The style of the book, however, with its use of physically revolting images, is such as to make the final effect, as the first, one of unequivocal nausea.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES IN FRANCE.

SIR,—My attention has been called to a courteous note in which your French correspondent criticises my two recent letters in the *Times.* I have to thank him for some corrections in matters of detail.

The fact of the matter is that the policy of the Orders, in view of authorisation, changed so rapidly from day to day when the time for decision was drawing near that it was impossible to foretell what would happen. In regard to the Dominicans and the Redemptorists, it was certainly very definitely said by their friends in the Press that it was their intention to go.

The object of my letters was to draw a distinction between those Orders whose case was hopeless and those in which it was not; the latter including nearly all the female Orders. It seemed to me that unless compelled to go it was their duty to stay, and not to sacrifice the work and the career for which they were founded for mere questions of pique and temper and in search of a quite spurious martyrdom.

Your correspondent says that I overlooked the fact that the application for authorisation was not the same thing as obtaining it. That is true; but it is no reason why I should refuse to take a walk this morning because I may step on a piece of orange-peel and get killed. I shall do better to ignore the possibility of disaster until it arrives.

In regard to the ladies who have left France in such a hurry and so unwisely, I have no doubt your correspondent is right in saying that it was largely due to panic, to bad advice, and to the feminine weakness for courting martyrdom whenever possible. In regard to the men who have left without sufficient cause, such as the French Benedictines, I have very good reason for feeling and knowing that the reason for their departure was the very inadequate one that they objected to episcopal visitation. To my mind they look very foolish, and they have done the Church no good, but great harm, and if they want to pose as martyrs they should select some other arena than the beautiful palace in the Isle of Wight to which they have migrated.

I would commend your readers to a most admirable and temperate letter by Dom. Butler in last week's *Tablet* in defence of the Orders which have elected to stay.

HENRY H. HOWORTH.

30, Collingham Place, Cromwell Road, S.W.
October 23rd, 1901.

TENURE AND THE CHURCH CONGRESS.

SIR,—There is one passage in Mr. Griffith-Boscawen's paper which he read at Brighton to which I would draw the attention of the readers of THE PILOT. It is that relating to tenure.

It runs as follows:—"The existing school buildings to be used rent free, in return for which the local managers, whether members of School Boards or managers of voluntary schools, to have the right of appointing and dismissing the teachers, subject in the first case to the approval of, and in the second case, to an appeal to, the county authority."

Mr. Boscawen can hardly have said this in his capacity as Fourth Charity Commissioner, for the past policy of the Charity Commission has been opposed to any appeal whatever, and his views do not seem to exactly tally with those of the promoters of last Session's Tenure Bill.

Can it be that Mr. Griffith-Boscawen is a member of that small and select band answerable for the withdrawal of this measure?

In any case, no opposition appeared evident at this meeting on education at the Church Congress to the principle of a right of appeal in case of dismissal, which was enunciated in the paper of the Fourth Charity Commissioner.

THOMAS ALLEN.

Woodbury, Malvern Link, October 16th, 1901.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

SIR,—Last week you printed five letters on this subject, of which four were written more or less from the Protestant point of view. Will you allow a young clergyman, who accepted his call to the ministry after a good deal of hesitation, to make a few remarks from the point of view of a convinced Catholic?

Writers like Mr. Bridge take a standpoint so entirely different from ours that one has scarcely even enough common ground on which to quarrel with them. We believe that a priest is a man ordained to offer the Holy Sacrifice, to administer the Sacraments, to preach the Word of God, and to exercise the cure of souls. Holding this belief, we cannot conceive how an unordained schoolmaster "looks upon his work as including the work of a clergyman." He may, no doubt, be able to preach to his pupils; his preaching may possibly be "quite as effective" as that of an ordained minister. But he does not preach the Word of God with *authority.* The youngest Catholic priest has no false shame about preaching and otherwise ministering to persons older, wiser, and very likely better than himself, because he knows that he has a Divine Commission to do so. He does not regard himself, like Mr. Bridge's schoolmaster, merely as a man whose "personality and sympathy" will "exercise an influence," but as one who, all unworthy, is called upon to fulfil his share in the *sacerdotium* of the Redeemer. When I was ordained I felt that I had a call to be a "Priest of the Church of God": had I only thought that I was "called" to bring an "influence for good" to bear on others, I should have tried to "influence" them as a layman. The difference between a clergyman and a layman would then have been, as it seems to be for Mr. Bridge, merely a question

of costume ; and to advertise myself, by wearing black clothes, as a man with those special natural gifts of "personality and sympathy" which will command an "influence," whether over boys or grown-up persons, would have been to adopt for life the position of a professional prig.

All this is A B C for Catholics, and I do not recall it with the intention of engaging in a controversy with Mr. Bridge or others, but merely to enforce from a Catholic point of view the argument that you cannot expect the Anglican ministry to be besieged by Ordination candidates until there is a more general agreement as to the purposes for which an Anglican minister is ordained. The doubt about what his functions really are debars both Catholics and Protestants from ordination, as several of your correspondents have testified of the latter, and as I can testify, from experience, of the former. Take the case of Oxford undergraduates. A considerable number of them, it will be admitted, have "Catholic sympathies." Of these, some have been brought up as Catholics, and have never known real religion in any other form ; others have been converted to the Catholic religion during their time at college ; a much larger number are in "fluid" state of mind, but are convinced that if they are going to be anything they must be Catholics. This conviction may be very "young" and unreasonable, but it exists. Now a large proportion of these men might, in happier circumstances, receive and recognise a call to the ministry. As a matter of fact, the most intelligent of them, as a rule, do not. Many drift off into indifferentism and lose their ideals; some drift over to Rome ; a few become devout Catholic laymen ; only a small proportion enter the ministry, and these, if we are to believe our critics, are among the least intelligent and most affected of the clergy. There can be little doubt that the rest, if they have thought of Holy Orders at all, have been largely deterred by the chaotic state of teaching and discipline in the English Church. Our potential Ordination candidate of the Catholic School sees that there is no adequate provision for a systematic training in theology, canon law, and pastoral work such as, on his principles, a priest ought to have. If he gets over this difficulty by adding a large amount of private study to his course at a theological college, it is not impossible that his theological studies will hinder rather than facilitate his ordination. It is interesting to know from your correspondent "Layman" that candidates who have ceased to believe in dogma, and whose mental attitude can be fairly compared with that of Dean Stanley, have only their own honesty to prevent them from being ordained, and that bishops are good enough to tell them that such things "need not stand in the way of their usefulness." Unhappily, episcopal toleration is not so freely extended in the opposite direction. I know for certain that in many dioceses a candidate is refused if he holds — to choose one example — that the decisions of the Council of Trent on Invocation of Saints and Transubstantiation, taken in their strict theological sense, are not necessarily inconsistent with the statements on those matters in the Articles. But let us suppose that our candidate can get ordained. His difficulties are only just beginning. It is no light matter to a man who is conscientious and has a profound belief in the principle of authority, to look forward to being possibly in open conflict, certainly in silent disagreement, with all the Bishops of the Province. It is equally painful for him to find that there are very few churches in which he can teach what he believes to be the true religion without being expected, as a young priest, now dead, happily put it, to *aim at being misunderstood.* High Churchmen as well as Low Churchmen are complaining of the dearth of assistant-curates. To many of us this is not a matter for surprise. The "young men" of the party are beginning to lose confidence in the courage and consistency of their elders. When what the newspapers would call a "very extreme" church wants a curate—and by this I do not mean a very "ritualistic" church in the sense of theatrical services, etc., but one in which the Catholic religion is taught and practised honestly, straightforwardly, and intelligibly, without fads or compromises or evasions—no difficulty is found in getting one. Many a man is glad, if he can do so, to go to such a church even without stipend, in order to escape the irritating and useless "concessions" of the High Church Incumbent, or the equally irritating "advances" in points of ceremonial, and to concentrate his energies on his real work as a priest.

These considerations apply, of course, only to the Catholic section in the Establishment. But your correspondents have brought evidence to show that Low Church and Broad Church candidates are deterred from Holy Orders for analogous reasons :—one because he does not believe in dogmatic religion ; another because he is afraid (quite rightly, from his point of view), to be entrusted with the administration of the Sacrament of Penance, and so on. The conclusion would seem to be that when the English Bishops have made up their minds exactly how many religions and what religions they will recognise within their comprehensive jurisdiction, the supply of Ordination candidates will probably increase.

There remains, no doubt, the question of money. But how many real vocations are likely to be refused through a dread of poverty ? Catholics are as much convinced as others that the clergy should have a living wage, that some provision might reasonably be made for old age pensions, and that the extreme want of a few of the clergy is a scandal. But they do not care, for many reasons, to ally themselves with those who are always whining over it in public, not least because these latter too often seem to think that we are under a Divine command to marry. G.

SIR,—Many will be glad to see the candid discussion in your columns of one reason why there is a dearth of candidates for Holy Orders in the Church of England, namely, the very large amount of detailed doctrine to which assent is required. Some years ago there was in one of your contemporaries a long correspondence on the deficiency of such candidates, in which this cause was almost or altogether ignored. But that it is a real one many besides the present writer can testify.

It certainly would not be fair to brand as dishonest all who accept this very comprehensive test. Some of the Articles, for instance, which used to be thought calculated to exclude honest High Churchmen are found on careful reading in the light of history to bear no such meaning as was attributed to them—for instance, Article XXXI., though this is still often misquoted and misapplied. And then some persons are quite ready to take a certain amount on the authority of the Church to which they belong. At all events, I certainly have known and know clergymen who really believe all the Articles in the sense which they consider them to bear. But it is a fact that many people do find a difficulty in one part or another of the Prayer Book and Articles, and certainly many are thus prevented from being ordained, while others are ordained who do not believe in some portion of that to which they assent. But there is a general impression that people cannot now be bound by the whole ; and, since there is no authoritative distinction as to what is of importance and what is not, one man may dispense himself on the authenticity of the Second Epistle of St. Peter, and another on the doctrine of the Incarnation. The present position of things is thoroughly unsound. It shuts out from Holy Orders some who should be ordained, and admits others who should not ; it leaves some among the clergy with a demoralising notion that absolute sincerity is not required in all cases ; and it gives an "occasion to blaspheme." While as for its practical value in ensuring orthodoxy, a pledge of belief in the Nicene Creed (with a general acceptance of the Prayer Book) would be a far better security, provided it were understood that the person subscribing must really and honestly believe that to which he pledges himself, without reservation or evasion.

A. C. C.

SIR,—May I be allowed to express my regret if I have been in any way unfair to Mr. Cambridge. For obvious reasons I confined my quotation from his paper to what was absolutely necessary for my purpose, which was to show that, as things now are, *some* candidates are tempted to trifle with truth, and not that all, or most, are guilty of levity in sacred things. Also may I say, in answer to Mr. Assheton, that my suggestion was made simply in the interests of morality, and not "as a means of producing more candidates." M. R. H.

SIR,—I should not trouble you again, but to correct two misconceptions. Mr. Assheton's is a very natural one, due to my taking for granted what will probably be to him a strange notion. I assume the existence of what he would regard as a "call," because I believe that a call to the best life is made to every man, and not to a class. I may add that I have a cure of souls. Mr. Assheton's concession should be noted : that the resolve to be "on the safe side," *i.e.*, if there is doubt whether an act be right or wrong, not to do it, is "incompatible with taking Holy Orders." I have no wish to "lose myself" in that respect. Mr. Alston did not notice that my challenge was made to "the body conferring" Holy Orders. That body does not believe the tenets to which it demands acceptance as those believed them who compiled them, in the natural sense of their words. Mr. Alston quotes the Apostles' Creed as if that settled the matter. I appeal to the Founder of Christianity, whose direct sincerity cannot exist with casuistic interpretations of plain words. LAYMAN.

SIR,—One of your correspondents last week attributes this dearth to a cause which he thus describes, "the fact that the ministry . . . is an old-established *family* business"; and he goes on to say, "The great majority of English benefices are filled by family nominees." I have just gone roughly through the clergy list, and find that the number of benefices in England and Wales is about 12,500. Of these only about 4,500 are in private patronage. It does not by any means follow that all those 4,500 patrons have appointed themselves or their relations—but supposing that they had done so, the number of "family nominees" would only represent one-third, instead of a "great majority" of the benefices in England and Wales. In my calculation I counted those patrons who own ten or more advowsons as *public* patrons. One does not readily imagine that the Duke of Rutland has twenty-five, or Lord Lonsdale thirty-seven, clerical relatives filling those numbers of benefices respectively.

Again, if the private patronage be the cause of the increasing dearth of candidates, one ought to be able to show that private patronage is on the increase; whereas what little change there may be, is probably the other way. I think there must be some other reason than this.

RIC. O. ASSHETON.

SIR,—In your correspondent's article in THE PILOT of October 5th on the "Dearth of Candidates for Holy Orders," the Bishops are said to be much concerned at the paucity of clerical masters in the public schools, and to attribute to this the "startling" and "lamentable" falling off in the number of men from these schools who have of late years taken Orders. The Bishop of Winchester attributes it "to the loss of the 'natural lead,' arising from the example of a boy's masters." This may, to a small extent, be true, but that any conscious bias is given to boys by the masters who for reasons of conscience have decided to remain laymen, no one who knows the standard of honour prevailing among the staffs of our great schools will for a moment credit; nor is it credible that the Bishop implied such a meaning.

Intellectual and spiritual difficulties, more or less severe, no doubt have something to do with the abstention, and some of the Bishops give this cause too little weight. But are the laymen less devoted to their work, on its moral and religious as well as intellectual sides? Are they less devout, less scrupulously sensitive about suggesting difficulties to boys?

I, for one, believe the opposite to be true, and I have had no slight experience. And can the Bishops say that the public schools are worse than in the clerical days of 30 to 40 years ago; worse morally, physically, intellectually? Notoriously, they are much better. Many of the Episcopal Bench are governors or visitors of the schools. They have ample opportunity of finding out. And not a few of them must know that many of the best and ablest schoolmasters have refrained from taking Orders, not from intellectual difficulties, but because they deliberately held that boys were more likely to be influenced in religious matters by laymen than by clergy, whom the boy so often regards as a professional, speaking according to the conventions of his profession. Such men have, with their eyes open, sacrificed fine worldly prospects, and it is not a little surprising that your correspondent, who sees and says so plainly that an assistant master has for worldly reasons every inducement to take Orders, has not a word of praise for men who for conscience sake prefer to remain comparatively poor and obscure.

And on the general question of clerical *v.* lay schoolmasters, parents are bound, by the Scriptural standard, to be moral and religious. That many are not so does not invalidate the argument. Equally so are schoolmasters; but if parents are not thereby bound to be clerics, why is there any more obligation on the schoolmaster, who is *in loco parentis?* If the lay parent lives up to the right standard, he influences his boy aright; so with the master.

And teaching is now, happily, getting to be recognised as an art that in itself requires as much training and devotion as any other calling. To numbers of laymen it is not clear that it can be properly and successfully combined with the spiritual duties proper to a clergyman.

Now and again, indeed, the ranks of clerical schoolmasters are reinforced by a layman who comparatively late in life takes Orders. Very often these are able men who have done fine work as assistants or as heads. Their motives may be of the purest: they may be of those mentioned by your correspondent whose faith has grown with years. It is not for mortals to judge them. But when the call to Orders is coincident with accession to a larger income, and a more dignified or pleasant position, they cannot complain if hard things are thought and said about them; and one may perhaps doubt whether the Bishops can feel quite happy at this way of strengthening the ranks of the clergy.

I write with no bias against the clergy; on the contrary, with a profound regard for the character and ability of very many, and the fullest recognition of the grand work done by many clerical head and assistant masters; nor would I go so far as to laicize the whole profession. But it is only fair that, even in a feeble way, the other side should be presented.

E. L.

SIR,—The man who has a sense of vocation will say, "Here am I. Send me." But how will such an one fare in the Church of England? He will be sent to—the patron. To develop the sense of vocation which you rightly desire, you surely must see that the Church of England must have acquired untrammelled jurisdiction. Y. CAM.

SIR,—In your article last week you say that if a young man "doubts whether Christianity, as presented by the Church of England, is what Christ meant to teach, he had better look out for some form of Christianity which comes nearer to his reading of the New Testament." This does not cover the commoner case, where the doubt affects, not the teaching of Christ, which the Church of England faithfully hands on and is bound to safeguard, but the many other matters, of less permanent authority, to which the Church also requires assent. It is on these other matters that Churches and Sects are mostly divided, and it is because of her present incapacity for reform in respect of these, that much difficulty arises to would-be candidates for Orders. It will hardly strike most people as a reasonable attitude, if the Church says in reference to these things, that she is not open to a reconsideration of them, and that men can leave her if they do not choose to take up an antiquated or unscientific position.

Balliol College. A. W. PICKARD-CAMBRIDGE.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

How to Invest and how to Speculate, by C. H. Thorpe, Grant Richards, 5s., is an attempt to teach an almost unteachable subject, though the author guards himself by warning the student that he can do no more than lay down guiding principles and define current terms and practice that obtain upon the Stock Exchange. But the vagaries of the Stock Exchange have long since taken their place in the category of "things that no fellow can understand," and we doubt whether all the knowledge contained in this undoubtedly sensible and well-arranged work will do much for the "innocents" who elect to tempt fortune on the Stock market for themselves, although it may be of service in putting them more on their guard than they might otherwise be; and from this point of view it may safely be commended.

Messrs. George Bell and Sons are issuing a *Miniature Set of Painters*, a somewhat remarkable title for the library of pretty little biographies edited by Dr. Williamson. The first three volumes contain lives of Fra Angelico and Velasquez, by the Editor, and Burne-Jones, by Malcolm Bell. The books, which are published at 1s. each, contain some sixty pages of biography and criticism—necessarily somewhat meagre—and six or eight reproductions of pictures by the subject of the biography. There is a description of each picture, and a chronological table of events in each painter's life. The books, although they are excellent of their kind, will hardly do more than supplement exhibition catalogues.

We have also received:—

Silas Marner and *Felix Holt*, by George Eliot; library edition; 6s. each; also *Middlemarch*, in two vols.; Warwick edition; 2s. per volume: Blackwood and Sons.

The Complete Poetical Works of Robert Buchanan, in two vols.; 6s. each: Chatto and Windus.

The Island Race, by Henry Newbolt; new edition; 3s. 6d.: Elkin Matthews.

Emerson's Essays and *The Poems of John Keats*; the world's classics; 1s. each: Grant Richards.

The Complete Works of Charles Dickens, in seventeen vols.; Vol. I. containing *A Tale of Two Cities* and *A Child's History of England*; India paper edition, illustrated, 2s. 6d.: Chapman and Hall and Henry Frowde.

Don Quixote, Vol. III., 1s.: Gowans and Gray.

Modern Europe, by Thomas Henry Dyer, LL.D., and Arthur Hassall, M.A., third edition, Vols. III. and V., 6s. each: George Bell and Sons.

The Imitation of Christ, a revised translation, notes, and introduction, by C. Bigg, D.D. : Methuen and Co. 3s. 6d.

The Zincali, by George Borrow, 2s ; *The Love Poems of E. B. Browning*, 1s. 6d. ; *A Dream of Fair Women*, 1s. : John Lane.

The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, translated by E. Fitzgerald : R. Brimley Johnson. 2s.

Guidance for Men, by H. W. Holden : Skeffington. 3s.

How to Work for Christ, by R. A. Torrey : James Nisbet and Co. 7s. 6d.

Joy and Strength for the Pilgrim's Day : Longmans, Green and Co. 3s. 6d.

Poems, by John Farmer : Elliot Stock. 3s. 6d.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Correspondence of Lady Sarah Lennox, 1745-1826, from original documents at Melbury, with a short political sketch by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland, and other MSS. found at Holland House, edited by the Countess of Ilchester and Lord Stavordale ; *George Joachim Goschen*, publisher and printer of Leipzig, 1752-1829, with extracts from correspondence with Goethe, Schiller, Wieland, Körner, and many other men of letters, by his grandson, Viscount Goschen ; *The Career and Correspondence of the Rt. Hon. Sir William Arthur White*, British Ambassador at Constantinople, 1885-1891, by H. Sutherland Edwards ; *Old Diaries, 1881-1900*, by Lord Ronald Gower, with reminiscences of Queen Victoria, King Edward VII., the Empress Frederick, and other members of the Royal Family, and of Beaconsfield, Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Cardinal Rampolla, Sir John Millais, Lord Rosebery, John Bright, Tissot, Sir Henry Irving, and many others ; *Archdeacon Denison*, fifty years at East Brent, 1845-1896, edited by his niece Miss Louisa Denison ; *Mary Boyle, her Book*, an autobiography, edited by Sir Courtenay Boyle ; *Stanley's Life of Arnold*, Teacher's Edition, edited by Sir Joshua Fitch ; *The Autobiography of Sir Harry Smith, Bart.*, edited, with some additional chapters, by G. C. Moore-Smith ; *A Sailor of King George : Being a History of the Adventures of Captain F. W. Hoffman*, edited by A. Beckford Bevan and the Rev. H. B. W. Whitmore ; *Sir A. Henry Layard*, an autobiography, with additional chapters by Sir Arthur Otway, edited by the Hon. William Napier Bruce ; *Felicia Skene of Oxford*, a memoir by Miss E. C. Richards. *Speeches and Correspondence of Henry, 4th Earl of Carnarvon, on the Affairs of British North America*, edited by the Hon. Sir Robert G. Herbert : Murray.

POLITICS AND HISTORY.

The Great Persian War and its Preliminaries, by G. B. Grundy ; *The Commonwealth of Australia*, by Professor Harrison Moore, with chapters on the Laws and Institutions of the Colonies, the History of the Federation, the Nature and Authority of the Commonwealth, and the Constitution of the Commonwealth ; *A General History of Europe* 350-1900, by Oliver J. Thatcher and Ferdinand Schwill, authors of "Europe in the Middle Ages," revised and adapted for English Colleges and Schools by Arthur Hassall ; *Suffolk in the Seventeenth Century*, the Breviary of Suffolk, by Robert Bryce, 1618, now published for the first time from MS. in the British Museum, with Notes by Lord Francis Hervey ; *The Dawn of Modern Geography*, a History of Exploration and Geographical Science, A.D. 900-1250, a continuation from the former volume, by C. Raymond Beazley ; *Recollections of the Old Foreign Office*, by Sir Edward Hertzlett : Murray.

TRAVEL.

John Chinaman, a series of anecdotes from the Author's experiences in China, by E. H. Parker ; *Finland as It Is*, by Harry de Windt ; *Savage Island, an Account of a Mission to Niué and Tonga*, by Basil Thompson, lately H.M. Special Commissioner ; *The Book of Ser Marco Polo*, translated by Colonel Sir Henry Yule, revised, with a memoir of the author, by Henri Cardier, of Paris : Murray.

EDUCATION.

Junior Examination Series, edited by A. M. M. Stedman, the series is intended to lead up to Mr. Stedman's "School Examination Series." The first two volumes will be *Examination Papers in French Grammar*, by F. Jacob, M.A., of Cheltenham College, and in *Latin Grammar*, by C.G. Botting, B.A., of St. Paul's School : Methuen. *National Education*, nine Essays towards a Constructive Policy, by various specialists, edited by Laurie Magnus, with a Bibliographical Note ; further volumes of Murray's *Home and School Library* and of the *Secondary Education Text-Books*, *Spanish Grammar, etc.*, by Don Fernando de Arteaga ; *A Greek Grammar for Schools*, by John Thompson : Murray.

SCIENCE AND ART.

Darwin's *Descent of Man*, a cheaper edition, 1,060 pages with illustrations ; two new volumes of the "Progressive Science Series" —(1) *The Fixed Stars*, by Professor Newcomb ; (2) *Heredity*, by J. A. Thompson ; new editions of *The Fine Arts*, by G. Baldwin Brown ; *Crowe and Cavalcaselle's History of Painting*, and *Painting in Italy, Umbria, Florence, and Siena, from the Second to the Sixteenth Century*, with editorial notes by Professor Langton Douglas and S. Arthur Strong, this last work containing the final corrections of Sir Joseph Crowe : Murray.

FICTION.

Tales of Dunstable Weir, by "Zack," author of "Life is Life" ; *The Embarrassing Orphan*, by W. E. Norris : Methuen. *Joscelyn Cheshire*, a novel of the American Revolution, by S. B. Kennedy ; *A Cathedral Courtship*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin, a new edition, with illustrations by Charles E. Brock : Gay and Bird. *A Modern Antæus*, by the writer of "An Englishwoman's Love-letters" ; *The Road to Frontenac*, by Samuel Merwin ; *The Lady Poverty*, a thirteenth century allegory, translated by Montgomery Carmichael ; *The Trial of Man*, an allegorical romance : Murray.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of Police in England, by Captain W. Melville Lee : Methuen. *Christ Our Life*, by Canon Moberly, D.D. ; *A Book of British Song, for Home and School*, edited by Cecil J. Sharp, Principal of the Hampstead Conservatoire ; *A Doctor in Khaki*, by Francis Fremantle ; *Greek Coins and their Parent Cities*, and *The Sacred Beetle*, Egyptian Scarabs in Art and History, by John Ward, F.S.A. ; *Dangerous Trades*, by experts, edited by Dr. T. Oliver ; *Animism*, a Treatise on the Natural History of Religion, by Prof. Edward B. Tylor : Murray.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The Fireside Sphinx, a book about cats, by Agnes Repplier, profusely illustrated : Gay and Bird.

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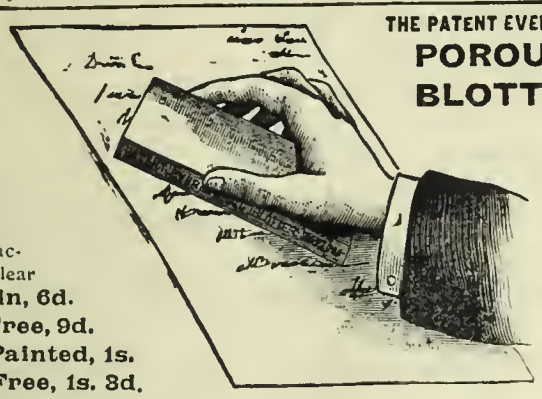

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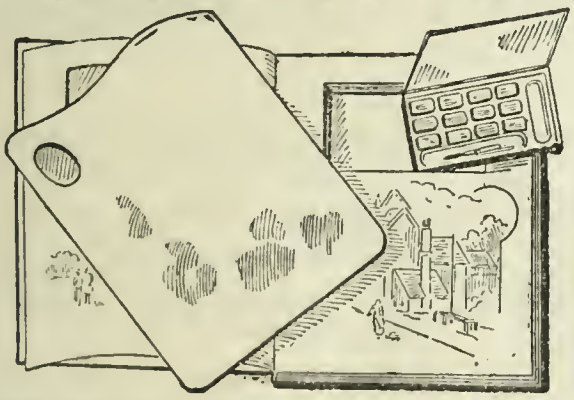

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NOTICE.—A Literary *and* Educational Supplement *will be issued, gratis, with* The Pilot *of Saturday, November 9. All advertisements in the Supplement will face reading matter. Applications for space should be sent in by Tuesday next.*

THE WEEK.

Home. Mr. Charles Trevelyan sends to the *Times* of Thursday an exhaustive and closely-reasoned explanation of the growing uneasiness about the concentration camps. It is not the writing of a "pro-Boer"; on the contrary, it comes from one who "refused to join the outcry which followed on the publication of Miss Hobhouse's report," and felt that an operation "carried out in time of war, and under such hurried conditions, must almost necessarily lead to a considerable loss of life." More than this, he concedes that some of the Ministers who have left wholly unexplained the failure of the Government to prevent the increase of mortality in these camps may genuinely think that "the only anxiety upon this distressing subject exists in the minds of those who have been too ready to see evil in everything the nation has done in South Africa." What Mr. Trevelyan is anxious to press upon the Government is that "great numbers of men, who are not strong partisans and who have deeply disapproved of accusations of 'brutality,' are being moved not only to pity but to deep anxiety as to what the effect of what is occurring will be upon the accepted policy of the nation." They are not yet prepared to accept as "inevitable" a death-rate which, among the children, rose in September to 440 per thousand per annum, and shows no signs of diminution or even of going no higher.

Canon Gore's letter in the *Times* of Monday is an example of what Mr. Trevelyan means. The *Times* calls it an "extravagant and unthinking protest," and attributes it to Canon Gore's inability to resist "the pressure of his Radical friends in the Press." Canon Knox-Little thinks it "deplorable," "mischievous," "hysterical," and prompted by a delusive estimate of his own importance, natural perhaps in "bookworms and armchair theorists like Mr. Gore." When we turn to the letter which has provoked this torrent of rhetoric we find in it a simple assertion that immediate steps ought to be taken, "however costly," to "obviate this unexampled and horrible death-rate among the children for whose protection we have . . . made ourselves responsible." We cannot believe that the *Times* or Canon Knox-Little hold that no such steps ought to be taken, supposing that it is possible to take them. But Canon Gore asks no more than that we should do all that we can to save these lives without being deterred by considerations either of difficulty or cost. He himself mentions two possible measures, the speedy introduction of suitable nourishment—it is conceivable that what is suitable for soldiers may not be suitable for sickly children—and the removal of the camps to the sea. It may be that neither of these expedients are practicable. But it has never been shown that they are not.

Mr. Trevelyan points out that, "since the publication of the last lists of mortality . . . four Cabinet Ministers, including Mr. Chamberlain, the most eminent rising statesman outside the Cabinet, Mr. Wyndham, and Lord Stanley of the War Office, have made public speeches." Yet not one of the six Ministers has either said that this or that is being done to lessen the mortality, or explained why nothing that has been suggested can be tried. The *Times*, no doubt, tells us that "this country has done and is doing everything that it can." But this is just what we wish to be convinced of. That the country thinks that it has done and is doing all that it can we readily admit. That those who have the control of the camps have done and are doing all that is possible, in the actual circumstances and with the means at their disposal, we feel no doubt. What we are not convinced of is that the camps are in the healthiest places available, or that the situation would not be improved by breaking them up into smaller aggregations, or that the food supplied is the best suited to keep feeble children alive. It may be "hysterical" to ask for further and more precise evidence upon these points, but if so it is a form of hysteria which is very likely to spread. If the Government have in their possession the explanations which alone can check its diffusion, they will be ill-advised if they continue to keep them to themselves.

This has been a week of speech-making, without, unfortunately, the production of anything new in the way either of fact or of argument. Mr. Chamberlain is a first-class fighting man, but for that very reason he sees nothing but the adversary immediately in front of him. He has satisfied himself that this adversary is the pro-Boer, consequently every speech he makes is an attack upon the pro-Boer. It does not occur to him that among the critics of the Government are many who, from the moment that the war began, saw, as plainly as any Minister, that it could have but one ending, and, much more plainly than some Ministers, that the effort to bring about this ending must not be suspended or relaxed. It is perfectly possible to be as zealous in the prosecution of the war as Mr. Chamberlain himself, and yet to think that, by wiser diplomacy and more straightforward action in regard to the Raid, war might have been avoided. The desire to see the English supremacy asserted once and for all in South Africa does not carry with it a conviction that every measure to which the Government has had recourse was the best fitted to satisfy this desire. At all events Mr. Chamberlain ought to make up his mind whether he did or did not foresee the magnitude and duration of the war. It is possible to construct a defence of the Government on either hypothesis, but the one is fatal to the other. It would be better still if he would dismiss the whole controversy about the origin of the war, and consider only how best to set the Boers considering whether the fate that awaits them under English rule is really so dreadful as they have been accustomed to think it. But if they are to be started on this inquiry there must be some much plainer statement of what the position of a self-governed colony involves than any which has yet been made.

The Duke of Devonshire has the engaging candour which disarms criticism. In the present Cabinet the Lord President of the Council is the Minister of Education, and if anyone else had assured us that he cannot understand one word of the speeches of educational experts, and that the arguments of educational deputations are "almost equally unintelligible to his uninstructed intellect," we might be tempted to suggest that he is hardly the right man for the place. But when he himself gives us the information, we feel that we can ill afford to lose a Minister of such straightforward simplicity, and turn to find what comfort we can find in the reflection that, though the Duke of Devonshire will have charge of the Education Bill in the Cabinet, it is Sir John Gorst who will have to draw it. But the Duke's second speech gave evidence of a more dangerous fault than inability to understand educational experts. He wholly misapprehends the place and function of public opinion in legislation. "No vessel," he said, "however built or however navigated, could sail its course unless it had a breeze behind it," and he asked the people to provide the Government with that breeze in regard to education. The Duke forgets that a breeze can do little or nothing for a vessel unless there are sails for it to act on. Public opinion can intervene effectively enough in favour of a Bill which it knows. It can then agitate "for the Bill, the whole Bill, and nothing but the Bill." But at present there are no clear indications what the next Education Bill is to be like. Is it to be large or small, limited or comprehensive, a replica of the Bill of 1896 or an extension of the Bill of 1901? So long as the public are left in ignorance about these general and elementary matters they will show neither enthusiasm, nor even interest in the Government plans. If Ministers would make up their minds upon the main principles of the coming measure, and announce that on those principles they meant to legislate, they would find, we think, far more support out of doors than they seem disposed to believe.

An interesting correspondence has been going on in the *Times* as to the proper qualification of an elector to a House of Laymen which is to be created in the future. The merits, real or supposed, of various franchises have been set out in the course of it without, so far as we can see, the slightest approach to an agreement between those who propose them. It appears to us that the controversy is too completely in the air to make any useful result probable. Dr. Field says very truly that "of suggested qualifications we have practically four—communion, confirmation, baptism, paying rates. Parliament certainly will not accept the first; the mass of Churchmen will as certainly refuse the last; to most of them the third rule appears equally inadequate." This is an excellent statement of the facts, so far as it goes, but it leaves out one very pertinent consideration. Dr. Field would have us infer that, since the first, the third, and the last solutions are impracticable for the reasons he gives, the second is the one to be adopted. But how, if the second is as likely to be rejected by Parliament as the first, and nearly as distasteful as the third to a certain section of Churchmen? Yet this, as we believe, is the exact state of the case. A confirmation test would have no chance of success in the House of Commons, unless, indeed, it had—what it certainly has not now—the support of an almost unanimous lay opinion, while to those who hold that Confirmation only makes disobedience to a plain rule of the Church more glaring, it seems a very poor compromise. The moral we draw from this is that all suggestions for approaching Parliament with a scheme for a lay house are something worse than premature. A substantial agreement among Churchmen on the nature of the lay franchise must first be arrived at, and from this we are still a very long way removed. Meanwhile, we may suggest that such an agreement is not likely to be promoted by discouraging expressions of lay opinion at Diocesan Conferences. The laymen who are not listened to or who are deterred from speaking may be as wrong-headed as you please, but until they are brought to a different mind nothing in the way of Church reform can be looked for; and the process of convincing a man is not even begun so long as you refuse to hear what he has to say.

Canon Carter's death, at the age of ninety-three, removes a figure which has been conspicuous through each successive phase of the Tractarian movement. He became Rector of Clewer while Newman was still in the Church of England; he was an original member of the English Church Union, becoming a vice-president on Pusey's death; and he took an active part in the preparation of the "Declaration" which was issued by that body in 1899. His life was one of singular consistency, and showed in an eminent degree the possibility—so often denied—of combining personal

independence with party loyalty. Canon Carter's entire devotion to what he held to be truth was beyond question, but he fully realised the necessity of making concessions on points of secondary moment in order to secure union among those who are working for a common object. He supplied the occasion of one very important lawsuit, that in which the right of the Bishop of the Diocese to veto proceedings under the Church Discipline Act was finally recognised. It was in this case that Lord Bowen established his fame as an advocate, and helped to deliver the Church from the nightmare of constant litigation. Had it not been for this decision the party which had obtained the Public Worship Regulation Act, and found their instrument break in their hands, would have fallen back on the earlier statute and possibly gained their end by the more effectual procedure which had seemed too slow for them six years earlier. But the great work of Canon Carter's life was to help on that revival of Sisterhoods which will be looked back to as one of the chief events—perhaps as the chief event—in the history of English religion in the nineteenth century. The generous testimony which the Bishop of Calcutta paid yesterday to the self-devotion of the Clewer Sisters in Bengal, and to the effect on the people of the East of the "life of men and women in religious community," is the tribute which Canon Carter would have best loved to have laid on his grave.

In the Northern and Eastern Transvaal several sharp engagements with the enemy have resulted favourably to us, and amongst other and slighter successes of the week telegrams report the capture of four laagers with about 100 of the enemy. General De la Rey attacked Colonel Von Donop at Zeerust, and although repulsed with heavy loss, inflicted severe damage, the official report giving details of 83 British casualties. Lord Kitchener's weekly report shows considerable improvement, 74 Boers having been killed, 16 wounded, 352 taken prisoners, and 45 surrendered.

Foreign. FRANCE has at last decided to despatch part of the Mediterranean squadron to coerce, or at least to intimidate, Turkey into hastening the settlement of the long-standing dispute. Europe has changed a good deal since 1880, and the step will probably be welcomed by the other Powers, with reservations, of course, at Berlin. Intervention now may postpone the collapse at Constantinople which the troubles gathering round the Porte have seemed to portend as very near. The political outlook is again becoming more favourable to the Ministry. True, the miners' strike is only adjourned, but it seems clear that the men's delegates differed widely as to the comparative urgency of their demands, and that a considerable minority of the workers would have been reluctant to move at all. As it is, the Ministry are preparing a Bill dealing with the demand for miners' pensions, which, however, can hardly be very successful; and the general Old-Age Pensions Bill, which has been submitted for criticism to the Trade Unions and Employers' Associations, has either been ignored by them or very unfavourably received. This really frees the Ministry, for the moment, from a problem particularly embarrassing in the present state of French finance. Probably some of the Ministerial Socialists will fall away from the Government after the General Election, but their defection would be balanced by Conservative adhesions. And the two bye-elections of last Sunday seem to indicate that the enemies of the present *régime* are losing ground.

The Voyron-Waldersee letters, written in November and December of last year, and published this week in the *Matin*, exhibit some of the dangers which threatened the co-operation of the allied forces in China, and show that Count von Waldersee's authority as commander-in-chief was very far from absolute. Indeed, the *Cologne Gazette* can only say that it was never intended to be absolute, and that the arrangement would have proved unworkable otherwise. General Voyron managed, with perfect politeness, to assert the French right of protecting native Catholics, which appears likely to be contested by Germany in the Far as well as the Near East; to hint at the impolicy of the German treatment of the natives in districts already occupied by other foreign troops; and to frustrate the plan for putting Peking under German control. One cannot but sympathise with him; but, as the publication has doubtless taken place with the consent of his own Government, it shows that we are still a long way from an era of cordial co-operation between Germany and France.

The severe industrial depression from which Germany is suffering has induced some of the State Governments to contemplate special measures for the relief of the unemployed. Statistics of their numbers are being collected by the Governments of Prussia, Baden, and Bavaria: the Prussian Ministry of Railways, which had been discharging employés, has undertaken special work, not immediately needed, in order to prevent further reductions; and high commercial authorities, like the President of the Bochum Steel Company, think that the lowest point is not reached yet. The depression is reflected in the revenue returns of the Empire. The revenue which is specially "earmarked" for grants-in-aid to the several State Governments in return for their "matricular contributions" to the expenses of the Empire is falling short, and the matricular contributions themselves may have to be increased. The uncertainty about the tariff intensifies the financial depression, and it seems very likely that, though the tariff will pass, the existing commercial treaties, which have still two years to run, will not be denounced, and may even be quietly prolonged. The story that the Kaiser has threatened that "if things go wrong, he will smash everything to bits" is circulated by papers in the confidence of the Government, it is supposed with the intention of rescuing Count von Bülow from the Agrarians. The latter threaten to vent their wrath on their manufacturing allies, and to support free trade, which would mean cheap labour and cheap agricultural machinery from America; and they continue to look without much regret at the industrial depression, as promising a return of German labourers to the land, and a consequent check to the immigration of Poles and Russians into East Prussia. Count von Bülow meanwhile, has been summoned to join the Kaiser at Liebenberg, the seat of the Count von Eulenberg, who effected Count von Caprivi's dismissal in 1893. Count von Bülow, however, is too valuable to meet a similar fate.

The Spanish public has long felt that General Weyler, now War Minister, is a dangerous man, and last Saturday its fears were confirmed by the General himself. The Premier is ill, and may have to winter abroad; and so General Weyler, his possible successor or vicegerent, has been cleverly drawn by Senor Romero Robledo into a statement in Parliament of his attitude. He explained that, when the Cuban War came to an end, there was no reason why he should not join the Liberal party; he repudiated the charge of aiming at a military dictatorship; he declared that the army was in full accord with the people, and that he himself, as a soldier, would commit no breach of discipline, but that, should the institutions of his country be threatened, he would do his duty—an avowal which seems to have scared even his Ministerial colleagues. He did not reassure them when he added (as the excitement subsided) that he was a politician and a Liberal, but a soldier first, and that he would defend the national institutions and the Parliament in case of need. For it is recognised that he is primarily a free lance. When he returned from Cuba, discredited, he was expected to join the Carlists, but was diverted from them by a Conservative Government, which made him Captain-General of Madrid; he was then made War Minister by the Liberals, who had caused his downfall in order to modify the enmity of the army towards them; and he maintained the interest of the army and the Army Estimates in spite of his colleagues, and so the army will follow him anywhere. Every party has been afraid of him, and now their fears are justified. And in view of Senor Sagasta's illness and the unsettlement preceding the accession of the young King, his opportunity may not be far off. At any rate, the country is forewarned.

The correspondent of the *Times* in New York has drawn an appalling picture of the insecurity set up in that city by the importation of tramps and criminals just in time to qualify to vote the Tammany ticket, and the very newspapers that are most bitter against Tammany have hastened to declare his account untrue. One cannot help suspecting that electioneering zeal has something to do with the contradiction. Americans are specially jealous of outside interference in their politics, and it will be remembered how Lord Sackville, when Ambassador at Washington, was induced by a clever trick to express his opinion on a Presidential contest, and how his letter was then used to discredit the cause he favoured. The *Times* correspondent seems to have made the same mistake. Meanwhile, the contest proceeds, and the division of opinion among those who can have no sympathy with Tammany or its methods continues to be notable. Mr. Edward M. Shephard, the Tammany candidate for Mayor, is, as Mr. Davitt says in Tuesday's *Times*, a tried reformer whose character is above reproach. His adversaries can only wonder how he can consent to be a Tammany decoy, and point out that the ticket he heads contains the regular type of Tammany candidate, whose success will frustrate his efforts. His respectable supporters declare that Mr. Seth Low will be a mere tool of the Republican boss, that the Republican party in the State is too puritanical and too domineering to govern New York satisfactorily, that Mr. Shephard, with the great powers possessed by a Mayor under the existing charter, will be able to eliminate the old corruptions and aid the evolution of Tammany into an efficient and even a praiseworthy organisation. Moreover, the Tammany *régime*, for all its infamies, has apparently given New York some efficient administration, and the platform, if its framers were unknown, would appeal to municipal reformers in England. It is impossible, of course, not to sympathise heartily with Mr. Seth Low and the reformers; but it does not follow that many respectable and upright New York Democrats may not persuade themselves into taking the other side.

Leon Czolgosz was executed on Tuesday morning, and the world has been spared any detailed particulars of the event, or any relics of himself or tokens of the feeling of his eccentric sympathisers. The Kinetoscope operators were happily kept out, as were all but a very few reporters. The account of his execution indicates that less scientific methods are more merciful. His brain is stated to have been normal, and to have indicated more than average ability, and he cannot be put down as an imbecile, a lunatic, or a common criminal. He was merely a morbid enthusiast, who thought he could destroy the machinery of a social system which he hated by striking at its most conspicuous wheel. Unfortunately, while unthinking writers exalt the statesman at the expense of the state system, people will always be found who think they can alter the system by striking at the man. The "great man theory of history" is misleading when applied to the past; in the present, it is eminently dangerous.

Although the recent news from Afghanistan has been meagre, yet, so far as it goes, it tends to show that the succession of Habibullah has been accepted with a unanimity which the most optimistic would hardly have anticipated. Even distant and discontented Herat has sworn allegiance, and the Ghilzais have not stirred. The Amir himself, who (it is significant to note) consults with his father's favourite wife, the mother of Mohammed Omar, on all important matters, has made a good impression by promising to raise the pay of the army and at the same time reduce taxation—a financial feat which, if successful, may well arouse the emulation of Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. It remains to be seen whether this velvet glove conceals the iron hand without which Afghanistan cannot be ruled; but for the present, and probably for the winter months, the situation gives no cause for anxiety. Meanwhile, there is activity among Habibullah's northern and western neighbours. The Russian Minister of War, who is now on tour in Transcaspia, has inaugurated work at the Tashkent end of the railway which is to link up that place with the Russian railway system at Orenburg, and which when completed, in about two years' time, will enormously increase Russia's power of throwing reinforcements into Turkestan. From Meshed it is reported that the Kushk branch of the Transcaspian railway is being extended to Chahil Dukhteran, another stage nearer Herat; and there are renewed rumours of Russian railway projects in Persia. In the latter country a plot against the life of the Shah is said to have been discovered. If it was not a mere device of the Grand Vizier's to get rid of some of his enemies, it is probably attributable to the widespread dissatisfaction which is being felt at the Russophil tendencies of that functionary and his Imperial master. In any case its sole result is likely to be to drive them still more unreservedly into the arms of Russia.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, November 2, 1901.

MR. STEYN'S LETTER.

THE letter of ex-President Steyn to Lord Kitchener, a copy of which has been sent to the *Manchester Guardian* by a correspondent, is very melancholy reading. It sets out what the Government of the Orange Free State regarded as the justification of the Boer Ultimatum and of their own share in the consequent war. They were convinced, Mr. Steyn says, that the English were resolved on the destruction of the two Republics, and unfortunately, though, as we believe, they were wrong in this opinion they had plausible grounds for entertaining it. We in England forgot the Raid before the authors of it were out of prison, but in South Africa it was an incident of immeasurably greater magnitude. It filled the Dutch memory and the Dutch imagination. To the citizens of the two Republics it seemed the outcome of a deliberate policy to which the English Government and the English nation were privy—a policy which, though put on one side in presence of defeat, lay ready to be taken up again as soon as an opportunity offered. In our opinion this conviction on the part of the Dutch had no real foundation. What the two Republics took to be the deliberate purpose of the English Government and the English people embodied, no doubt, the wishes and schemes of certain politicians in South Africa, and may even have had the goodwill of some prominent persons at home. But it was never the purpose of the nation nor, as we believe, of the Cabinet as a whole. It was the Boers who made it the purpose of both by their ultimatum, and had that ultimatum not been sent we do not believe that the war would have taken place.

We have not the least doubt, however, of the genuineness of the alarm in which the ultimatum had its origin. Mr. Steyn's list of reasons for feeling this alarm is drawn up with obvious sincerity. "In 1895," he writes, "when the South African Republic was unarmed and at peace . . . an unexpected attack was made on her from British territory. . . . When this foolish undertaking failed . . . the Government of the South African Republic, relying on the sense of justice of the English nation, handed over all the persons taken prisoner by them, and deserving of death according to international law, to Her Majesty's Government. . . . When a just judge sentenced the leaders of the expedition to imprisonment the principal men were not kept in prison till they had served their time, but were released on some trivial cause or other before the expiration of their term. . . . When a Commission found the chief conspirators and Mr. Rhodes guilty, and reported them as such to the Parliament, Mr. Chamberlain, who was one of the members of the Commission, defended Mr. Rhodes in direct opposition to his own report. . . . Since that time no reasonable compensation has been paid to the South African Government." We in England know that this apparent condonation, if not express adoption, of the Raid was not the act of the English people, that it represented simply the feelings of two of the least admirable sections of that people—smart society at one end and the music halls at the other. But can we wonder that Mr. Steyn and his Government should have thought differently?

We call this melancholy reading because it relates to errors and misunderstandings which are now beyond remedy. We cannot, if we would, restore the *status quo ante bellum*. We cannot say to the people of the annexed territories, We have both been mistaken; let us go on for the future as though the war had never begun. To do this would probably involve the loss of South Africa in the present and the break-up of the Empire in the future. The two races and the two civilisations might, but for the war, have lived side by side until their relative places in the future of South Africa had been determined by events; but the war has made this solution impossible. The over-lordship of South Africa must now be either Dutch or English, and we cannot acquiesce in its being Dutch. In this sense the independence of the South African Republics is at an end, and we can only go on fighting till their people recognise that it is at an end. But the progress of this recognition, and, what is of even more importance, the peace of South Africa after the war is over, might be greatly furthered by a plain statement on the part of the English Government of the kind of arrangements which they contemplate making hereafter in the annexed territories. We do not ask them to fix a date for the introduction of these arrangements. That is obviously impossible until the disposition of the people has been tested. But it is not impossible to put out one more Proclamation, which shall assure the Boers that, when peace is restored and the English supremacy placed beyond question, they will be given complete independence as regards the management of their local affairs, that no attempt will be made to Anglicise them, either by new laws or new settlers, that they will be allowed to remain unprogressive Dutch communities until such time as they find it suits them to adopt new fashions. From this point of view we regret a phrase in one of Lord Milner's latest speeches. "What I want," he said, "is one great community under the British flag." In a sense, of course, this is what we all want. But the ideal of such a community in South Africa must be one of loose, of very loose, federation—a federation which

shall leave to each separate colony full liberty to live its own life. Canada is "one great community under the British flag," but it is also a community consisting of colonies living peacefully side by side, yet each cherishing and maintaining its own language, its own laws, its own ideal of life. This is what South Africa will become, we hope, in the end, but it may become so very much sooner if the Government proclaim now that it is what they will labour to make it. The Proclamation, we may add, would be more effectual if it included an announcement that the Rand will eventually be separated from the Transvaal. Nothing is to be gained by treating two communities as one when they differ in race, in occupation, in desires. Fire and water are invaluable allies, but if they are to be of any use they must be kept separate.

It will be said, perhaps, that this announcement has been already made. But in the Duke of Devonshire's speech on Saturday we have the most conclusive proof that it has not been made with sufficient plainness and publicity. The Duke declares himself unable to say "precisely" the terms in which the offer was made, though he has no doubt that Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, who "is a very accurate man," is better informed. But in a matter of this kind precision is everything, and we cannot expect that the Boers, who have not the advantage of knowing Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, will be better informed than the Duke of Devonshire, who is a leading member of the Cabinet. The terms which are to secure to the people of the annexed Republics the fullest rights of self-governed colonies should be published in South Africa as well as in England. They should be expressed in a formal proclamation, not merely introduced into a Minister's speech. And they should take the form not of an offer of terms to invite surrenders, but of a deliberate announcement of the policy which the English Government are determined to pursue when the war is over and South Africa comes to be reorganised.

THE SITUATION IN AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.

In both halves of the Dual Monarchy the Parliamentary session has opened with a fair promise of peace and practical work. In Hungary the General Election, while it has strengthened one section of the Nationalist irreconcilables, has left the Ministry with an absolute majority of the House, and at the same time has watered down the strict Liberalism of the majority in such a way as to make it less provocative to its Clerical opponents and rather more sympathetic with the non-Magyar nationalities whom the Magyar majority has done its best to denationalise in the past. The Speech from the Throne has been full of promises of measures designed to relieve the existing economic depression — Hungary, which is a new country economically, having developed her resources, as usual, faster than her markets; and the chief danger of unsettlement has lain in the negotiations over the adjustment of the financial arrangement, or *Ausgleich*, with Austria, which ought to have been settled in 1897. In Austria, Herr von Koerber's Ministry, which, when it took office early last year, was derided as a mere Ministry of civil servants, called to administer the country during the suspension of a Parliament that had become unworkable, and so to prepare for absolutism, had managed, by skilful bargaining with the leaders of the contending racial factions, to restore something like proper Parliamentary activity, and to divert the factions from their ordinary barren struggles by the promise of great railway schemes and other economic reforms. Czech and German have seemed likely to join hands for the moment in practical economics; and the recent elections to the Bohemian Landtag have exhibited so many divisions in the rival parties, and such apathy among the electors, that it has seemed as if the nationality question might rest for a time. The Ministry, therefore started with a comparatively free hand. The Czechs and Germans soon broke out into mutual abuse, but it seemed as if this was a mere ebullition of their feelings without serious consequences. Herr von Koerber managed to get rid of one set of efforts at obstruction; and his business is now to get the Budget voted, and then to conduct the negotiations with Hungary to a conclusion, and, what will be infinitely more difficult, to get the Reichsrath to accept the result.

Here, unfortunately, besides the customary complications, he is beset with those set up by the pending German Tariff Bill. That Bill has so far recoiled on its promoters that it is possible it may be used as a mere weapon, to be brandished while the new commercial treaties are being negotiated, if that work is not postponed to a more convenient time. But if one side produces a weapon the other must show its weapons too. And it has long been held by Protectionists, both in Austria and in Hungary, that each country would be better off if it could bar out the products of the other and become as far as possible self-sufficing. This is Protectionism reduced to an absurdity, but still it is believed in, and Germany has obligingly supplied the believers with less absurd grounds for their faith. If Germany is going to bar out Hungarian horses and cattle, Hungary, with an independent Customs tariff, could retaliate unhampered by the need of taking account of the demands of Austrian industry, or of Pan-German sentiment in Austria. And as in Hungary the Parliamentary system usually works without serious hitches, while in Austria it is almost unworkable, Hungary could then legislate for herself, irrespective of the difficulties either of getting a joint tariff passed by the Austrian Reichsrath, or of enforcing it by decree. Thus where the Emperor King demands "a strong and independent tariff system," the Separatists will reply that two systems would be better, more independent, and more effective as weapons than one. Three years ago the Hungarian Premier intimated that Hungary would accept the Austrian terms for the *Ausgleich*, not as part of a contract with Austria, but as a concession to her in her Parliamentary difficulties; and that if the Reichsrath could not eventually adopt them, the Hungarian Government would feel free to take its own course. That position has since been reasserted; there is now an additional reason for taking it. Moreover, the old differences as to the relative amount of the contributions of each nation to the joint expenses of the Empire are coming up again. Hungary has complained in the past that if her share of the trade of the Empire has relatively increased, it is because her Goverment promotes the public welfare better than the Austrian: and so she is, as it were, rated on her own improvements to compensate for Austrian deficiencies. New points of difference are now arising, and each legislature has a

new reason for not making concessions. The events of the next few weeks, therefore, will be profoundly interesting. The old causes of friction in the cumbrous Parliamentary machinery of the two countries have somewhat abated. The Hungarian Liberals are less anti-Clerical than formerly, and may, therefore, be less hated in Court circles at Vienna. The various Nationalists of the Austrian Reichsrath are just as violent as ever, and scout the notion that they can be bribed by railway schemes to set their national aspirations aside; but it seems doubtful if their constituents are equally idealist. Still, the Parliamentary machine may prove unworkable, or the old hatreds may burst out again. But even without this economic separation is not impossible. With it the German Protectionists may be fought more successfully, but at a heavy cost both to the national welfare and to the political coherence of the Monarchy.

THE REAL WOLSEY.

A CAREFUL study of the life and work of Cardinal Wolsey gives an entirely different idea of his real character from that commonly held, and sets him in a page of the Ecclesiastical history of this country which is equal to that occupied by almost any other honoured name in the English Church. Mr. Brewer, in his "Reign of Henry VIII.," has vindicated the memory of the Cardinal of York as one of the greatest statesmen of England; and Mr. James Gairdner, in the "Dictionary of National Biography," takes the same view; but neither of these eminent authorities pay attention to the ecclesiastical side of his character. The Statesman has obscured the Churchman. Yet Wolsey was first of all an ecclesiastic, and he never allowed this to be overshadowed by secular politics. Great as he was as a statesman, he was far greater as a Churchman, and as such stood head and shoulders above all Churchmen in the sixteenth century, not only of England but of all Christendom, not forgetting even Francisco Ximenez de Cisneros. Had not the divorce intervened, Wolsey would have brought about in England a reformation which, while leaving the verities of the Catholic faith untouched, would have cut away the numerous abuses which had been allowed to grow up to the detriment of religion pure and undefiled. He saw the situation perhaps with clearer vision than was given to most men of his time, and it was with the view of meeting the coming danger that he set himself to bring about a Reformation. This is the key to all his ecclesiastical policy, and the reason why he desired the Cardinalate and Legateship; and even the Papacy which, in his hands instead of in those of the unworthy Clement, would have made the religious history of all Europe happier. Hence his visitations of the religious and of the clergy whom he sought, by the salutary effects of education, to inspire with a knowledge and a zeal for the better things. The great enemy he saw was Ignorance, the fruitful mother of Superstition. Hence his work at the Universities, his professorships, and magnificent foundations at Oxford and Ipswich. These last, it must be remembered, were for scholars "to be brought up in virtue and qualified for the sacerdotal dignity." Such worthy prelates as Fox of Winchester saw and approved his doings. In a letter from Fox we read that the object of the Legatine Visitation was to introduce—

> a more entire and active reformation of the ecclesiastical hierarchy of the English people than I could expect or ever hope to see brought about, or even so much as attempted in this age. As in duty bound, I indeed, did strive to carry out within the limit of my own small jurisdiction that same design which Your Grace will soon bring about in the two provinces of this kingdom. . . . But I do now gather from your most welcomed letter an assured hope and full expectation of seeing a reformation both entire and public.

But all along the line the greatest opponents of Wolsey's efforts were to be found in certain members of the Roman *Curia*. To them the salvation of the Church in England was of little interest compared with the money which came from abuses it was their interests to protect. Even the Bulls for reforming the clergy which, by dint of persevering endeavours, Wolsey at last succeeded in obtaining, were taxed and turned into a source of profit at Rome. Leo X. on one occasion put off the matter of reforming the clergy on the plea that it would supersede the authority of the bishops, adding, however, that Rome had not received an equivalent for doing such an extraordinary thing; for a promised subsidy had not yet been handed over to the papal collectors, and Leo was in pecuniary difficulties. Wolsey saw all this quite clearly, and was thoroughly alive to the truth of what Pastor says in his "History of the Popes," that it was the Italians, whose incomes in great part depended on abuses, that impeded every movement in the direction of reform. Wolsey would very likely have known also the saying of his contemporary, the Carthusian monk, Jacobus de Clusa, that "no nation in Christendom offers such opposition to reform as Italy; and this from love of gain and worldly profit and fear of losing its privileges."

It is commonly supposed that Wolsey brought about the question of divorce in order to revenge himself on Charles V. So far is this from the truth, that Wolsey was always a half-hearted promoter of the cause. Henry saw this and was wroth. The Cardinal knew that, whichever way the case turned, it would be to the ruin of all he held dear in England. The cause of Religion would not be served by the Boleyn faction, and little was to be hoped from an enraged King, tied for life to an uncongenial partner. In open Court Henry publicly exonerated Wolsey from any charge of suggesting the divorce to him. And Cavendish says that when the matter was first disclosed by the King, Wolsey went on his knees to persuade him to the contrary; and we have Cavendish reporting Wolsey's own words to the same effect: "I have often kneeled before him in his privy chamber on my knees the space of an hour or two, to persuade him from his will and appetite; but I could never bring to pass to dissuade him therefrom."

Although it is probable that Wolsey first knew about the divorce in the spring of 1525, it was not until the summer of 1527 that the project began to take form. From a letter written to Henry we learn the position Wolsey took up after "daily and hourly musing, and thinking of your Grace's great and secret affair, and how the same may come to good effect and desired end." It was a thoroughly consistent and honourable one. He thought that with a little patience the King's intention could "honourably and lawfully take the desired effect." In his eyes the question was simply a legal one; and this point seems to have been overlooked by historians of every school in whose eyes Katherine of Arragon plays a part analogous to that of Mary Queen of Scots. Canonists in the course of ages had, by means of various impediments, succeeded in raising the marriage contract into such a highly artificial state that it was by no means difficult, did the desire arise, to find out legal flaws or quibbles in documents that brought in so much money by way of dispensations. Lawyers were to be found in Rome, it might be, who were not adverse to methods of drawing up documents in such a manner as would secure more business in the future. The grounds then on which Wolsey based his case were as follows. After a rigid examination of the bull of Julius II. upon which the contract was formed, a very important flaw was discovered. Two impediments had existed against the marriage: Affinity and Public Honesty. Both of these were equally diriment, and unless dispensed, made the marriage altogether null and void. Now the bull of Julius II. only dispensed from the impediment of Affinity; that of Public

Honesty was left untouched. Therefore, according to Canon law (or the law of Canonists, not always the same thing) Henry was never married to Katherine, and there existed a very real case for a declaration of nullity. Had Wolsey been allowed to manage the case on the line he proposed, the Pope, by his own law, would have been obliged to grant the wished-for sentence, declaring that, owing to the existence of the impediment of Public Honesty, Henry and Katherine had never been man and wife. This was Wolsey's ground. He did not question the Pope's right to dispense and carefully avoided raising the theological point. It was Henry who, in his impatience, did so, and spoilt his own case by diverting it from the certain to the then uncertain. Wolsey concerned himself with questioning a fact which did not compromise in any way the papal authority. Was the document, upon which the marriage contract was founded, sufficient in law for its professed purpose? And there only seems one answer to it, and that in the negative. It all seemed so simple; and so it was in itself. Clement only had to decide whether the dispensation included more than the document had on its face, a point which most prelates in England felt was quite in their own competency to decide. But to avoid difficulties Wolsey insisted that the Pope, as the supreme law-giver, was the only one to decide. It was his very zeal for papal supremacy that brought about the disaster. Clement VII., one of the weakest of the Popes, complained bitterly that Wolsey thus urged him to do his duty, and asked why the Cardinal could not have settled the matter for himself. At that moment Clement was in the power of Charles V., and his sole object was to regain his civil principality. What was the private good of Henry or even the welfare of the Church and State of England compared with the ever-present fear of the Emperor and the hope of regaining the possessions which had been taken away? That this was the case is clear from the vast correspondence on either side that we have in the State papers. The English Court saw through the duplicity of Italian shifts, intrigues, delays, and diplomatic avoidings of the real points at issue. It is no wonder, therefore, that the sense of injustice rankled deeply in the King's heart and became the main cause why, when Wolsey's retaining hand was gone, the King cast off obedience to the Roman jurisdiction. Those who brought about the disaster must bear the responsibilities.

Henry spoilt his case by raising the theological argument. It was fatal to his cause and gave the opportunity of shirking the real question. Wolsey, with health broken down in an "old and cracked body," was unable to cope with the situation. He did what he could in conscience to help the King, but he saw from the position things had now taken that there was no hope for Pope or King. He made it clear to Campeggio that if the King's desire was not complied with, fortified and justified as it was by the reasons, writings, and counsels of many learned men who feared God, the speedy and total ruin would follow of the kingdom, of himself, and of the Church's influence in the country. In his distress the unfortunate Italian wails to the Pope's confidant: "I have no more moved Wolsey than if I had spoken to a rock." His objections were always founded upon the invalidity of the marriage and upon the instability of the realm and the succession. Wolsey knew that Campeggio's presence was a mere blind and a device to gain time. He expostulated at last with the legate in these terms: "I do not wish to enter into negotiations with one who has no power. This is not the way to treat the King." And many times did he add: "Most Reverend Lord, beware lest in like manner as the greater part of Germany, owing to the harshness and severity of a certain Cardinal, has become estranged from the Apostolic See and from the Faith, it may be said that another Cardinal has given the same occasion to England with the same results."

The records tell us that the *Cardinalis Pacificus* was no sensualist and no enemy of Katherine, who, it appears, gave him credit for being her friend. He was, every inch of him, a Churchman, devout and godly, never missing his breviary, and hearing or celebrating mass every day, no matter how many cares of State were upon him. What the man really was appears in his closing life, and no one with any experience of human nature will deny that the example Wolsey showed in adversity is one which could only have been displayed by a man whose spiritual life was solid and set well on the bed-rock of faith. His depression and ill-health only seem to enforce this fact.

LIFE AT NEWNHAM.

(By an Ex-Student.)

THERE is no time at which the attractions of a place are so fully appreciated as when it has just been left, and my excuse for occupying the attention of readers of the Pilot is that I am in this position with regard to Newnham College. Perhaps it is because Newnham offers exceptional opportunities for the satisfaction of the spiritual and intellectual cravings of what has been called "a woman's receptive mind" that its three or four crowded years of glorious life seem worth the nameless age of the remainder. This article is written in the hope of conveying, in some slight degree, to those to whom Newnham is only a name, what is the life of these most enjoyable years.

There is not space to speak of the history of the college; how it started from the house in Bateman Street, and how, from the time when the Old Hall was built on such a plan as to allow of its conversion into a private house, should the college prove a failure, building was added to building, until now the college stands in its own land, with three halls, lecture-rooms, chemical laboratory, library, gymnasium, and a splendid college hall, in which hang the portraits of our first Principal, Miss Clough, of Dr. Henry Sidgwick, of our present Principal Mrs. Sidgwick, and of Miss M. G. Kennedy. Mr. Basil Champneys has contrived that in spite of its piecemeal construction the building should present externally as imposing an appearance as any of the more modern of the Cambridge colleges. To its gardens and playing-grounds, nothing is lacking but the course of centuries. They are laid out with extraordinary skill. In the early summer they are radiant with a profusion of flowering shrubs and fruit trees, the borders full of white pinks and pale blue irises; and on Sunday afternoons in the May term, when every apple tree shades a tea-table, not even the King's Fellows' Garden or the Roundabout could be more inviting.

To the Newnham student every corner of the college is a monument of some benefactor. The whole Women's Education movement has a history of little over thirty years, and yet those years have left the college a legacy of pride and responsibility which must play a stimulating and inspiring part in the lives of its students. They are fully chronicled in Miss Clough's Life, and every year we call them to mind at our commemoration dinner. It is one of our most cherished traditions that on the eve of that day Miss Marion Kennedy—who, as well as her father, played so important a part in the movement—should rehearse, nominally to first year students, but in reality to a crowded gathering of members of the college of every standing, the story of its early days. Last year these ceremonies had a specially and sadly commemorative character. The college had suffered the greatest of all losses—the loss of its founder, Dr. Henry Sidgwick. Its existence was owing to him, and for twenty years he and Mrs. Sidgwick had been actually living within its walls, so that he had become an integral part of it; indeed, to many he and Mrs. Sidgwick *were* the college. It was no longer, indeed, as in Bateman Street, when he used to drop in in the evenings and talk, and direct the studies of each student. Beyond seeing him walking up and down in the garden, or sitting near him when he dined in college—as he often did on Sundays—the students had little personal contact

with him, unless his lectures came within their subject. Yet he remained a powerful influence in their lives, and the ideal which he and Mrs. Sidgwick set before them will remain a lifelong possession.

It was to Dr. Sidgwick that we owed the yearly set of Saturday lectures on literary subjects to which the Master of Trinity, Canon Ainger, Dr. Verrall, Mr. Gosse, Mr. G. G. Murray and others have contributed. Dr. Sidgwick was afraid that the Science students might become too much engrossed in their work and lose sight of the Humanities. The whole college, and not only the college, has reaped the advantage. So high was his standard in work that "Not wholly unintelligent" as a comment from him was said to "puff up the recipient with pride and hope." This is the ideal held up to us, and Cambridge tradition in encouragement adds, "Blessed be Drudgery." Fortunately for those who find it hard to keep this beatitude in mind there is sometimes added the romantic element of the explorer, and our lecturers allow us a brilliant vision of what may await us in the region beyond the drudgery, where they are themselves exploring the untrodden paths of science or history. We are also, by the generosity of the University, largely sharers in its intellectual wealth, for many of its most distinguished men have taught at Newnham, and almost all have opened their lectures to women.

Each of the three halls into which the college is divided holds about forty students and two or three "Dons," and is presided over by a Vice-Principal. To a certain extent the three halls live apart. Except on great occasions, such as the relief of Mafcking, they do not dine together; they have their own traditions and traditional characteristics, and each holds its own "Hall Meeting" for the management of its affairs, with a solemn formality which makes a deep impression on the mind of the new student, whose first experience almost is a round of business meetings "for the election of officers for the ensuing year." There are passages uniting the halls, and allowing of intercourse between them at all hours of the day or night. Their length and intricacy impress our visitors. But still more are they bewildering and alarming to the "Fresher" who has to grope her way in total darkness, after the lights are out, to 10 o'clock "cocoa parties," which are the favourite form of entertainment and of making acquaintances. The students' rooms are for the most part small, and much time and trouble is spent in the effort to conceal the fact that drawing-room, study, and bedroom are one—trouble which is richly rewarded by such a request from a visitor as, "Now we have seen your sitting-room, do show us your bedroom!"

Besides the six or seven hours' day recommended by the authorities for work, which may be extended or contracted according as we please, our time is filled with games and societies. Hockey is the most popular game at Newnham—as it is becoming with women all over England. It affords most exercise to the greatest number in the shortest time, and may be played without much previous training, though its science is carried to a high degree, and the college team has played successfully against some of the best ladies' clubs in England. The occasions on which even the unathletic are roused to enthusiasm are the Hall matches, which take place every term in hockey or cricket, after which the Hall team, if victorious, dines together and makes speeches—our somewhat mild form of "bump supper." Tennis matches and tournaments go on every term, and our most beautiful cup is one which Mr. A. J. Balfour presented for Hall tennis matches—a great occasion, on which the Conservative Ministry of the Political society was invited to meet him at dinner. The fives courts, croquet grounds, and gymnasium also have their adherents; and the part which bicycling plays in the life of the college is shown by the ever-increasing host of bicycles, the housing of which is a severe tax on the ingenuity of those in charge. Our efforts on the river have not met with much success. Newnham has, indeed, a boating club, but so numerous and complicated are its rules and provisions that it has earned for itself the title of the "Society for the Prevention of Rowing."

The various college societies meet in the evening—and of these it is undoubtedly the Political society which rouses the keenest interest in the college. Every Monday evening, from 7.30 to 8.30 p.m., Parliament assembles in the College Hall, the Speaker occupying the Chair on the platform, and the Government and Opposition benches ranged on either side. Every member of the society is duly enrolled as representing some constituency; but Newnham has advanced beyond the cumbrous and antiquated form of government by majorities; parties go into office in turn—thus each has an opportunity of displaying its administrative abilities—but nothing is passed into law which does not meet the approval of the majority. The Bill which is to be the subject of discussion has cost the proposer days of anxious thought and pondering over Blue-books and statesman's year books. It has been posted on the political notice-board for three days, during which it has been studied and discussed at Cabinet, Front bench, and Party meetings. It generally deals with some subject which has been particularly before the public—but Newnham is never behind the times in politics: Temperance reforms, Old Age Pension Acts, Housing Acts, Imperial Federation Acts, have become law which would startle even advanced politicians at Westminster, and the crisis in the Liberal party took place on exactly the same lines as it is following now, at least eighteen months ago. Perhaps the greatest feat a Newnham government ever performed was a Budget drawn up from independent sources, in which the burden of new taxes was laid on precisely the objects which a distinguished professor of political economy later designated as the most just and fitting for taxation. Westminster, however, has yet to follow our lead. The occasion on which excitement reached its highest pitch was on the introduction of the Home Rule Bill, when Miss Gladstone—then one of our Vice-Principals—who never took part in the debates, was dragged in by main force to vote, so even were the scales. I regret to say that even her vote did not turn the balance. I believe it was on this occasion that the Liberal front bench, after an eloquent speech from their leader, rose as one man in their enthusiasm, and with tears in their eyes grasped her by the hand.

I have dwelt at length upon the Political society, which appears to me the most interesting and important of our societies; the whole college almost attends its meetings, and "freshers" have not been two days in the college before they receive visits from the whips of all parties in search of recruits, who attempt, where they find no convictions already existing, to form them, by means fair or foul, for the benefit of their own party. It is only a lucky few who escape the painful experience of appearing as a public speaker on at least one Monday evening. But the political is not the only society; music, dancing, Shakespeare and Browning readings, and even Dorcas meetings, find evenings set apart for them; and twice a term the college debating society holds debates. These are great occasions, as each member is allowed to invite two guests, and the college decorates its hall and puts on its smartest frocks. We have been fortunate in entertaining many distinguished visitors in this way, and in hearing their views on various subjects.

Sunday also has its meetings, and there is more than one society for religious discussion and study. In this respect we owe deep gratitude to the guidance and help given us by some of our Dons. And not in this only. The relation between students and staff is, I like to think, a characteristic feature of Newnham. Our guides and philosophers are also our friends—most of them have been students themselves, and they continue to enter with undiminished interest into the interests of the students. They are the mainstay of the Debating societies, and the most regular attendants at our readings,

though the "morality of sport" be debated for the twentieth time, and the Browning Society stumbles through "Saul" periodically every three years. It is difficult to estimate the part their personal influence and friendship play, but the loyal allegiance of each student to her own Vice-Principal, on one hand, and her particular tutor on the other, is one mark of it. It is suitable that the last lesson learned at Newnham should be from the parting words of the Principal to those who are going down. We are told that our college life has been a preparation—not an end in itself—that our work for the college is only beginning, not closing, with our tripos. Our "Alma Mater" will not forget us, but will welcome us back to renewed study in the Long Vacation term, or to our yearly commemoration meeting; and I have never yet heard of a Newnham girl who was not eager to accept such an invitation.

THE FIRST STEP IN LIFE ASSURANCE.

LIFE assurance is not a new thing, yet nine out of ten people who assure their lives do so in the dark, both as regards the principles and practice of the business. A man as a rule takes much more care in the choice of his tailor than in that of his life office, heedless of the fact that life assurance companies differ quite as much in relative merits as do tailors. It is bad to have an ill-fitting suit of clothes, but it is much worse to pay year after year more for one's life policy than it is worth. There are some eighty life assurance companies in the British Isles; about thirty of these are the best institutions of their kind to be found in the world; some thirty more are fairly good; the rest are indifferent, and even bad. And the test of a life office is the plain business test of whether it pays.

Of course, in life assurance, as in other things, much depends upon circumstances. If a man wants a non-profit policy—that is to say, if he merely wants to buy a definite amount of assurance at a definite price—he need only regard security and small premiums. Almost without exception, the British life offices are secure; they can be depended upon to pay thirty or forty years hence that which they now contract to pay. There are, however, degrees in security. An old company with a great capital and great invested funds is obviously more secure than one which is in the struggling stage. Still for practical purposes all British assurance offices, except two or three, are fully secure. For a non-profit assurance, an intending policy-holder has merely to pick out a dozen powerful offices, compare their rates of premium, and choose the cheapest. He has, in fact, to behave in just the same fashion as if he were buying potatoes.

Non-profit assurance, for a great many good reasons, is not very popular. It has a steady number of supporters, but the bulk of a modern life office's business is done in with profit and its kindred "prime cost" business. It is felt by most people that it is more satisfactory to join in the profits of a good company, and become in effect a partner instead of a mere customer. By doing so one stands to gain considerably in the long run. We are a commercial and a sporting people, and we like a little uncertainty to be mixed with our business. We like to give the fates a chance to deal us a good hand. There is a pleasant exhilaration in receiving a "bonus" notice that appeals to the coldest soul.

When one is choosing a life office the importance of the choice obviously depends principally upon the class of policy that is to be taken out. If one wants a whole life, or endowment assurance—that is a policy payable after a definite number of years or at previous death—and wants it to be with-profits, then one is embarking upon an investment which will or will not pay according to the judgment exercised by the chooser. A life assurance policy with a really good company is one of the best investments open to a person of moderate means, but the company must be a good one. Which are the good ones I must not say, but I will indicate how an intending assurer may pick one out for himself.

We must bear in mind that the test of an office is whether it pays, not its shareholders, but its policy-holders. It is good if we get our full money's worth out of it. Otherwise it tends to be indifferent or bad. The tests of a good office are three in number and are easily specified. Before taking out a with-profit policy a man should satisfy himself that (1) the office is secure, (2) that it is economically worked, and (3) that its bonuses or profit returns are large. It is also advisable to make sure that an office does not worry its policy-holders with restrictions. A really good company will, as a rule, grant a policy free from all restrictions whatever except that of the payment of premiums. Provided that a policy-holder has no intention of going to unhealthy climates or of engaging in unhealthy occupations, he is issued a "whole world, indisputable" policy, free from conditions as to residence or travel.

In applying the simple tests which I have laid down, one should have a definite standard in mind. Security means that the company has ample funds well invested. If it also has a large capital, provided that this capital is not an undue burden on the profits, so much the better. Economy of management means that not more than about 12 per cent. of the premiums should be used each year for expenses and commissions to agents. The exact amount of this "expense ratio" varies very much with the conditions of an office's business. An active office will inevitably spend more than a stagnant one, but it is not necessarily less profitable. A good inflow of sound new business keeps down the proportion of death claims to income, and is in other respects wholesome. In fixing the "expense ratio" at about 12 per cent., I have in mind the rate which a good progressive office may pay without extravagance. A company with a small new business should not pay nearly so much. Provided that an office charges about the average scale of with-profit premiums and is economically worked, it ought to allot in "bonus additions" some 30s. per cent. per annum on the sums assured, a little less or a little more according to the premiums and the economy with which the company is conducted. A bonus at this rate means that every five years £7 10s. per £100 will be added to a policy. Some excellent companies pay less at first but much more later on. It will be easy for anyone with the exercise of simple arithmetic to ascertain what the average addition is. What I have written is subject to modification in special cases, but roughly the conditions which I have laid down form a trustworthy test of a good life office.

F. HARCOURT KITCHIN.

THE HUMBLER GEMS.

THE intelligent idler who saunters up Bond Street and spares a few minutes to examine the more costly contents of the jewellers' shop windows will carry away but a poor impression of the taste of the day. The clumsy representation of a lobster in diamonds, a tortoise, a fox's mask with ruby eyes, a pig or a bicycle, these are the toys we give to our women.

When a man buys his engagement ring it might be expected that then, if never afterwards, he would rise to a display of taste and care. There is little of the lover's token about any of those that will be shown to him at the great shops. According to his means or his generosity he will choose a "half-hoop" of brilliants, a sapphire or a ruby between two brilliants, or very likely all three in a row, red, white, and blue, as we are in a patriotic mood and all very Imperialist just now. The setting will surely be either "gypsy" or "à jour"; the bauble

will be a counterpart of hundreds of others sold for the same purpose in the same season. The man who would select his stones in London and employ Castellani, or some other famous artist in gold, to set them for him would run the risk of being regarded with distrust by his future wife's male relations. He would find it difficult to obtain for her an intaglio she could wear, for the art of intaglio-cutting, or of engraving upon gems, is well-nigh dead, and survives only for an ignoble purpose. Gems are now engraved not to be worn or used as objects of beauty, but to be passed off upon collectors as antiques, henceforth to hide their graceful perfection in the trays of a cabinet amongst their remote ancestors from Egypt, Syria, Greece, and Rome. The poetry of them is no more. Their most robust descendants may perhaps be found in the engraved crystals of a certain firm in Pall Mall, where the subjects are chiefly of a sporting character, horses' and dogs' heads, fighting cocks, pheasants, partridges and wild-duck, four-in-hand coaches, yachts and steamers, all realistically and skilfully coloured. The vilest of them all is the cameo moonstone.

Of enamel as a setting to jewels there is little to be seen, though it is one of the most artistically effective, and pre-eminently adapted to the display of original taste in design. One firm of Court jewellers struggled for years to re-introduce this admirable work, and took many beautiful examples from the Holbein and other portraits at the National Gallery. But the attractions of the solid horseshoe, the buckle, the plain collet—all in brilliants, of course—were too strong, and this delicate art never became really fashionable. Unfortunately, the high cost of good enamel places it beyond the reach of all but the wealthy, who are not always the most artistic. The Chinese have a very pretty substitute for it, which does not appear to be well known in Europe. In place of enamel they use small brightly coloured feathers, such as the brilliant ear-covers of the Indian minah and other birds of the starling family. The design in silver or gold is sunk, after the manner of champlevé work, and the feathers are laid in the sunken spaces, thus throwing up the lines of the design upon an iridescent background. Some years ago gangs of native bird catchers used to roam the forests of Ceylon and the Malay Peninsula in search of brightly plumaged birds, particularly the blue jay, and it was some time before the Governments of those colonies discovered for what purpose the feathers were so eagerly sought. A wealthy Chinese Towkay or merchant would have in his house pictures framed in ebony on a swing stand, like a looking-glass, with landscapes in the style of the "willow pattern" worked out in the light and dark blues of the Oriental jay's feathers, with perhaps a tiger-skin rug shown in an interior represented by the delicate golden hackles with black stripes from the throat of one of the Eastern pheasants. Happily, this wanton destruction of beautiful birds has been stopped as far as possible.

But it is not necessary to kill beautiful living creatures in order to have the most exquisite tints for every kind of decorative ornament. As travel becomes easier and more general, and particularly since our principal mail routes touch at Colombo, one of the chief centres of the trade in precious stones, numbers of gems, hitherto known only to the lapidary, have attracted the attention of passengers, and some have come into fashion as the Americans say "to stay." Some of these have become popular as trick stones, the Tourmaline, for example, of a bottle-green by daylight, but turning red if held near a lighted match or candle; Asteria sapphires or "Star-stones," which are cut *en cabuchon*, and show a six-rayed star when seen in a certain light; and several other *chatoyant* varieties. "Cinnamon stones" have gained a precarious footing as affording a perfect series of chrome shades from fiery red to golden orange. But the white sapphire, the blue spinel, the whole chromatic gamut of zircons, the white and pink topazes, and many other tertiary-tinted gems, are seldom seen where the red, white, and blue of the more costly stones reign supreme.

Ceylon is indeed a very casket of gems, not only in the district of Ratnapura ("city of gems") but in other widely-separated provinces. Part of the railway from Kandy to Matale is ballasted with white crystalline limestone studded with beautiful blue spinels taken from a cutting on Wariapolla Estate. Further northward, in the Eastern Province, the foundations of a bridge were laid in a thin bed of black corundum, containing myriads of decomposed rubies in thin rose-red flakes of singular beauty. Sapphires have been found in the broken metal used to mend the roads in the coffee districts, and whole lengths of rose quartz have been laid in the ruts to be ground to powder by coffee-laden bullock-carts. Instances could be multiplied of the waste of beautiful material, but sufficient has been said to suggest the moral—that it is possible to have beautiful jewels without great wealth, and suites of gems suited to different occasions and costumes.

The most serious obstacle to any improvement in taste is the baleful influence of fashion; and in nothing is this influence more strongly felt than in jewellery. By some accident a certain stone becomes the fashion, the price immediately rises, the stock available is soon exhausted, and the dealers take care that no increase in production shall lower it until the fashion changes. Fashion would seem to be a conspiracy between producers and dealers to prevent old materials, old shapes, and old colours from being used. It is supported by the great as an additional means of distinction between themselves and the crowd. Its effect upon some of our principal manufactures is deplorable. Things are not made, or dyed, or cut, to stand the test of time, to charm in their faded loveliness like an old brocade. They are for to-day, for the rag-store to-morrow. There is a vast crowd who will not yield, who must continue the struggle, hopeless always, who deserve our pity even in their futile vulgarity. For them is turned out year by year that vast cornucopia of "shoddy" and "Brummagem" trumpery. But for the "summer sales" these people might be becomingly and even handsomely dressed in the style of their period rather than of the season. The saving of time now wasted would revolutionise our domestic life by turning the energies frittered away under the tyranny of fashion into nobler channels. When the test of taste is no longer sheer cost, but something personal and nice, a preciosity in detail duly subordinate to a softened scheme of effect; when jewellery is worn in open day, as it should be, for many beautiful stones lose half their charm in artificial light, there should be some hope for what may be called the humbler gems.

DRAMA.

THE LAST OF THE DANDIES.

EVERYTHING that taste, liberality, and skill can do to make a play a success has been done here. The acting is as good as is possible in the circumstances; the costumes are handsome and are sure to be correct—though some of the men suggest 1840 rather than 1850 to the uninstructed spectator; the scenery is very beautiful and satisfying. But the play—what is to be said of that? How sad to see such actors thrown away. Mr. Tree himself is excellent as D'Orsay, elaborating the part to the last touch, and he is admirably supported by his company; notably, by Mr. Warner as a manly and pleasant young lover, Mr. Maurice as a truculent peer who is not only capable of buying a wife but of selling her at Smithfield afterwards if she does not suit, and Mr. Harwood as the best valet I can remember to have seen. But it is not possible to make such poor, thin, material look like cloth of gold. The plot is so feeble,

or rather is so feebly worked out, that no real interest can be felt in any one. There is the germ of a story, but it is not allowed to develope, and so no one cares in the least whether Lord Ardale or Lord Ascot wins the day. The characterisation is little better, the dandy himself being so meagrely furnished that he is scarcely differentiated from the common herd. Not till the last act is there anything to indicate that this splendid gentleman and gifted artist is anything more than a fine figure on which to hang beautifully fitting coats. Not till the last act does Mr. Tree get a chance of touching the heart of the audience, and even then it is not a good chance. The death scene of D'Orsay runs pretty much on the same lines as that of Beau Brummel in Mr. Mansfield's play (by the same author?) but is a long way behind it.

The two great scenes from the pictorial standpoint are Crockford's and a backwater on the Thames. The former is a faithful representation of the once fashionable amusement, but the blight is here also, for the one incident that can make a gambling-table dramatically interesting is absent. D'Orsay plays against the bank, and wins enough to save his young friend's commission; but there is no sense of personal rivalry where a croupier is one of the opponents, and whether Lord Ardale continues to serve his country or retires into private life is matter of profound indifference on this side the curtain. It should not have been difficult to arrange for pitting the rival suitors against each other, and that might have been made highly dramatic. As it is, we see how our ancestors played hazard, and that is all. The boating party is most realistically managed, and it comforts us to think that nowadays we do not go a-rowing in tight trousers tightly strapped and three-fold neckties of substantial make. The reception at Gore House, with its brilliant assembly of guests, is equally good in another direction.

I have said that the costumes of the men are sure to be correct; Mr. Tree's name is a guarantee for it. But correct for what date? The play-bill tells us there is an interval of two years between the third and fourth acts, but this seems to be a slip because they show respectively the flight of D'Orsay to Paris and his death, which events took place in April, 1849, and August, 1852. The discrepancy is of slight consequence as regards costume, and we have the first three acts of the play laid either in 1849 or 1850. But then how does this fit in with the remarks about *The Lady of Lyons* as a new play, seeing it was written and produced in 1838? The placing of Disraeli's well-known prophecy a dozen years after it was uttered, and at least half a dozen after it could have any possible meaning, is worse. (The transfer of place of utterance is a fair licence, perhaps.) In a poetical drama dealing with the history of long ago such tamperings with fact are of small consequence, often of none at all, but in a realistic play of yesterday, introducing persons within ordinary living recollection, they are inexcusable, and this play is nothing if not realistic. It is not as if the last act could be thrown back ten years, and the whole play thus dated at the close of the forties; for, besides sending D'Orsay and Lady Blessington prematurely to their graves, that would re-write the history of France by making Louis Napoleon President while he was still a prisoner at Ham. The knot may be cut; there is no untying it. And, while on the subject of anachronisms, one asks how D'Orsay comes to fight his numerous duels with the sword? Was the weapon used in England as late as the middle of the century? The noted duels—*e.g.*, the Duke of Wellington's in 1829, Mr. Roebuck's 1835, Lord Cardigan's 1840, were with pistols. No doubt men might settle their differences with any instrument they pleased, but was cold steel chosen save perhaps in very exceptional circumstances? Lord Ascot, in particular, is a type that suggests anything rather than the small sword. Once more, is it correct to assign D'Orsay sleeping rooms in Gore House? Did he not live at No. 4, Kensington Gore? Was it not a point with them both to avoid occasion for scandal? Again, Her Majesty's is probably right, but in that case some authorities are wrong.

While enjoying thoroughly this picture of life and manners, and lamenting the absence of human interest, an idea occurred to me. What if Mr. Beerbohm Tree were to change the play, recast the company, and produce *Money* with this scenery and these dresses. Very little alteration would be necessary. What a treat it would be! Then at last would be silenced the voices that are so often raised against Lord Lytton's fine comedy, because it would be clear to everyone that the reason why Sir John Vesey seems an exaggeration nowadays, and Evelyn is found to bore, and Blount is too slow and Stout too fast, and Clara strikes an artificial note, lies in the fact that the play deals with a certain period, and that when modernised the characters become absurd. With the costumes and the manners of 1840 the thoughts and periods of 1840 would harmonise; with the costumes and manners of 1900 they are a necessarily grotesque contradiction. Sir John—Mr. Beerbohm Tree; Evelyn—Mr. Lawrence; Blount—Mr. Harwood; Stout—Mr. Maurice; Graves—Mr. Lionel Brough; Lady Franklin—Miss Tilbury; and a Deadly Smooth could be found somewhere. The play would run well into the new year.

W. Hughes Hallett.

CORRESPONDENCE.

REPUBLICAN CONCENTRATION.

(From our French Correspondent.)

Paris, *October 29th*, 1901.

The country is still a little bewildered and trying to find its feet after last week's events. At the very moment we thought ourselves threatened with an unprecedented catastrophe, and poorly protected by a revolutionist Government and a set of prefects worse than their patrons, we suddenly see the catastrophe miraculously averted, strict order prevailing in every quarter, and the long-forgotten fairy called Concentration suddenly reappearing in Parliament. We are in republic and not in revolution; hence the surprise, and the thankfulness, and the discontent, according to the way you look. Is the Premier really a statesman, or is he only a wonderfully lucky politician, a strong gambler daunting Fortune by his coolness? Wednesday night, he was at the Odéon, at a *première*, and M. Maurice Spronck, who was there, too, more angry with him than belongs to an amiable sceptic, declares that he laughed throughout the play. This unusual fit of gaiety leaves me in doubt.

What cannot be doubted is the fact that M. Waldeck-Rousseau has won another game when nobody was thinking he wanted to play one. He had the trumps in his hand though, and the people he was dealing with were all anxious and uncertain. The *bourgeois*, that is to say, the timid folk of whom the nation mainly consists, and the honest utilitarians, their representatives, were in that mood in which a man values coal more than gold, and yet hesitated at the violent process of shooting the coal-producers back to their pits. On the other hand, the *anti-bourgeois*, represented by the eight delegate miners convened at St. Etienne, were not strung high enough to take the headlong pitch in which the theorists of 1871 took a madman's delight. The choice of M. Basly to bring their claims before the Chamber might have been enough to show it. Basly, an ex-miner, but above all an ex-publican, has long ceased to be the "Basly, mineur indomptable," whom besmeared bards once celebrated in the colliery districts. He boasts linen and affects moderation.

These circumstances gave the Premier a unique chance of dropping the Socialists whom M. Millerand himself has dropped

long ago. This does not mean a considerable loss. After the Lyons Congress in June last, the Socialist Deputies fell under two, at the time, very sharp divisions, as Ministerials and anti-Ministerials. The number of the latter does not exceed fifteen, while the former are more like Radicals, and are fully aware that no future Cabinet will serve their possible purposes so well as the present. The Premier would have been a fool to stand by the fifteen he does not like, and whom nobody likes. He therefore solemnly bade them go their own way, and after averring that he stuck more than ever to his programme of social reforms, but trusted to time to help him carrying it out, appealed to the men of order in every party. The result was the rather astonishing vote upon which the English press has indignantly commented, viz., a section of the "men of order" coalescing with the Extreme Left, not because they thought it their duty, but because they thought it tactics. Now the division of the French Chamber in two large sections consisting one of the Right and the Extreme Left, the other of the conveniently called Moderates, is what we have been used for the last twenty years to term Republican concentration. And Republican concentration has always been the aim of Cabinets, from the thrice-failing M. Ribot to M. Léon Bourgeois. After sailing three years through dreadfully narrow straits, the Premier must be not a little relieved to find himself in smooth Concentration waters. An article in the *Revue Politique et Parlementaire*, which seems to have made some impression on many Deputies, had already pointed that way, but the manœuvre was cleverly conducted. The consequence will, of course, be fresh influence for M. Waldeck-Rousseau. What the members of the Right and the so-called Progressives thought was tactics will probably prove a blunder. The vote of such men as M. Ribot and M. Méline, as well as the applause of the old Moderate Republican press, would have much less significance if a man like M. Piou had not declined to support the Government. We are used in France to the trickster's policy of voting against one's conscience, in hopes of throwing out a Cabinet whose action is not agreeable. You should not waste your indignation on a dodge which may not indicate a very high Parliamentary standard, but has nothing unexpected. The reasoning is this: This Cabinet has lost my confidence by such and such steps, and I shall avail myself of every opportunity of showing it. The question, Who ought to be put in its place? never occurs, and that accounts for the forty changes of Government we have witnessed since 1870. In spite of the frequency of this process, division or union on a very important question like the Basly proposal cannot be without effect. It is certain that M. Méline and M. Ribot are now nearer to the Premier than to M. Piou, which was not the case during the last session, and as no irritating question is likely to crop up before the elections, the Moderates will follow their leaders into M. Waldeck-Rousseau's camp. The Catholics always forget that these men do not view religious matters like themselves. Most of them are legists who will give in to the law. Take the *Temps*, or even the *Journal des Debats*. They have fought against the Associations Bill as long as it was under discussion; now it is law they will act on it as well as on any other. It is a strange temper of mind, but you would find it in nineteen out of twenty men in the Republican concentration, and that gives little hope for M. Piou. This gentleman, an orator, a sincere Republican, and a loyal Catholic, is the leader of a party called "Action Libérale," the programme of which is said to have been adopted by Rome as the Catholic programme for the coming elections. M. Pion was the head of the *ralliement*, and I have no doubt that his programme will be both liberal and practical, but the party it is supposed to group is little better than an ideal combination on paper. If it consisted of men in flesh and blood we should not enjoy the wonderful spectacle of both *La Vérité* and the *Univers* standing by it with touching unanimity.

M. Georges Berry intended to propose to the Chamber in yesterday's sitting a resolution similar to that which will be discussed in the Reichstag and the Belgian Parliament, inviting the Government to seek the means of stopping the cruel treatment supposed to be applied to Boer children in the concentration camps. M. Delcassé sent for M. Berry just before the sitting and asked him to put off his interference till next week. The Minister's embarrassment can easily be conceived. He would have to deny some of the ridiculous stories imported from Germany into our popular press, and would certainly incur the risk of hearing "Fashoda! Fashoda!" shouted by the Socialist Parliamentary mob and by M. Baudry d'Asson. On the other hand, he could not deny that Lord Kitchener uses hardly defensible methods and totally indefensible language. But what is the good, if neither Reichsrath nor Chamber can modify those methods? People not in the predicament always see very well what ought not to be done, but their interference is in most cases simply invidious. An influential Roman Catholic English paper which has blamed a little too often and severely the French Catholics for their inertia with regard to the Associations law, takes to task the Jersey Parliament for the restrictive measures they are taking rather foolishly against some cloistered nuns. Now, in the same paragraph in which that paper calls the Jersey people "inhospitable islanders" one is not a little surprised to read that the same Parliament indulged in absurd fears, as no Order was permitted to settle in the island without the Bishop of Portsmouth's consent, and a "circular distributed broadcast over the island stated that his lordship would certainly refuse to give authorisation to other Orders."

LEO XIII. AND HIS SUCCESSOR.

(From a Correspondent in Rome.)

It is only a few months since the publication of Abbé Sabatier's *brochure*, "Comment on Devient Pape," revived discussion over the knotty point of canon law as to whether the Pope can lawfully designate his own successor. The Abbé's thesis was possibly suggested by a suspicion which, during the last few days, has gained considerable ground in Roman circles, that Leo XIII. has, in matter of fact, formally imposed his immediate successor on the Roman Church.

There are several ways in which a reigning pontiff may go to work to put such an intention into effect. He may simply recommend to the electors some particular person, either *viva voce* or in his will. On several occasions Leo XIII. has pointed out Cardinal Gotti as *il mio successore*. Cardinal Gotti is a Carmelite friar, and although membership in a religious order is ordinarily a decided hindrance to a candidate for the Papal chair, Gotti is one in whom—especially since the death of the Jesuit Cardinal Mazzella—the Pope has reposed unbounded confidence, sometimes summoning him to the Vatican by special messenger in the small hours of the night. A designation of this sort does not hamper the choice of the electors, nor confer any right upon the person named.

Again, in exceptional crises the reigning Pope has by a formal precept directed the electors to elect his nominee. This is what St. Gregory VII. really did to secure the election of the Benedictine Abbot Didier, of Monte Casino, and also Pope Victor III. in the case of his successor, Urban II. Such a nominee would not, indeed, possess the Papal authority till after the ceremony of election; but Roman canonists are agreed that, as the principle is thereby safeguarded, there can be no question either as to its validity or as to the duty of obedience on the part of the faithful.

The case now contemplated is, however, more extreme than the two foregoing ones. It is that in which the reigning Pope either promulgates *urbi et orbi* a decree naming his own successor, and investing him at the same time with Papal powers; or it may take the form of a secret *dossier* recording a solemn Papal Act by which he appoints a coadjutor in the See of Rome *cum iure successionis*. The older school of

canonists denied the validity of any such action ; the moderns, with a strong representation amongst Vatican lawyers, maintain that such a provision would certainly be binding upon the Roman Church. They contend that since the Pope can bestow upon a bishop in communion with the Holy See the right of choosing his episcopal successor, he can clearly do himself what he can grant leave to another to do. *Nemo dat quod non habet.* They further insist upon the alleged appointment of Linus by St. Peter, and the historical instance of Pope Felix IV., who, on his deathbed, not only selected his successor, but delivered to him the pallium, after which he proceeded solemnly to sign with his own hand an official decree, wherein he promulgated the Archdeacon Boniface as his successor in the Roman See, and further subjected to excommunication any who should contravene his orders. It may here be noted that among recent "finds" by Signor Amelli in the Archives of Novara are the original text of this decree, the senatorial provisions for its enforcement, and the retractation which Boniface imposed upon the sixty clerics who had participated in the counter-election of the short-lived antipope, Dioscorus. Pope Pius IV. actually made a disciplinary declaration against this specific exercise of the Papal prerogative, and shortly before his death purposed rendering a recurrence impossible by the issue of a doctrinal decree. However, this projected decree never saw the light ; and no Pope is bound by the merely disciplinary enactments of his predecessors. That Leo XIII. is within his lawful right in determining the methods to be followed in the coming Conclave, all canonists readily allow. But that he is morally bound to refrain from having recourse to so perilous a policy as that of forcing a particular candidate upon the Church is generally held, even by those theologians and canonists who acknowledge the act itself as coming within the strict scope of Papal power.

During the last thirty years, there has been much legislation respecting the Papal conclave. Between 1871 and 1877 Pius IX. sent out three Bulls modifying and cancelling existing laws in the matter. One of the last acts of his pontificate was the signing, on January 10th, 1878, of thirty-two articles, drawn up by a special commission of cardinals appointed, at the instance of the present Pope, then Cardinal Camerlengo, to give greater precision to the formulæ affecting conclaves, according as the election might take place at, or away from, Rome. All civil and municipal privileges were abrogated, and the cardinals were dispensed from the laws regarding time, place, and other minor details of election. Pius IX. had especially stated his wish that the last conclave should be held out of Italy. This was not adhered to : for Signor Crispi, whilst perfectly willing to grant the resident electors a safe conduct to leave Italy, observed a significant reserve about guaranteeing their return to Rome. As the last divulged rules for procedure stand, in the event of the Pope's dying at Rome, it is left to those cardinals who happen to be then resident in Rome, and them alone, to assemble immediately and in the presence of the corpse, to decide by an absolute majority upon the plan of election. Provided the cardinals then in Rome happen to number one above the half of the total number of the living members of the Sacred College, they are empowered, should they think fit, to proceed to elect a Pope, without awaiting either the expiration of the usual ten days' interval, or the arrival of their colleagues then away from Italy or from the Eternal City. For some time past the belief has been current in Rome that Leo XIII. has left further and secret provisions, among which, it is confidently asserted, one abolishes altogether the ten days' interval, whilst another innovation provides for cardinals at a distance recording their vote by telegraph.

The latest rumour as to the actual imposition of a successor may be wholly unfounded. On the face of things, it seems not likely that Leo XIII. would rush in where Pius VI. and Pius IX., in spite of the extraordinary perils of the times, both feared to tread. The point raised, however, is one of vital importance, for the fact remains that it is a possible contingency, and one, moreover, which the Roman Catholic world may any day be called upon to face.

BOOKS AND MEN.

TOLERATION AND PUBLIC OPINION.

PERHAPS other readers as well as myself may have noticed a curious change in Liberal opinion as regards religious persecution. Hallam was a Liberal, Macaulay was a Liberal, Mr. Froude was a Liberal. But in the brief interval between the close of Macaulay's history and the commencement of Mr. Froude's the wind, so to say, had shifted. Hallam and Macaulay hated religious intolerance wherever they met it, by whomsoever displayed. Persecution, said Hallam, was the original sin of the Reformed Churches, and was peculiarly illogical and detestable in men who had just fought so hard, and borne so much, in the cause of their own freedom of conscience. There was certainly something humourless in persecution urged by the disciples of a new faith against persons who could not change the creed of many centuries in a single day, at the bidding of an illegal and unconstitutional Convention. Niniam Winzett, in Scotland, remarked on this rapid *volte face* with his usual urbane irony. Macaulay, of course, was not more lenient than Hallam to the persecuting measures of the Presbyterian clergy, whenever they had a chance to persecute. But for all the cruelties of Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, as exercised on Catholics, Mr. Froude had a single tenderness. Macaulay had never, like Mr. Froude, been a party to the "Oxford Movement," and consequently did not share his reaction towards a robust (but purely Platonic) Protestantism.

A curious consequence of Macaulay's History is interesting for the light which it throws on Scottish opinion forty-five years ago. In 1697 was passed, by the Scottish Estates, the Act for the Settling of Schools. As a result, principally of this Act, says Macaulay, Scotland "made such progress . . . in letters, in science . . . as the Old World had never seen equalled, and as even the New World has scarcely seen surpassed." It would thus appear that, in consequence of the Education Act of 1697, Scotland made more brilliant and speedy progress in literature than Athens did between 460 and 420 B.C. On this topic Sir Henry Craik is a better authority than myself, who can hardly believe that, between 1697 and 1780, Scotland "went ahead of the ancient Athenian ticket." The Scottish Sophocles, Home, hardly seems to me to excel "the mellow glory of the Attic stage," and Smollett is not the peer of Æschylus. Meanwhile, says Macaulay, the Presbyterian clergy, to whom we owe this miraculous Education Act, had "understandings as dark, and hearts as obdurate, as those of the Familiars of the Inquisition at Lisbon." In the very month of the passing of the Act Miraculous, they and the State "began two persecutions worthy of the tenth century, a persecution of witches, and a persecution of infidels. Twenty-two witches were at once arrested. Heretical books were suppressed.

Now, of course, the mournful thing is that many of these darkened and obdurate ministers must, within the last ten years, have been fighting like heroes for freedom of conscience ! Many of them must have been persecuted Covenanters. And yet we find these martyrs of freedom of conscience not only persecuting the Episcopalians and Catholics, but actually hanging a boy of eighteen who was a premature advocate of the Higher Criticism. So much for freedom of conscience, as understood by the Covenanters. The affair is a farce, but holds its ground in history. The victim of the hanging was a student, certainly under twenty, one named Thomas Aikenhead. Halyburton, a great Presbyterian divine, later described him as a "trifler." But he was hanged. He had maintained that Ezra wrote the Pentateuch, that Christianity would not survive till 1800, and had drawn other violent conclusions. Perhaps he had read Spinoza, or books coloured by Spinoza's theories. He was betrayed by an ally or leader in his heresies ; a Scottish Act was perverted to accomplish his destruction,

and he died, recanting. The recanting sinner, I understand, was not usually put to death by the Inquisition. But what had the Ministers to do with all this, and with the refusal even of a brief respite which William III. would doubtless have made a reprieve? Macaulay writes, "The Ministers demanded not only the poor boy's death, but his speedy death, though it should be his eternal death. Even from their pulpits they cried out for cutting him off. . . . The preachers, who were the boy's murderers, crowded round him at the gallows, and, while he was struggling in the last agony, insulted Heaven with prayers more blasphemous than anything that he had ever uttered. Wodrow has told no blacker story of Dundee."

It does not much signify what stories Wodrow has told of the great Dundee. Macaulay's authorities were Howell's State Trials and a newspaper. Now, in 1856 there existed in Edinburgh a high-flying Presbyterian newspaper (whether in the interest of the Auld Kirk or of the Dissenters, I know not), named the *Witness*. A writer in the *Witness* fell foul of Macaulay's "ancestral history," to which I could contribute a few piquant details, neglected by or unknown to the critic. Macaulay was made to appear as a bad Scot (after his exaltation of Scotland above Athens!), and as rather a person of Catholic and Jacobite tendencies than otherwise. As to Macaulay's treatment of Aikenhead's case, the writer in the *Witness*, no doubt unconsciously, did make most incorrect and misleading statements. For example, the critic denied what Macaulay asserted, that the obstacle to the granting a reprieve was that the Ministers must first intercede, which they declined to do. Macaulay's authority was said to be a private letter, stating, as matter of hearsay, "*It was told* that the reprieve could not be granted unless the Ministers would intercede; but they, out of a pious, though, I think, ignorant zeal, spoke and preached for cutting him off." Now, this "private letter" (though the *Witness* did not say so) was written by Lord Anstruther, one of the Scottish judges, and a member of the Privy Council. He says, "I pled for Aikenhead in council, and brought it to the Chancellor's vote." This means that Aikenhead would have escaped but for a majority against him of one vote, that of Lord Polworth (Sir Patrick Hume), a true-blue Covenanting Whig hero, but not a Whig after Macaulay's own heart. Lord Anstruther's letter went on: "*It was told*" (that is, in Council) "that the reprieve could not be granted unless the Ministers would intercede, but they . . . preached for cutting him off." Thus the evidence, that of a Privy Councillor, was as good as evidence can be. But in "two discourses," published sixteen years after 1697, a Mr. Lorimer says: "Some of the Ministers, to my certain knowledge, and particularly the late reverend, learned, prudent, and pious Mr. George Meldrum, interceded with the Government, and solicited for his pardon, and, when that could not be obtained, he desired a reprieve for him, and I joined with him in it." This Mr. Lorimer, an English Nonconformist minister, then in Edinburgh in quest of a St. Andrew's professorship, was, later, unpopular with his English brethren for his conduct in this affair. He had preached before the magistrates while Aikenhead lay under sentence, and had denounced blasphemers like Aikenhead as very spiteful and malicious," which is true enough. But it was not quite the best way of interceding for Aikenhead. Mr. Lorimer's account of his behaviour, given when on his defence, later, is inconsistent with Lord Anstruther's contemporary letter. Probably Lorimer and Meldrum did ask for a reprieve just before the execution, very much to the credit of Meldrum. At all events, the *Witness* made many other deplorable misstatements—"idle and dishonest objections," as Macaulay observed in his footnote.

Meanwhile, what was Aikenhead's own account of himself? It was precisely what any earnest inquirer of the early Reformation might have given. Heretical books were coming into the Edinburgh market from Holland, just as the works of Luther came in, about 1545-1550. Just like Luther's books the new importations were being condemned and suppressed by the clergy. But they were read by earnest and inquiring youths who were burned or exiled (1535-1550) by the Catholic, or hanged (1697) by the Presbyterian clergy, the "secular arm" being invoked. The two situations are exactly parallel, and so much for Freedom and Conscience. Aikenhead himself, as published in Howell's "State Trials," writes, "It was out of pure love to Truth and my own happiness that I acted; and this I proposed to myself when very young, as I remember about ten years old. I have been ever, according to my capacity, searching good and sufficient grounds wherever I might safely build my faith. . . ." What Protestant martyrs could evince more edifying dispositions? But Aikenhead was hanged for his pains. The oddest thing, after all, is this, the *Witness* was answered and put to open shame by Mr. Gordon, to whom Macaulay alludes in a note to his later editions. I have followed Mr. Gordon's pamphlets. He was a Unitarian minister. Every publisher in Edinburgh to whom he applied, in 1856, refused to publish his criticism of the *Witness*! "It was not, in some cases, concealed that the reason of the refusal was dread of clerical influence, which in this place is predominant." The old leaven of the Covenant was active, only forty-five years ago; the teeth of Giant Presbyter had not all been drawn or dropped out.

As to the persecution of witches, it did not last long, and I doubt if more than a dozen were burned after 1697, in Scotland. The wielders of the secular arm declined to light the fagots, and the extreme left of the Ministers was disappointed. Oddly enough, Lord Anstruther, in his letter on Aikenhead, contributes to psychical research evidence about a bewitched young lady who vomited hot coals. A. LANG.

LIFE'S GIFTS—OR DEATH'S?

A STRETCH of sandy meadow near the sea,
  Wind-swept and grey with tussocks of coarse grass,
  And in one corner 'gainst the wall a mass
Of evening primroses full-blown. To me,
A simple child, those yellow buds set free
  By night alone, gave thoughts destined to pass
  Into my secret being. They, alas!
Quick fading, yet have taught unfailingly
  Through later years the beauty and the wealth
  Of God's creation. . . . Dear friend, whose life
  Touched mine so richly, God hath taken thee too,
  Yet left me strengthening memories of thy health
  And clarity of judgment almost rife
  With hope. Such gifts do rifted clouds let through.

EVALINE SHIPLEY.

REVIEWS.

THE FAITH OF THE MILLIONS.*

CHRISTIANS of all denominations will sympathise with the motive which has prompted Father Tyrrell to republish in this form a selection of his recent occasional writings. Christianity, he says in effect, is losing its hold on the masses; and the Church for some centuries has been engaged in controversies which, without perhaps being altogether barren, have at all events had a purely negative value. She must now exert her whole strength to regain the popular confidence, and the question is, how? That question Father Tyrrell attempts to answer in the volumes now before us. In the first nine essays it is discussed in its theological aspect, and the writer then passes to other phases of life which have their

* THE FAITH OF THE MILLIONS. By the Rev. George Tyrrell, J.S. First and Second Series. Longmans. 5s. net each volume.

place in the Catholic economy—to mysticism, art and science. The method has its weaknesses. For, inasmuch as each of these essays is complete in itself and has a separate purpose of its own, the underlying unity of purpose, which is obviously the most important, becomes secondary and incidental. And the result is not only a certain number of inconsistencies and repetitions, but also the inclusion of several essays whose intrinsic value scarcely justifies their republication (such as that on the "Prospects of Reunion," and an elaborate demolition of the pseudo-philosophy of Mr. Samuel Laing, which is surely superfluous in this year of grace, and is interesting only as illustrating the method by which Father Tyrrell would combat cheap science), and the absence of a detailed and comprehensive exposition of the writer's whole point of view, which the reader is, to a certain extent, left to piece together for himself. Nevertheless, as Father Tyrrell is perhaps the most eminent thinker in the Roman Communion in this country at the present moment, this contribution towards the solution of one of the most pressing problems of the age from the side of a community which is often regarded, rightly or wrongly, as somewhat behind the times, is of great interest and value. Space forbids a detailed examination of Father Tyrrell's point of view. It must suffice to say that he holds that the disease must be attacked first in the educated classes who form and lead the opinions of the masses, and that the first step to be effected is the creation of the "wish to believe," which is the moral pre-requisite of the intellectual submission involved by faith. Of the masses he seems almost to despair. Their unbelief, he thinks, is sophistical, and if they are to be argued out of it at all, it can only be by sophistical reasoning; and he accordingly dismisses the movement initiated by "Tracts for the Million" with a very scant blessing, though he pleads for the free recognition of a "variety of standards in controversial writings." It is evident that he himself has very little sympathy with the mental attitude of the lower middle classes towards science and religion, and the scorn with which he speaks of the "difficulties of a 'hagnostic' greengrocer, or of a dressmaker fresh from the perusal of 'Erbert' Spencer," contrasts somewhat oddly with St. Matthew's words which he quotes on his title-page, "And seeing the multitudes, He was moved with compassion on them, for they were harassed and scattered, as sheep having no shepherd." Indeed, we might almost say that the weak point of Father Tyrrell's whole position seems to be a certain pride of orthodoxy, which makes him incapable of sympathy with the doubts and difficulties of the average man. And yet, as he himself is careful to tell us, it is the average man whom the Roman Church has taken so peculiarly under her charge.

BERKELEY.*

We are glad to welcome a new edition of Mr. Fraser's great work on Berkeley. It has no need of our praise; the volumes have become classical, and have earned for their editor the not too common distinction of having devoted himself exclusively to the elucidation of his author's tenets, instead of using the text as a mere vehicle for conveying to his readers some cherished theory of his own.

Berkeley has many claims to our admiration. Though a philosopher, he never ceased to be a man or to retain a man's sympathy with his kind; an idealist in speculation, he was at the same time an idealist in questions of social reform. His writings on the miserable condition of the peasants in Ireland, his prophecies of the coming ruin of Great Britain, and above all, his attempt to found a missionary college in the Bermudas, all alike witness to his enthusiasm of humanity. This human interest we must never forget if we wish to understand his philosophical position. Imagine him immured in a student's cell, far removed from all the stir and bustle of the world's fair, and it is hardly possible not to believe that he would have ended in denying to the universe not merely a material but a spiritual basis as well. His reasonings, as Reid and others have urged, make as much for the denial of the one as of the other. But his faith in the existence of a God, combined with his belief that such a faith was necessary to the well-being of society, gave to his philosophical speculations that leaning towards an idealistic spiritualism which pure logic would, perhaps, never have produced.

Abstract truth, freed from all admixture of interest and obtained by contemplating in an unimpassioned manner the working of the mind, may be a very choice treasure, but it is one of those treasures that man has, so far, failed to unearth. The philosopher may talk of stripping himself of all the prejudices with which his life and training have clothed him; yet, by a strange fate, some small garment always remains behind, clinging unperceived to his flesh. In the clothing process that follows, this garment is covered over with the gorgeous raiment of a system; but it is there, and, though hidden away, lies beneath the robes and trappings, bearing and supporting them all. With Berkeley this unacknowledged pre-opinion was the fervent belief in the existence of a Deity. Indeed, his avowed object was not so much to advocate an interesting philosophical theory as to supply an argument capable of silencing once for all the whole band of sceptics and atheists. In "Alciphron," perhaps his most famous work, this warfare against the free-thinker finds its most eloquent expression. Written in the purest and most graceful language, abounding in descriptive passages of the highest beauty, and lit up throughout by a delicate play of irony, it stands as the finest example in the English tongue, of the controversial dialogue.

In his own day Berkeley owed his fame not to his writings as a philosopher, not to his crusades against the infidel, but to his treatise on tar water. His name became a household word not as the teacher of a universal language, but as the advocate of a universal medicine. It was by his work entitled "Siris" that he won his reputation. While the abstruse speculations found there were neglected, the parts relating to tar water were read eagerly by all, and, alone of his writings, translated into foreign languages. So far as the philosophical theories contained therein are concerned, we are unable to share Mr. Fraser's admiration. Lacking as they do Berkeley's usual independent self-reliance, resting constantly on authority, and wandering amid the mazes of Platonic, Pythagorean, and Egyptian mysticism, it is hard to ascertain the author's real position. But as a fantastic philosophical production "Siris" stands unrivalled. That a treatise commencing with the praise of tar water as a panacea for all the ills that flesh is heir to should, without any sudden break in the argument, end with the explication of a subtle ether, pervading all life, and the establishment of a Soul for the Universe, certainly justifies its claim to a unique position in the history of speculative thought. It must be borne in mind that tar water is not used as a kind of humorous vehicle for conveying important truths. Berkeley is as serious in describing its preparation and in remarking that when rightly made "tar water is not paler than French nor deeper than Spanish white wine, and full as clear"; he is as serious in extolling its merits as "corroborating the stomach," and "likely to subvert the gloomy empire of the spleen which tyranniseth over the bitter part (as they are called) of these free nations"; he is as serious in writing after this fashion as he is when speaking of the One pervading the Universe, or of the "Mind that contains all and acts all, and is to all created beings the source of unity and identity, harmony and order, existence and stability." Perhaps in "Siris" more than in any other of Berkeley's writings is to be found that naïve simplicity of character which won for him the love of those who knew him and still lends a charm to all his works. They deserve study for the originality of thought, for the exquisite beauty of the style, for the protests against the superficial shallowness of the thought of his day, and lastly for the unwearied

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* The Works of Berkeley. Edited by A. C. Fraser. Four vols. Clarendon Press.

search after truth they display. "The eye," he writes, "by long use comes to see even in the darkest cavern, and there is no subject so obscure but we may discern some glimpse of truth by long poring on it. Truth is the cry of all, but the game of a few. . . . He that would make a real progress in knowledge must dedicate his age as well as youth, the later growth as well as first fruits, at the altar of Truth."

THE SONGS OF ALCÆUS.*

Mr. Easby-Smith sets out to do for Alcæus "what Mr. Wharton did for Sappho," that is to say, he gives us a complete text of the fragments, together with translations in verse or prose, followed by notes in which the verse renderings of other scholars are quoted. He writes with enthusiasm for his subject, but it is not to be denied that his scholarship has its weak side. On p. 29 we find the following rendering of a passage from Dionysius of Halicarnassus :—

ἔτι δὲ καὶ τοὺς οχηματισμοὺς μετὰ σαφηνείας, ὅσον αὐτῆς μὴ τῇ διαλέκτῳ τι κεκάκωται	His splendid figures and his clearness which was unimpaired by the dialect.

While on p. 38 a phrase of Aristides is thus translated :—

μόνος δέ μοι δοκεῖ πάντων ἀνθρώπων ἢ κομιδῇ γε ἐν ὀλίγοις δεῖξαι Θεμιστοκλῆς κτλ.	It seems to me that only Themistocles of all men has truthfully, or at any rate carefully, shown briefly, etc.

Happily the renderings of the fragments themselves are far more accurate than might be supposed from the blunders which we have quoted. It is, however, misleading to translate κινήσαις τὸν ἀπ' ἴρας πύματον λίθον "moving *upon the holy field* the last stone," and ὦ Βύκχι does not mean "O Bacchus."

The verse renderings of the longer fragments are in some cases pleasing, but Mr. Easby-Smith has too often expanded a mere hint into a lengthy paraphrase ; indeed, he often bases efforts of this sort upon fragments which do not belong to the same poem. The following example will illustrate our meaning without injustice to the author :—

NO MORE FOR LYCUS.

A PARAPHRASE.

No more for Lycus will I sigh,
Or seek his fond caresses,
Or sing his darkly flashing eye,
His wealth of raven tresses.

XVI.

οὐκέτ' ἐγὼ Λύκον ἐν Μοίσαις ἀλέγω·	No joyous pæans will I rouse While near to him I linger, Nor chant again his name, nor praise The mole upon his finger.

XVII.

δεισον ἄμμι τὰν ἰόκολπον.	But raise a song for her, O Muse ! The violet-crownéd maiden, And praise her soft throat's changing hues, Her low voice laughter-laden. Sing yet again her thousand charms, Her eyes' entrancing splendour, Her swarthy cheeks and supple arms, And bosom dark and tender. Yea, sing for evermore of her, My mistress soft-beguiling, Fairest of all who are, or were, My Sappho, sweetly-smiling.

* The Songs of Alcæus : Memoir and text with literal and verse translations and notes. By James S. Easby-Smith. Washington : Lowdermilk and Co.

KING MONMOUTH.*

It is a unique feature of the later Stuart period that out of the numerous persons who became prominent in political life, there is not one who can command our unmixed admiration or respect. In the worst periods of political depression there has commonly been at least one striking character who has given something of an heroic aspect to his age. But no figure stands out to redeem the pettiness and ignominy of the Restoration party warfare. The best statesmen cannot be acquitted of Judge Jeffrey's accusation against the men of his time, that they were able to "believe the greatest lie if it makes for the advantage of their party, but not the greatest truth if it thwarts their interests." On none of these did the degradation of politics exercise a more mournful effect than on the Duke of Monmouth. In better times a personality so bright and fascinating might well have achieved something notably fine. But lacking the strength to stand alone the Duke was drawn into the miserable schemes of the baser Whigs, and his ambition led him to play a part which is a caricature of that of Alcibiades. Mr. Allan Fea spares himself and his reader the pain of considering this wasted character by concealing the individuality of Monmouth with amazing skill. His book contains masses of material from which the reader may form for himself a portrait of Monmouth, but it presents no portrait of its own, and thus evades the prime duty of a biography. In respect of matter, indeed, it is the completest work yet produced on the subject, and concerning all persons and places that claim any connection with Monmouth, Mr. Allan Fea displays a Teutonic learning and research. Not that he writes in a pedantic style. On the contrary, in their manner of recounting curious details of manor houses and Whig families some of his chapters resemble collections of paragraphs from "society" weekly papers. This anecdotal method is the cause of one serious defect. In his eagerness to unravel personal intrigues Mr. Allan Fea forgets the real political purposes that underlay them, and he is in consequence singularly unjust to a man like Shaftesbury, against whom he sneers in a manner that only shows his want of sympathy with the genuine aims of that statesman. Nevertheless, this book has some historical value and much interest, while it is rendered additionally attractive by its profusion of finely reproduced pictures.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Links with the Past. By Mrs. Charles Bagot. Arnold. 16s.

(2) Ireland and the Empire. A review, 1800-1900. By T. W. Russell, M.P. Grant Richards. 6s.

(3) The Sherbro and its Hinterland. By T. J. Alldridge. Macmillans. 15s.

(4) A History of Police in England. By Captain W. L. Melville Lee. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

(5) Dreams and their Meaning. By Horace G. Hutchinson. Longmans. 9s. 6d.

(6) American History Told by Contemporaries. Vol. IV., Welding of the Nation. Edited by Albert Bushnell Hart. Macmillans. 8s. 6d.

(7) English Law and the Renaissance. The Rede Lecture for 1901. By F. W. Maitland. Cambridge University Press. 2s.

(1) Among the earliest recollections which Mrs. Charles Bagot narrates in her *Links with the Past* is one of being told by her mother, who had just lunched with the Duchess of Kent, that the little Princess Victoria persisted, in spite of remonstrances, in eating asparagus with her fingers. On the last page but one she recounts how she herself, at the age of seventy-five, having been present at the morning celebrations of the Queen's Diamond Jubilee, was left at home in the evening whilst the rest of her household went in a party to see the illuminations. Finding herself unguarded, she set out alone and on foot and contrived to "see something of the

* King Monmouth. By Allan Fea. John Lane. 21s. net.

illuminations in Grosvenor Place and Piccadilly." Between these two anecdotes lies an interval of over sixty eventful years of English history, and of many of their most stirring events Mrs. Bagot has been a specially-favoured auditor or spectator. The daughter of Admiral Percy, the wife of Colonel Bagot (Master of Ceremonies to our late Queen), she is connected either directly or through marriage with almost all the great English families, and her memory is stored with anecdotes of famous personages. When her own memory fails she has recourse to letters and journals of the members of her family, and thus often carries us with her into the intimate personal lives of the great men and women of our own and a past generation. The first half of the book is entirely Mrs. Bagot's own, and is written in a frank, chatty style, admirably suited to its subject. Mrs. Bagot never moralises, rarely criticises, and her stories are as good-natured as they are amusing. If she enters into any disputed question it is always in defence of someone whom she thinks misjudged, as in the cases of her husband's uncle, Lord Raglan, and of her friend Cardinal Manning. Of the former she relates many facts which go to prove his innocence of the charges of cowardice and want of energy brought against him, and of the latter she publishes some recollections and a letter to vindicate him from the charge of being over-desirous to make converts. Mrs. Bagot's attitude towards modern life and modern views is tolerant and at times even appreciative, as when she praises our present King for introducing short dinners, "consisting of well-served dishes—quality not quantity—instead of the lengthy repasts and somewhat coarse profusion then in vogue in England." But for a lady who as a child was taught to stop short in her play with her cousins and remark, "Ladies, I leave you with regret, though about to rejoin my grandmother," who speaks with affection both of "poke bonnets"—as good for the complexion, and of gloves sewn on to girls' sleeves to prevent their taking them off and so "spoiling their hands," it is naturally impossible not to attribute a few evils to the introduction of bicycles and the abolition of chaperons. The middle of the book is filled with extracts from the diaries of Miss Mary Bagot, who is described as "a shrewd observer and a clever student of character." Her journals were kept between 1820 and 1850, and contain many entries of interest; but we prefer the lighter touch of Mrs. Bagot herself, and are glad to get back to her own writing in the "Notes on Later Years," which bring us down to the Queen's death in 1901.

(2) Mr. T. W. Russell's *Ireland and the Empire* is an able and impressive argument on behalf of the Irish policy which he has recently taken up, marred at the end by a few very foolish phrases, which will probably be used by his opponents to prevent his book obtaining a fair hearing. Whether the enthusiastic panegyrics of various Irish Home Rulers are prudent or not may be doubtful; it is possible that the co-operation of the Nationalist members may be worth bidding high for, or Mr. Russell's admiration may be irrestrainable. But to write of twenty-three Irish members being got rid of, "their places in the House to be taken by twenty-three English company promoters or mammon worshippers," is to abandon all appeal to an English audience, and unless an English audience can be won and converted, Mr. Russell's book is merely labour lost. The main burden of his argument is that the advantage given to the minority of Irish farmers, whose landlords have been willing to sell on Government advancing the purchase-money, is so striking that it is morally impossible to leave the majority permanently in an inferior position. Hence the demands for an advance of a hundred millions and the enforcement of sales, whether the landlord will or no, both of which have roused Lord Salisbury's wrath. When the last Act was passed Consols were at 114; they are now little over 92, and the difference does not make Mr. Russell's scheme any easier. Nevertheless the glaring inequality between the subsidised and the unsubsidised continues, and it is not difficult to prophesy that sooner or later the only step which can put an end to it will be taken. Unluckily, it is always later rather than sooner in Irish reforms, and Mr. Russell writes this fact large in his survey of the dealings between the two countries during the last century. Substantially on all outstanding Irish grievances his book adopts the Irish view, save that instead of a national Irish Parliament at College Green it would have an Irish parliamentary committee at Westminster, dealing, under the control of the House at large, with all purely Irish issues. It is not a very hopeful proposal, but Englishmen might well be inclined to listen to a man who has proved his disinterestedness by giving up office to contend for what he believes to be just. It is more than a pity that Mr. Russell should throw away this claim to a sympathetic hearing by joining his new allies in mere abuse.

(3) There is a tropical abundance in Mr. Alldridge's *The Sherbro and its Hinterland*, offering a variety of interest which should attract many different readers. The Sherbro (we wonder how many Englishmen have even heard of it) is a triangular island to the south of Sierra Leone, of which colony it forms a part, and Mr. Alldridge is its district commissioner. With better luck or better management of his health than most Englishmen on the fatal West Coast of Africa, he has been able to hold this position under a succession of governors for thirteen years, and thus writes of his district with the knowledge of long experience. He has moved freely about his "Hinterland," and describes in more particular detail three expeditions, in one of which he had to make treaties with the local potentates, in another to persuade them to come (at their own expense) to a great palaver, while in a third he was in attendance on his governor for the time being. Mr. Alldridge was also in the thick of the rising of 1898, which he attributes less to any objection to the hut-tax than to the incitement of the medicine-men, who are shrewd enough to see in the consolidation of British rule a fatal blow to their own power. As a district commissioner, Mr. Alldridge is thoroughly acquainted with the products of the country, the few attempts as yet made to develop them, and the improvements which might easily be effected. He seems hopeful that some slight progress may be made in the near future, but it is clear that in West Africa, as in British Guiana and other of our possessions, we have been more concerned to mark out claims for the benefit of future generations than to turn them to any immediate account. Another interesting section of Mr. Alldridge's book is concerned with three great secret societies of his district, the Poro, the Bundu, and the Yassi, the first being for men, the second for women, and the Yassi apparently a higher grade of the Bundu, to which Poro men may also be admitted. Mr. Alldridge writes of these societies professedly as an outside observer, without any claim to special knowledge of their secrets, but we gather that the Bundu is by no means unmitigatedly evil. The Poro, on the other hand, until its operation was restricted by a British ordinance, must have been a tyranny of the worst kind. One other secret society, that of the Human Leopards, has fortunately been stamped out altogether. Mr. Alldridge also describes very briefly some of the native ordeals, so that his book has considerable interest for folk-lorists, though there are many points on which he leaves us uninformed, doubtless from not having had his attention directed to them. There is no pretence to literary style in Mr. Alldridge's book, but the narrative is plain and straightforward, and readable enough.

(4) The title *A History of Police in England* might easily cover a compilation of no higher order than the old "Newgate Calendar." Dedicated to the Lord Chief Justice, and even "looked through" in proof by him, Captain Melville Lee's book is of a very different character to this, and forms not merely a respectable but a valuable popular contribution to English social history. It tells the story of how the King's peace has been kept from Anglo-Saxon times down to our own day, and far from being confined to the history of the petty constable and the watch, includes brief descriptions of the working of the forest laws, the institution of Justices of the Peace, and other matters of historical interest. Roughly speaking, the first two hundred pages of the book

are devoted to the history of the subject down to the year 1800, the second two hundred pages to an account of the evil state of affairs at the beginning of the last century, the institution of the new London police, their extension to boroughs and counties, and some special points as to the suppression of riots, the right of public meetings, etc. On page 136 Captain Lee quotes a vagrant's certificate of having been whipped, dated the twenty-second year of Charles II., in apparent ignorance that it is modelled on a similar form authorised by Henry VIII. in 1530, but, as a rule, he follows excellent authorities and tells his story in a very workmanlike manner. Our police system, with its long pedigree, and slow, conservative transformations, is among the most typical of English institutions, and fully deserves the competent handling which Captain Lee brings to it.

(5) Mr. H. G. Hutchinson's *Dreams and their Meanings* is an instance of a good magazine article expanded into a poor book. Some time ago he suggested in *Longman's Magazine* that there are some seven different kinds of dreams with some or all of which most people are familiar, as when the dreamer seems to be falling from a height, or to be floating in the air, or to appear in respectable society inadequately clothed, or to be confronted by a bogey, or to be drawn irresistibly into some danger, or to be realising some great wish, or to be going on a journey and unable to get his trunk packed. These last two dream-subjects are rather doubtful additions, but the first five are all really common, and Mr. Hutchinson argued, reasonably enough, that as they occur so frequently there must in each case be some common cause. His articles brought him an overwhelming correspondence, and if he had picked out the best suggestions and published them as a second essay he would have made a useful little contribution to "psychical research." Unluckily, in the excitement of the rain of letters, he seems to have made up his mind to a book, and so a book has been put together, written with ostentatious amateurishness, padded out from former treatises, and with two long chapters, compiled by an unnamed assistant from the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, on Telepathic and Dual Personality and Premonitory Dreams, as to which Mr. Hutchinson professes himself an agnostic. His own comments on some of the suggestions sent him are shrewd enough. Thus the fairly common dream in which the dreamer converses haltingly with a fluent foreigner is not admitted as a case of dual personality, Mr. Hutchinson very reasonably supposing that the apparent fluency of the foreigner would not stand waking criticism. Again, a suggestion that the dream of "inadequate clothing" is caused by the dreamer's unconscious recollection of his own appearance as he jumped into bed is set aside on the ground that, if last impressions are to be reckoned with, ladies should frequently dream of themselves in their dressing-gowns and with their hair down, which does not appear to be the case. But a running commentary of this kind could easily have been got into a second magazine article, and in spinning it out into a book, and not a very cheap one, Mr. Hutchinson weakens his claim on our sympathy.

(6) The fourth and concluding volume of Professor Hart's *American History told by Contemporaries* deals with the "Welding of the Nation" during the last fifty-five years, and is full of most varied and excellent material. Beginning with the Mexican War, it has to deal also with the great struggle for the abolition of slavery, the Civil War which followed on it, and the general development of the country during the past half century. The extracts thus vary between war and peace, and form a series of singularly vivid historical pictures. Well chosen and well distributed they present the history of the United States so attractively that we can only hope that the publishers will find some English professor willing to render the same service to the history of our own country.

(7) The Cambridge "Rede" lectures are almost always good reading, and Professor Maitland's *English Law and the Renaissance* is an eminent example of the rule. Its theme is the risk which English law ran in the sixteenth century of being supplanted by what the Scottish Protestants called "the godly approved laws of Justinian the Emperor." That it escaped this danger Professor Maitland attributes mainly to the "unchartered, unprivileged, unendowed" schools of law of the Inns of Court, where men like Rede himself, and Thomas More, and Coke, and Bacon were among the lecturers. From their success in the past he draws hope for the future, and looks to the Inns to work not only at clearing away "the rubbish which collects round every body of law," but to pave the way for a uniform code for the whole Empire —a truly magnificent scheme, which would indeed be more likely to win acceptance if undertaken by the Inns than if originated by Parliament itself.

FICTION.

The Octopus. By Frank Norris. Grant Richards. 6s.—The fecundity of California has been attested by its fabulous yield of vegetable and mineral wealth. This boundless vitality has now quickened its literature, as exemplified in *The Octopus.* It is seething with life in irrepressible and antagonistic forms; life portrayed with perhaps chaotic but resistless power and with unsparing sincerity. In the bewildering complexity of this social study the author ranks himself with Zola, but in the unifying sense of Nature's great generative forces with Walt Whitman. The "leaves of grass" in this epic of the wheat have become individual and dramatic. The story is the conflict of a railroad with the great rancheros. These Titanic forces are powerfully typified, and we shrink from the fateful tentacles of the monster organisation and exult in the upward and onward sweep of that conscious sea of the wheat. The savage strength of the soil is given, its prodigal output, as if it conceived still with the recklessness of its gold-bearing womb. The group of great wheat-growers are not men of the soil, content with seed-time and harvest, but speculators with the unspent ambitions and unrest of the "Forty-niners." Most impressive among them is Magnus Derrick, the grand old Roman, strong, just, and, as he believes, incorruptible. Yet he is flawed, and in the righteous fight against an unrighteous tyranny he consents to buy the administrators of justice. In his piteous downfall it is not the triumph of the railroad, nor the loss of his ranch, Los Muertos, nor the one son's betrayal and the other's death, which disintegrate his strength into crumbling ruin, but the consciousness of his own ignoble act. He has not the right to die grandly.

Annixter, a ranchero, is relentlessly portrayed in his brutal animalism, and his transformation through love for Hilma Tree into beneficent manhood is one of the redeeming spiritual touches in a book overweighted with material interests. The issues of the life and death struggle are of the earth earthy: the rightful retention of land by the rancheros, or the illegal entering into possession of the perjured railroad. The intrigues of the company through its wily representative, S. Behrman, and the defensive efforts of the League, are given at length. The latter is defeated through the treachery of Lyman Derrick, who, owing his election as Railroad Commissioner to the confidence of the wheat-growers, betrays them to the Road for its support in his political career. A most tragic figure is Dyke, a former railroad engineer. The grand, simple, loving man, happy in his cottage home, his old mother, and "the little tad," is, by the arbitrary raising of the freight on hops, changed to a ruined outlaw and law-breaker, seeking escape on a stolen locomotive in mad flight, captured and sentenced to life imprisonment. The railroad demands 27 dols. per acre, though pledged to sell its sections to the rancheros at the Government price of 2 dols. 50 cents, and is upheld by the decision of the Court. This is ruin for the rancheros, with a bonanza crop of wheat making golden their wide valleys. They arm for defence, but in the fight at the irrigation ditch Annixter and Harran Derrick are killed, with Hooven, a German, whose family is left destitute. The railroad enters into possession of

the contested ranches; Mrs. Derrick, a gentle-natured woman, alien to that life of primal forces, companioning with Pater and Ruskin, returns to her teaching of literature to care for her wrecked husband, and Hilma in her bereavement is left a figure of selfless womanhood. But in the streets of San Francisco Mrs. Hooven dies of starvation while begging bread for her child, and Minna in her fair girlhood "goes to hell" for the means of life. The wheat itself plays relentless Nemesis to S. Behrman, who, gloating over the grain in an outgoing ship's hold, slips and is smothered in the falling streams. Mirroring all the struggle stands Presley, the poet in making, who, stung into resistant manhood by the wrongs witnessed, sings a song of protest, "The Toilers," which wins him unregarded fame. The book ends with a paean over the wide-waving, strong-growing wheat, outcome of the sure cosmic forces. This endures, though men are slain in its behalf and women starve. For comfort in the individual tragedies one misses the faith of the Fathers of the Mission Churches, who planted on bare hills the wheat, the olive, and the vine, that the altars should not fail in their sacraments; memorials of Him who broke the bread and poured the wine, and outwatched night under the trees of the Garden.

Youth goes a-Marketing. By J. H. Pearce. George Allen. 6s.—Mr. Pearce, whose studies of Cornish life have already gained him some reputation, tells a pretty love story of a miner and his lass in the village of Penalverne. Ambrose and Amaranth bear all the marks of first-hand acquaintance, and we become attached to them and interested in their fate. Ambrose marries in haste and speedily repents. But the consequences, though disastrous, are not tragic for him in the long run. In fact we almost feel that he gets more good than he deserves. His wife is not so convincing. We doubt whether she would have married him from no other cause, apparently, than the amusement of supplanting another girl, powerful though such a motive might be to a woman of the temperament described. The local colour is put in with a light touch, technical terms of mining being used, but not abused. The writer has evidently a strong sympathy with the people and the life that he treats of.

A Fight to a Finish. By Florence Warden. Chatto and Windus. 6s.—Two Californian ranchers, whose prospects depend on an old aunt who is bound in honour to make them her heirs, hear that she has fallen into the hands of a couple of adventurers, Dr. and Mrs. Skates. The young Farebrothers hasten back to England, and the duel *à l'outrance* begins. Dr. Skates has a face that "beamed with kindliness and good humour," since the modern villain no longer bears the hallmark of villainy. He has an elderly wife to match, with a Madonna-like expression. The aunt is worked upon with spirit-rapping and the apparition of a young girl, "swaying midway between floor and ceiling"; and these milder methods failing, the indefatigable doctor resorts to murder and poison. Happily, the old lady is snatched from destruction, and a double wedding ends a readable story.

Master of Men. By E. Phillips Oppenheim. Methuen. 6s. —If *Master of Men* can give no other pleasure, it affords a pleasing sense of old-acquaintanceship. The masterful socialist workman who suddenly flashes into Parliamentary fame, the beautiful, *blasée* great lady who plays the temptress, the clinging, undereducated wife—how fondly familiar are they all. The early chapters, it is true, are written with some force and freshness, but this is not sustained, the development being all that is obvious. The closing scene, in which the self-sacrificing Socialist and his misguided Milly are brought together by the promised advent of a child, symbolised in this case by a half-dressed doll, is really pathetic in the innocence with which it sets forth a device as threadbare as the rest of the story.

The Striking Hours. By Eden Philpotts. Methuen. 6s.—These short stories, which at first may seem little noticeable, will be found to advance in the reader's favour before the book is finished. There will always be glamour and charm where Devonshire worthies figure; there is worth and generosity among the men, and they have not had Drake and Raleigh as national heroes for nothing. Even the provincialisms, "Us loved her worse and worse," "You'm a masterful man," and the assent, "Ess fay!" are attractive in their mouths. The book shows the author in a new aspect, and is very unlike his "Human Boy"—when will he give us another such?—but the stories are well varied and very pretty. The last, "The Devil's Tightrope," a tale of the exciseman, the smuggler, and the little widow, is particularly good. "Told to Chaplain" and "A Witch" are also decidedly moving.

Sylvia's Ambition. By Adeline Sergeant. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.—This is a pleasantly written little tale of a young actress who is engaged to take part in private theatricals at the house of a philanthropic manufacturer in the Midlands, Bernard Gaisford. Meanwhile, his cousin Gerald jilts Sylvia for another member of the troupe, and after hearing the news she faints away in the middle of the play. Illness follows, and she finally abandons her career on the stage for the more congenial *rôle* of wife to Bernard. The plot is thickened with a somewhat mild conspiracy, whereby the child of a second marriage is made to pose as her elder half-sister, long dead. It evokes but languid interest, but Miss Sergeant carries the story through by her skilful manner in telling it.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES.

THE Venus of Milo—in a much truer sense than her sister of the Medici "the statue that enchants the world"—has fallen on disrespectful days. Dr. Michaelis, following therein Dr. Furtwaengler, declares that she cannot be older than the second century of our era, and compares her incomparable head with one of doubtful attribution discovered at Pergamos. For German scholars nothing is sacred, and as the Pergamone upstart happens to be in the Berlin Museum, the thesis will no doubt, be stoutly supported by their English followers. Was it to avoid such a comparison that the divinity of the Louvre was buried by night, as M. Cresson has just told us, during the siege of Paris?

Those interested in Christian mythology can be recommended to read Dr. Wallis Budge's "Contendings of the Apostles," a collection of Apocrypha which has been just published with the Ethiopic text and translation, at the expense of the late Marquis of Bute. Although the texts are, like all Ethiopic documents, late enough, there can be little doubt that we have here the echo of traditions going back to, at least, sub-Apostolic times. I say echo advisedly, because it is plain that in many of these legends we have a sort of embroidery of stories that we have acquired otherwise and in different shape. Thus, in the Acts of John, we have a long account of St. John becoming the servant of a woman who kept a bath-house in Ephesus, which is possibly founded on the tradition recorded by Irenæus that St. John rushed out of the bath at Ephesus because the heresiarch Cerinthus had entered it. So, too, in the Martyrdom of Peter we find the well-known quotation from the Gospel of the Egyptians, "If ye do not make the right hand like the left and the left like the right, and the things which are above like those which are below, and those which are before like those which are behind, ye shall not know the kingdom of God," given as a command in the reversed sense as "Ye shall not make that which is above like that which is below, etc." But that the Ethiopian authors drew from good sources appears from the Acts of Peter and Matthias in India, where Kantukoros or Gundaphorus [*i.e.*, Vindafra], a Parthian king of Drangiana and Arachosia in the first century A.D., whose coins are well known, is given as the then king of the country. The publication is not the least of the services which the late Lord Bute rendered to learning.

The current number of the "Proceedings of the Society of Biblical Archæology" contains a study by Mr. F. W. Read and Mr. A. C. Bryant of a black basalt slab in the

British Museum which has unfortunately done duty as a mile stone. It seems plain that part of the inscription which remains is an account of mythological episodes in the life of some god whom the present authors consider to be Osiris, here treated as a sun god. Dr. Breasted, who has recently copied the text for the Berlin Dictionary, tells me that he thought he could also recognise on the stone some fragments of the myth of Ptah, and I gather from his description that it corresponded with that given in the so-called Magic Papyrus of Leyden. In Messrs. Read and Bryant's translation this part is returned as full of lacunæ, and we may hope for a fuller decipherment later. Of the other myths recorded on it, enough has been preserved to make a very interesting paper.

A propos of myths, one begins perhaps rather to lose sight of the facts that many of those most widely spread are really nothing but guesses at enigmas which must have puzzled the observant, but ill-informed mind of primitive man. Mr. Victor Henry in a recent review has reminded us of this in connection with the universal preference shown by classical antiquity for the right over the left hand, names like the Sanskrit *vâma* [amiable], the Greek ἀριστερός and the like being, of course, used for the sake of euphemism. He attributes this preference to the fact observed by Broca that the left hemisphere of the brain is larger than the right, and that therefore the right hand must in the great majority of individuals be the most skilful.

The exodus of those happy people, the explorers, to the East has already set in. Mr. Leonard King, of the British Museum, is on his way to the site of Nineveh, his purpose being more in the way of inspection than excavation. Mr. Percy Newberry is going back to his old site at Thebes, and Professor Sayce will leave for Luxor in the middle of November. Professor Petrie will be accompanied to Abydos a little later by two new aides, Mr. Caulfield and Mr. Weigall. I think we may wish them all luck. F. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CONCENTRATION CAMPS.

SIR,—I am glad to see that you have been courageous enough to protest against the scandal of the concentration camps. I am quite sure that it is only necessary to instruct public opinion, and to place before it the real facts of the case in order to bring about a complete change of attitude. We have been told by the journals whose one object seems to be to support the Government that the wives and children of the Boers have come into our camps of their own free will as refugees, and that they are there maintained by us in a spirit of noble charity and generosity, unique in the annals of war. This is the exact contrary of the truth. With few exceptions, these unfortunate creatures have been dragged from their homes by us, and have been imprisoned in these camps, in order that, as Lord Milner has definitely avowed, the war may be by this means brought to a speedier end. You will also remember that Mr. Brodrick, who once asserted that the women and children had come in willingly, has since confessed that they are prisoners. I do not believe that any sane or chivalrous English man or English woman will attempt to argue that a great and civilised nation displays unique generosity because it feeds its prisoners of war.

It seems to me futile and insincere to conceal these facts. If, therefore, knowing these things, we allow these women and children to die by thousands in the camps which we have formed for our own military purposes, if we do not attempt to decrease this massacre by moving the camps to the sea or to some healthier sites, outside the area of active warfare, we cannot escape the condemnation which must fall upon us. It is clear that the death-rate has been rising month by month; it is clear that the camps in Cape Colony are comparatively healthy. If a man persists in a course which leads to an inevitable and murderous result he cannot be held innocent. What will be our shame and remorse if we idly fold our hands and, uttering conventional platitudes, allow the Boer women and children to be exterminated? Will the world, will history, will Heaven forgive us?

May I add another consideration, and, with as little offence as possible, make an appeal to the English clergy and to English churchmen? I have always been taught that if there is one great moral lesson which the religion we profess teaches us it is that the young and desolate are sacred. Here is something in our religion which by a touch of nature brings us into kinship with the whole world. If then in our obstinacy, because we fear social pressure, or the demands of a diseased patriotism, we are false to the plain mandates of our faith, we must not complain if the world takes us at our word. We are fast losing the respect of foreign nations; shall we add to that loss the knowledge that we are false to our consciences and to our traditions? This is no random question. If, without a collective protest, the English Church allows these horrors to continue, she will deal herself a blow so staggering that a generation will not restore her to her former place.

A. M. S. METHUEN.

"MR. GLADSTONE'S INCONSISTENCIES."

SIR,—Inconsistency is the pursuing two opposing lines of action or of theory at one and the same time. "Bystander's" interesting catena of quotations about the Eucharist and the Church only bear on the present question by showing that the writer remained to the last an opponent of Zwinglianism and Erastianism.

As regards inconsistency of action. I write *in rem* not *in personam*, and it is an unpleasing task to rake up detailed complaints against an illustrious man. But it must be said that Mr. Gladstone never forgot that he was running in harness with Mr. Schnadhorst. I take the first instances which occur to me. Mr. Green lay twenty months in gaol while Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister. A bungling effort was made by the House of Lords to effect his release. Mr. Gladstone gave no help at all. Now had it been a dissenting minister who was in prison on a point of conscience, had it been another Thorogood case, who can believe that England would not have rung with Mr. Gladstone's indignant eloquence? Again, take the familiar "Fall foul the day" quotation. The "persons of this world" who took "into their uncommissioned hands the manipulation of the religion of Our Lord and Saviour" were, unless I am mistaken, Mr. Riley and the Conservative majority who issued the School Board circular, and the "whatever pretext" referred to their aim of preventing Unitarianism being taught to the children of the Christian poor. Now, I do not remember Mr. Gladstone wishing the day to fall foul on which Mr. Lyulph Stanley should return with a Liberal majority to restore the former system of a watered-down Creed plus vote-buying concessions to Jews and others who could make themselves disagreeable. And it must have been with his chief's cognisance that Mr. Morley made his astounding offer to the Jews and Roman Catholics to put their schools into a favoured category at the expense of the Church of England. I conceive, too, that Mr. Gladstone's disestablishing measures —*e.g.*, the abolition of Church rates, and the taking all civil powers from the vestries—were one-sidedly destructive, and should, in justice, have been accompanied by a more earnest and resolute effort to unclasp the hand of the rate-payer from the concerns of the Church.

However, I desire to break no idols, and if Mr. Gladstone can be defended on these and like points, my main contention will be unaffected, viz., that so far as he was a High Churchman (I really must use the word) he was not a Liberal, and so far as he was a Liberal he was not a High Churchman.

Here is a vast topic! Philosophy, theology, logic, history, commonsense, the general agreement of mankind—what room is there for *à priori* reasoning in the narrow lists of a newspaper correspondence? Let me rather choose an instance. For nothing is Mr. Gladstone so honourably remembered by Churchmen as for his resistance to the Liberal Divorce Bill of 1857. He resisted not merely the clause allowing divorced persons to be married in church, but the principle of the measure, root and branch. About the same time he declared union with a wife's sister to be opposed to "the Divine law," to "a moral law universally applicable." Yet afterwards, under political pressure, he voted for the Wife's Sister Bill, the ceremony, however, not to take place in church. I imagine Mr. Gladstone would latterly have voted for similar divorce facilities, had they not been already given. Perhaps "Bystander" can tell us. To refrain from "enforcing the higher law on consciences unprepared to receive it" must be a rule applying to both cases if to either. But what about the *principle* of the indissolubility of marriage? Was it not Mr. Gladstone who popularised the cry (at the time of the Home Rule Bill) that, without Union of Hearts, external and legal union is a tyrannical yoke? Every hoarding in England had pictures of the hands fettered together *versus* the hearts united. A popular agitation in favour of Milton's doctrine of free divorce might have adopted the same cry and the same

pictures. Or again, what doctrine was more inwoven with the woof of Mr. Gladstone's teaching than absolute freedom of contract—let us wink at the Land and Hares and Rabbits Acts —not only economical and political, but social and religious. But if parties are to be free to make and terminate all other contracts, why not marriage? A principle is a principle. Freedom cannot be an incomparably sacred thing in every other department of life and quite wrong when wedlock is concerned. Life is not constructed, whatever Englishmen's minds may be, in water-tight compartments. Mr. Gladstone said that the Tractarians had failed to teach him one thing—the value of individual liberty. They did not teach it him because it was the idea of all others which they considered needed in the present day most combatting.

It may be quite true that Mr. Gladstone looked to "combined ecclesiastical action" to "check the spirit of individualism" in religion. But it is really impossible to see why Manchester ideas should be the will of God outside the Church and not in it. Political Little Englandism tends to ecclesiastical insularity and separatism. If national life can be severed from Church life, politics from religion, the Incarnation was not intended to redeem the entirety of life. "Government," Mr. Gladstone once said, "occupies in moral the place of τὸ πᾶν in physical science." Did he continue to believe this, or did he not steer the ship of State towards Manichean dualism? "Human government," said Bishop Westcott, "is only valid as the expression of the Divine will." Is this consistent with Mr. Gladstone's teaching—teaching from which Mr. Morley said he had learnt more than from that of anyone save John Stuart Mill? The secularisation of corporate institutions—*e.g.*, the Universities—seemed to him no loss of a Christian ideal but a triumph of freedom. When a Romanist Lord Mayor refused to attend service at St. Paul's, Mr. Gladstone felt no regret that an act of corporate homage to the Redeemer should have been impossible, but wrote to congratulate him on the victory won for liberty in his person. In the same way he passionately contended, in the Bradlaugh case, that a House of Parliament had no collective responsibility to prevent an avowed and defiant profanation of God's Name taking place at its table, and the blasphemous act was regarded as another triumph of true Liberal principles. An admiring bishop said that Mr. Gladstone's view was "noble." I think it was consistent with Liberalism. I feel sure it would have shocked beyond measure Pusey and Keble. "No man has anything to do with another man's conscience." Mr. Gladstone appointed a self-unfrocked priest, bitterly hostile to the Church, to the delicate, and one might have thought religious, office of ruling the Elementary Schools of England. In the Parnell case he said he "carefully avoided" taking any action till it was "made clear" to him that feeling in the electorate was high. And the liberty he claimed for others he asserted also for himself, an uncommissioned layman, by taking in hand, in the face of the practically unanimous condemnation of the apostolic college, the synods and the faithful laity, the dethronement of the Church (in Wales to start with), and the alienation of her consecrated patrimony—not with insult or contumely, but still by *force majeure*, and with the help of all the powers of the world and alliances from which Mr. Spurgeon and Dr. Parker shrank. And all without a pang, for he convinced himself that the Church, apart from the national institutions, would "pour her rays more keen and undefiled," and had none of Newman's fear:—

> Yet would I not that hand of force were mine,
> Which thrusts her from her ancient, awful shrine.

Besides, he considered (February 23rd, 1893) that "the Established Church" was being "supplied by the State with funds" for carrying on a "painful competition" with Nonconformity. If a faithful lieutenant interpreted him aright (see Debate, June 19th, 1895), he was willing that the Welsh Churches should, on certain days and at certain hours, be "open to different forms of Christian worship." He no longer, he told a correspondent, took the "severe views"—which he had expressed in "Church Principles"—"of the position of those who have departed from the ancient and perpetual foundation of the ministry." "Inorganic Protestantism" he now considered to be "part of the providential order." After all, he wrote on the same subject, "Your supposed certainty is but your sincere persuasion," and there is peril in "substituting the witness of another person's private spirit for our own."

Such was Mr. Gladstone's conscientious individualism. His awed deference to public opinion, his belief in the wisdom of the untutored, and his desire to "emancipate" human nature from external restraints, from discipline and from subjection to authority, seem to me part of the Pelagianism of our age. Yet no one has written more devoutly or impressively about the sinfulness of our fallen nature. Well, sir, much more crowds into the mind to say, but I cannot say it. I have not tried to carp at a great man, but to indicate that even in him the conjunction of incompatible principles was a failure.

DOUGLAS MACLEANE.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS

SIR,—Among the causes mentioned by your correspondents for the reduction in numbers of persons seeking Holy Orders, I think sufficient stress has not been laid on the vulgar fact that the income of all incumbents is less by forty per cent. than it was originally commuted at—is less by fifty per cent. than it was when I was inducted to a living.

The various reasons given for the falling off in the number of candidates by your correspondents are, no doubt, substantial and influential, but I submit to you that with the majority of otherwise-priests the insufficiency of clerical income is the real reason of their remaining laymen. There are cases, no doubt, where the question of £ s. d. makes no difference whatever. The spirit of St. Francis of Assisi is not absolutely unknown in the Church of England, but you cannot expect England to produce—and I do not think she wants to produce —20,000 friars. A young man may be willing to see his brothers one after another entered on professions which offer pecuniary and social advantages far away beyond those of the clerical profession, and so far he is in his degree (and that often a high degree) resigning worldly advantages for Christ's sake and the Gospels, but he *does* expect a "living wage." So long as he keeps his health, and his freshness, and his state of single blessedness, and remains under thirty-five years, or so, of age, he will get a "living wage," but after that his prospects are of the gloomiest; every year his income will decrease, his powers will decrease, and the demands on him will be greater. He will certainly have the honour of "dying in harness," for the good reason that his profession provides no pension for any number of years of service, and so he will just drag the coach till he drops.

If he looks round his parish he can see how any decently sober and industrious labouring man in it is better housed, better fed, better clothed, and is getting his children better educated, and giving them a better start in life than their father had; indeed, his country is beginning to talk about pensioning him; the parson alone is steadily going down hill. For his own sake, perhaps, he does not care, but if there is one thing more than another which makes the *res augusta domi* hard to bear for one who is "a scholar and a gentleman," it is, if he be a family man, to know, in his heart of hearts, that his boys too evidently miss the educational advantages which he had himself, and that his girls are—well, not what their mother was, though only because they have not the home she had.

There is no doubt that in times past the ranks of the clergy have been largely recruited from those who were "gentlemen born," on account of the fact that "a living" *was* in those days a living, and was not only a sufficient source of income, but on account of that income also conferred a certain social status, which now it does not. Again, the ambition to attain that position was a stimulus to clever lads in a lower social rank to become clergymen. So this failure of £ s. d. is now cutting off the supply of recruits from two classes.

I hope none of your readers will think I am representing that all the clergy of the last generation thought of nothing but glebe and tithes—it was not so at all—but I mean to say that the difficulty of making a life-livelihood was not one that occurred in those days to a young man desirous of taking Orders, whereas *now*, it is not only a difficulty but almost a complete block that he sees ahead.

It may be (though it is by no means a certainty) that a priesthood at an average of thirty shillings a week, or at half that sum, may be a far more spiritually-minded and devoted body than we are at present, more apostolical in their lives, more evangelical in their doctrine, a purer leaven, a holier priesthood; but I think we must not be surprised if, as they near that rate of wages, they become less numerous.

RIC. O. ASSHETON.

SIR,—It is well that a clear exposition of the Catholic point of view should be presented to your readers by your correspondent "G." It is quite sufficient to account for the dearth of duly qualified candidates for ordination.

The grace of ordination enables the recipients to speak

with authority. But with what manner of authority? The scribes sat in Moses's seat and spoke with a sense of authority. Of our Lord, it is said that He spoke with authority, and not as the scribes. He was of Galilee; "Search and see," said the contemptuous Pharisee, "for out of Galilee cometh no prophet." His method was not the method of the scribes. Their method was to put yokes on the necks of the peoples which neither they nor their fathers were able to bear: to hedge round the law with innumerable restrictions.

We need not know much history to be aware that the tendency of the "Catholic" Church has been the same.

The theory that all ordained priests are inspired is belied by the evidence. By their fruits they must be judged. Men devoted, earnest, self-sacrificing, catch at the theory, just because it tends to abase themselves; they are not content with ordinary gifts of the Spirit, open to all men, by God's good providence, but they must have extraordinary gifts, and they decry "influence" because even a layman may exercise it. They have no tolerance for any teaching but their own, and in this they are consistent, having once adopted the theory "Extra Ecclesiam nulla salus." But there are some who have not so learnt Christ; and to them the words of the Ordination Service, entrusting to them what "G." calls the "Sacrament of Penance," are a serious stumbling block. Doubtless, on his own premises he would not wish it removed, and perhaps would regard its removal as an evacuation of the ceremony.

The Church of Jesus Christ is not a fold inclosed by walls of human invention; it is visible in the works of his true followers, but not always visible then to the world. It is a flock of which He is the Shepherd, and if any claim himself to be shepherd, let him not forget that in the eye of the Master he is one of the flock.

E. D. STONE.

SIR,—"Teaching is now, happily, getting to be recognised as an art that in itself requires as much training and devotion as any other calling. To numbers of laymen it is not clear that it can be properly and successfully combined with the spiritual duties proper to a clergyman."

So writes your correspondent, "E. L." And what are the spiritual duties proper to a clergyman, if teaching be not one of them and chief among them? By teaching I understand the training of soul and mind to understand the works of God and the laws of conduct. That is not work for the clergy exclusively, though for many centuries it was practically confined to them; it is for all who are capable of it; but a strange ignorance of the history of the Christian priesthood, and a strange conception of the Christian ministry, must have laid hold of anyone who regards a clergyman as improperly engaged in such work.

Mr. Bridge was nearer the mark a fortnight ago in his measure of the schoolmaster's work: "If he loves his life's work and believes in it, he looks upon it as including the work of a clergyman. The business of a teacher is to train and develop, and influence for good, growing minds, and what more can a clergyman do?" Why, then, he asked, should a schoolmaster care to take Orders, and what can he gain by doing so? And with that he rushed on the same blunder as "E. L.," and would get rid of the clerical schoolmaster by applying the rule, "One man, one profession."

The mistake lies in taking Holy Order for a profession. It is nothing of the kind. It is a state of life. It is no more a profession than marriage is a profession. It marks the spiritual standing of certain Christian men, and is no more a profession than baptism or confirmation is a profession. The pastoral office, on the other hand, is a profession, and your two correspondents probably go wrong through confusing priesthood and pastorate. I was for several years a schoolmaster; I have since been for several years a pastor. In making the change I was consciously and deliberately passing from one profession to another. But when, being already a schoolmaster, I received Holy Orders, I did not add to myself a new profession. I was still one man with one profession, to which I devoted myself entirely. I did not combine two occupations to the detriment of one or both. Professionally I was a schoolmaster and nothing else. I never had any reason to suppose that I taught Latin grammar or influenced my boys for good, any less effectively because I was a priest; on the contrary I believed myself to be strengthened for the task by my priesthood, and as a priest I felt that I was entirely engaged in my proper work. Believing in the grace of Holy Order, a grace enabling the man to do his proper work, I am compelled to believe that in the abstract, apart from personal considerations, every schoolmaster is the better schoolmaster for being a priest; and regarding the work as I do I am compelled to regard every man who is, in the full sense of the words, fit for the office of schoolmaster as fit also for the priesthood.

Priests are barred out of most professions—unhappily, as I venture to think. The exclusion seems to have the effect of narrowing the clerical mind; the restriction of the clergy to one or two occupations tends to induce a kind of professionalism in religion, and society misses the leaven of men who, with whatever shortcomings, are by their sacred character pledged to a high moral standard and supported in approximating to it. Let us at least protest against their exclusion from one of the few professions that are open to them.

Madingley, October 28th. T. A. LACEY.

SIR,—May I suggest that there is no dearth of candidates for Holy Orders. England is alive with them. From mines and factories and mills, from shops and offices, from Church and Board and Grammar School in the North, men and lads who have heard God's call are pleading to be allowed to consecrate their lives as Priests in the Church of God. The real question is a far more awful one. "How long will the Church refuse to ordain those whom the Holy Spirit calls?" How long will she sell this Holy Office for Money and be content with what is practically a "Class Ministry with a Money Qualification."

The Church has not consciously adopted this system. She has drifted into it by the gradual perversion of her educational endowments. But now we must awake to the truth. I believe we are the only religious body in England which refuses free education to those whom God calls to its ministry. Every little sect can hear or recognise and answer to the call of the Holy Spirit, and educate and ordain those whom He calls. But the Church—the Church of Pentecost—which professes to be Catholic and national, demands a money qualification for the priesthood which practically excludes nine-tenths of the boys of the nation from even entertaining the hope of becoming a priest. It is a conflict, Money *v.* Holy Spirit. May I briefly suggest these points:—

1. It is mocking God to talk about awakening vocations. We are hard at work STIFLING them. As an ex-schoolmaster at a Woodward school I have seen it often. It is a question of money. "A." is a boy deeply spiritual, good, diligent, clever, but not up to open scholarship form. He passionately longs to be a priest. But his father has not £500 to spare. So at sixteen "A." goes off into an office—stifled. "B." is a sordid, degraded, carnal lad, whose father HAS got a £500 to spare. Unless the boy's will is strong enough to resist his father's, he will be a priest! The intellectual standards are too low to save the Church from such as he. It is a mere matter of money.

2. Parents—retired officers, merchants in poor circumstances—often deeply desire to consecrate their boys to God in the priesthood, but dare not awaken desires which they cannot satisfy. "We can't afford seven years more education." It is a matter of money. If this boy forsakes the Church and becomes a Wesleyan he will get three years free education; if he loses his faith and becomes a Unitarian, he will get five years best possible education for the ministry. Only in the Church of Pentecost is the Holy Spirit denied him when he responds to that Spirit's call unless he can raise a considerable sum of money.

3. When there is free access to the priesthood, when the ladder is set up from every church and grammar school in England to this holy office, I believe we shall reinforce the ministry of the Church with much of that splendid moral and spiritual vigour, that fine enthusiasm which has made Dissent such a power in the land. The easy-going, self-indulgent life of our great public schools and universities is not at all an ideal preparation for the priesthood; and the poorer classes often bring a greater enthusiasm for study, a stronger will, a deeper knowledge of life, and a more single-hearted consecration to God's service than the "monied" classes. It is nothing less than a sin against the Holy Ghost to allow this terrible waste of true vocations which comes from demanding a money qualification for the priesthood.

4. If anyone doubts this waste of vocations let him go to Mildenhall and see Father Kelly's work. He is doing what the Church as a whole must do, offering a free education to all who desire to consecrate themselves to God's service. There is no question of lowering the standard either intellectually or spiritually—even if that were possible! He can show you lads, who were telegraph boys and bootmakers, etc., and who now in culture and intellectual development and spiritual power can put the average 'Varsity man to shame. While others offer increased stipends he offers the Cross and gets more candidates than he can provide for.

PAUL B. BULL.

House of the Resurrection, Mirfield.

SIR,—Every candidate for Holy Orders in our Scottish church has, before his ordination to the priesthood, to "assent to" the Thirty-nine Articles and the Prayer Book as "agreeable to the Word of God." He need not think them perfect nor the best expression of doctrine, but as capable of being reconciled with the truths contained in the Bible.

He has also, before being ordained deacon, to state that he "unfeignedly believes all the Canonical Scriptures," but this statement is explained in the *expanded form* required in "the Ordering of Priests," where he must state that he is "persuaded that the Holy Scriptures" "contain" all necessary doctrine. The Bible is to be accepted, not as infallible, not as free from all errors, not even as the Word of God, but as "containing" the Word of God.

Is not this also the case in England?

If so, surely the conditions are far more comprehensive than many of your correspondents imply.

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LITERARY AND EDUCATIONAL SUPPLEMENT.

NOVEMBER 9, 1901.

WHAT WAS THE FIRST FORM OF "MACBETH"?

WE have what I must call the inestimable privilege of knowing the impression which the tragedy of "Macbeth" produced at different dates and no doubt in different shapes upon two thoroughly common-minded men—Simon Forman, quack doctor and astrologer, in the reign of James I., and Samuel Pepys in the reign of Charles II. Pepys is *l'homme sensuel moyen*—the creature whom Matthew Arnold talked so much about at a distance—but who reveals himself in the immortal diary at close quarters and with hideous fidelity. We have all laughed at his judgments about Shakespeare; but they have the great merit of absolute sincerity. You seldom do get about books judgments unbiassed by convention except from children and fools, and the private talk, the letters, the diaries of educated men and women. An Eton boy, in answer to the question, "What was Mr. Pepys's opinion of 'The Midsummer Night's Dream?'" answers, "That it was the most insipid, ridiculous thing he ever saw in his life," and adds, "I agree with him." Pepys saw "Macbeth" on the 26th of December, 1666, and then found it "a most excellent play for variety"; he saw it again on the 7th of January following, and once more it appeared to him "a most excellent play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a tragedy, it being most proper here and suitable"; "in which sagacious comment," says Professor Hales, "many a modern critic would insert just the opposite adjectives." The play, of course, was *Davenant's* "Macbeth"; and whatever conclusion we may come to as to the share which Middleton had in the play as we read it, we ought to read Middleton's "Witch" of which Davenant made use, in order to understand the stages through which the vulgarising of the supernatural element in "Macbeth" had to pass, before it became, in Mr. Pepys's judgment, so excellent in "divertisement." There is, if my memory serves me rightly, nothing spiritual in Middleton's Hecate; she is a hag of the most commonplace description, the village Witch, as her son Firestone might be the village idiot. The Hecate whom we have in Shakespeare, if she has has not quite reached this low level, is certainly a creature generically different from the Presences, the weird sisters, as Shakespeare calls them, after Holinshed—(who followed Wyntoun)—bubbles of earth vanishing into air, "into thin air." Compared with them she is a gross and carnal being, she has no right to commend or to command them; still less to promise them rewards. I must say, myself, that I have a very strong impression that powerful though the effect has been of these incantation scenes in "Macbeth" (and their effect may be traced on the great world-drama of "Faust"), Shakespeare had wonderfully little to do with them; and even the opening lines of the fourth act, in which the Cambridge editors find the hand of the master, do not seem to me to be beyond the compass of Middleton. But I rely very much upon the silence of Dr. Forman, for I am certain that these are the things which would have fascinated him in the play, if he had found them there. "His comments," I have said elsewhere, "in spite of their greater solemnity, have exactly the same value for us as those of Pepys more than half a century later; they represent the impressions made by dramatic masterpieces upon the common man." He is the man to seize at once upon anything spectacular or popular, if it is there to be seized upon. He gives, indeed, general summaries of the plays he has witnessed, and they are, as far as I have seen, remarkably faithful, but he cannot, of course, retain and set down every particular; yet, in any case, what he most emphasises was, we may be certain, the attraction for the average playgoer. Let us listen to him on a part of the "Winter's Tale," that we may be prepared for him on "Macbeth." It is clear that he, no doubt following the popular vogue in this, has been much "fetched" by the character of Autolycus, though whether he was amused by him it would be hard to say, for he moralises upon him as seriously as Professor Gervinus moralises upon Falstaff. "Remember," he says, "also the rogue that came in all tattered (like Coll Pixie), and how he feigned him sick and to have been robbed of all that he had, and how he cozened the poor man of all his money, and after came to he shop-sher (sheep-shearing) with a pedlar's pack, and then cozened them of all their money, and how he changed apparel with the King of *Bohemia's* son, and then how he turned courtier, etc. Beware of trustinge feined beggars or fawning fellowes."

This gives us an inkling of the sort of incident Forman would be sure to notice; and of "Macbeth" he records: "In 'Macbeth,' at the Globe, 1610, the 20th of April, Saturday, there was to be observed first, how Macbeth and Banquo, two noblemen of Scotland, riding through a wood, there stood before them three women, fairies or nymphs, and saluted Macbeth," etc. Now, if, as Dr. Wright thinks possible, Forman may have come late to the theatre, and therefore missed the opening scenes, it is clear that he has no suspicion himself that this was so; he would scarcely have written there "was to be observed *first* how Macbeth," etc. If he had not supposed that that was the first thing to be observed, I confess that I should expect him to notice the apparitions in the first scene of the fourth act, because, from the entrance of Macbeth with:—

> How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,

down to the vanishing of the apparitions, the scene is undoubtedly in the main Shakespeare's, and there was therefore, it may be argued, that scenic effect for Forman to admire. But surely this is too much to infer with any degree of positiveness. Admitting that the language is Shakespeare's, does it follow that the machinery is Shakespeare's, too? What need have we of the armed head, the bloody child, the child crown'd with a tree in his hand? In Shakespeare's simpler but far more effective plan, the oracles which they deliver were uttered by the weird sisters, and Forman does not mention this second vision because it offered no spectacular features that made it different from the first. Forman's account of the play is really lifelike just through the extreme literalness of his mind. He is impressed just as Fielding's Partridge is impressed by Garrick's acting of Hamlet; for him everything is fact; there are no figures of speech. He says, "When Macbeth had murdered the king, the blood on his hands could not be washed off by any means, nor from his wife's hands, which handled the bloody daggers in hiding them, by which means they became both much amazed and affronted."

It is a most interesting fact to which Professor Hales has given publicity—that Milton once proposed to create a drama on the story of Macbeth. There can be no question about the fact. The MS. in the library of Trinity, probably of the year 1639, in his handwriting contains a list of subjects, the last of which is Macbeth. Beginning at the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff, the matter of Duncan may be expressed by the appearing of his ghost. Now, of course, this is a suggestion for a drama, and a drama on the classical model. It was to begin at a late point in the story as told by Holinshed; the doom of Macbeth was to be brought about within the space of twenty-four hours. The model, I can scarcely doubt, was the Hecuba of Euripides, wherein the ghost of Polydorus speaks the prologue and tells of his murder by Polymestor, after which his aged mother comes in and describes how she is frightened by visions

of the night concerning her absent son and her daughter Polyxena—so Duncan's ghost was to tell his lamentable tale, and perhaps like nocturnal terrors were to work upon the mind of his son. About the arrival of Malcolm at Macduff, I am more puzzled, but think I see daylight. The history makes Macduff join Malcolm in England, but in this Milton cannot follow it; the unity of place for which he is a stickler absolutely requires that they shall meet and work on the scene where Macbeth is to die. Malcolm flying from the tyrant, because he suspects his guilt and feels himself unsafe, arrives "at Macduff." The somewhat awkward phrase is the only possible one for Milton, because he cannot *locate* Macduff, until he has determined where the catastrophe shall be brought about. But I further conjecture that he fixed on these two names because he had in mind the temptation of Macduff by Malcolm which (Act iv. Scene 3) Shakespeare had already dramatised from Holinshed—but, as I venture to think, too literally and even crudely for *him*—a dialogue which Milton perhaps would have treated more effectively, if it was to be treated at all; a task certainly more to his mind and the taste of his age than to ours. We might conceive this scene, projected in his *earlier* years, ending with the lines in "Paradise Regained" which are among the last he ever penned:—

> An opportunity I here have had
> To try thee, sift thee, and confess have found thee
> Proof against all temptation, as a rock
> Of adamant, and as a centre firm.

Professor Hales thinks that Milton was dissatisfied with Shakespeare's Macbeth on ethical grounds. It is the pathos of sin—if I may, as I must, epitomise Professor Hales—which Shakespeare feels; it is the shame, the unreasonableness, the wanton folly of it that strikes Milton. This seems to be as possible as it is certainly forcibly urged. Assuredly into the theme, however Greek he might have made it in form, Milton would have infused the Hebrew spirit. Yet all in this respect which Milton could achieve which was worth the doing Shakespeare has already unconsciously done; for it seems to me that the great counterpart to the most striking features of the story of Macbeth as told by Shakespeare is to be found in Hebrew history in the last scenes of the story of Saul. There is the same gloom, and jealousy, and suspicion, and dread; the same mind diseased to which no leech can minister; the same guilty memory from which no art can pluck the rooted sorrow; the same sense of desertion. The highest poetry of all is universal, not national, never to be defined in the language of any critical school. It is that voice of Nature and passion which, as Gibbon has said, is the same in Palestine and in Britain.

D. C. Tovey.

REVIEWS.

EREWHON.*

Stories of imaginary travel present as many varieties as Polonius claimed for the drama, and all are in their respective ways excellent reading. There is the simple record of adventure, unmixed with any plot, where nature and probability are strictly preserved, where nothing happens that might not easily happen, and where no secondary purpose underlies the narrative; of which class the immortal "Robinson Crusoe" is, and always will be, the best specimen, for it is beyond reason there should ever be an equal. Next, there is the same sort of story, nature still adhered to, but composed with the deliberate intention of imparting knowledge—the story which is freely interlarded with lectures on the fauna and flora, on physical geography, astronomy, geology, and any other matters for which books of reference are handy. Sometimes, instead of lectures, we are asked to listen to an outpouring of this miscellaneous information from a cousin of the late Mr. Barlow, and then the terror is made worse with feeble jokes; "The Swiss Family Robinson" is the type. Then there is the story which the author uses as a vehicle for airing his opinions on the social and political questions of the day, accompanying them with a satire which may be savage or playful, according as we find it in "Gulliver's Travels," or "Utopia," or "The Coming Race," or "Erewhon," or "A Journey to the World Underground." Again, there is the story of travel combined with more or less of a plot, as "Peter Wilkins," "King Solomon's Mines," and others by Mr. Rider Haggard and his successors, where the incidents range from the frankly marvellous to the plain humdrum. Nor must be forgotten the downright tarradiddle posing as truth—"and the same with intent to deceive"—in which the ingenious compiler of "Sir John Mandeville" was unrivalled till an artist, happily still living, deposed him from his pride of place. Such an essay as "The History of Automathes," by the luckless clergyman who lost his cure for accidentally omitting the name of King George when reading the prayers one day in church, seems to stand by itself.

These different classes of the romance errant have all in their time had staunch admirers, but if heads are counted, that which aspires to no more than pure fiction, weaving the marvellous with a tolerably interesting plot, is certainly now the favourite, and the more prosaic the personages who find their way to a strange land—*i.e.*, the sharper the contrast with their surroundings—the greater will be the pleasure they afford. The author who can cleverly satirise modern life under the guise of an imaginary country and its peoples is still, however, sure of a good success, and no one has of late years deserved this better than Mr. Samuel Butler.

The present writer well remembers the keen delight with which he read and re-read "Erewhon" when it came out thirty years ago. Without possessing the literary charm of "The Coming Race," it suggested trains of thought which put it above that fascinating book. The grave irony of the chapter on Machines, the hard hitting in the parable of the Musical Banks, and perhaps better than either the moral taught by the Family Straighteners (no less apposite now than then), were only not quite perfect because they were a little wanting in distinctness of expression. Again, nothing could be better than the case of Mahaina, who pretended to be a dipsomaniac in order to conceal the crime of indigestion from which she really suffered, or the history of the statues and the way in which people sat for them. The Colleges of Unreason were delightful banter:—

> The main feature in their system is the prominence which they give to a study which I can only translate by the word "hypothetics." They argue thus—that to teach a boy merely the nature of things which exist in the world around him, and about which he will have to be conversant during his whole life, would be giving him but a narrow and shallow conception of the universe, which, it is urged, might contain all manner of things which are not now to be found therein. . . . To imagine a set of utterly strange and impossible contingencies, and require the youths to give intelligent answers to the questions that arise therefrom, is reckoned the fittest conceivable way of preparing them for the actual conduct of their affairs in after life.

Thus the Erewhonian youth is taught "the hypothetical language" for many years, a language to which the authorities attach so much importance that they will give anyone "a maintenance for life if he attains a considerable proficiency in the study of it."

Mr. Higgs, the adventurous Englishman who penetrated into this remarkable land, and escaped from it in a balloon with one of its fairest daughters, revisits it after the lapse of twenty years, and this enables Mr. Butler to give the world a sequel which, like most (but not all) sequels, falls considerably short of the original. It is more of a connected story, has more of human interest in it, but the only satire introduced deals with religion and is not altogether happy, again partly because it is not sufficiently clear. The fact is that the day has gone by for this sort of polemics. Satire in its various forms was a useful safety-valve for the *odium theologicum* at one time, but now there are plenty of opportunities for straightforward argument, for direct expression of opinion,

* Erewhon; or, Over the Range. By Samuel Butler, author of "Habit and Life," etc. New and revised edition. Grant Richards. 6s.

Erewhon Revisited. Uniform with the above.

and elaborate allegory is not required. Nothing can be said by Mr. Higgs in explanation and refutation of Messrs. Hanky and Panky that could not be said better in outspoken controversy. It was another thing altogether with the Musical Banks in the original volume. That was a truthful and well-needed satire on the common disposition to pay more attention to the dictates of Mrs. Grundy than to the general laws of Christianity, without going into any differences of sect or dogma, a perfectly legitimate chastisement. There are many good bits in this sequel, but the general effect is a waste of power and ingenuity. Moreover, the twisting of texts is not particularly clever, and is certainly not in good taste. The author is right in his supposition that the first "Erewhon' will be thought "the better reading of the two."

CLASSICAL PHILOLOGY.*

THIS volume of classical studies derives additional interest from the fact that it is written by Professor Goodwin's pupils and colleagues, past and present, to celebrate his academic jubilee, and it bears additional testimony to the thoroughness —the ultra-Teutonic thoroughness, one might almost say— with which the foundations of classical learning are laid in the United States. Perhaps it would be carping criticism to say that in the attention to detail we miss the wider point of view; yet out of twenty-five essays over twenty are devoted to special and rather limited subjects, and the only two which possess any general literary interest—Mr. Everett's on "Catullus v. Horace," and Mr. Dyer's on "Plato as a Playwright"—are certainly not the best in the volume. This reservation made, it remains to be said that much of the rest is of considerable value to scholars. It is difficult to know what to select for special mention, but we may call attention to (1) Mr. Gardner Hale's paper on "The Origin of Subjunctive and Optative Conditions in Greek and Latin." Mr. Hale's views of the fundamental meanings of the subjunctive and optative have already won general acceptance, and in applying them to the consideration of the origin of the conditional sentence he wisely avoids that excessive desire for simplification which vitiated Lange's theory, luminous as that theory was in other respects. Mr. Hale is content to trace in subjunctive conditions the remains of two fundamental ideas, and in optative conditions the remains of three. Space forbids an examination of the theory now propounded; but we should like to quote two dicta of Mr. Hale's as of especial value to practical grammarians. The first is that "comparative study is not a whit less important in syntax than in Formenlehre," and the second that "far too little importance has been attached to the part which fusion of two or more case-constructions has actually played in the development of language." (2) Two papers, by Mr. C. L. Smith and Mr. A. A. Howard respectively, on the later MSS. of Suetonius. As usually happens when the earlier MSS. of an author have been more or less exhausted, more attention is being paid to the fifteenth century MSS. of Suetonius, and Messrs. Smith and Howard have little difficulty in showing that, though they are doubtless, like most MSS. of the same period, largely interpolated, a considerable proportion of their correct readings in all probability represents a genuine tradition. We hope that Mr. Smith will follow up his "preliminary study" in this direction. (3) Mr. J. C. Rolfe's paper on the preposition *ab* in Horace. The most valuable part of this article has already appeared in Wölfflin's "Archiv," and it is only in so far as it deals with Horace in particular that it contains anything new, and even here what is of particular value is to be found mainly in references to other writings of Mr. Rolfe's in the *Classical Review*. Nevertheless, the paper is of considerable interest, and is a model of good classification. Individual explanations may, however, be questioned. For example, we would rather refer Sat. ii. 2, 10, *equo lassus ab indomito* to the rubric of "origin" (*cf. laborare ab*, and the passages quoted in the "Thes. Ling. Lat." 31, 10, etc.) than see in it an idea of agency; and we do not think it could by any possibility be temporal.

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(5) THE HISTORY OF HEROD. By John Vickers. Williams and Norgate. 6s.
(6) ST. JOHN'S GOSPEL. Edited by A. E. Hillard. Rivington's "Books of the Bible."

(1) A new book, by Professor G. H. Gilbert, of Chicago, on the teaching of the New Testament Epistles and of the Apocalypse, takes the reader carefully over the ground, and is likely to be useful to students, if read with discrimination. The title which he gives the volume is intended to emphasise the fact that "this first interpretation of Christianity" is, "after all, only an interpretation, and not the very Gospel itself, that the Lord Jesus Christ, His word and work, His Life, and Death, and Resurrection, is infinitely more than any interpretation, even though it be apostolic and inspired." And so Professor Gilbert's aim is to ascertain, "not to defend," the views of the Gospel put forward by St. Paul, St. Peter, and the rest. It might be taken as a consequence of such a conception of the Apostolic writings, that we are entitled to reject, if it seems good to us, the interpretation of Christ presented, say, by St. Paul, although his opinions must necessarily be weighed with attention and treated with respect. But this does not seem to be Professor Gilbert's attitude, although his words suggest it. He only means that his aim in this particular volume is historical, not critical or apologetic. With his estimate of St. Paul's Christology we are not satisfied. There is a great deal of useful work in the chapter on "Jesus the Messiah," but the interpretation offered of Rom. ix. 5 and of Phil. ii. 6 is inadequate. To say that "even if the word *God* is predicted of Christ in Rom. ix. 5, yet we have in the Old Testament and in the usage of Jesus the best of reasons for understanding the word in a qualified sense," is not very convincing exegesis. And his pronouncement that the passages 1 Tim. iii. 2, 12, v. 9, are "not aimed at polygamy or second marriage, but at unchastity," seems contrary to the plain words used. There is something curiously wrong in the note on page 256, which asserts that "The reference of δεσπότης to God (in Jude 4) is favoured by New Testament usage, 2 Pet ii. 1 being the only exception," for in 2 Pet. ii. 1 δεσπότης undoubtedly refers to our Lord as it does in Jude 4, and in 1 Tim. vi. 1, 2, Tit. ii. 9, 1 Pet. ii. 18, it is applied to human masters. A more careful examination might detect other slips; but we do not look for them. The book is, despite the inadequacy of its interpretation of St. Paul's Christology, one which it would repay a student to work through, looking out all the references and forming his own conclusions.

(2) We have received the two latest instalments of the *Century Bible*, and we are glad to see that the series is likely to keep up the reputation earned by the early volumes. The introductions are capable and scholarly, and the notes give all necessary help to the student. It has now become apparent, however, that the notes in the *Century Bible* are not free from doctrinal bias. Dr. Horton hardly does himself justice in some of his comments on St. Paul's language in the Pastoral Epistles. His note on the words, "The Lord grant mercy unto the house of Onesiphorus," affords a curious illustration of the straits in which dogmatic pre-suppositions place an able and interesting commentator. He admits it probable that Onesiphorus was dead, but immediately asserts that "if this is a prayer for the dead, it brings the composition of the letter into the second century, and negatives the Pauline authorship"; and he then urges at some length that the practice of "offering masses" for the dead is unscriptural and superstitious. "To pray for the dead, and to offer masses for them, is a thought remote from the apostolic mind.' How does Dr. Horton know this? There is no relevancy in his polemic against the offering of Masses, for there is nothing

about them in his text ; and to assert that the Epistle cannot be of the first century because a prayer for the dead seems to be contained in it, is neither good exegesis nor good criticism. There are many other indications in Dr. Horton's notes that he is not so free from prejudice as he would have us believe ; and we cannot but think it a pity that controversial divinity should be dragged into comments on Scripture, as it is by him on every possible occasion. And we cannot understand his statement, in the introduction, that the genuineness of the Pastoral Epistles is a question only of secondary interest, provided it be recognised that they contain Pauline doctrine. Inasmuch as they distinctly claim St. Paul as their author, our view of the authority of the canon and of the Epistles themselves must be seriously altered if we cannot admit their claim. Mr. Garvie's volume is less striking than Dr. Horton's, but it is carefully executed, and his notes are thoughtful and suggestive.

(3) Dr. Kennedy has adopted the view of some German critics that the second Canonical Epistle to the Corinthians is a composite document, made up of two parts, cc. i.—ix., and cc. x.—xiii. of which the latter section is a fragment of a letter earlier in date than that which included the former section. We are bound to say that Dr. Kennedy has put forward his case with originality and force, and that he has made it more plausible than any of his German predecessors. But we are not persuaded that he is right, despite the acuteness of his reasoning. The connection between cc. ix. and x. of 2 Corinthians is, indeed, not very close ; at this point a new section of the Epistle begins. But we are of opinion that although the circumstances under which the Epistle was written are difficult to trace with precision, still greater difficulties beset the attempt to cut it in two. And the scheme of the movements of St. Paul and of his colleagues Timothy and Titus which is pre-supposed by Dr. Kennedy's reasoning is, if we understand it aright, too elaborate and dependent upon too many subsidiary hypotheses to command assent.

(4) Mr. Way's new version of St. Paul's Epistles is a careful piece of work, and it may be very useful "to the mass of hearers and readers who are untrained in theology, who do not consult commentaries," for whom he intends it. He refuses to call it a "paraphrase," but it is a much freer translation than those in common use, and he has judged it necessary to expand so many passages in order to bring out the sense, that "paraphrase" is probably the best word that could be chosen to describe his version. A novel feature is the substitution of the title "Messiah" for "Christ" throughout, which has the advantage of recalling to the reader's mind the connection between the Old Covenant and the New, despite its obvious clumsiness. Another point will strike Mr. Way's readers with some surprise—viz., the number of passages which he prints as hymns, and which he regards as quotations made by St. Paul from "spiritual songs" of the Church. It has long been recognised as likely that we have preserved in St. Paul's later letters two or three fragments of early Christian hymnology, but Mr. Way finds nearly fifty such passages. We do not think, however, that his view can be sustained in many cases.

(5) Mr. Vickers bids us on his title-page to take "another look at a man emerging from twenty centuries of calumny," and has written a book to prove that Herod the Great had some fine qualities, and that it is unreasonable to "expose him on an everlasting gibbet to the execration of mankind." Mr. Vickers is unnecessarily vehement, for no modern writer of repute has denied Herod's title to fame as an able and politic ruler. But that he was unscrupulous it is impossible to deny, and no special pleading can explain away his cruelty. The extravagance of Mr. Vicker's *apologia* may be illustrated by his remark that if Herod were alive at the present day "we should certainly hear him spoken of in every direction as a good Christian gentleman !"

(6) Mr. Hilliard's little book on St. John's Gospel is intended for school use, and contains some useful information in the Introduction. But the notes appear to us to be quite inadequate. It is necessary that a school book should be concise, but difficulties ought not to be passed by without comment.

SOME ENGLISH SCHOOL BOOKS.

Blackwood's English Classics—Pope : Rape of the Lock, and other poems, edited by G. Soutar ; *Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Keats : Selections*, A. D. Innes ; *Lamb : Select Essays*, Agnes Wilson, 2s. 6d. ; *Hazlitt : Essays on Poetry*, D. Nichol Smith ; *The George Eliot Reader*, Elizabeth Lee.—It is a very encouraging sign that so many books of choice English are being published for school use. English is still very generally neglected in schools ; few public schools give more than one hour a week to it, some give no time at all. But these attractive books, well printed and got up, and edited with brief biographies, introductions, and notes, may do something to create a taste for English even where none exists. We have no criticism to offer on the authors selected. All are first-rate of their kind, and some acquaintance with them is necessary for the educated man or woman. Pope is artificial, it is true ; but there are those whom even Pope's Homer has inspired, whilst his *Rape of the Lock* is the most perfect example of the mock epic. His style, too, for its very artificiality and polish, is most useful to the teacher at that stage where he has to explain to young minds what is the meaning of literary form. In this Pope resembles the Latin elegiac, which is one of the best educational instruments conceivable. The other pieces in this book are the *Essay on Man* and one or two *Epistles*. The Introduction is excellent, light in touch, and seasoned with salt, though there are too many notes. The second number gives us some of Wordsworth's most delightful lyrics, some twenty noble sonnets, and a few extracts from the longer poems. The Introduction again is good, and the notes happily few. From Coleridge, the *Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*—but to select from Coleridge is always to choose the same things up to a certain point ; his best is incomparable From Keats we have the *Eve of St. Agnes*, the *Nightingale*. the *Grecian Urn*, and a dozen more lyrics of his best, with a dozen or so of sonnets. This volume is a rich treat of fine verse ; but we are left once more cursing the man from Porlock. O that man from Porlock ! surely he can never have had rest in his grave. He must have a limbo to himself with the man who burnt the Elizabethan plays, the maid who lit the fire with the Percy manuscript, Sir Isaac Newton's dog, and the monks of Mount Athos. We are glad to turn from that Porlock man to beloved Charles Lamb, who is always a welcome guest, with his cheerful pluck and whimsical humour. *Christ's Hospital, Valentine's Day*, the *Old and New Schoolmaster, Roast Pig*—how we smack our lips over the flavour which never grows stale ! and quietly drop a tear of sympathy over the *Dream Children* who would have found him so delightful a father, or relish the keen criticism of *Shakespeare's Tragedies*. Miss Wilson brings out the heroism of the noble soul, which showed its brighter side only in *Elia* ; and she, too, has avoided the pitfall of long notes. No unworthy member of this distinguished company is Hazlitt, and he is the more welcome because he has been neglected of late years. His noble words about Christ would alone make this book worth having ; but besides there is a criticism of literature sympathetic and keen, which places him in the front rank of critics, and is particularly needed at this day, when the world is flooded with detestable trash at sixpence the dustbin. The book is well edited. Messrs. Blackwood are to be congratulated on these four books. The *George Eliot Reader* appeals to a different audience. Those must be babes indeed who wish to take George Eliot in selections ; but for elementary schools and for young children it will doubtless prove useful. The extracts are quite interesting by themselves. One cannot read the sketch of England in the coaching days without keen regrets ; Tom and Maggie Tulliver, with their delightful aunts and uncles, and anything connected with Mrs. Poyser, can never pall. We are much mistaken if this book does not send those who do not know their George Eliot to the fountain head, and make those who do know her seek the old pleasures again :—

Cras amet qui numquam amavit,
Quique amavit, cras amet.

A worthy place in our educational budget must be given to *English History from Original Sources*, 1307-1399 (N. L. Frazer, Black's Historical Series, 2s.). The idea is excellent: to provide a reading-book in which accounts of great events, recorded by eye-witnesses or contemporaries, may be found. Some licence is taken in adding extracts from the poets, such as Marlowe, but it will readily be conceded. The chroniclers Froissart, Knighton, Robert of Avesbury, Adam Murimuth, Thomas Walsingham, the Chronicle of Lanercost, Statutes of the Realm, Rymer's *Fœdera*, with many other authorities, are laid under contribution; and political poems or dramatists supply the colour. A bibliography and a list of events, with dates, are added. The book is highly interesting and well done, and is likely to be useful in many ways: not for its interest only, but to suggest lessons in criticism when accounts differ, and to send students to the fountain-head. We can cordially recommend it.

The teaching of geography is in a state of flux at present, and only one thing is certain, that teachers have not yet found out the right way. Hence the number of new geography books which are published. Messrs. Blackie have sent us *The British Isles and Europe*, No. IV. B., in their New Century Geographical Readers. This tells nothing of those minute details which are dear to the Oxford and Cambridge examiner; it is divided into short sections of description, with a few necessary names, and illustrated with plain and coloured pictures. It is certainly a good Reader for young children, and the pictures if rather crude will teach them a good deal about foreign lands. There are several maps—some photographed from maps in relief, others industrial, physical, or political. Our chief criticism is that to indicate mountains by thick black daubs is bad; otherwise these maps are a step in the right direction. When the Geographical Association becomes better known we shall go further still.

In Blackie's English Classics we have *Browning's Strafford* (Agnes Wilson, 2s.), and *Macaulay's Johnson and Goldsmith* (J. Downie, 2s.). Miss Wilson, in particular, deserves the gratitude of schools for editing *Strafford*, which will prove useful to the historian and the general reader as well as teachers of literature. Both editions have the usual fault, too many notes and too much introduction; otherwise the work is good and accurate. When will editors learn how much the half is greater than the whole?

FICTION.

New Canterbury Tales. By Maurice Hewlett. Constable. 6s.—In his extremely interesting and individual work Mr. Hewlett needs to beware of two temptations: that of imitating too closely his masters, the old writers of romance, and that of imitating too closely—Maurice Hewlett. In his last volume he has not wholly escaped either peril, and *New Canterbury Tales* cannot in consequence be considered a satisfactory successor to "The Forest Lovers" or "Little Novels of Italy." While in those earlier works the author set us beholding life in convincing though unwonted semblance, here we behold chiefly Chaucer, Boccacio, or some unnamed, old-world chronicler. Very charming are these tales; no more vivid or delicately detailed pageant was ever set defiling along cloister or palace walls by Pinturicchio or Benozzo Gozzoli. They are, however, for the most part "chases in arras," while in the "Forest Lovers" we ourselves went wandering with adventurous knights and questing lovers through the mysterious depths of Morgraunt Forest. At his best, Mr. Hewlett is as close to the heart of mediævalism as ever Malory was, or he who wrote the High History of the Holy Grail. He sees and renders with amazing actuality its brutal and fantastically fastidious warfare, its strange excesses and delicacies of love, its child-like faith, at once visionary and concrete. It is his peculiar power and mission to stir with very real pulsations of life those rich, obsolete trappings of old days, to convince us of the mere humanity, akin to our own, underlying the aspirations, sins, and credulities so alien from us. This he has accomplished more than once, but it cannot be affirmed that the last volume quite repeats the spell. It is rather a remote reproduction than a vital re-creation. The new Canterbury Pilgrims are but a shadowy group beside that immortal company which set forth from the Tabard Inn on a far-away April morning, nor do we succeed in being much interested in the personalities or the suggested love-story of Percival Perceforest and Mistress Mawdleyn Touchett. They tell their stories very deftly, nevertheless, and it is quite in keeping that the redoubtable Captain Brazenhead, the soldier of fortune, should beguile the time with a tragic romance of Italian love, treachery, and revenge, and that the Lady Prioress of Ambresbury, a gentle-natured dame, for all her devout precision, should edify her companions by the tale of the child-saint Gervase of Plessy, who converted all the Jews of his town "by mere simplicity." Perhaps the most pleasing of the narratives is that of the Scrivener, wherein is retold the old romance of King Edward III. and his love for Alys, Countess of Salisbury; a fine study of a pure and valiant lady. The first meeting in the besieged and relieved castle of Wark, the fateful game of chess, with the symbolically burning ruby as the stake, the tournament in which the Earl of Salisbury falls—here we have a series of effective and typical pictures of the time, and the final discomfiture of the amorous king is well given. We read the story, however, as we do most of these chronicles, with an eye alert for its wealth of picturesque detail, but a heart little troubled by its vicissitudes of love and pain. One and one only of the group is of a very different nature, and that is Dan Costard's tale of Peredore and Paravail. If we may read between the lines of the "advertisement," the study was discountenanced by discreet editors, and some sensitive-minded critics appear to have felt the same objection. In spite of this we are constrained to regard it as indubitably the masterpiece of the book, and a singularly strong and beautiful bit of work, for all its grotesque touches and truly mediæval frankness of speech. The witchcraft and the superstitious piety which figure so largely in this "loving history" are essentially of the time, but the travail, the striving bewilderment of passion, are of all time. There is spiritual drama in the struggle of Vigilas, the beatified hermit, shaken by one hour of human love for a helpless child from the sterile heights of thirty years' self-conscious sanctity, in the growing savagery and superstition with which he fights a growing passion, almost to the destruction of himself and the girl he has sheltered, and in his final renouncement and the militant penitence with which he goes to do the Lord's work in hell. In his agony and triumph is manifested the same white heat of emotion as that which made nobly possible the quite impossible climax of "Richard Yea-and-Nay." Peredore, the shepherd who wins and saves the soulless maidens by the force of simple and selfless devotion, and Paravail herself, the bride rescued *par avail*, supply the idyllic element to a story which appears to be the page of an illuminated missal brought to life—life intense and undeniable. Certain of Mr. Hewlett's mannerisms of style are evident throughout this book, but to these his readers have possibly grown accustomed. It is, at least, a thankless task to pull out threads in his delightful tapestry of ancient romance.

Circumstance. By G. Weir Mitchell, M.D. Macmillan. 6s. —Dr. Weir Mitchell's novels belong to the class of books which fulfil the function proper to literature of stimulating thought, and his latest book, *Circumstance*, makes no exception to the rule. The motto on the fly-leaf gives us the motive in a parable from Nature:—"On a hilltop of an island endeared to me by many memories, the ocean wind has permanently bent pine, fir, and spruce. Here and there a single tree remains upright, steadily refusing to record the effect of circumstance on character." To that tree—to the man or woman signified by that tree—the book makes its curtsey. But it makes it elaborately, with a long train of incident that sweeps away a good selection of characters upon which circumstance does write its deteriorating mark. Very interesting certainly is all the character study given us in the story, and very full of suggestion are many of its *aperçus*.

But somehow we do not find in this volume quite as much charm and vitality as we did either in the two inexhaustibly informing and entertaining books about Dr. North and his friends, or in the lovely novel called "Far in the Forest." There is just a little too much of the detail of commonplace things in the portraits of the scheming woman and the silly girl who runs after her. And the self-abnegation of Miss Clementina is watered down to a tiresome point of insipidity. On the other hand, Mary Fairthorne and the Doctor are thoroughly good; and the bottom of self-protecting selfishness in Mr. Fairthorne is exceedingly cleverly done. Apart, however, from praise and blame of particular points, the general idea is carried out with admirable effect; and there is a truth of deadly wholesomeness in the development of circumstance by which Mrs. Hunter becomes, contrary to her natural inclination, a murderess.

The Sinner and the Problem. By Eric Parker. Macmillan. 6s.—There are some extremely pretty impressionist sketches of nature mixed up with curiously clever character studies in *The Sinner and the Problem.* Plot there is none; and—still odder want—names there are none, from the beginning of the book to the end. There is "I.," an artist recovering from illness and staying with a friend in the country. The friend is always "mine host," his wife is "mine hostess." One discovers in a casual way as one reads on that "mine host" keeps a school, and that two other characters, "The Chief Butler" and "The Other Man," are his under-masters. Two boys, both perfectly delightful, come and watch the artist at his work, and are called by him the Sinner and the Problem respectively. A red-brick house with a lake makes a pleasing object in the landscape. The boys explain that it belongs to "a lady," and that the lady is "not what you could call very old"—not much more than one-and-twenty. This lady of the lake becomes the heroine of the artist's romance. Another character who turns up is "The Publican," a boy who is not nice at all, and who makes it his business to lend small sums at appalling rates of interest to his school-fellows. The artist picks up his pocket-book and taxes him with his sins. The objectionable boy has a mother known in the story as "the dusty lady," who loves him better than he deserves, while the Sinner has an aunt who is a very unattractive person, though she becomes pathetic when the Sinner falls ill. One reads on, wondering what it is all coming to; and suddenly the book ends, leaving one wishing that it had been as long again.

A Nest of Linnets. By Frank Frankfort Moore. Hutchinson and Co. 6s.—In *A Nest of Linnets* Mr. Frankfort Moore spins a very pleasant little romance out of the various versions of the elopement of Sheridan and Miss Elizabeth Linley. The three principal characters—Sheridan, his Elizabeth, and Mr. Walter Long—are boldly idealised. The Bath society of the day, with its brilliant galaxy of wits, beauties, and fine ladies, is reproduced with much vivacity; and the inner circle of musical spirits who gather at the house of Dr. Linley, the music-master, is painted with fine sympathy and understanding. The dialogue bristles with topical allusions of the day, and in the incidents—and some of the talk—there is foreshadowing of many points of the comedies Sheridan was to write by-and-by. As one reads the story, one only regrets that it is not all true. The Sheridan of Mr. Moore's imagination is a nature of such perfect magnanimity as well as charm that one cannot believe him capable of any of the shrewdly mercenary tricks by which the real Sheridan endeavoured to defeat the consequences of his own recklessness.

The World's Delight. By Mary J. H. Skrine. John Lane. 6s. —A whole stout volume of stories about children, with dialogue mostly in baby-talk, is a little fatiguing to the adult reader, and Miss Skrine's really charming studies of childhood were probably read to greater advantage singly, as some of them appeared, in magazine form. They have many of the essential qualities of true child-stories: a sense of the spontaneous and irresponsible always so strong in children's minds, a great tenderness, and not a little humour. Miss Skrine understands every variety of child, from the little Highland Christina, a mother to her baby-sister, to the imperious little son of the Indian colonel with his hatred of "blackies." The twins, Ma Betty and Ma Peggy, to whom the book is dedicated, are highly entertaining little people with their long train of toy monkeys and their elaborate make-believe. But even the most sympathetic "grown-up" finds it difficult always to remain on a child's level, and "Madame Prue" seems to us full of ideas that only an adult could put into a child's brain. The last story, "A Friend of Master Francis," a little emotional peasant-boy of the Campagna befriended by St. Francis Xavier, would be entirely charming were it not for the ending.

The Wealth of Mallerstang. By Algernon Gissing. Chatto and Windus. 6s.—The thoughtful style of this book well suits its serious subject. It depicts the uneasiness, rising to open revolt in some, when the dalesmen of Yorkshire suspect the advance of commerce and her factories into one of their loveliest valleys. The time is over a hundred years ago, and the spirit abroad is that of the French revolutionaries. The heroine, Deborah, a saintly girl of passionless nature, threads her way among the rioters without fear, and there is a second girl, Mally, whose office is to conceal and rescue her lover, and to persuade him to a peaceful emigration. Among the details of the plots and counterplots there are parts that remain obscure, and others connnected with the easy defiance of warrants by the outlaw, to which we take objection, but at all events we escape a long explanatory narrative, and the atmosphere is so true that we feel ourselves in the Yorkshire dales.

A Blind Marriage. By G. R. Sims. Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.—Very short stories of an optimistic type go to the composition of the new book by the author of the "Dagonet Ballads." They deal largely with Christmas feasts, in the vein of Charles Dickens. Millionaires, who were once fraudulent clerks, find out their old employers, to provide dowries and salaries for penniless lovers; baronets go out like Haroun al Raschid, and bring home lost brothers; or the same effect is produced in the reverse way, and detectives, sitting at Christmas dinners in the character of crossing-sweepers, clap handcuffs on thieving financiers who stand in the way of honest suitors. Everybody talks much alike, and we are afraid it is all very obvious, though, doubtless, well meaning.

Antonia. By Jessie Van Zile Belden. John Murray. 2s. 6d.—*Antonia*, the new volume in Mr. Murray's fascinating half-crown series, keeps up the reputation won by its predecessors. The story is of the early days of Dutch colonising on the Hudson River. It is told with vigour and distinction, and the two principal characters—the man with the passion and the woman with the prejudice—stand out in noble simplicity and charm agains the wild and rude background of savage and semi-savage life.

Fortune's Darling. By Walter Raymond. Methuen. 6s.—*Fortune's Darling* is a novel with clever things in it, but somehow wanting the harmonising touch that convinces and charms. It is difficult to like any of the characters, and the incident of the swallowed diamond is sensational and improbable.

THE QUARTERLIES.

In the *Quarterly Review* the leading place is given to an article on the Empress Frederick, written by one who knew her well; less anecdotal and graphic than the account of her Royal mother which made so much impression six months ago, but presenting an admirable picture of her wise and systematic philanthropy, her sad home life, her devotion to art and nature, and her patience under suffering. "The National Conflict in Austria-Hungary" is a really admirable account of the Nationalist agitations in both parts of the Dual Monarchy. Quoting with approval the saying of a Bohemian historian that "if an Austria did not exist, it would be necessary to invent one"—to keep the struggling

races which composes it in order—the writer sketches with force and truth the history of the struggle since 1897, and traces it, no doubt correctly, to "the intolerant, arrogant, modern tendency which has spread over the world since 1848, and is nothing less than an overweening national egoism." And he describes the intolerable tyranny of the Magyars over the subject nationalities, especially the German, which they seek to Magyarise by force. When the independence they desire arrives, these races, he thinks, will rise against Magyar dominion. "The South Pole" explains what has been and may be done by its explorers towards correcting the deviations of the compass, and reconstructing the physical history of the earth and its life. An appreciative account of Miss Yonge's novels, seemingly by one who knew her, contains some good things over and above its criticisms. Notably it does justice to the work of the *Monthly Packet* in promoting girls' education ; and it suggests that her novels, and their tone, were the outcome of an age made serious and strenuous by the British struggle with France. In that age, heroes and heroines did their duty mostly ; now they usually do otherwise. "The Origin of Modern Scotland" is a pleasant summary of the marvellous progress of Scotland in the eighteenth century, apparently "swimming on a sea of alcohol from dirt and poverty to comparative dignity and positive wealth." "The Modern Troubadours" is an account of modern Provençal poetry and prose which may well be commended to students; "the Plague," a comprehensive and interesting article, ranging from the Black Death to India to-day. "The Paralysis of Parliament" traces that evil chiefly to bad business arrangements, and proposes reforms in procedure and "devolution"—not to separate legislatures but to Grand Committees, together with an abolition of the sessional "massacre of the innocents."

The *Edinburgh Review* opens with one of those valuable and very solid historical articles which are its leading characteristic, but the rest is lighter and above the average in variety and interest. "Rome and the Novelists," apart from some good parenthetic criticisms, contains a powerful exposition of the reasons why the Roman Church is attractive. Presumably the writer means to be impartial, but his exposition of the Protestant view, which closes the article, comes as an anti-climax, and makes for the advantage of Rome. "The Macedonian Agitation" is a really valuable account, by an eye-witness, of the appalling Turkish mismanagement and oppression in the province. He tells how he saw the idyllic joys of the vintage spoilt by a "surprise visit" of the tax-gatherers; how the notables toiled to prepare the assessment in time ; and how the tax-gatherers' tail of Jew brokers and money-lenders went off with valuables and mortgages, that the peasants might keep out of prison. And he tells us details we never get in the papers—how letters are opened in the Turkish post-office so often that they reach their destination almost worn out; how the Roumanian propaganda is a fraud, repudiated by its objects the Kutzovlachs, whose sympathies are Hellenic; how, in the zone which is partly Bulgarian, partly Greek, it is far more likely that the versatile Greek has become a Bulgarian than *vice versa*—which is directly opposed to the usual view, but eminently probable; and what were the plans of the Macedonian Committee last spring. We can but barely mention the excellent articles on native problems in South Africa—the labour problem and that of replacing tribal by individualist organisation ; on "The Fight Against Consumption," which declares that the disease has mostly been "forced as in a hothouse" by uncleanly practices and closed windows ; and an illuminative account of "The Scandinavian Novel." The writer of "Party Politics and the War" does not despair of the two-party system, but he scoffs at Lord Rosebery's attempt to restore it by a coalition of Liberal Imperialists and seceded Liberal Unionists, and he holds that the Unionists are depressed unnecessarily, that the failures of the Ministry in South Africa are as nothing beside its achievements, and that Liberal Imperialists had best do all they can to strengthen the Government, the more so that they were sharers in the original error which landed us in war.

MAGAZINES.

THE *Nineteenth Century and After* opens with a plea, by the editor, for the revival of the Militia Ballot, chiefly as a means of training a war reserve, while Mr. Hugh C. E. Childers, who follows with a sketch of the law and history of the provision, concludes by pointing out that it will come into operation automatically on January 1st, 1903, and can be hastened by an Order in Council. That the public will press this latter step seems to us hardly probable. Mr. Edmund Robertson, K.C., M.P., follows with the suggestion that the present Government should be replaced by a "Cabinet d'Affaires" of the type familiar abroad, but unknown in England—a Cabinet drawn from Liberal as well as Conservative ranks, whose business it shall be to terminate the war, carry out the South African settlement, and reform the public service, but not to legislate —except, of course, in so far as is implied by these tasks. The argument is well reasoned, but the incidental remarks on our position in South Africa, where, Mr. Robertson thinks, we need "a Monroe doctrine" rather than Empire, would have been more timely in 1899 than now. Mr. Robertson's scheme seems more practicable than the plan favoured by Dr. Guinness Rogers, later in the number, of an Imperialist Liberal Ministry which shall finally break with "Forwards" and "pro-Boers." Dr. Rogers is far too pessimistic as to the present divisions of Liberalism. But the real difficulty in Mr. Robertson's way seems to us to be this : Foreign "Ministries of Affairs" seldom do anything but administer ; if they do more, they get their driving power from the Crown. How can an English Ministry do that? and how can a coalition Ministry get power from the electorate? Of the other articles —more varied and attractive than usual—we may notice Mr. Shaw Lefevre's account of Argentina, which ought to encourage the English investor and the Englishman who wants to start a ranch. But Mr. Shaw Lefevre mentions two great hindrances to English progress—the conservatism of English merchants, and the woful lack of commercial education, we might almost say of business common sense, among the younger British immigrants.

The November number of the *Monthly Review* is remarkably interesting. Mr. William Archer contributes an article on "A Plain Man's Politics," an extremely able and lucid statement of a political idea which, although it is often inarticulate, we believe to be a far from uncommon one. It is an honest attempt to reconcile the present state of affairs in politics with a belief that England is still on the upward and not on the downward path. Now, that is just what every patriotic Englishman desires most earnestly to believe, and on that account we welcome this same contribution of Mr. Archer's to a controversy that tends too much to pessimistic conclusions. It would not be fair to the author to attempt to compress his views, but he takes the broad line that in the South African struggle there is right and wrong on both sides, and that in such a "clash of racial instincts—the progressive and the pastoral, the democratic and the oligarchic"—the terms "just" and "unjust" are too narrow to be applied to the conduct of either party in a contest which is essentially savage and elemental. We recommend this able and temperate article to the perusal of all people who are unhappy about our present political position. Mr. Sydney Brooks writes a well-informed account of Tammany Hall, which is especially interesting in the light of recent events. He does full justice to the beneficent side of Tammany, and he shows clearly enough how formidable is an institution that, however corrupt its ends may be, is able to assure all its members from poverty and injustice. Mr. R. Nisbet Bain writes an able appreciation of Maksim Gorky, the Russian novelist, and there is a translation by M. Mojaysky of a short story by Gorky, entitled "Makar Chudra."

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Ernest Newman, writing on "English Music and Musical Criticism," calls attention to the serious difference between our progress in the creative and in the critical departments of music. Each of these branches of art is, of course, necessary to the other ; but while there has been lately a great advance in English music, there has been no corresponding advance in musical

criticism. As music advances it tends to become more and more articulate and coherent, more definitely expressive of a national or universal spirit; and within the last five years there have been in England the beginnings, after long chaos, of national musical expression. We have found our voice, but there is no solid or enlightened criticism by which to instruct it. In our opinion, however, that will come. The critical must necessarily come after the creative, and, when musical criticism ceases to be confounded with the writings of journalists who wear themselves out by attending innumerable concerts, it will no doubt find its voice. At present it is in bondage to the daily newspapers, with their intolerable impositions in the way of mentioning this and that name, their ruthless restrictions of space, and their demands upon the critic to be ready at all hours with his judgment, whether it is mature or not. As soon as the public realises that there is native music being born in its own country, it will soon demand more intelligent criticism. We are sorry to see that Mr. Fred T. Jane, who generally writes well on Naval subjects, defends the Admiralty methods in his article on "The Seaworthiness of Destroyers." His contentions are more interesting than logical, and they are not at all convincing.

Sir Lepel Griffin, in his article on "The Late Amir and His Successor" in the *Fortnightly*, relates an interesting chapter in the history of Afghanistan. He was present when the late Amir came to the throne, and as representative of the Government on Abdur's accession, was closely connected with him. His first-hand information is most useful and instructive, if a little alarming in its revelations of the risky blunderings possible to British officialism. "Diplomaticus," whose notes on diplomatic affairs are always well informed and to the point, traces, in "A Comedy of Proclamations," the startling futilities and contradictions which have marked our well-meant efforts to end the war by other means than fighting. Major Arthur Griffiths writes on "Military Crime," and Mr. Edward Salmon contributes a note on the Royal Imperial Tour. Mr. Maurice Maeterlinck writes a remarkable essay on "The Mystery of Justice," which reveals the curious, searching, mystic kind of philosophy which is characteristic of the brilliant author.

The new foreign policy proposed by the *National Review* is reserved for notice elsewhere, and the dealings of the *Review* with Sir Redvers Buller have been sufficiently treated of in the daily Press. Professor Dicey continues his advocacy of a redistribution of seats, irrespective of the Act of Union. Sir Charles Warren concludes his lessons from the South African war—which comprise an elaborate defence of the policy of capturing Spion Kop; and Mr. Cripps, M.P., makes suggestions for the reform of Parliamentary procedure, and incidentally defends the practice of "massacring the innocents." But the gems of the number are Mr. Leslie Stephen's proof—by a cipher, quite as good as Mr. Ignatius Donnelly's—that Shakespeare wrote Bacon's works, including the "Novum Organum," which explains why he retired to Stratford-on-Avon; and an account, by two British tourists, of a case in an Irish police-court, which is an excellent comedy, with a moral.

In the *New Liberal Review* Mr. Keir Hardie explains—in answer to questions—the constitution and policy of the Independent Labour Party, incidentally stating that when it gets a footing in St. Stephen's, there can be only two parties, Labour and Non-Labour—a view contradicted by all Continental experience. Mr. Charles Edwardes writes pleasantly on the politics and people of Portugal, and Mr. W. Bleloch gives a hopeful review of the revenue resources of the Transvaal. There is much besides, but the non-political interest of the magazine at present exceeds the political.

In the *Empire Review* we may note two excellent, and optimistic, papers on the British position on the North-West Frontier of India; a defence of Kanaka labour in Queensland, by the Agent-General—who very properly regards Chinese and Japanese immigration as open to totally different and more valid objections; and an examination of the native labour question in South Africa, by an ex-Colonial Secretary of Cape Colony, who claims that the companies have always tried to "settle the native question on a broad and equitable basis." Of the miscellaneous articles, "Down the Loop on a Speeder" (or hand-car), by a plucky Englishwoman, is a most attractive and vivid account of an experience, unusual for a lady, on the Canadian Pacific.

Macmillans.—In a paper not improbably suggested by an exhibition now open, Mr. Lewis F. Day temperately and soundly criticises the "New Art," the art that, in violent reaction from the mistaken mediævalism of our fathers which insisted on only looking back for direction, each man now thinks to evolve for himself out of himself with no backward glance whatever. Mr. Day has a more than plausible theory as to the reason why, seeing that the New Art is nothing if not original, the new originality ends always in the same sort of thing; he deplores the incessant modern search after novelty—"The bigoted demand for antiquity in modern art came from the study; the frivolous demand for novelty came from the shop"—and insists that the value of the new endeavour is not its newness, but the fact that it endeavours, has signs in it of life and energy and courage, if the latter is at present chiefly the courage to go astray. Prof. Fiamingo's "Francesco Crispi" gives in small space a vivid portrait of the man who "in his worship for power, and in the excessive vanity of his grand individuality, conquered a place for Italy among the great Powers of Europe, at a terrible sacrifice to the country itself." "Dickens and Modern Humour" is refreshing reading for those of us who resent the present-day attitude of depreciation or patronising tolerance of the great humourist. An interesting and amusing sketch of Tom D'Urfey—who to most people is a name with a less than vague body attached to it, is contributed by Mr. Hutchinson—who gives extracts from the "Pills to Purge Melancholy," a medicine, like other seventeenth century remedies, long consigned to oblivion. "The Mystery of Collaboration" is a story which just misses being funny by reason of its exaggeration.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* for this month Sir Rowland Blennerhassett's "Recollections of Cardinal Newman" take us one step further towards "realising what manner of man he was in the evening of his days." There still remains much that will not be known until the time—continually, it would seem, becoming more remote—has come for the publication of the letters which the Cardinal "himself desired should in due course be given to the world." Meanwhile we must be content to learn from recollections of those who knew him best how little even now Cardinal Newman is thoroughly understood by either Roman Catholics or Anglicans. No one is better fitted than Sir Rowland Blennerhassett to help to clear up some of these disputed points. Gifted as he is with a singularly tenacious and accurate memory, his close friendship with the Cardinal enabled him to weigh words which with less accurate men might have been unconsciously twisted this way or that. We can only hope that the time is not far off for letting the public know more fully the views of one of the greatest thinkers of the nineteenth century. "The Londoner's Log-Book" is remarkably brilliant this month, and the short stories of "Becky," and "A Lesson in Manners" will help to pass a leisure hour pleasantly. "The Provincial Letters" take us into the Cotteswold country, which is full of delightful literary "ghosts."

Temple Bar.—*Temple Bar* contains a wonderfully varied amount of fiction this month, and is an ideal companion for a lazy hour by the fireside. Love is, of course, the leading theme, though in only one case the story ends happily—the wooing, by the way, in "Love and Photography" is as original as it is swift. "All Soul's Eve" has a touch of the ghost story, so too has "Marion," though we cannot help a feeling that the "Teddy" of the story ought to have been consulted before Marion offered him as a sacrifice—particularly as he did not even belong to her. The sayings of Babette, aged five, seem to us neither more nor less original than those which most mothers hear without publishing. Mr. Crockett's "The Firebrand" adds a martial touch, and Mr. Hood's conversation on "Egoism" a semi-philosophic one to the pleasant general whole.

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THE WEEK.

Home. It is strange that no ingenious publisher has ever bethought him of reprinting the Guildhall speeches of successive Prime Ministers. They would make a convenient abridgment of English history during a large part of the last hundred years. In opening the series for the new century last Saturday, Lord Salisbury was less happy than he usually is. We look in vain for those delightful revelations of the low estimation in which he holds his colleagues, his party, and himself. He seemed to speak because he had to speak, and that is seldom a stimulating consciousness. The reason why the war has been so unexpectedly long was given somewhat with the air of a discoverer. It is a guerilla war, and if we want parallels we must look for them in the Circassians fighting against Russia, the Bretons fighting against the French Republic, the Bosnians fighting against Austria. It is a little strange that Lord Salisbury should have left out the instance to which Sir William Harcourt had so pointedly called his attention the previous day. England has had a typical experience of the obstinacy with which a guerilla war can be waged in the resistance of the Spaniards to Napoleon, and the recollection of that resistance, and of the services it rendered Wellington in the Peninsular War, gives that particular method of fighting a high claim on our respect. It is, we may hope, the kind of warfare to which we should ourselves resort if England were invaded in force. Later in his speech Lord Salisbury placed the case for the war on what in the long run must be its only justification. The Boers are neighbours whose independence "is not consistent with our security." History will have to decide how far this conviction is well founded, but so long as there are two opinions about it, there can be no agreement as to the origin of the war.

Upon the ultimate position of the conquered territories Lord Salisbury spoke with more positiveness than precision. When peace is restored, so much of the population as is not by that time banished for life will at once enjoy "freedom and civil rights," and to this will be added, "within the earliest possible opportunity," those "other blessings of self-government which so many of the King's self-governing Colonies enjoy." In themselves these are excellent and reassuring words. Self-government, in the ample sense in which it is understood in our great colonies, is all that the annexed Republics can hope to have in the South Africa of the future. But if such self-government is to have the smallest attraction for the Boers, they will want to know whether they will be left to remain apart, following their own traditions, and living the life to which they have been accustomed. Promise them that, and it is at least possible that to some of them peace will prove to have unsuspected attractions. Leave them in doubt upon this head—leave them, that is, uncertain whether the voting power in the new colony is to be with the conquered Dutch or the conquering English—and they are likely to fight on to the last. A little plainness of speech now, a few positive statements upon such matters as law, language, and ownership of property, would be of more value than any number of general statements.

Mr. Brodrick took the occasion of a dinner given him by the City Carlton Club to make a detailed statement about the Concentration Camps. We have said from the first that it was the absence of any such explanation that led to such strong expressions of public feeling, even among many who ordinarily are not disposed to play the part of critics. The death rate among infants in the camps, large as it is, is not, he contends, without parallel in our own large towns. In Portsmouth—for infants under one year—it has been as high as 325 per 1,000, and in Birkenhead as high as 362 per 1,000. But are all the infants in camp under one year? There have been difficulties in the camps arising from "obstinate determination not to call in the doctor." It is quite possible that the Boer women are so suspicious of the intentions of English doctors that they are afraid to put their children under their care. After our experience of the anti-vaccination mania in this country such unwillingness is perfectly intelligible. Upon the measures under consideration for improving the

condition of the camps Mr. Brodrick said nothing. If all that we are told about the insanitary condition of these camps is true, the only remedy seems to be their frequent removal to fresh ground. How far this is possible in any given case can only be determined on the spot, but the Government will do well to keep the public informed of each step that is taken in this direction, even though it be only in the way of experiment.

One very satisfactory feature in Mr. Brodrick's speech was the unusual prominence given to the regular army. In his list of reinforcements about to be sent out to Lord Kitchener we find two cavalry regiments, 2,000 trained mounted troops, and two infantry battalions going from home, and four infantry battalions and two cavalry regiments summoned from India. Inasmuch, however, as these are described as fresh troops to replace tired troops, they will give Lord Kitchener no more men than he has already, and only a portion of the new arrivals will be mounted. Still, it is a very great gain that the mistake of neglecting and irritating the army by the hasty employment of untrained Volunteers is not to be repeated. What effect that mistake has had on the regular troops may be inferred from a letter written by a private and printed in the *Times* of yesterday. "Every man," says this ingenuous warrior, "is thoroughly sick of it, and lost all interest in the war now, from the way in which he has been treated out here. But what put the tall hat on it was Brodrick's superior class of five shillings a day men, who when they got here, the majority of them could not tell the muzzle end of a rifle, and now by what we can hear of them they are being packed off home in bundles." This is not an heroic view of the situation, but it is not an unnatural one, and the moral of it is that the Government have at no time during the war paid enough attention to the regular army. To that, rather than to any sudden spurt of Volunteer enthusiasm, the nation has to trust in a great war. But excellent as Mr. Brodrick's intentions now are, does he himself know how they are to be carried out? He has not provided for any large increase of regular troops; he has offered no appreciable inducement to fresh enlistments. Where, then, are the new men to come from?

The present drift of Liberal Imperialist speeches is to distinguish between the policy of the Government and its want of efficiency in carrying out that policy. This is Sir Edward Grey's plan, and it has the obvious advantage of giving the Liberal Imperialists something to attack. We question, however, whether, from the party point of view, much will be gained by the adoption of this method. However imperfectly men may carry out their own ideas, they usually carry them out better than other people, and if what the nation wants is to see Mr. Chamberlain's and Mr. Brodrick's policy put through, it will hardly care to hand over the execution of it to Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey. Mr. Robertson has a different suggestion to offer. All would go well, he thinks, if we could only be rid of Lord Salisbury. His resignation "would at once bring about that change of administration without which we cannot escape from our present imbroglio." Mr. Robertson ought to have indicated with more precision the nature of the change which he thinks would follow upon Lord Salisbury's abdication. He can hardly suppose that the members of the Government would insist upon retiring with their Chief, and thus creating a political vacuum for Lord Rosebery to fill. The alternative and almost certain solution would be a reconstruction of the Cabinet and the probable succession of the Duke of Devonshire. Is this such a change of administration as would, in Mr. Robertson's opinion, help us to "escape from our present imbroglio?" Hardly, we imagine, but it is the only one which in our present circumstances is at all likely to be realised.

Canon Gore has retired—naturally and rightly—from the English Church Union. The Bishop of Lincoln did not, it is true, take the same step, but the position of a Bishop and his relation to current controversies have greatly changed since 1885. In the letter giving the reasons for his resignation Canon Gore thanks Lord Halifax for having defended him when he has been attacked for his opinions—"more, I suspect, than I have known at the time." It has often been said that Lord Halifax is a disintegrating force in the High Church party. Those who speak thus can know nothing of the occasions on which the unity of the party has been threatened with a cleavage far more serious than any of those which have come before the public—occasions when it has taken all the President's long knowledge of the Union, and all his vast influence in it, to prevent a section of High Churchmen from ruling Canon Gore out of the party, and thus paralysing it as an effective factor in ecclesiastical politics.

The severe gale which broke over the country on Tuesday and raged for more than thirty-six hours has taken the usual toll of human life and property. The full tale of disaster is never complete until some time after the storm, but already wrecks and losses have been reported from all parts of our coasts. The most deplorable of these was that of the Revenue cruiser *Active*, a cutter of 135 tons, which foundered in Leith Roads on Tuesday night. The *Active* was anchored about a mile and a half from Granton Pier when the gale caused her to drag her anchors. She drifted rapidly upon the breakwater, and before anything could be done she struck and went down, taking with her the chief officer, Commander Culley, and nineteen of the crew. There are no more able boats for their size than these old Revenue cutters, and no doubt if Commander Culley had had time to get any sail set he would have been able to beat out, however severe the weather. Elsewhere on the coast numerous vessels have gone ashore, but the greatest number of disasters seem to have occurred at the mouths of the Tyne and Wear. The only relief to these gloomy narratives is afforded by the accompanying records of unfailing bravery and devotion shown in attempts to save life.

An accident of a different though not less unfortunate kind took place on H.M.S. *Royal Sovereign* at Malta, resulting in the death of Captain Spurway, R.M.A., and five men, and the wounding of two officers and twenty men. A class was being held in gunnery instruction for men who were qualifying as captains of gun-crews, and there was thus a large number of men standing round the gun. The last shot missed fire, and as Commander Sir R. Arbuthnot and an armourer were bending forward to examine the opened breech, the

shell exploded and blew out upon the deck. Considering the enormous destructive power of a 6-inch shell, the only wonder is that even more men were not killed. What seems really to have happened was that the cap had been ignited when the gun was fired, but, through some defect, did not immediately ignite the explosive charge. There is nothing so dangerous as a gun that has missed fire, and Commander Arbuthnot, who is severely injured, had a marvellous escape from a sudden and dreadful death. The Admiralty has issued a report in which the conduct of the *Royal Sovereign's* crew is highly praised.

Sir Richard Jebb was the chief speaker in a very interesting discussion on educational policy at a dinner of the United Club on Wednesday. The point to which he attaches most importance is the familiar one of a single local authority for elementary and secondary education. The difference between the terms primary and secondary as applied to education "depends less on the the subjects taught than on the general aim of the school and the character of the instruction; and the chief factor in determining these is the leaving age of the pupil." From this unity of subject unity of authority logically follows. Why should there be two different bodies doing what is substantially the same work? Sir Richard Jebb did not deal with the suggestion, of which much will be heard when the Government next bring in an Education Bill, that the School Boards should take over secondary education in addition to their present work, but he pointed out that the longer the School Boards are left in possession of a portion of the field the greater will be the difficulty of placing the whole of it under a single authority. Of the suggestion that all elementary schools "should become in basis undenominational, but in some or all of them any given denomination should be allowed, on paying for it, to have its own doctrines taught at certain times," he only says that "it seems impossible that this plan should be successfully worked." We think that the experience of elementary schools in the colonies, of which we shall give an analysis next week, shows at least that it has been successfully worked elsewhere.

Very little of military importance seems to have happened in South Africa during the week, but there is a prospect of greater activity in the near future. De Wet has again reappeared, and has been collecting a force in the North-Eastern Orange River Colony. The chief aggressive movements have during the week been confined to the Boers. Commandant Maritz has been raiding in the Malmesbury district, and near Harrismith the Boers scored a small success, seventeen British being reported as killed, wounded, or missing. A British convoy moving from Lambert's Bay to Clanwilliam was attacked by Maritz and captured, after the escort had sustained fourteen casualties. The Boers took six waggons and burned the rest. Is not an escort of thirty-five district troops an inadequate protection for a valuable convoy? The loss of a convoy does not matter half so much to us as that the Boers should find and capture it. Lord Kitchener's figures for the week are 63 Boers killed, 105 wounded, 104 prisoners, and 45 surrenders. The final casualty list for Brakenlaagte shows that our losses were 75 killed and 152 wounded, and the Boer losses 44 killed and 100 wounded. This is one of the few recent engagements in which their losses have been lighter than ours.

Foreign

The Sultan has undertaken to concede all the demands of the French Government, and Admiral Caillard's squadron has retired from Mytilene to Syra, where it will remain until it is certain that the undertaking will be fulfilled. The French Government rests content with its success, and will do nothing to protect the Armenians or Macedonians, or to secure the due execution of the Treaty of Berlin. For this, of course, it is violently abused by the same French newspapers as were referring last week to the Jecker Bonds and Napoleon III.'s disastrous expedition to Mexico, but France, of course, must sacrifice something to the wishes of her ally. And it is still the Russian policy to allow Turkey to rot slowly, postponing, as far as possible, any abrupt collapse. For that Russia is not ready, nor, indeed, is Europe. That the French Government felt it had reached the limit of safety, and perhaps exceeded it, is shown by the curious dispute reported between MM. Delcassé and Constans as to their relative responsibilities for bringing on the crisis. However, it has passed over safely, and the Sultan has so far taken warning as to settle satisfactorily no less than fourteen questions which the Ambassador of Austria-Hungary had been pressing for some time without success. Whether the settlement was in consequence of the demonstration, or in anticipation of it, does not seem to make much difference.

The French miners' strike has been in sight again. Their demands were discussed on Wednesday by their delegates and the Labour Committee of the Chamber, but meantime the men have been getting out of hand. The strike, however, could not possibly succeed, and would undoubtedly be used by the adversaries of the Parliamentary Republic to foment disorder and draw the Government on to discredit itself with its Radical supporters by violent measures of repression. A "yellow" or free labour union has already been organised at St. Etienne—chiefly, perhaps, that outrages may be committed on its members and the authorities goaded into avenging them—and, to the great indignation of the miners' representatives, the mining districts have been filled with troops. A premature explosion and failure is evidently feared by the Ministerial Socialists, and M. Jaurès, in the *Pétite République*, warns the men that if they really mean to insist on the eight hours' day and two francs a week pension after twenty-five years' service, they will have to remain on strike longer than the Austrian miners, who were out last year for the record time of three months and a half, and only won a nine hours' day then; and that they should treat the demands merely as bases of negotiation. The Ministry, on its part, has simply tacked to the pending Pensions Bill provisions, until the scheme becomes fully operative, for larger and earlier pensions to miners than to other workmen; and that will hardly satisfy the men. Their leaders have appealed to the English miners to keep English coals out of France during the strike. But internationalism in labour has hardly got so far as that.

The storm of protest against Mr. Chamberlain's references to the conduct of the Germans in the war

with France continues all over Germany, but without moving the Imperial Government. The sympathy with the Boers, of which it is the outcome, is rather incongruous in a country whose officials repress the Danish language in Schleswig, and have just secured the conviction of a number of students for belonging to a society for the promotion of Polish national sentiment and the eventual restoration of the kingdom of Poland. It is true the sentences were lenient, but it is a pity the society was noticed at all. Moreover, a country whose officers not only retain the mediæval institution of trial by battle, but encourage it by the Courts of Honour which were intended to remove the need for it, should hardly resent other charges of excessive mediævalism in warfare. However, the German Government has thought it well to inspire a statement that Mr. Chamberlain's words have been misinterpreted; and we may put aside the rumour that the outcry is driving Germany to an anti-English combination with France and Russia. All three nations have their hands full at home, and their financial outlook is at present unfavourable.

The German Federal Council has made some small changes in the text of the Tariff Bill, and passed it as amended on Tuesday last. The Reichstag meets next Tuesday, and may, perhaps, advance it a stage before Christmas; but the plan of the opposition parties is said to be not to refer it to a committee (the usual course) if they can help it, but to debate every detail in it, within legitimate Parliamentary limits, but at sufficient length to secure that it shall not have passed by the end of 1903. If they succeed, the commercial treaties cannot very well be "denounced" at that date, because the Tariff is to be used to intimidate other nations during the negotiation of new ones; and in 1903 there is a general election. This plan, of course, invites "closure by compartments," but too many people are interested in the discussion of special points in the scheme, for business reasons, to make that course practicable. The most notable objections made this week come from the agriculturists of Bavaria and Oldenburg. Their circumstances are widely different, but agree in this—that they are small holders, and cattle raisers; consequently, they suffer severely from increased duties on cereals and fodder, and they protest that the new duties on imported cattle—which are high enough, one would suppose—afford them no compensation. Moreover, there has been an immense increase, under the commercial treaties, in the number of cattle and pigs in Germany. Is this growing industry to be checked?

In view of the new developments in Spanish politics which will occur when Alfonso XIII. comes of age next May, the municipal elections this year have been more than usually interesting. They have been attended with considerable disorder, and in some places in the south with bloodshed; and the extreme parties have won considerable successes. Liberals seem to predominate, as is natural when the Liberals are in office in a country where the Ministry always "conducts" the elections. But Socialists are returned even in Madrid, so are Carlists, and in some places there is a Republican majority. All this only shows that plenty of opposition is preparing for the new King—and plenty of work for General Weyler.

The forces of Tammany Hall have been routed in New York; the Tammany of Naples has met with sufficient, if less conspicuous, defeat. For a considerable time the scandals in the city government have been under investigation by a special commissioner, Signor Saredo, and his report, in two volumes, consisting of 1,767 quarto pages and comprising 1,300 depositions, was published some weeks ago. Briefly, it proves that the municipality was corrupt all through, from the highest officials—who sold places in the city service as a matter of course—down to the very keepers of the cemeteries, who sold the tombstones and decorations they were supposed to guard. The school system, primary and secondary, was equally corrupt; schoolmasters were appointed, for a consideration, irrespective of qualifications and age; examinations could be dispensed with for a modest fee, and all relatives of municipal councillors passed them as a matter of course. Concessions, it is said, were so corruptly obtained as to be now invalid; and finally, the city had received a considerable grant from the State in aid of public works—some two millions sterling—which has disappeared without visible results. It was expected that the Ministry would suspend the municipal elections by decree; but they were held on Sunday last. Apparently either the Ring—otherwise known as the Camorra—was paralysed, or the electors were stupefied by the disclosures, for only 45 per cent. polled. This would be above the average, if anything, in a Parliamentary contest, but in municipal elections good Catholics are not bound to neutrality. However, the candidates of the Ring are lowest at the polls; so corruption has been got rid of, at least for a time.

The Siberian Railway was completed last week, after being under construction ten years and a half, and the Czar and his Finance Minister have exchanged congratulations. Traffic is at present carried on under difficulties, and much of the line, apparently, will have to be relaid; but still, through trains are running, and communication is open not only with Vladivostock but with Manchuria. How far the line will serve Western Europe remains to be seen. The Trans-Continental express affords luxuries hitherto unknown in railway travels, including a bath and a gymnasium, but these will hardly bring paying traffic. As to freights, Moscow is a long way from any accessible port. The primary use of the line for years to come must be to open up Siberia.

Little news comes to Europe from the Pan-American Congress, but there are indications that its course is not likely to have been tranquil. It appears that the Colombian delegate took occasion, on the first day, to deliver a eulogy of Spain—of which the representatives of the United States tactfully expressed their admiration; and last week the *Times* correspondent at Buenos Ayres reported that Chili had secured the assistance of Colombia in the Congress by promising her aid against Venezuela—presumably in return for a promise of the moral support of Colombia to the Chilian refusal to admit general arbitration. It is not easy to see how Chilian troops or ships can act against Venezuela effectively, though they may defend Panama; and as the same authority reported that Chili had previously offered a warship to Ecuador, which sympathises with Venezuela, it was hard to accept the news. It may only mean that Chili expects trouble with Peru over the nitrate district, and with Argentina over the disputed boundary in Patagonia; that she is ready to seek help anywhere; and that as her ruling classes are politically "Clerical," she has ties with the dominant "Clericals" in Colombia. This week, however, the news of the offer is confirmed; but as Colombia backs her acceptance of it with the announcement that 16,000 men are on the Venezuelan frontier, and that her quarrel is merely with President Castro's government, the outlook is not promising. He is not likely to abdicate, and he has plenty of friends in Colombia with heavy scores to pay off against the present Government.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, November 16, 1901.

THE OPPOSITION AND THE WAR.

SPEECHES after luncheon may sometimes be of more value than speeches after dinner, and we are inclined to take this view of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's few and badly reported observations at Aberdeen on Monday. It is the misfortune of almost all discussion about the war that it goes over and over a past which no human power can undo. Whether the war be just or unjust, evitable or inevitable, a burden that brings no compensation, or a sacrifice which will strengthen and consolidate the Empire, we are equally faced by the fact that the old order of things in South Africa has gone past restoration. Whatever it be that we try to put in its place it will be something wholly new. If we gave back their independence to the two Republics it would be a different independence from that which we have taken away—an independence with new memories, new hatreds, new ambitions, and new dangers. We have to consider what is the best we can do for South Africa in the circumstances in which we find it, and the first step towards approaching the subject profitably is to put aside the inquiry who it is that has made the circumstances what they are.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman recognised this on Saturday more expressly than any speaker of his rank has yet done. "What we have," he said, "to concern ourselves with more than anything else is the settlement after hostilities have ceased." We have to do this, we may add, for two reasons. In the first place it is upon the nature of the settlement which is to follow upon the war that the whole future of South Africa depends. We cannot hope indeed to make it a paradise, but we can, if we will, avoid making it a hell. But to avoid this will require all the forbearance, all the patience, all the determination not to despair—in short, all the statesmanship in the highest and best sense of the word—that the English people can command. That is what "the settlement after hostilities have ceased" means from the point of view of the future. But it may also mean a great deal from the point of view of the present. The war is still going on, and the methods we have hitherto followed do not seem at all likely to bring it to an end. We have gone, especially of late, on the plan of depriving our enemies of every inducement to lay down their arms. If a Boer leader is to be an exile for life, whether he fights or yields, what possible motive has he for yielding? Plainly, his best course is to go on fighting as long as he can and then take his banishment like a man. But if instead of going on with what we know to be a farce—since when the war is over we shall undoubtedly recall the Boer leaders as soon as it suits our purpose to do so—we set ourselves to working out a scheme of reconstruction, we shall, if we approach the problem in a wise spirit, be doing something towards making the prospect of living under English rule less intolerable to the Boer imagination.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman "is understood to have said" that the road out of the difficulty is to be found in "independent self-government under British supremacy." If these are his exact words, they might have been more happily chosen. "Independent" might give false hopes to the Boers, and excite needless prejudice among ourselves. "Supremacy" seems to savour of the old days of conventions and suzerainty and all the equivocal phrases of a state of things which has disappeared. Sir Henry was much more successful when he came to explain his meaning by example. Scotland is an integral member of the United Kingdom. Nowhere is there more enthusiasm for the British flag, nowhere a more complete identification of the whole nation with the glory and greatness of the Empire. Yet Scotland has her own administration, her own courts, her own laws, her own established religion. In all these respects an Englishman in Scotland is as much a foreigner as he is in France or Germany. What exists and prospers in the very centre of the Empire ought not to be beyond reproduction on the circumference. If the complete local self-government enjoyed by Scotland is consistent with British supremacy, why may not the people of the Transvaal and of the Orange River Colony enjoy the same local self-government on the same conditions? No Government would be mad enough to make the incorporation of Scotland with England more complete than it is already, and it is the plain path of wisdom to give the Boers what Scotland "has already secured."

We know of nothing in this parallel which may not be heartily accepted by Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey, and if this is so, there seems nothing to prevent the bulk of the Liberal party from uniting on this

platform. Mr. Morley may not choose to forego even for a time his right of pronouncing judgment on the past, and Sir William Harcourt may feel too happy while reckoning up the errors of the Government to trouble himself greatly about the future. But the rest of the Opposition front bench might surely agree to work together on these lines without any surrender of their individual opinions as to the origin and conduct of the war; and, if they did so, they would find, as we cannot but think, a large amount of sympathy among Ministerialists. A reasonable settlement in South Africa will meet with strenuous resistance in some quarters, beginning possibly in the Cabinet itself; but it will be something gained if its adoption can be urged —patiently and temperately—upon the Government by a united and reasonable Opposition.

We wish that Sir Edward Grey, when speaking at Liverpool on Wednesday, had gone a little into detail as to what he means by "self-government." Until the Boers have more light upon this point they are not likely to set much store by the assurance that "it must come soon and cannot be postponed for generations." What is it that is to come? Are the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony to retain their own language, their own laws, their own local administration—everything in fact that makes them Dutch and not English? This is what self-government means when applied to men of different races and different histories. This is what it has meant in Scotland since the Union, in Canada since the Conquest. This is what it must mean in the annexed territories in South Africa if it is to be worth offering or worth accepting.

THE YANG-TSE VICEROYS.

We supposed that the otherwise unprofitable expedition to China had removed all uncertainty as to the more politic way of dealing with the Government and people of that country. Between the landing and the re-embarkation of the troops great discoveries were made; all the more important of them gathering to the conclusion that "China for the Chinese" was no vain cry, that though raised too soon it was not so very premature, that it could and would be made good at no great distance of time, and that the expedition itself had quickened and emboldened the Chinaman's desire to rid his country of territorial invasion. There seemed to be no doubt of these things when the peace was signed, and everything that has happened since supports belief in them. Punishments that were to have been crushing fall aside or meet with instant resilience, planned humiliations are turned against the "foreign devils" who would inflict them, stipulations devised to cripple the offensive and defensive power of the country are humbly accepted one day and the next day defied as partly provocative and wholly ridiculous. So we hear on all hands, and from the better authorities most often and most insistently. The Pekin correspondent of the *Times* is by general acclaim the greatest of these, and he tells us of little else than the failure of the expedition to "impress" and of the peace stipulations to bind. This was the burden of his song on Tuesday. Considering how recently the Protocol was signed, there is a world of significance in the complaint that "the prohibition of the importation of arms has given a great impetus to their manufacture in China," where all the raw material for the purpose can be bought in open market. "All the arsenals in the Yang-tse Valley" (our valley, where the friendly Viceroys hold sway) "are working full time." At Hankau and at Shanghai alone 4,500 men are at work on quick-firing and other artillery, shell, smokeless powder, Mauser rifles and ammunition for the same.

These demonstrations of Chinese sentiment and Chinese wilfulness are supposed to demand particular attention. There is in fact nothing in them that every intelligent foreigner had not made up his mind to long before the war ended. The European signatories of the peace-convention were more convinced than anybody else, probably, that its most formidable stipulations would never have an hour's effective existence, and also that enforcing obedience to them by European Concert —the only legitimate mode of operation—would never be attempted. It is fortunate for England above all other nations that the Concert's complete dissolution relieves her of all chance of being called upon for any such duty, and no Government would make a greater mistake than the English in volunteering to pin the Chinese to their recent engagements. It would have been well had our Government understood long ago how little "moribund" the Chinese Empire is, how little likely to fall to pieces and become a prey, and how difficult it is to deny its Government the consideration commonly paid to the accepted rulers of independent States. That knowledge, however, though acquired late, was acquired thoroughly a year or two ago, and therewith good reason to respect the statecraft—mistaken for stupidity—which endeavoured to keep the foreigner and his disintegrating works and ways out of such a country as much and as long as possible.

The lesson being learnt, it is unimaginable that our Government should be in the least disposed to interfere with the drilling and arming of the Chinese, even though, in order to do so more expeditiously, they violate the new-made peace-convention by importing great quantities of rifles, as the Pekin correspondent of the *Times* is informed they do. But yet there are signs of a desire in influential quarters to draw the Government into a much more grave because quite unwarrantable course of interference. We speak of signs; but in fact there is an open and persistent demand upon the Foreign Office to support certain Chinese Viceroys in what is believed to be their opposition to a "reactionary" Chinese Government. The reactionary Government (also described by Sir Thomas Sutherland as an anti-foreign Court and an unscrupulous Empress Dowager) is the only Government that China has got; China appears to be contented with it; it somehow maintained its existence and its authority throughout a long and murderous crisis, at the end of which it was formally acknowledged as the Chinese Government by nearly every considerable Power in the world. The Viceroys are "the Yang-tse Viceroys" Chang Chih Tung and Liu Kun-yi, who are credited with having saved central China from anarchy and the Europeans there from massacre by disobedience to their Government at the time of the Boxer outbreak. It is now supposed that they will be made to suffer for their temerity, since there are so many signs that the Chinese Government is entirely unrepentant of its design to frighten all foreigners out of the country by a sweeping massacre. And that, indeed, is likely enough. For the Yang-tse Viceroys were not allowed to do their good work in secret. They were not permitted to withstand the instigations of the Court by such veiled ingenuities as

they would naturally resort to, but immediately became the victims of European applause. Their enfranchisement from the crippling traditions and hide-bound policies of their country, the courage with which they asserted their Liberalism, were loudly celebrated; England especially being called upon to support them when there was an idea that China might conveniently break up into three or four independent principalities. It should be no surprise, therefore, if these wise and humane men find themselves in difficulties with a reactionary Government conscious of a triumph, notwithstanding all that happened at Pekin and the surrounding country. And of course, if all tales be true, it is impossible to withhold from them our sympathy or to disallow their claim upon our gratitude as a nation. But what is meant by supporting the Yang-tse Viceroys? We know what was meant—subsidy; what does it mean now? There is no denying that, great potentates as they are, the Viceroys are subject to the Chinese Government, bad as we may think it. Suppose an order for their removal to some far-distant post—banishment in fact; could they be upheld in resisting the command? It would be impossible; and yet some measure of support not less extreme seems to be contemplated when the Government is adjured to stand by the Viceroys and "uphold them against reactionary influences." Where this is said it seems to be supposed that these influences operate entirely within the *entourage* of the Empress Dowager, and that Sir Ernest Satow has only to be very emphatic and they will certainly be diverted from the Yang-tse offenders. The truth is, however, that the same spirit of revolt is active throughout their vice-royalties. The smaller officialdom, the whole population, is widely infected with it, and is likely to be infected more widely yet by an Imperial arrangement for imposing on the six Yang-tse provinces half the burden of the indemnity, "while twelve other provinces are to pay the other half and Manchuria nothing at all!" A flying word from the seat of Government in China, and all the support that England could give to the Yang-tse Viceroys, even though conveyed in ships of war, would be swamped by "reactionary influences" among their own populations.

We confess to some disappointment that the Chinese traders seem to have learned so little from the events and revelations of the last three years. Apparently, they still persist in regarding as "reactionary," temporary, the eccentric machination of a tyrannical old woman and her favourites, what in fact is a national movement never likely to cease till it is more or less successful. If they would but accommodate themselves to the true view of the situation, bettered as it is by the probability that when the Chinese are surer of being masters in their own house they will not fear so much the intrusion of foreign trade, our merchants would be happier though less furiously political. Whatever the danger to Chinese Liberalism on the Yang-tse—and we greatly doubt that there was ever much of the sort that seems to be imagined in Shanghai—business is described as most flourishing. It is also said that the Briton's share of it is the lion's share. We would persuade our traders, if we could, that the most enlightened and patriotic thing that they can do at present is to pursue their advantage with undistracted endeavour.

TRIAL BY NEWSPAPER.

THE judgment of the Court for Crown Cases Reserved in the case of *R. v. Tibbits* is one of the highest importance in relation to what has been compendiously described as "trial by newspaper," namely, the offence of publishing statements or comments on a pending civil or criminal case which are of a character to prejudice its fair trial. The offence is of course more serious when it is committed in relation to criminal proceedings than civil ones, owing to the more serious consequences which it may produce to the persons concerned in that trial. In the case under consideration two persons were indicted for publishing statements concerning prisoners accused of an indictable offence during the preliminary hearing before the magistrate, and before and during the trial at the assizes. These statements exceeded the limits of any *bonâ-fide* and fair report of the proceedings, and were of a nature to prejudice the minds of the magistrate and the jurors who were to try the case; and their authors were convicted of conspiracy to prevent and obstruct the due course of law and justice. The Court for Crown Cases Reserved upheld the conviction on the ground that the publication, while undoubtedly constituting contempt of court, was itself a misdemeanour at common law, being "conduct calculated to produce an atmosphere of prejudice in the midst of which the proceedings must go on."

So long ago as 1742 Lord Hardwicke stated that "prejudicing mankind against persons before the case is heard" is a form of contempt of court; and in the majority of the decided cases upon this point the offence has been dealt with by the Courts either summarily as a contempt or by information or indictment for criminal libel. Thus where, after a true bill for perjury had been found against the Tichborne claimant, and the day for trial in the Queen's Bench had been fixed, the defendants addressed a public meeting, and alleged that the accused was not guilty of the charge, that there was a conspiracy against him, and that he would not have a fair trial, they were summoned before the Court, and respectively fined and imprisoned. On the other hand, in a case in 1791, where handbills had been distributed in an assize town before the trial reflecting on the conduct of the prosecutor, the trial was postponed by the Court, and a criminal information for libel granted. Similarly in 1811 persons were indicted for libel for publishing in a newspaper statements reflecting on a person charged and about to be tried for assault. But the more comprehensive view expressed in the present case was recognised so long ago as 1823, in a case where a person had given a theatrical representation of the supposed facts of a murder with which a person in custody was charged and was awaiting his trial. A criminal information was granted against him for a misdemeanour for endeavouring to obstruct the course of lawful justice; and it was declared that any attempt to publicly prejudge a criminal case, whether by detail of evidence, comment, or theatrical exhibition, is an offence against public justice and a misdemeanour. On several occasions, notably recent ones, the Court has refused to proceed otherwise than by indictment in these matters. In a case in 1824, where a person had exhibited models of a murdered person and the alleged murderer in an assize town during the assizes, and it was urged that this would be likely to

prejudice the minds of the jurors and deprive the accused of a fair and temperate trial, the Court refused to deal with it as a contempt, but expressed the opinion that it was an act which might subject its author to punishment. In 1886 the Court refused to grant a criminal information against a newspaper for libel in publishing reports of judicial proceedings which were alleged to be unfit for publication, on the ground that prosecution by indictment was a better course; and on several recent occasions the Courts have intimated that the summary remedy for contempt should be very sparingly exercised, and that only where no other remedy is available. While, no doubt, upon suitable occasions resort will be had to the procedure for contempt, or that by information for libel, the importance of the present decision lies in the fact that it assigns to this offence a separate place in the criminal law and makes it punishable as an indictable offence *per se*, irrespectively of whether it also constitutes contempt or libel.

The question may be asked whether the decision imposes any fresh liability on proprietors, publishers, editors, or contributors of newspapers for publications made therein of statements coming within the scope of misdemeanours as so defined beyond what has previously existed. It is clear that the Newspaper Law of Libel Acts, 1881 and 1888, with their limited protection for persons responsible for the publication of newspapers, will not have any application to this course of proceeding. But it has already been held that a publication which is a contempt of court cannot be justified under the provision of the Act of 1888 granting privilege to "fair and accurate reports in newspapers of proceedings publicly heard before any Court exercising judicial authority which are published contemporaneously with such proceedings, provided they are not publications of blasphemous or indecent matter." Consequently as any conduct which would constitute a misdemeanour under the present decision would also amount to contempt of court, the question may be answered in the negative.

It is worth while recalling in connection with this case the very gradual and recent removal of the difficulties formerly interposed by the Courts in the way of publication in newspapers of judicial proceedings, owing to the power enjoyed by the judge of deciding whether the occasion is privileged or not, though the question of libel or no libel is for the jury. Although so far back as 1796 it was decided that no action can be maintained for publishing a true account of the proceedings in a Court o Justice, however injurious such publication might be to the character of an individual, this privilege was limited to proceedings where both sides were heard and matters were finally determined, and it was not till 1893 that it was judicially established that the same privilege extends to reports, made fairly, and accurately, and without malice, of preliminary proceedings of any kind before magistrates or justices of the peace, whether these proceedings are *ex parte* or not, if they are such as will result in a final decision being given, whether that final decision has already been given or not. The Courts have always proceeded on the principle that the general advantage of publicity being given to judicial proceedings must not inflict unnecessary hardship on individuals.

Now that the only danger to be apprehended is from too much instead of too little publicity for legal proceedings, the recent decision should have a salutary effect as a reminder that any act or statement calculated to interfere with the course of justice in a trial is an indictable offence, whether the offender be connected with the Press or not.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

WHATEVER be the cause, there can be no question that those of us moderns who have any pretensions to scholarship are desperately bent on accuracy. We pride ourselves on giving authority for each statement, chapter, and verse; we revel in sources, materials, original records, *verbatim et literatim*, every expanded abbreviation marked with italics, and so forth; our motto is, Nothing beyond that which is written. And there is no department of scholarship where this spirit is more marked than in history. During the last century the discovery of new materials and the arranging of old has gone on so fast that a flood of light has been thrown on past ages. In ancient history there are the thousands upon thousands of inscriptions, Egyptian, Assyrian, Indian, Semitic, Greek, Latin: for modern history, tons upon tons of documents have been made for the first time accessible, many of them discovered by royal commissions or private societies. To examine and master one of these many departments, or even a fraction of one, is often work for a lifetime, and historians are constrained to confine their researches to a short period, or even a single reign. And now, we are told, a monumental history is being written, a very Cheops pyramid of a history. Scores of scholars are engaged upon it, each confined to his own period or place, which he is exhaustively to study, and to treat within so many thousand or million words. The result is to be a history perfect and immaculate.

But will it be a history at all? Granting that each of the scores of co-workers is the best possible man for his period, the result will be so many scores of perfect immaculate historiettes. One master brain has planned it, no doubt; but the master brain cannot make a score of different brains work together so as to illuminate each other. The unity will be little more than arithmetical or proportional. The result will be a dictionary of history, a historical encyclopædia. There may be the materials for a history perfectly and immaculately set forth, but the history itself there will not be. That must be the work of one man, strong enough to assimilate all this material gathered and arranged for him with such pains.

It is worth while thinking, however, whether the new methods of history are perfect and immaculate. What we ask from our sifters of documents and authorities are facts and little else. Do we pay attention enough to the importance of fictions? In Arnold's "History of Rome," a book meant for those who had grown to years of discretion, we used to read stories about Romulus, and Numa, and Tarquin, Camillus, and Horatius, and so forth, which are now dismissed with scant courtesy. No inscriptions or contemporary documents support these stories; in fact, some of them can be proved to be false. Away they are bundled into limbo, and even in school-books, which might be supposed to make the most of the picturesque, they are now barely mentioned. But how can you get at the heart of the ancient Roman if you do not know what he believed? To him those fables were truth no less than the stories of Joseph or Moses are to the modern Englishman. Even those who did not believe them knew them. These stories testify to a habit of mind; they explain prejudices; they give the source of inspirations; and as such they are facts of history every whit as important as the names of the decemvirs or the date of the Licinian Rogations. And they must not be told contemptuously, or offhand, to

be done with as a nuisance; they need care in the telling more than the story of a great battle. Arnold's own method in this particular can hardly be bettered. In fact, imagination is as necessary for an historian as accuracy. Without it there is no enjoyment in telling the tale; and if the writer does not enjoy his part, neither will the reader.

Amongst other things, the biographical side of history has been unduly neglected. There never was such an age for biographies; but the spirit of research has possessed them too, and the modern biographer deems himself bound to print everything his hero ever wrote, or had written to him—his invitations to dinner, even his postcards and telegrams. He must be complete and accurate, if he is nothing else. The biographer gives place to the collector of facts; and the result is, not the figure of a man at all. If we have our inevitable series of Great Men of Action, and Heroes of the Nations, we rarely see in them the sympathetic imagination which seizes on what is important, and ignores trifles. Such of them as are not hack-work done to order aim at the same standard as the histories do, and have the same faults.

We would not be understood to decry accuracy or research; but only to point out that its proper place is in the foundations. The historian or the biographer must prepare himself by a study as thorough as possible, must as far as possible go to the original sources and form his conclusions from them. But the material must be worked up by his imagination; a complete and definite picture he must form, be it of an age, a nation, or a man, and this picture must be made clear to the reader. This is what Thucydides first accomplished, and what makes Macaulay, with all his faults, more effective than Grote with all his virtues. In history, Niebuhr, Arnold, and Mommsen, Holm and Freeman, have all shown some of this power, without losing sight of the necessity for exact knowledge behind it. But perhaps there has never been any writer but Plutarch who saw the full value of the biography; certainly there has been none who conceived and carried out a comprehensive history on this plan. It is true, he makes no pretence to be an historian; but there is a plan in his work, which includes typical representatives of the greatest in action and statesmanship of the world as it was known to him. With Theseus and Romulus, the founders of great nations; Lycurgus and Solon, the makers of constitutions; Themistocles and Pericles, pilots at the helm in stormy times; Aristides and Epaminondas, as statesmen; Alexander and Cæsar as emperors—every side of the practical life of Greece and Rome is represented. And whilst we learn a great deal of political history by the way, we see that his main object was to present the lives of great men, not with the blind hero-worship which sees no faults, but with appreciation ever quick for high aims and noble deeds, and genial charity for what is wrong. Such history, if in spite of Plutarch's own words we may call it so, is well fitted—

> To teach high thoughts, and honourable deeds,
> And courtesy, and the desire of fame,
> And love of truth, and all that makes a man.

It is impossible to read the "Lives" without being the better for them. Now it is strange that the example has been lost on the world. It would seem to be no ignoble task to become the English Plutarch, but one worthy of the best intellect. One who would do the like for William the Conqueror and two of the Edwards, for Henry VIII. and Elizabeth, for Cromwell and Victoria, for Simon de Montfort, Sidney and Raleigh, Marlborough and Wellington, Drake and Nelson, would do more for the national character than a host of Citizen Manuals. The schools in particular would be greatly blest if the first history for young children were written on these lines.

It is surprising how much history in the stricter sense could be imparted by means of biographies; and it would probably turn out that the children would learn more facts in this way than they do now. But apart from that, they would enjoy their history, and would come at a later stage to the more complete compilations with a greater zest and keener intelligence. It would be well if all historical study were begun thus, scriptural, classical, and modern; nor would it be difficult with the time saved to get in some account of the great men of other nations of modern Europe than our own, which children learn nothing about now—of Charlemagne and Gustavus Adolphus, Don John, Peter of Russia and Frederick of Prussia, Prince Henry of Portugal, Columbus, and Vasco da Gama, Lorenzo de'Medici, Michael Angelo, and Leonardo, Galileo, and Dante, and some of the great Popes. Here is new ground to break for those who desire a task at once deeply interesting and likely to have most excellent results.

A JESUIT AND "THE JESUIT."

"FIRST catch your Jesuit," one would call to the portrait painter, even if he were Carlyle, and had a genius of purest water. But the Jesuit is not easy to catch. Though he has long since put off Parson's "suit of buff, laid with gold lace, with hat and feathers suited to the same," he walks our world in many disguises, the chief of which has been furnished by his haters. Almost every Jesuit I happen to have come across—and, like the good layman in Pascal, I am "acquainted with all sorts"—was merely "a Jesuit"; but upon the Protestant Alliance, Mr. Walter Walsh, and the Church Association, each and all he would have gloomed forth as "the Jesuit," monstrously civil, cunning, and devilish, fair without, false within, Guy Fawkes with a dark lantern and matches in his side pockets. Innocent Association! Most gullible Alliance! If "the Jesuit" could be found so easily, I would urge his instant preservation in spirits, the best available. For it is sadly true that Jesuits are like foxes, in one respect—they die out before advancing bricks and mortar. Their earths are continually getting stopped. But the keen sportsman is tender to his foxes; he will even import them when the breed threatens to fail him; and why should the most romantic figure of the later sixteenth and the whole seventeenth century be dealt with less kindly than his (and our) cousin Reinecke? Is there so much fun in our variety entertainments and religious sharpshooting that we can spare him?

Everyone is equal to drawing "the Jesuit" with a piece of charcoal on a dead wall. With the mind's eye we behold him—black, but not comely; the king of liars, boasting that he has reduced equivocation to a fine art; his dagger wet with the blood of Henri Quatre; yet so sly, insinuating, delightful, scholarly, politic, and versatile, that neither man nor woman knows how to resist him. "The Jesuit" is melodrama and Eugène Sue carried to an exhilarating pitch. His very name promises a feast of pleasant horrors. But where does this paragon dwell? When was he last seen? Does M. l'Abbé (*ci-devant* Père) Coubé at all resemble him—that too famous Jesuit whose apostrophe to the French lion a few months ago rippled a smile over the broad Continent of Europe, which waited for the lion's roar that would not come? Or Père Du Lac, commander-in-chief of anti-Dreyfusards, whose impalpable treasons the hounds sniff after in vain? Or Father Brandi, a name at which the British reader puckers his lips, ashamed that this pitiable *calembour* should amuse him? But Father Brandi, though he had Mr. Mivart's "Hell" put on the Index—a fitting place for it—and manipulates Chinese guns in his "Civiltà Cattolica," is mild as new milk, far below proof, when you take him at close quarters. All the temporal power he wants for the Holy

Father, so he assures you, would be covered by a good-sized pocket-handkerchief. Give him the Leonine City, three outer walls, the Tiber, and half a street in Trastevere—lo! he is paid in full; the Quirinal may sleep on both pillows, as Italians have it. Thus everywhere we seek "the Jesuit" and do not find him.

Perhaps he was a beautiful idea; or he is dead. When we look through the Jesuit celebrities of these last years, we reckon many shades, but not the equivocator, liar, assassin, dear to popular fancy. People talk of Jesuits in disguise: it would help us to new thoughts if we spoke of members of that now ancient family as disguised *en Jésuite.* I think it is Chamfort who says that the Fathers have always felt a little vain when they were charged with regicide. No one would charge them with regicide now. Their last General who achieved a reputation was the Belgian, Father Roothan; but it is certain that he never killed a king. Father Beckx, the white-faced old man (not of the Mountain) who was supposed to share with Antonelli the government of the Church under Pius IX., lived in a strict routine, nor did he leave any memorable work. Cardinal Franzelin was a divine, a saint, and a Tyrolese, incapable of leasing-making, as little in accord with the picture as Carlyle himself. What shall we say of Assyrians like Strassmaier? Of literary exquisites like Baumgartner? Of antiquarians like Grisar? Of philosophers and critics like Pesch? Of cardinals like Steinhuber? These Teutons, at any rate, have let in among their brethren some sidestream of the modern current even while they oppose it. And to dress them up as conspirators, regicides, and dark lanterns would be as sensible as insisting that the Lord Mayor should practise for his show with Wat Tyler's dagger. *Non defensoribus istis!* The property man had better make his bargain out of these old clothes.

No, the fact which in various parts is catching light, points to a change, slow yet certain, in the policy of the Order. The Great Company has not escaped from that ever-new contest between "fathers and sons." Younger Jesuits do not see why, if democracy has come in, they should stay out in the cold. They resisted as much as they dared Pope Leo's strategic movement to the rear in mental science. True, they have been Anti-Republicans in France; they have held on to the last rag of the old *régime.* But the more intelligent see that in this fight they have got the worst of it, and they are willing to try again on other lines. In politics as in metaphysics they must be modern. Many were dissatisfied with their late General, Anderledy, who endeavoured to tighten a rule which is no longer suited in every article to these times. The present man, Father Martins, a Spaniard, cannot keep perfect peace within his borders. Remarkable differences simmer and bubble up over the surface; a curious eye will follow even here the influence of that vague but powerful element which panic-struck French clerics denounced under the name of "Americanism." When Mazzella was made Cardinal more than one of his fellows in the Society thought and said that better men had been passed over. Mazzella was loud-voiced, bustling, self-confident, but singularly obtuse; he could only thrust his horns at any touch of bright colour within view; and he raged against modern ideas. Nevertheless, a movement of criticism, undesigned yet widespread, is travelling over the ranks he did his utmost to control. Baumgartner studies Goethe; Grisa warns the Congress of Munich that legends, relics, authorities require to be tested; the Bollandists are severe and cautious; an effort is perceptible in many directions to handle the phenomena of Scripture in the light of paleography. While Father Brandi and the Civiltà still cry as of old that they will never give in, the troops are shifting of themselves. The fires are left burning round the old camp; but only to mark a transition which Jesuits in every country of Europe, and still more in the United States, allow to be inevitable.

It is so, if for no other reason yet for this, that the long dominion of the Society is threatened from two sides at once. On persons of breeding and culture the Benedictines, who love learning, art, ritual, and good manners, begin to lay their ancient spell. The Dominicans have taken up Eastern studies; they promise to do great things with the Bible; they can quote Lacordaire as a model Republican. Mediæval or patristic, these Orders with their glorious memories, their picturesque setting, their love of the beautiful, their crowd of saints and mystics, are coming back in a rich glow of Romanticism, welcome to the artist, the historian, the decadent even; free from associations which on this side of the French Revolution still make the name of Jesuit suspect in the people's ears. We have rolled up the map of the sixteenth century. Its questions are not ours; its methods we deem hateful; its heroes shrink in comparison with greater and more delightful or subduing characters. But while "the Jesuit" belongs to that century as it belongs, in a sense, to him, there is many "a Jesuit" who would like to get out of it into the twentieth. "Omnia omnibus" should justify a good deal in the way of evolution. But long standing rules are apt to bring rheumatism; the next thirty years will tell whether this wonderful Society can arise and walk.

D.

THE STYLIST IN HISTORY.*

IT is improbable that any one man has ever possessed all the qualities that go to make the ideal historian, and every student must still put for himself a great deal of labour into the sifting and refining of the material available for his study. That material, although far from raw, is worked so slowly into anything like perfection that the bulk of it will always afford scope to the diligent for the exercise of discriminating and illuminating talents, and for that reason it remains, and will always remain, one of the most fascinating of studies. Mr. Froude's labours have been monumental enough to provoke the most severe and searching criticism—the best compliment that could be paid to them. To that criticism there is little to be added, but the appearance of a volume of happily-chosen passages from Mr. Froude's best work is an agreeable reminder of the debt we owe to him for the illuminating qualities of his literary style. Mr. Allen has chosen some thirty striking passages and grouped them under three headings—"Historical Scenes," "Historical Portraits," and "Historical Sketches and Miscellanies." In nearly all of these we see Mr. Froude at his best, and they are no less valuable to the student of style than to the student of history. There is among historians a very important place for the pure stylist, the man who throws upon the characters and scenes he describes the light of a vivid and almost passionate imagination. Passionate—I know the word is a red rag to critics of historical record; and yet without that glowing ardour, the deliberate losing of a man's self in order that something may be gained, little would be ever discovered or reproduced. Columbus would not have found America if he had not set his imagination passionately on that ever-receding line below the sunset, and we should still be without records of life's beginnings if scientists, not generally esteemed passionate, had not brought some emotion to their porings upon dust and corals.

The imaginative historian gives us portraits, decorates his pages with faces, scenes, pictures—not always quite accurate, perhaps, but still material to our own purpose of reconstruction. From many portraits we may learn to know a face that we have not seen; but never from one portrait alone. And to most of us who read history it is more important that we should see the faces, hear the voices, reconstruct the

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* SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. Edited by P. S. Allen, M.A. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

lives and environment of the dead, than that we should pass a pat judgment on their moral qualities. Mr. Froude gives us real scenes, smiling and weeping faces, sounding voices; his minute zeal in collecting small and apparently trivial facts of time and place and manner enables him to reconstruct bygone shows, to prepare a stage, as it were, whereon every property, every figure, every fold of a drapery is adjusted in its place; and then he applies his imagination and kindles the whole into life. Old Becket, with his doom close upon him, preaching his Christmas sermon amid the shadows of Canterbury Cathedral, quenching a candle at each bitter imprecation, while his eyes shone with anger and tears; Philip of Spain passing in the summer twilight through the cloisters at Winchester to his ghastly bridal with an unlovable queen who was yet hungering for love of a kind that was not his to give; *Our Lady of the Rosary* swept by September gales round the wild headlands of Kerry and the Blasket Islands, steered by the desperate but unskilful hands of Spanish gentlemen into the fatal cauldron of Blasket Sound; Anne Boleyn sitting placid in the sunshine of a May morning, fair haired, beautiful in her white tissue robes, breathing the incense of adoration, and basking in the warmth of her triumph while London shouted to acclaim her; Drake listening in the forest behind Nombre de Dios for the first tinkle of bells from the mule-trains that meant gold and jewels to him—these are pictures that fill and satisfy the mind, glimpses behind the curtain of time where we see the business of the past in all the bustle of reality and clear of the distorting perspective of centuries. If we are to be judges, if our purpose is to sit as a jury upon these men and women who lived out their lives and fled into eternity but a moment before us, perspective is, perhaps, not distorting but correcting. But there are some of us who like the sands of history for the very quickness with which they swallow up men's judgments; who dig there for entertainment, who like the shells we pick to be bright, and do not mind if the imminent thunderings of time remind us that when our own century shall have reached its flood and roared over the sands they will lie smooth and white again, innocent of our mounds and scratchings. Unscholarly, uncritical—perhaps; but not unprofitable. It is chiefly the school boy who has to be prepared with an answer as to who was a "good" king and who a "bad" king; and I daresay he would not be very well guided by Mr. Froude.

It is a mark of the artist that he brings all experience into the light of his own personality and exhibits it there as the truth. What he writes, what he draws, represent what he really sees. Mr. Froude is an artist in letters, he makes history into great picture-scrolls drawn just as the sees it. He gets ino the heart of a period, a dynasty, a political movement; he finds a point of view; and then he withdraws and makes his picture. What is foreign to his scheme he leaves out; what is essential, he puts in. Others, more accurate in detail, make plans and elevations, everything being to scale. His pictures have shadows, theirs have none; theirs are of cold fact, his of his own sight; and for the man with the magnifying glass theirs are the more profitable. I see that I come here to a final parting from the historical scholar and scientist, for I am applying artistic principles to the recording of history. But there is an art of history as there is a science of history, and when all Mr. Froude's inaccuracies have been considered and all his distortions exposed, his best work still glows radiantly with the true art of letters. The fascination of his method is easily explained. He fills in all the bright colours and details that entertain and charm the imagination; and he insists upon his reader seeing things from his own point of view, which is constantly and delightfully changing. In this, of course, he appeals to a popular taste. I care more to know that the Duke of Medina Sidonia was "fond of hunting and shooting, a tolerable rider, and most happy when lounging in his orange gardens at San Lucan," than that he was Captain-General of Andulasia; and that Thomas Stukely "robbed freely, haunted Irish creeks, and set up an intimacy with the Ulster hero, Shan O'Neil," touches me more nearly than that he began to prepare with Philip a campaign for the Pope in Ireland.

These things are all stimulating to the imagination, and it is to the imagination that Mr. Froude appeals. I have referred to his account of Becket's murder, and that is indeed a noble example of his method. The hurried flight in the dusk ("It must have been now past four o'clock, and unless there were lights the room was almost dark") is described with an amazing dramatic force, and the scene in the cathedral made dreadfully real:—

> From the middle of the transept in which the Archbishop was standing a single pillar rose into the roof. On the eastern side of it opened a chapel of St. Benedict, in which were the tombs of several of the old primates. On the west, running parallel to the nave, was a lady chapel. Behind the pillar steps led up into the choir, where voices were already singing vespers. A faint light may have been reflected into the transept from the choir tapers, and candles may perhaps have been burning before the altars in the two chapels. . . . A cry had been raised in the choir that armed men were breaking into the cathedral. The vespers ceased; the few monks assembled left their seats, and rushed to the edge of the transept, looking wildly into the darkness.
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> The Archbishop was on the fourth step beyond the central pillar, ascending into the choir, when the knights came in. The outline of his figure may have been just visible to them, if light fell upon it from candles in the lady chapel.

The ardour that set Mr. Froude studying the shadows in Canterbury Cathedral and the forces of Atlantic rollers and currents on the Irish coast, is more than enough to carry his reader into the very heart of his picture, and display it from the point of view wilfully chosen by him. He can create an atmosphere, and his account of Anne Boleyn's coronation glows with sunshine and chimes with May music, as his account of the Armada on the Irish coasts is filled with the noise and terror of the sea and the shouting of the south-west gales. He is at his best in writing of sea-fights and seamen. He will have them, not as he can prove that they were, but as he thinks they must have been. Drake's "eyebrows are highly arched, the eyes firm, clear, and open.[1] I cannot undertake for the colour, *but I should judge they would be dark grey, like an eagle's.*" The italics are mine; the words contain the essence of Mr. Froude's method.

A. B. F. Y.

THE SPANISH ALPS.

LATE was the chain, says Horace, that bound the Cantabrian to Rome, and late also will be the subjugation of the Cantabrian Alps to the tourist. Indeed, I do not know whether any proconsul of Emperor Cook, King Gaze, or Margrave Lunn holds a nominal sway in the mountain chain that, some twenty miles inland, runs from the Pyrenees to Corunna parallel to the North Coast of Spain; but I do know that it any soldiers of any of those potentates' armies have invaded the Picos de Europa, their bones have been jolted on coaches, their skins have been perforated by those cosmopolitan inhabitants that you will find also in seaside lodgings, and their tender digestions racked by all strange kinds of food, till they have retreated in confusion to the nearest hotel that keeps a table d'hôte, or the nearest travelling lecturer who stays their intellectual cravings. But, still, for humble souls with hard skins and tough digestions, who will take a Spanish dictionary and a little garlic therewith, much happiness, with a mild spice of adventure, lies waiting among the Cantabrians.

The inhabitants I take to be the aboriginal Spaniard,

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[1] "English Seamen in the Sixteenth Century," p. 106.

speaking historically and not ethnologically—that is to say, the Spaniard of the days of the Catholic Kings, the clear stream of his ignorance unpolluted by journalists, and his simplicity uncorrupted by the presence of any members of the "middle" or "upper" classes of society. The men will go forty miles a day over limestone boulders and precipices on a diet of onions and the chance of a share in a chamois; or they will work in mines twelve hours, seven days in the week, for two and a-half pesetas a day. If they have a crust of bread and an onion they invite you to share with the manner of a prince; if they see any wild animal or bird they do their best to kill it. They wear string shoes, and over them for economy's sake curious wooden sabots borne on three pegs. These are their climbing boots, and bear no resemblance to the pattern loved of members of the Alpine Club. These men make one understand the Spanish Infantry of the Great Captain or of Parma. Well led, they would be invincible now. The women, when young, are very handsome, but they live too hard for beauty. Families are very large, and there is all the house work and much of the field work to be done.

The implements of life are still of the sixteenth century—A.D. or B.C., it matters not which. Much of the country is roadless, narrow tracks on the hills serving for communication. The ox is, of course, the beast of agriculture and of burden. He drags a two-wheeled cart; the wheels are solid, without tires; in the front is a semi-circular wattle; in fact it is a thing that in time may be improved into the Homeric chariot, but that time is not yet. The plough is all wood; some day the peasant will hear of Tubal Cain. Threshing is done usually in the open air with a flail. When you cut corn, you do not cut much more than the ears; straw is troublesome to deal with on the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite. There are some mill wheels placed horizontally in the stream; they look more complicated than the ordinary undershot or overshot wheel, but I am told they are an older type altogether. Complication is often the mark of age. On the upland pastures Damoetas, Menalcas, and the rest tend flocks of sheep and goats and herds of cattle; they will sell any quantity of excellent milk, but do not play the panpipe or compose poetry. No doubt the reason is that shepherdesses are unknown. Among these surroundings one finds here and there some striking contrasts—a mining engineer or a man with a phonograph. But he, like the rare tourist, is on the outside, and does not disturb the even current of life.

Of the whole range of Cantabrian Alps the Picos de Europa, a vast limestone eruption among rocks of a later date, are the most attractive spot. The peaks go near 11,000 feet, according to an aneroid—maps are unreliable. From 6,000 feet upwards they are grey rugged limestone, valleys of boulders, walls of precipices, a little snow in patches here and there, but for the most part grey uncompromising rock, like Ezekiel's valley, very dry. Their wild inhabitants are chamois, vultures, and choughs; lower down are bears and a wolf or two, but these cannot live on the few mosses that support the chamois, or would support him if the inhabitants would not persecute him in season and out of season till a beautiful animal is extinct. In flowers these limestone rocks are very rich. Not over the rocks, but in cracks and crevices, to be found only when you are quite near, grow stone-crop, pink, yellow, and white, thrift, campanula, forget-me-nots, gentians, wild carrot, thyme; this is the rock-garden of the Oreads, and the Surrey gardener would be hard put to it to rival them.

As to means of travel, the railway does not take you far. Some day, when mineral resources are developed, it may take you further. When the railway ends, the coach begins and continues as far as the road does, which is not always very far. Then you have a choice of the humble public coach, "Coche de linea," or a private conveyance, "Coche particolar." The latter has obvious advantages of comfort, amongst others that you can control the extent to which the driver beats the horses, and as an inn-keeper said to me, "The English do not like to see horses beaten." But the traveller will do well to pocket his humanity (for the coach-horses will be beaten whether he travels by the coach or not) and take the public coach. The framework is wood and tin; it is painted yellow and has on it the names of the places it does not go to, mingled with a few that it does visit. You may either sit inside with the clergy and the women, who will ask you to hold a hen on your knees, or outside on the roof with the luggage, when you will probably be given a number of baskets to hold on with your legs. Your fellow-passengers will, at the slightest request, give you their life histories. On one coach alone I met a cornet player who had been through France with an English circus and six elephants, a most original man with some comprehensive views of life, and a broken-down sailor who had fought at Callao and spent some months in a "Yanqui" prison. The harness is chiefly string, and frequently comes undone. The horses are usually five, and are beaten ceaselessly. For all that they are very slow. The centre of gravity is very high, and as you sway over gorges you are told stories of last week's accident. But a Spaniard, like the traditional Englishman, tells these tales without emotion, and you must listen with the like impassivity. At the inns, when there are any, you are fed bountifully, but often put to sleep in "inner rooms," *cameras interiores, i.e.*, rooms without windows, opening only into the general room of the inn. Their atmosphere is bad for sleep. But the best inn is your own tent; with that, and a donkey and a digestion, go where you please, to Potes, to Covadonga, to Santiago, to Leon; but if you have a craving for the flesh-pots of cosmopolitan hotels, or if somewhere amongst your ancestry there was a Cook's tourist, whose blood will out, stick to the more beaten highways—avoid the Alps of Spain. O.

ART.

THE SOCIETY OF PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

MAN, prone to error as at the best he is, finds little assurance of being able to say anything very profitable about pictures half-seen, half-guessed-at in the mystery of a November day, or judged for the first time by electric light when they have not already been known to him under the conditions in which they were painted. He has only the consolation of knowing that most of the visitors to the New Gallery while the Exhibition is open (the season of the year being what it is) will have to see the works shown there with no greater advantage than the critic. It seems better, therefore, to dwell on certain generalities concerning the art of portrait-painting, and to preface any such remarks with some account of the aims of the Society and its practical value. I confess it came as a surprise to me, as most likely it will to most people, to find by the catalogue that this is the eleventh exhibition the Society has held. A moment's thought will persuade anyone that the portrait painters were thoroughly justified in determining to hold these annual exhibitions, for it has to be borne in mind that for very good reasons only a small number of the portraits painted every year can find a place in the spring exhibitions at the Royal Academy and the New Gallery. Space has to be reserved at the first for an ample number of portraits by the Academicians and the Associates themselves, and if a further allotment of room were granted than is made already for work of this kind by outsiders, the mass of artists and the public generally would feel very justly aggrieved at the curtailment of the space devoted to the other branches of the Art. And, again, the exhibitors here have the satisfaction of knowing that their efforts, well hung and not too

numerous, can be regarded by the visitor in comfort, with eyes undistracted by the conflicting appeals of landscape and every sort of subject picture.

The visitor, too, has, in such a case, an excellent opportunity of studying and learning much concerning the artists' aims and methods when the limitation of subject compels a certain unity of interest. For the range, even thus limited, is great, and there is quite enough variety within its extreme points to banish any sense of monotony. The ideal portrait should, of course, be at once a presentment of a human being grasped with perspicacity and commemorated with easy mastery, and a picture whose forms, balance, colour, and lighting form a whole that gives pleasure and satisfaction, whether the original be known or not. Now, this, of course, is a perfection of accomplishment within the compass of few, and the spectator will find a deep interest in observing how such and such a painter frankly subordinates his sitter to his arrangement, and such another concentrates his effort on making his picture, above all things, a strikingly truthful likeness, whatever may be done or left undone as regards the entire pictorial effect. Whatever may be the predilections of friends and relations, no critic will experience any doubt as to which intention he prefers, and will find himself wishing that friends and relations were silenced or better educated, and thus withheld from being the undoing of an artist—especially in our day, when the painted canvas can be verified, or corrected, or supplemented by as many photographs as may be wished for. But even where obviously the picture is the thing, it is well worth noting where colour, and where form, and where light and shade are the dominant pre-occupation of the painter. One thing everyone will be glad to know; the fact that Mr. Watts, the *doyen* of English portraitists, has no less than seven canvases on view, ranging from forty years ago to the present day, and displaying a marvellous variety of inspiration. Take, for instance, his Earl of Shrewsbury (15). It would be hard, indeed, to find a modern canvas of this size with more of poetry and dignity in it. The handling is free and bold, almost rough, but it is full of magic. I understand that this picture has never been exhibited before in a public gallery. In his almost full length of The Marchioness of Northampton (28) (a canvas dating from some years back), you find the influence of Titian strong upon the modern master—a noble harmony of brown and gold; while in his Sir Benjamin Brodie (38), painted nearly half a century ago, there is to be observed a technique of a quality as widely different as it is possible to be, from that of the canvases already mentioned. Another veteran whose name rather than whose work is known over here, can be studied in four examples in this gallery, *i.e.*, Professor Von Lenbach. It must be acknowledged that the Professor's manner of reaching a result is extraordinary, apparently almost childish, but at the same time he does produce an effect which is not easily forgotten. Nobleness cannot be denied to his "Emperor Frederick I." (4), nor weirdness, even uncanniness, to his "Marquise Paulucci" (135) nor uncompromising grimness to his portrait of the "Artist and his Daughter" (5). This Society, it will be observed, like the International (though it does not proclaim the fact in its name) opens its doors wide to the foreigner. To those who dote on curiosities for instance, may be recommended Signor Mancini with his "Claude Ponsonby, Esq." (30). The surface of the picture is like nothing more than mortar before the wall has been pointed. It seems a roundabout way to take to an end that so many others reach by a far more direct and agreeable road, but a wilful man must have his way.

But for all the open-door policy, it is clear that our painters have nothing to fear from the foreign competition so far as portrait painting goes, whether dignity, grace, variety, strength, or richness of harmony be considered, and this is a condition of things on which we may fairly congratulate ourselves. For the rest, admirable examples of Mr. J. J. Shannon, Mr. Lavery, Mr. Glazebrook, Mr. Brough, Mr. Nicholson, Mr. C. Shannon, and many others "of credit and renown," can be studied here at leisure, and the intending patron has every opportunity to choose wisely, or at least as suits his humour. E. H.

DRAMA.

BEYOND HUMAN POWER.

YEARS ago the Olympic Theatre was for a very brief space occupied by a "Coloured Tragedian," an individual endowed by nature with a complete suit of that tint which the enthusiastic friend of Mr. Crummles could only achieve by art, and on the slender excuse thinking it seemly to appear as Othello. His name was, I think, Smith. It was a depressing performance, and lives in my memory only by reason of a variation on the generally received text with which the Cassio of the night refreshed us—"O that men should put an enemy in their *stomachs* to steal away their brains"—a reading which unhappily did not occur to Shakespeare. Strolling into the vestibule after the bridegroom was safely off to Cyprus, I found an excited member of the audience haranguing the Box Office. He was up from the country for a day or two, and, having seen a revival of *The Ticket of Leave Man* advertised, had, without verifying the date, assumed that drama to be going on. Poor man, no wonder he felt aggrieved. The incident came back to me on Saturday afternoon at the Royalty, where I heard a gentleman murmur in puzzled accents—"This surely can't be *The Second Mrs. Tanqueray.*" Apparently, he also had carelessly observed dates, and had taken for granted that the play running at night would also be the play of the *matinée*. No, indeed, it was not *Mrs. Tanqueray*. Beyond the fact that both in it and in Mr. Pinero's tragedy the main question turns on whether a miracle will take place, there is no sort of resemblance; for the characters of Clara and Paula are not more antipodal than are the particular manifestations called for by their respective husbands.

It is the bedroom of a Norwegian parsonage. Clara Sang is lying in bed, a worn-out cripple these many years. She is telling the story of her life to a sister just arrived from America. The pastor, her husband, is a Christian of an extreme type, earnest to the last degree, a visionary, a fanatic, devoting himself and all that is his to the benefit of his fellow-creatures. No depth of infamy stops him, for he believes not only that there is good in all men but that it lies near the surface—an inevitable result of which is that he falls a ready victim to imposition. Clara rejoices in his saintlike character and cannot but admire his benevolence, but she draws the line and takes a firm stand when it comes to taking the little fortunes of their two children for dubious charity. So, too, with a more mysterious matter. Sang has the reputation of working miracles; sufferers have been cured of life-long disease or infirmity by his prayers. She is proud of him for this also—who would not be proud of a husband whom all the countryside recognise and honour as possessed of supernatural power for good? But here, again, she draws a line, and objects to his taking the children with him in an inadequate boat when bent on miracle-working expeditions. Her attitude is easy to understand. She believes in her husband almost entirely, but not quite. When those nearest her are concerned, nay, when she herself is concerned, her faith hesitates and halts. Then, and not till then, does she subordinate her husband's special powers to the ordinary laws of nature. This explains why he has not been able to cure her as he has cured others. His methods of prayer demand the co-operation of the patient, and how is co-operation possible without perfect faith? Let it not be supposed there is any coolness between them on this account. Far from that, they

adore each other. He thoroughly understands and sympathises with her difficulty in believing, and loves her none the less ; in fact, it is with him as with Cæsar, he does not blame others. And now is to come the great effort to cure this poor sufferer. Since he finds her a little wanting in the necessary faith, since he feels himself unable to work single-handed, he will call in the children to help, the youth and maiden who were sent to America for their education and who have just returned. They come at his bidding to their mother's bedside, and then he learns with sorrow that they too have failed him. The Christianity of the workaday world has disgusted them ; it is dross compared with the pure gold of the creed and practice he had taught them in their early youth, and they have ceased to believe. Here the beauty of the man's character is strikingly shown. He is not angry with them, hurls no anathemas, but with a pleasant smile suggests there may be more than one kind of Christian life. It is not their fault—no ; and then a thought flashes across his mind. It is *he* who has been to blame. In believing it necessary to have co-operation in his work, in doubting that his prayers alone would be sufficient, he has sinned, and this defection of his own flesh and blood is a punishment. Then he will at once proceed single-handed. Clara has not been able to sleep for six weeks—that is the first phase of her illness to be cured. He will go to the church, shut himself in, and pray. Scarcely has he entered and knelt down than the poor woman's eyes close, but before the onlookers have time to express their amazement at the wonder there is a great crash overhead, and the dreaded landslip comes rolling and tumbling down. The church will be destroyed, they all cry, for it is in the direct path of the cataclysm ; but no, the huge masses turn to one side, and both the building and the man in it are saved. Are not these things miracles, the result of prayer ?

The second act (there are but two) finds the position of affairs unaltered on the following day—Sang is still praying in the church, Clara is still sleeping, but we do not see her because the scene is now laid in the parlour. A mission ship on its way north has stopped for the night, and the news of the double miracle (as it is reported to be) has caused a general disembarkation of curiosity. Half a dozen pastors come up to the house and beg the loan of the parlour for an hour, in order that they may discuss these miracles and decide upon the proper attitude for the Church to observe towards them. The son from America cannot well refuse, but he points out that they will make "a long and unpleasant discord," which is more true than polite. The pastors assemble, and there ensues what is surely the strangest conversation on a public stage since the days of the Mysteries and Moralities. These clerical gentlemen keep up for half an hour or so an argument for and against belief in miracles. The various speakers have each his distinct individuality, and each makes his points with a difference. The scene is cleverly written and cleverly acted, but what is its dramatic import ? The conference ends, not because the speakers have exhausted their subject, or have come to an agreement, or even to a *modus vivendi*, but because Clara suddenly enters from her room, walking unaided. A miracle ? Then comes in Sang himself, brimful of joy. His prayers have succeeded ; his wife is cured ! He takes her in his arms, and on the action she falls dead. He reels—"This is not what I meant—Ah, if I had only—" and falls dead also.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is on the stage throughout Act I., but after the opening quarter of an hour she has little to say. That does not prevent her remaining the central figure. Sang himself and the son and daughter have now to do the talking, but while listening to them we gaze spellbound at that weird beauty lying helpless in bed, the great eyes following with an infinite pathos the three who are so dear to her, now glowing in admiration of her apostle-husband, now shrinking in fear as her own children confess to have forsaken the creed. She is restless with the restlessness of insomnia and discomfort and pain, and the body shifts again and again to get some moment of peace, but ever the great eyes reflect the thoughts and words of the three who make up her life. It is very rare for the audience to look at anyone except the speaker of the moment, but this is an instance of it. Mrs. Patrick Campbell lying almost silent dominates the scene. Genius—it is just that—genius. Mr. Titheradge is a sound actor who knows his business, and he does all he can with Pastor Sang, but it is one of those few parts which demand a something beyond that which dramatic power and the art of making up can supply. It demands a spirituality of expression, a spirituality not merely of goodness and of charity, but of joy. This is no saint of the desert, but a very human saint, full of happiness himself, and believing that others should be happy also. Mrs. Theodore Wright is most useful in the opening scene, and the pastors are one and all capital.

It is a happy chance to see one of Björnson's plays in London, and so well done ; and as time goes on, after the triumphant progress in the States, we may hope to see some more. W. Hughes Hallett.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

I am not one who much or oft delight
To season my fireside with personal talk
Of friends who live within an easy walk,
Or neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight.

THERE is no more devout Wordsworthian than the Bystander ; but he feels that he can scarcely make this profession of the great master's his own. When the "friends who live within an easy walk" are interesting people—which presumably Wordsworth's neighbours in Cumberland were not—there is a distinct pleasure in talking about them. Even merely notorious people yield productive matter for conversation ; and we may derive moral advantage from "personal talk" about the excellent and the eminent.

Charles Gore and the present writer were born within a week of one another. They were educated together at Harrow, and for some time were inmates of the same house. Few people can have better opportunities of knowing one another than two public school boys of the same age living under the same roof ; and it may perhaps interest the admirers of the Bishop-designate of Worcester to know what manner of boy he was.

We will transport ourselves in memory to the year 1869, and we may see straggling up the Hill at Harrow a lean and hungry-looking boy, like David Copperfield when he was "growing great in Latin verses and neglecting the laces of his boots." That combination of characteristics exactly indicates a certain point in a clever boy's mental development ; and Dr. Butler is already beginning to talk of Charles Gore as "one of our most promising scholars." But he is not a scholar only. He plays cricket well, and all other games at least tolerably. He takes long walks and talks incessantly of everything in Heaven and Earth. He edits the school-magazine with a skill which elicits an unexpected compliment from Mr. Ruskin. His performance of the Wall in the Midsummer Night's Dream remains even to this day a classical triumph of the Harrovian stage. He is intensely interested in politics, and a shining light of the Debating Society. I look back to contemporary records and find that in 1870 Charles Gore spoke against the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine, and in favour of the abolition of University Tests. He supported me in declaring that "A Hereditary Legislative Body is a mistake," and, amid the horrors of the Commune, he and I persuaded three of our schoolfellows to affirm that "a Republic is the best form of Government."

So the swift years pass, and by 1871 Gore was the

best scholar and most distinguished boy in the school, dividing all the classical prizes with his friend Marsham Argles. At seventeen he had won the Balliol Scholarship, overawing the examiners, as we were told, by an essay on Cosmopolitanism. The ruling traits of his character were already formed. In the first place, he was already a teacher and a leader. He took no opinions on trust or at second hand; but formed his own beliefs, and held them tenaciously, and enforced them vigorously. He was pre-eminently a teacher of duty. The laws of Heaven, and the laws of home, and the laws of school were inextricably interwoven in his mind; and a schoolfellow who violated any of them must lay his account for an admonition from Gore. Evil awaited the lawless comrade who burned his candle after permitted hours, or eked out his breakfast with forbidden dainties. It was impossible to live in Gore's society without feeling ashamed of laziness, and greediness, and self-indulgence. Worse things could not have lived in his presence. He did not aim at, nor would he have been qualified to secure, general popularity; but he enjoyed the deep respect of those who were associated with him, whether boys or masters; and he exercised a deep and permanent influence on those of his schoolfellows who knew him really well. The secret of that influence lay in his conscientiousness. We were willing to submit to rebukes from one who never spared himself; and we could accept the precepts of a schoolfellow who taught so conspicuously by example. Charles Gore was the most conscientious boy I ever knew. His whole soul was absorbed in the idea of duty, and he expressed it in a life without fault or flaw. He played his games as conscientiously as he learned his lessons; and prepared for a debate as carefully as for an examination. He took the most systematic advantage of every moral and intellectual opportunity which the school afforded: and I think it might be said of him with almost literal truth that he never wasted an hour. Every enjoined duty he performed with his utmost strength, and he invented voluntary tasks to occupy spare moments. One word must be said on topics more distinctly religious. Charles Gore was brought up in the Tractarian School, and by the time he was seventeen he was a full-fledged Catholic both in faith and in practice. He was one of the succession of Harrow boys who have always been communicants at the early celebration at the Parish Church. In his holidays he was an enthusiastic worshipper at St. Alban's, Holborn, and St. Michael's, Shoreditch. His one unswerving ambition was to serve God in holy orders, and he made every incident and occupation of his life a preparation for that supreme service.

I am writing of thirty years ago, and we have travelled far since then. It is quite possible for Canon Gore's friends to disagree with some of his later opinions, or to differ from him about the mode and occasion of expressing them. But men who were his schoolfellows are bound to him by an unalterable loyalty, for they know that at a moment of life which has its peculiar difficulties he led them both by precept and by example towards the things which are pure and lovely and of good report.

BYSTANDER.

ANGELUS.

(*From the Italian of Cesare Rossi.*)

SINKETH the sun; the day is nigh to waning,
And darkness, trusty handmaid of the night,
The light's fair hues with murky veil is staining.

All cries are hushed; all sound to silence dieth;
On the deserted road, a peasant wight
With questioning glance to my salute replieth.

But from the belfry floats a sweet voice, stealing
Clear o'er the hamlet where all noises cease;
There, where the Cross is shining, hear it pealing,
The bell that rings this message: "Peace, soul, peace!"

M. A. V.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MIMES, GREAT AND SMALL.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *November 12th*, 1901.

AN English friend of mine who takes the national interest in foreign affairs, reads every line in the *Times* concerning Venezuela, and is highly excited at the thought of meeting Marquis Ito's secretary, has informed me that our difficulty with the Porte was happily settled. I told the good news to several other non-political gentlemen whom I met the same morning, and they all gave signs of unbounded delight; but having given the same only one hour before, I knew very well that it was all show and pretence, and that they never thought of the Grand Turk the very next minute. This sort of hypocrisy is unaccountable. An English cook who talks of royalties is sincere, but why should gentlemen to whom the sky is of more importance than the political horizon, and who look upon the variations at the Bourse as on the reported indications of a seismograph, pretend such relief at the disappearance of a *cirrus* whose very name bored them and in which they scarcely believed? In spite of some new threats of a general strike in the mining districts, politics are as flat at home as abroad, and we can talk remorselessly of serious affairs.

Catastrophe after catastrophe is falling on the Comédie-Française. An article published by THE PILOT in the winter of 1899, after the partial destruction of the theatre, summed up the history of the National Dramatic Academy since its early beginnings to its present organisation by a decree which Napoleon I. signed at Moscow. The great lines of that document were the endowment of the theatre by the State, the election of its artists on competitive examinations, their division between removable *pensionnaires* and *sociétaires* appointed for life, at last the right for the latter of forming into a Reading Committee trusted with the admission or the rejection of new plays. It is on this basis that the once disguised comedian speedily rose, amidst the applause of one part of the public and the taunts of another, to the dignity of a sort of magistrate. The men were often ludicrous in this *rôle* (witness the not-forgotten case of Coquelin *aîné*), but it cannot be denied that it often gave nobleness to the women. Rachael, who in private would talk slang and worse than slang, preserved a good deal of the Muse in the Reading Committee. At any rate their independent position gave unique importance to the actors of the Théatre Français, and when it was told a month ago that after various incidents connected with the representation of *Le Roi*, a tame piece written ten years ago by an honest librarian, the manager, M. Claretie, had assembled the Council of *sociétaires* and signified to them a Ministerial decree putting an end to the Reading Committee, more emotion was felt in Paris than when M. Constans left Constantinople. A sublime repartee of M. Mounet-Sully to his manager was repeated everywhere.

The abrogation of the Reading Committee was bad enough for the *sociétaires*, whom it sank to their old situation of mercenary actors, but here is worse to prove that M. Claretie's *coup d'état* meant a restoration of the ancient tyranny. A decree inserted on Friday in the *Officiel* decides that after twenty years' service the *sociétaires* can be pensioned off, unless the Minister think fit to retain them. So, an actor of forty-five or fifty, in the full bloom of his talent, will have at every moment to fear the Ministerial displeasure. There had been some talk at first about some resistance on the part of the *sociétaires*, but the new decree makes it extremely unlikely. Besides, it would appear that perfect union does not prevail in the Comédie-Française. All the actors were at one about the Reading Committee, but some of them would not be foreign to the measure by which the career of everyone may be made shorter. They unwillingly bore the insistence of some of the actresses who had not, like Reichenberg or Miss Terry, found the well of Jouvence, to play parts

they had ripened out of, and proposed that after a certain time each *sociétaire* should be submitted to re-election. This gave a handle to the designing M. Claretie, and some *pères nobles* may now be cursing their own folly. A little resistance would be one of the most amusing spectacles they have ever given, but we cannot expect it. The comedian is never heroic behind the scenes, and longer than the tradition of his glorious freedom is that of his subjection. The public has been treated to several stories emphasising this. Here is one dating from the last century. In 1765, an actor of the Comédie-Française, named Dubois, not being pleased with his physician, Benoit by name, who he said had made him worse, declined to pay him his fee on pretence that he had given him earnest-money and two barrels of wine. Dubois declared that he was ready to take his oath in court that he owed nothing. But the physician having publicly represented that his trade debarred the actor from speaking under oath, the other actors were so angry at the insult their fellow had drawn on them all that they dismissed him from their body. Poor Dubois, thus ill-treated, would have met with little sympathy had it not been for his daughter, who waited on the Duke of Fronsac, and, being pretty, got from him an order for the comedians to play with her father. She waited to give in the letter to the *orator*—as the manager was then called—till the last minute before the play began. The play was the "Siege of Calais," by M. du Belloy, a tremendous success. Some of the actors, Lekain and Molé in the number, hearing of the step taken by Dubois, instantly left the theatre. The *orator*, seeing the impossibility of playing the "Siege of Calais" in their absence, came forward and tried to find excuses for performing another play. But the audience insisted on having the "Siege of Calais," and soon became so boisterous that the money had to be given back and the lights blown out. The result was extreme discontent on the part of M. le lieutenant de police against the comedians, who were confined at Fort l'Evéque, Mdlle. Clairon for five days, Lenain and the rest for twenty-six. This and several other examples will be enough to keep the *sociétaires* quiet, excepting, perhaps M. Le Bargy, who does not mind, as he can always fall back on his subsidiary work as professor of cravat tying at Chicago.

Just about the time M. Claretie was busy planning against the Comédie-Française, another *coup de force* was directed against a less famous but perhaps hardly less interesting institution. Everybody has heard of the Montmartre *cabarets*, where the wit and also the licentiousness of the *bohème* enjoys freer scope than anywhere else in the metropolis. Yet foreigners seldom find time or muster sufficient courage to climb the steep hill after dinner just to see ladies blush and men laugh at unintelligible slang. To a native, one of those places offers at least a singularly curious spectacle Its name, the "Tréteau de Tabarin," or, more familiarly, "La Boîte à Fursy," is well known far outside the ordinary student circle, for which the comparatively high price (uniformly eight francs) makes it a sort of not easily approachable Eden. The room is small; the audience, ladies and gentlemen, as a rule greatly hostile to poor Marianne. No scenery. Five or six gentlemen get upon a table one after the other, and with an air of the most profound indifference to everything and everybody sing, to good old familiar tunes, horrible things against M. Loubet. These bards are the authors of the poems they sing, and as their rhymes are wilfully loose in every sense of the word, day after day their repertory easily keeps up with the latest scandal, political or worldly. They know no restraint, care for nobody, yet sometimes their buffoon *verve* reminds one of the peculiar form of taste visible even in Rabelais, and for which Hugo pleads in the posthumous volume published last week. Fursy gives certainly the same impression as Aristophanes, but, of course, he does not give it for centuries. A few months make his stories stale, and the French of 1950 will perhaps be surprised to read in an English paper that there was something exquisitely funny in calling M. Emile Loubet Loubet Emile, like a boy in a ragged school. Fursy's establishment was closed last month for a fortnight on account of a song which was thought disrespectful to the Czar, but, more fortunate than the actors of the Comédie-Française, he got the measure repealed the next day by proving that somehow the song in question had been *visé* by the Censure. The fact is that if Anastasie—as the Censure is flippantly called—has got scissors, the authors have mouth-glue, and can piece together as improper a masterpiece as they think fit. Indeed, the Censure seems to exist only to give more zest to certain compositions. Only last night, a play of Brieux, the well-known social dramatist, which had been prohibited by the Censure, and the title of which is not even translatable, was read by the author to a crowded audience in the very theatre which had been forbidden to play it. When his reading was over, M. Brieux came forward and said: "This is the play for which I have been accused of immorality. It is for you to judge!" This appeal, an extraordinary thing in a theatre, was immediately answered. Five political men, M. Conyba, the *rapporteur* of the Budget, called up by his name by the manager, M. Antoine; M. Camille Pelletan, M. Fournière, M. Quentin-Bauchard, and M. Rochefort declared one after the other that the Censure ought to be done away with. And this morning I have seen "The Avairés" in three booksellers' windows.

I have little space left for a book on which I wanted to say a word, I mean "The Propos de Félix Faure." Although the author is said to be "Gyp"—at least for part of the work—it is trumpery literature of the worst Figaresque description. One should not forget that the President's widow protested against the first of those imaginary conversations.

THE MOUNTAIN OF THE MONKS.

[From a Correspondent.]

Montserrat.

Even in these days when electric trams chase each other in rapid succession through the streets of Barcelona there is a fine flavour of the olden times about the east coast of Spain. The splendid ruins of grand old Sagunto take one back to that famous Carthaginian siege which lives for all ages in Livy's picturesque pages. The weird peninsula, that Spanish St. Michael's Mount, Peniscola, which rises sheer out of the blue Mediterranean, and towers above the noblest orange-groves in Spain, is for ever associated with the tough old Spanish anti-Pope, Benedict XIII., who held his miniature court there eight long years, fulminating against the Council of Constance, and with his last breath bidding his two comrades in that rocky fortress keep up the schismatical succession against his rival in the Vatican. Tarragona, too, with its boast of Pontius Pilate as a townsman, supplies a direct connection with the Gospel narrative, and amid the illuminated manuscripts of the Archives at Barcelona you may fancy yourself back in the days when Cataluna had her ancient Counts. But none of these places, for all their antiquity, can compare with Montserrat, the marvellous mountain where the good bishop found—so the pious legend goes—the miraculous image of the Virgin which St. Luke had made, and where now the traveller may sojourn in monastic seclusion among rocks that might have been rent asunder at the Crucifixion, and amid scenery that recalls the battles of Titans with giants.

The practical monks, conscious of the pecuniary advantages which a cheap and rapid communication with Barcelona would bring them, have constructed a cog-wheel railway which takes you in an hour from Monistrol, in the valley of the Llobregat far below, to their mountain eyrie beneath the beetling cliffs. But the line is less offensive than most, concealing itself in tunnels and keeping out of sight amid the sinuous folds of the mountain side. The narrow plateau on which the monastery stands is crowded to-day with Catalans from a neighbouring village, bent on their annual excursion to the holy spot. The mountain re-echoes with their national songs, sung in that strange language which is neither French

nor Spanish, and which is jealously preserved throughout Cataluna as the dearest heritage of that enterprising, indomitable race, the brains and sinews of the Spanish Peninsula. Thick-set, powerful-looking men, these Catalans, whose *gorros*, or red caps, as it were of liberty, lend local colour, so rare in Spain, to this curious scene. Devout Catholics, too, as this pilgrimage proves, and deeply proud of their convent and its history. And a great deal of history has been made on this ledge of rock. It was here that Ignatius Loyola dedicated himself to the Virgin, and laid his sword upon her altar, so that the foundation of the Jesuits and all the countless results that have sprung from that event may be traced to their origin at Montserrat. The black image of the Virgin scarcely appeals to the artistic eye; an African Venus rather than the Mother of Christ is suggested by that grotesque figure. But Our Lady of Montserrat is famous all over Cataluna, and the rocky path to the spot where her image stopped, and the road to the cave where it lay hid from the Moors, are trodden by many a pilgrim.

Never has the convent been so prosperous as to-day. It has been often threatened in its time. Mendizábal, the great Liberal Minister from London, who tried to root out Clericalism from Spain in the early years of Isabel, actually suppressed the monastery; Napoleon's general, Suchet, captured and destroyed it. But it has risen, phœnix-like, from its ashes, and to-day is extending its buildings. Well nigh 100,000 visitors come here every year, and the people of Barcelona regard it as an agreeable *Sommerfrische*, when the heat is unbearable in the plain below. The rules have been altered since the days of the diligences, and the tourist may occupy a cell at Montserrat for eight whole days, paying what he pleases to the monastery for his room. That most visitors pay well may be judged from the fact that the income of the place sometimes reaches £3,000, which explains the zeal of the worthy monks in building fresh rooms for their guests. They are first-rate men of business, these hermits, as they always are in Spain. Their liqueur—a mixture, so it would seem, of hair-oil and eau-de-Cologne—sells well, and, as they pay no taxes, they can beat the licensed trade out of the field. They give one excellent, and by no means monastic, diet, too, and by a system of graduated dinners manage to suit every purse. You enter the *fonda;* and, if you wish to study the peasants, you can dine cheaply on the ground floor. One stage higher you are among the lower middle-classes; while the highest place is reserved for the most expensive diners. Even the keen air at this elevation scarcely enables one to cope with the lengthy bill of fare which is provided for those who occupy the uppermost seats at the feast.

What spot could be more refreshing for the jaded town-dweller than this mountain? One can wander for hours among aromatic plants and shrubs, up to one's knees in the box, which flourishes in Spain as it flourishes nowhere else, gazing up at those needle-like rocks, which rise above the convent buildings, and seem as if every moment they would fall and crush them into powder. Unless it be Meteora in Thessaly, no monastery has such a site as this, among Dolomite cliffs, which seem to have been sharpened and pointed by some gigantic instrument. Up at the highest accessible point, called San Geronimo, you see the grand panorama of grey rock stretched out before you, a deep crevice at your feet, the hazy line of the Pyrenees in the far distance, and on the other side the blue expanse of the sea. Here and there, dotted over the plain two thousand feet below, gleam white in the sun the historic towns of Cataluna, Manresa, and its neighbours, while the sinuous course of the Llobregat winds, like a snake, in the valley. The view from San Marino's tiny Republican capital over the wild, volcanic region of the Romagna can alone be compared with this spectacle. No wonder that the local tradition ascribes these vast rents and fissures in the rocks to the great upheaval when our Lord was crucified. And ever and anon a huge crucifix in the woods, with a dedication in the weird Catalan language, reminds us that we are on holy ground.

We descend as evening comes on and return to the monastery. A few monks are cultivating the little garden, which they have laid out with enormous labour in the shelf of rock above their abode. The Catalans have gone in procession homewards, their quaint two-spouted water jars, from which they drink without touching the spout, slung over their shoulders. All is deep peace on the terrace; nothing but the nightingale's note is heard on the mountain side. To-morrow we shall return to the twentieth century and to a great cosmopolitan city, with its struggle of labour against capital, of the small race against the great one. To-night we are back in the times of Loyola, when Spain's chivalry was not yet extinct, when the spirit of the Middle Ages still breathed in this country, when sovereigns sometimes became monks and monks sometimes became sovereigns. Here we can forget the fierce contest between the friar and the new order of things, between the sixteenth century and the twentieth, which is now agitating the whole Peninsula from the Pyrenees to the crumbling walls of Tarifa. It may be doubted whether these good monks are much agitated by *Electra* itself; have they even heard of that drama which has shaken Spain from one end to the other? Even if they have, they probably reflect that Montserrat has weathered many a storm ere now, and that their conception of life is not easily uprooted. *Aquí se hizo inmovil*, like the image of the Virgin in the legend.

REVIEWS.

FÉNELON.*

It is surely permissible to see more than a meaningless coincidence in the practically simultaneous publication of two elaborate and learned monographs on the great Archbishop of Cambrai. Fénelon has suffered unaccountable neglect at the hands of English students; and while in France and Germany much has been written ably and worthily about him, English literature contained, a few weeks ago, no work of capital importance devoted to the Churchman who was, perhaps, the most striking figure in the France of the Fourteenth Louis. Now it appears that two industrious workers have been tilling the same field, and those who have regretted the scantiness of the attention paid to Fénelon in England will not incur a charge of reckless enthusiasm if they see in the two volumes before us a sign that his place in the history of the seventeenth century is at last being recognised here. The pioneer of modern feminine education, the direct ancestor in the literary order of Jean-Jacques and the sentimentalists of the eighteenth century—a numerous and motley progeny—Fénelon must always be a profoundly interesting personality; and as a Churchman, in his relations to the Huguenots, the Quietists, and the Jansenists, his character is so open to varying interpretations that he may always be counted on to provide entertainment for the controversialists. It is, indeed, in the *variæ lectiones* of many passages in his life that the interest of these two volumes will reside for many readers, and certainly one could not desire a more piquant object-lesson in historical methods than is offered by the comparison here invited. Lord St. Cyres, as perhaps becomes a lecturer at "the House," is studiously judicial, academic, and even at times donnish. He is evidently as much of an enthusiast for Fénelon as sorts with his sense of decorum, but he endeavours to be as fair to Madame Guyon as to Madame de Maintenon, to Bossuet as to the "cruel et farouche" Le Tellier, of whom Saint Simon declared that "il eût fait peur au coin d'un bois." He qualifies his judgments with such minute care that at times one is tempted to ask if, in historical interpretation, this laborious impartiality be altogether the most precious quality. Mr. Sanders, on the other hand, commits himself to an almost evangelical fervour of enthusiasm. He sets out, it is true, with an obvious intention of scrupulous

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* Francois de Fenelon. By Viscount St. Cyres. Methuen.

Fenelon: His Friends and His Enemies. By E. K. Sanders. Longmans.

fairness; but the reader speedily finds himself in the company of a quiet, honest, but very determined partisan. This will detract nothing from the value of the book for the general reader, who prefers to read biography with the eyes of an enthusiast rather than to subject himself to the labour of interpreting unqualified facts; and the student who checks Mr. Sanders's generous verdicts by the colder scholarship of Lord St. Cyres will have no difficulty in forming for himself a useful and accurate opinion on the matters at issue.

There are, fortunately, only two such matters of real importance: Fénelon's conduct as chief of the mission to the Protestants in the districts of Poitou and Saintonge, and his attitude towards Madame Guyon and the Quietists. In all other matters, there is little room for divergent opinions, for no one—with the possible exception of M. Brunetière—would wish to deny Fénelon's piety, sincerity, and moral dignity. But no estimate of his character would be just which ignored these two episodes, for the first brings up what Lord St. Cyres calls the "legend" of his tolerance, and the second provokes some question of the stability of his judgment. It is in respect of the first that the two biographers are principally at variance. Lord St. Cyres devotes an extremely careful chapter to the matter, and expressly warns his readers against the somewhat romantic tradition of the eighteenth century, which represents Fénelon as a model of charity and tolerance. "His tolerance," he declares, "is a *fata morgana*, projected in part, indeed, from some real acts of kindness towards the Protestants, but chiefly from the political idealism of his writings, from his many points of likeness to the coming century, or from the tradition of his Saturnian reign at Cambrai." He approved warmly of the infamous Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and though it is quite true that when he was appointed to conduct the mission to Saintonge he insisted on the withdrawal of the dragoons, and advised some palliative measures, that approval stands altogether to his discredit, both as statesman and Christian priest. Moreover, although it is also true that he treated his converts with gentleness and affection, and discountenanced physical torture as an aid to conversion, he employed, or sanctioned the employment of, weapons scarcely less repulsive. "Among his proselytes," says Lord St. Cyres, "he promoted wholesale dissimulation, bribery, and espionage; he improvised farcical disputations for the edification of Huguenot gentlemen, in which he himself, in the character of Protestant advocate, was gloriously routed by one of his subordinate priests." He even, to destroy the influence of Jurien, advocated the introduction of scurrilous pamphlets, to be written by a Dutch Socinian, and published in France as the work of genuine Huguenot writers. These are methods is ignored by Mr. Sanders, who sees in this phase of Fénelon's career nothing that calls for blame. "The envious might cavil at his methods," he says, with cheerful optimism, but he is referring not to the bribery and espionage, but rather to his gentle ways with converts. "If his moderation and humility"—this is for Mr. Sanders the conclusion of the whole matter—"in an age when such qualities were not esteemed, were remembered against him when other clouds were gathering, and contributed to his ultimate ruin, they add no less grace to the record of his life, and must have deepened his influence with those whose eyes were undimmed by prejudice and bigotry." This astonishing verdict is, we are convinced, entirely honest, and no more need be said of it than that it illustrates the extravagant lengths to which hero-worship may be carried.

As to the matter of Fénelon's relations to Quietism, as represented by Madame Guyon, a great diversity of opinion is clearly inevitable. Here, at least, if one could forget the pitiful business of Mdlle. la Maisonfort, any verdict would leave Fénelon's moral character untouched. This unhappy woman, a cousin of Madame Guyon, was hounded into a convent, chiefly to please Madame de Maintenon, by a council of five priests, with Fénelon amongst them. Her unfitness for the veil was as obvious as her aversion from it, but Fénelon lent himself readily to Madame de Maintenon's plans. "Vocations," he assured the wretched girl, "shew themselves in the will of others, as clearly as in our own hearts; when the Spirit does not call us from within, he sends an outward authority to decide." In his record of this episode Lord St. Cyres is stirred from his judicial calm to denounce this doctrine—surely with perfect justice—as a "frightful and truly Quietist maxim," and he points out how swiftly the crime was followed by punishment. Fénelon was obliged to sustain his position with still more pernicious arguments, and that obliquity of spiritual vision which had led him to mistake Madame Guyon for a prophetess may be held to have declared itself here. Mr. Sanders contents himself with suggesting that, in the years of riper judgment, Fénelon would probably have acted differently, and holds that Madame de Maintenon was more to blame than he. On Fénelon, however, fell most of the disasters that ensued; for Mdlle. de la Maisonfort threw herself with hysterical fervour into Quietist propagandism, and her revelation to the inmates of St. Cyr of Fénelon's most intimate letters of spiritual instruction was, with entire dramatic propriety, the prelude to Fénelon's disgrace. Apart from this painful history, the modern student of Fénelon's attitude towards Madame Guyon finds it difficult enough to understand how a man of his ability should have been the victim, even for an hour, of so vain and ignorant a woman. Writing of her more than a century later, Saint Martin, that quaint mystic of the Revolution, pointed out "how vague and feeble is feminine inspiration when compared with the masculine inspiration of, say, Jacob Boehme." That, coming from so gentle and cloudy a soul, amounts to stern condemnation: Fénelon, a man of infinitely greater intellect, should never have supposed that his ethical philosophy had any points of coincidence with her "nauseous thaumaturgy." That he did so proves the existence of a fatal flaw in his intellectual equipment, and the promptness with which he broke off all correspondence with her, when scandal began to be busy with her name, argues a less chivalrous unselfishness than one could wish to discover in his character. Mr. Sanders sees in Bossuet's war with Fénelon nothing but an indication of the former's personal jealousy and malignity, and certainly the great Bishop of Meaux was not always an over scrupulous opponent; but, whatever his methods of controversy, it is easy to believe that his indignation was perfectly sincere, for the Quietism of Madame Guyon, backed by the weight of Fénelon's authority, was an influence that might have wrought incalculable evil. The Jansenist epigram—

> Ci-gît Fénelon, qui deux fois se damna
> Une fois pour Molinos, l'autre pour Molina,

held a tragic truth. Yet the process was less complete than his enemies believed at the time, for that exile at Cambrai served to bring out the noblest qualities of Fénelon's character. Here he showed himself a generous and gentle pastor, a wise and kindly director of consciences, while his large hospitality, not only to the wounded soldiers of his own country, but to the prisoners of war in his diocese, provoked Saint Simon to declare that he was more famous among the King's enemies than in the King's own dominions.

For the rest, it is not needful to speak at any length of those matters in which the two biographers are in essential agreement. As the tutor of the Duke of Burgundy, as the author of the surprisingly modern treatise, "Sur l'éducation des filles," and as the allegorist of political enlightenment, Fénelon's position is beyond criticism, and Lord St. Cyres and Mr. Sanders are, each in his way, eloquent and trustworthy guides—though Mr. Sanders's naïf description of "Télémaque" as "charming in its way" will be noted with some entertainment. Mr. Sanders may be commended to the general reader, who will probably take no harm from his guide's enthusiasm; but Lord St. Cyres will be more helpful to the student. We have but one complaint to lay against him: that it is often difficult to tell when he is translating, when he is paraphrasing, and when he is speaking in his proper person. His book is in every other respect a dignified and brilliant piece of work. We hope, however, that when he speaks of "a mortal race that must be run through dust and heat," he does not suppose that he is quoting Milton.

TOLSTOI IN ENGLISH.*

An English edition of the works of Count Tolstoi has not come a moment too soon, and it was a happy inspiration to begin the series with "Anna Karenina," or "Anna Karenin" as Mrs. Garnett would have it. Why not be more idiomatic still, and call the book Mrs. Anne Karenin? For ourselves we prefer the older, more musical, and now generally recognised title, but we are glad to have the book under any nomenclature. Though it lacks the epic breadth and grandeur of "War and Peace," and the deep mystical significance of the wondrous peasant drama, "The Powers of Darkness," recently prohibited in Germany, "Anna Karenina," will always, we think, be the favourite of the general public, since it is equally remarkable from the æsthetic and the moral point of view. Some critics, indeed, are of opinion that throughout the story the moralist hampers the artist, and consequently they would omit the Levin-Kitty episode altogether. Levin himself, the author's ideal citizen and man, is to many somewhat of a bore, and even Dostoievsky, who largely sympathised with Tolstoi's extremist views, regarded the squire-philosopher as "an ineffectual spouter." But, on the other hand, Levin is transparently Tolstoi himself, therefore we cannot afford to lose him.

The chief interest in the story lies, however, in the piercing tragedy of Anna Karenina's fall and ruin, a tragedy somewhat relieved, it is true, by the entertaining by-play of the numerous inferior characters, all of them admirably-depicted types of the various grades of polite society at St. Petersburg and Moscow. Whether the Russian upper class in the seventies was as hopelessly depraved as Tolstoi here represents may indeed be doubted. It should be borne in mind that the characters are, from the first, purposely divided into two distinct categories—the sheep and the goats—and Oblonsky, Vronsky, Yashvin, Betty, Anna, etc., are painted the blacker in order that the whiteness of the sheep—*i.e.*, Dolly, Kitty, the regenerated Levin and the Shtcherbatsky family—may shine the brighter. Moreover, Tolstoi's favourite dogma of the duty of self-obliteration under all circumstances occasionally lands him in palpable absurdities, notably in the ridiculous and impossible reconciliation scene at Anna's child-bed. Yet, despite this unfortunate episode, "Anna Karenina" is admittedly one of the great abiding masterpieces of literature. The whole history of Anna, her husband, and her lover, is of absorbing interest, and the description of Anna's gradual and, granting the circumstances, inevitable and utter degradation is heartrending. The last stage is, of course, reached when the once gracious and lovable beauty, who lived only for others, comes to hate her whole species, and kills herself in order to drive her already ruined lover to utter despair.

The translation, although far superior to any other existing English versions, leaves, we regret to say, much to be desired. Mrs. Constance Garnett is an excellent Russian scholar and an experienced translator, and her work is always obviously conscientious, but, in her laudable endeavour to be as literal as possible, she neglects the weightier matter of style, with the result that her English is too often slipshod, obscure, and occasionally even ungrammatical. We have frequently had to refer to the Russian original in order to get at her exact meaning, and sentences like the following are too frequent, "And for him, living in a certain society owing to the need, ordinarily developed at years of discretion, for some degree of mental activity—to have views was first as indispensable as to have a hat," or, again, "She did not very much like it that he was in love with her daughter."

PRINT COLLECTING.†

Mr. Whitman's book is not one to enlighten the serious student or the advanced collector of prints; he addresses himself to a different audience, with whom this handbook ought to find great favour. There are plenty of people who like prints in a vague way, and thoroughly appreciate a really fine one when they see it, but who have not sufficient curiosity to study the special literature of the subject, or sufficient acquaintance with prints in large numbers to be able to tell the genuine engraving from the spurious, the indifferent from the fine impression. Mr. Whitman's long experience of casual visitors to the Print-room of the British Museum, and of their needs, enables him to answer in simple language the artless questions of those who have yet to be convinced that etching is not done with pen and ink. He assumes his reader to be an admirer and would-be collector of fine prints, and endeavours to pilot him between the Scylla and Charybdis of imposture and bad taste. He is a safe guide, most orthodox, accurate, and impartial; indeed, his impartiality almost amounts to a fault; and the reader of his able *résumé* of the history of engraving, and his lucid explanation of its chief technical processes, is glad to meet with evidences of a pronounced taste for mezzotint, and to find a very just protest against the excessive popularity of stipple engravings in colour. Living artists are not, as a rule, criticised or mentioned, but Sir Seymour Haden and Mr. Whistler are rightly treated as classics. The chapter on prices wisely quotes the average price of ordinary impressions, as well as the sensational sums which the finest proofs have fetched at celebrated sales. The scale of the book precludes the mention in this chapter of more than a few representative prints of each class, but these are well chosen. The concluding chapter, on the Print-room itself, contains a cordial invitation to the public to use that splendid collection more than it does; and Mr. Whitman's book throughout bears witness to the intellectual profit and pleasure to be derived from daily converse with the *peintre-graveurs*, the great original masters in etching and engraving. The reproductions with which the book is lavishly illustrated will be a delight to those who cannot have Rembrandts or Valentine Greens of their own. The plates are chosen mainly to illustrate the different processes, and from this point of view it is unfortunate that no specimen of dry-point is included. Wood-engraving is scantily represented by a Dürer (wrongly dated), two Burgkmairs, and a Bewick. Where special accuracy is desired, collotype has been used instead of half-tone, for it is undeniable that the "screen" used in the latter process annihilates all trace of texture (as opposed to line) in the original, so that aquatint becomes indistinguishable from mezzotint (for example, in the plates facing p. 62 and p. 76). The plates after the "Forgeron" of Delacroix and two states of the mezzotint portrait of Abel Roper by White may be mentioned as especially instructive, but they are well chosen throughout, and a few which are slightly hackneyed are still so charming that everyone will be glad to see them again.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) The Life of Queen Victoria. Reproduced from the *Times*, with photogravure illustrations. Sampson Low. 42s.

(2) Memoir of Sir George Grey, Bart. By M. Creighton. With preface by Sir Edward Grey. Longmans. 6s.

(3) Frederick the Great on Kingcraft. From the original MS. With reminiscences and Turkish stories. By Sir J. William Whittall. Longmans. 7s. 6d.

(4) Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick (1625-1678): Her Family and Friends. By Charlotte Fell Smith. Longmans. 18s.

(5) An Idler's Calendar: Open-air Sketches and Studies. By G. L. Apperson. G. Allen. 3s. 6d.

(6) The Company of Heaven: Daily Links with the Household of God. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

(7) The Book of the Dead. An English translation. By E. A. Wallis Budge. With four hundred and twenty vignettes. Kegan Paul. Three vols. 3s. 6d. each.

(8) The Dawn of Civilisation: Egypt and Chaldæa. By G. Maspero. Edited by A. H. Sayce. Translated by M. L. McClure. Fourth edition. Christian Knowledge Society. 24s.

(1) The managers of the *Times* have been well advised in issuing a sumptuous edition of *The Life of Queen Victoria*,

* Anna Karenin. A novel by Leo Tolstoi. A new and complete translation from the Russian, by Constance Garnett. 2 vols. Heinemann.

† The Print-Collector's Handbook. By Alfred Whitman. Bell. 15s. net.

printed in their columns at the time of the Queen's death. The appearance of Mr. Sidney Lee's memoir in the Supplement to the Dictionary of National Biography has already reminded us that in these quickly-moving days criticism will soon be busy with the character which the majority of her subjects find themselves only now adequately estimating. Many people will desire that the colder methods of the historian shall not be adopted too soon, and in the *Times* biography they will find sympathetic appreciation at its best. The skilfully written genial narrative makes little attempt at the lights and shades of characterisation, and is written throughout from the standpoint of affectionate loyalty; but it is free from any semblance of adulation, receives importance from occasional references to actions of the Queen not yet matters of common knowledge, as, for instance, to her share in bringing about the compromise on the last Reform and Redistribution Bills, and may be summed up as a model of temperate and discriminating eulogy. So good a biography deserved a handsome setting, and the print and paper and the long series of photogravure portraits are all excellent. The binding follows the fashion set by "The Anglo-Saxon," but unlike that magnificent periodical is unaccompanied by any "note" as to its origin. It appears to be adapted from a design we have seen on some fine bindings executed for James I., enriched by a Royal scarlet much more gorgeous than any colour found on James's books, but which he would, doubtless, have admired.

(2) A no less admirable essay in sympathetic biography comes to us in a reprint of the *Memoir of Sir George Grey*, written by the late Bishop Creighton in 1884 while Vicar of Embleton, and until now restricted to a private circulation. Sir George was already an old man when his biographer came to his parish, but between the two there quickly sprang up a warm affection, the commemoration of which in a graceful preface by Sir Edward Grey makes the book in a sense a memorial to both of the friends. The tact and the historical sense of the future Bishop, when added to his real affection, made him an ideal biographer, and it is not surprising that it has been found impossible to add (as the Bishop desired to do) further detail to this finished character sketch without spoiling it. To one who really cared for Sir George Grey the studious moderation of its tone was inevitable, for there can have been few men to whom even a touch of excessive praise was more repugnant. He is thus represented as a very valuable public servant, always rising effectively to the needs of the moment, rather than as a statesman of great constructive genius. How admirably he could confront an emergency was shown by his handling of the threatened Chartist demonstration in 1848, and it is perhaps not too much to claim for him that he was the best Home Secretary of the century. But it would be difficult to name any subject on which he was notably ahead of his contemporaries, and he had no love for general principles. In many respects he was an ideal House of Commons man, and the memoir gives an interesting instance of his refusing to answer a gross accusation of breach of faith on the ground that he did not feel justified in entering into charges "published only in the pages of a newspaper."

He regretted in his later years (comments his biographer) the increasing frequency of extra-parliamentary utterances, of pamphlets and magazine articles by responsible statesmen. He thought that the proceedings of Parliament were sufficient both for the transaction of public business and for the political education of the people. He did not think that either process was rendered easier by being carried on independently of the other.

It is safe to say that if more English statesmen had held these views the House of Commons would have held to-day a far higher place in public esteem than can now be claimed for it. Sir George Grey's attitude has been only too abundantly justified. Of his life outside Parliament, of his kindly old age and unaffected piety, the Memoir gives an interesting picture. Indeed, in the completeness with which the whole man is brought before us in some hundred and sixty pages it presents an effective contrast to the bulky biographies now written about far less interesting men.

(3) Very little has been heard for the last thirty years of the once famous "Matinées," attributed to Frederick the Great, in which he is represented as giving, with jaunty shamlessness, much very cynical advice to his successor. In the "sixties" of the last century, when Prussia was starting on her conquering career, they were unearthed, to the wrath of German historians, as evidence of the Machiavellian character of Prussian statesmanship, and the final triumph over France in 1871 produced at least three reprints. A translation, accompanied by the French text of one of the versions, occupies the first half of the curiously miscellaneous volume now published by Sir William Whittall under the title *Frederick the Great on Kingcraft*. For a president of the British Chamber of Commerce of Turkey to plunge into so difficult a controversy as that of the "Matinées" argues some boldness, and Sir William would have done well if he had taken expert advice on the subject instead of trusting solely to his family traditions. The story he tells was already known in its main features, but is sufficiently curious. His grandfather, in 1816, while a merchant at Smyrna, rendered important services to Marshal Savary, Duc de Rovigo, and was rewarded by him with permission to take a copy of a manuscript of the "Matinées," which he professed to have stolen from the library of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci (left untouched after the King's death) when he visited it in 1806 in attendance on the Emperor Napoleon. Savary professed shame for his theft, and made Mr. Whittall enter into a compact that the manuscript should not be published during the life of either of them. Mr. Whittall appears to have been under the belief, seemingly shared by his grandson, that the "Matinées" have up to the present only been known from an imperfect copy of them published by "a person named B——" in his service whom he had allowed to read them. This, of course, is an entire misconception. The text here given agrees closely with that of an edition bearing the imprint "Berlin, 1766," which was translated into English "by a Gentleman of the University of Cambridge" two years later, and in various versions and editions circulated in Europe and America during the eighteenth century. It has been plausibly contended that the "Matinées" were written and published by someone in the pay of the French Government in order to discredit Frederick; but, on the other hand, there is fairly good evidence of a copy of them having been given by Frederick himself to the younger Buffon for presentation to his father, and it would need more space than we can spare to give even a summary of the arguments for and against their authenticity. In any case, the manuscript which Savary professed to have stolen in 1806 from Sans Souci contained nothing new, save in so far as the surroundings amid which it was found and the (unsupported) statement that it was in Frederick's handwriting tend to prove his authorship. A further complication is introduced by the fact that another member of Napoleon's staff possessed himself of a different text of the "Matinées" at the same time and place, this text being the one printed (anonymously) by Lord Acton in 1863, and agreeing with that of an undated edition, engraved throughout in imitation of Frederick's handwriting, as to whose time and place of publication information is needed. Into this veritable spider's web of controversy Sir William Whittall has sauntered with an edition of the "Matinées," with a word or two omitted where his grandfather's writing presented difficulties, and a translation of his own making. There seems here some waste of energy, since a statement of the results of a collation with the 1766 text is all that was needed, and it is to be feared that the manner in which the story of the book is told in the introduction may lead to some misconceptions. If anyone, however, feels aggrieved at this he may turn for compensation to the latter part of the book, where he will find a series of really humorous Turkish stories and apologues admirably told. That they are all Turkish in origin may well be doubted, but presumably it was in Turkish that Sir William heard them, and they are provided with a most effective setting.

(4) Mrs. Charlotte Smith has come near to spoiling her book on *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*, by taking too much

interest in her subject. As her sub-title explains, she is concerned not only with the Countess herself, but with "her family and friends," and as a result has crowded her canvas with too many portraits, so that the reader, wearied with the endless tale of deaths and marriages, may be forgiven if he revolt. The truth is, we imagine, that Mary Rich is rather an intractable heroine. Despite a few happy phrases, her very real piety never found adequate literary expression, and with all her power of intimate communion with God she does not seem to have attained the inward peace the possession of which acts as a charm on all who come in contact with it. On the other hand, her sober view of life makes her diary very tantalising to her biographer. Moving among interesting people and often trusted with their confidence, she has a trick of entering in her diary the events of interesting days by some such phrase as "engaged on lawful business," and none of her friends have sufficiently supplied her omissions. She is most interesting at the time when she withstood her father in the matter of her marriage, and secured for her husband the younger son who, by the death in rapid succession of three intermediate heirs, became within sixteen months of their marriage Earl of Warwick. Yet her repentance for her disobedience was poignant and life-long, and does not seem to have been connected with the fact that gout sometimes made her husband difficult to live with. Baffled at times by her heroine, Mrs. Smith has recourse to a chronicle history of the family, and perhaps the most interesting section of her book is contained in the opening chapters, in which she is concerned with the shrewd old money-making Earl of Cork who began life as plain Richard Boyle, a not very successful barrister, and died connected with half the nobility of England, and even after his Irish losses a man of no small wealth. Though occasionally stern, Boyle was a most excellent and affectionate father, and his relations with some of his noble but thriftless sons-in-law are full of humour. On his death some of the light goes out of the book, but Mrs. Smith interweaves her various material with considerable skill, and is indefatigable in hunting for picturesque incident.

(5) *An Idler's Calendar*, by Mr. G. L. Apperson, is, in part at least, a book concerned with rural life, but of rural life as reflected in books rather than as studied at first hand. Most of Mr. Apperson's little essays appeared originally as "turn-overs" in the *Globe*, and their talk of flowers, and poetry, and country customs has, no doubt, refreshed many suburban travellers on their way home. But they betray their literary atmosphere when they are brought together, and are not likely to win many fresh readers in their new form.

(6) In *The Company of Heaven* an anonymous compiler (the Preface is signed S. J. C.) has brought together a prose and a verse extract for every day of the year, all dealing with different characteristics of the angels and their relations with us. The extracts are taken from a miscellaneous selection of authors, and along with much that is good include some poor verse and some rather feeble prose. We cannot believe that this kind of book can be useful to anyone, though it is doubtless interesting to compile.

(7) The present widespread interest in Egyptology is shown by the almost simultaneous issue of revised editions of two important works. In the convenient form of three handy volumes in the series of "Books on Egypt and Chaldæa," of which he is the general editor, Dr. Wallis Budge has reprinted his English translation of *The Book of the Dead*, first issued four years ago as part of an expensive edition which included the hieroglyphic text and an exhaustive vocabulary, almost amounting to an Egyptian dictionary. In the new edition the introduction has been abridged, chiefly by the omission of matter interesting only to specialists, the translation has been revised by a fresh comparison with the texts, and some brief explanatory notes have been added. But the special feature of this more popular edition is the insertion at the head of each chapter of a careful reproduction in black and white of the appropriate vignette which in the larger edition is only verbally described. There are in all no fewer than 420 of these vignettes, and their inclusion gives the new edition an independent value apart from the features reproduced from the larger work.

(8) The other new edition before us is one of Professor Maspero's *The Dawn of Civilisation : Egypt and Chaldæa*, edited by Professor Sayce, and well translated by Mrs. McClure. The issue of four editions of this large quarto of nearly eight hundred pages within seven years is a sufficient proof of the popularity it has won by its union of the French gift of easy narration with a thorough mastery of the subject. In this fourth issue, while the bulk of the text remains undisturbed, the description of the manners and customs of the early Egyptians has been rewritten, and some additional pages have been inserted in order to embody the results obtained by Professor Petrie and other discoverers. In the new pages which deal with the methods of burial which preceded the full development of the system of mummification Professor Maspero, who is inclined to minimise the influence of the Asiatic immigrants, proposes ingenious explanations of these different methods as all stages of a single development of the care for the dead, whereas Dr. Budge traces a substitution of foreign customs for the dismembering practised by the indigenous inhabitants. As regards the royal tombs of the first dynasty Professor Maspero adopts an attitude of reserve, and is content to wait for the discovery of more proper names, as opposed to the Horus names, of sovereigns, before attempting to classify any of them except the fifth, sixth, and seventh kings, whose identity with the Usaphais, the Miebis, and the Semempses of Manetho, he considers satisfactorily proved. Besides these Egyptian chapters the section of his book dealing with Chaldæa has also received some revision, though not to the same extent.

FICTION.

The Old Knowledge. By Stephen Gwynne. Macmillan. 6s.—When Millicent Carteret asks the question all Mr. Gwynn's readers will ask as they take up his book : "What is the Old Knowledge ?" she is told that "it is a thing you get more by a discipline of the will than anything else. It is a discipline of the body, too, and a study of the powers that are in certain signs." Millicent asks further if it is something that everybody can learn. And Owen Conroy, mystic, beekeeper, peasant, and—what Millicent does not remember till mischief is done—man, and, therefore, capable of falling in love, assures her that everybody can learn something of the Old Knowledge, and, what is more, everybody ought to learn it. Millicent thinks that, as it does not come naturally to her, she will prefer to let it alone. "What appeals to me," she says, "is the common life—the life I live and that people live about me." She is quite right about herself. She is normal, and Frank Norman, the very pleasant young man whom she eventually marries, is normal also. They are both as nice young people as one could wish to meet—lively, intelligent, wholesome, fully equipped with up-to-date ideas, good manners, good looks, kind hearts, frank dispositions, bicycles, fishing-tackle, cigarettes, blouses and other appropriate apparel of the day. The story of the *camaraderie* that develops into love by way of pleasant open-air meetings, tennis parties, luncheon parties, cycling and fishing adventures, is brightly, cleverly and sympathetically told. There are some delightful descriptions of Irish scenery—pictures straight from nature one does not doubt — and some extremely interesting glimpses of Irish peasant character. But unquestionably the most interesting personage of the story is Owen Conroy, and the element of special fascination, that Old Knowledge which gives the title to the novel and makes the tragedy within the comedy of the story. We cannot wish that Millicent had married Owen. The movement of repulsion that always comes to her when look or touch of his suggests the possibility of such an end to their friendship, is only too true to life. Such marriages are not possible. But as she could not marry him, we cannot help feeling provoked with her for

having disturbed his peace of mind, and marred *his* life in course of making her own. However, if she had stayed at home in Bayswater, there would have been no story to tell. So we must accept the situation and console ourselves by making much of Conroy and his Old Knowledge in review. Somehow it is impossible not to believe that all this part of the book is as straight from life as the pictures of Donegal scenery. Millicent is an artist. So is Conroy. She invites him to show her his drawings, and lo! they are mystical inspirations somewhat in the manner of Blake's creations :—

Drawings in a light wash of water-colour, a few tints crudely used—ignorant work ; but the poverty of the means did not hide the thing expressed. Here a face looked out from between two encompassing and over-shadowing wings, its eyes unearthly bright ; there, again, a figure drawn with a luminosity at the finger tips, red on one hand, blue on the other. Vaporous all of them, vague in their draperies, and yet with the vivid suggestion of actual presences, of something positively seen.

Millicent admires, is impressed, touched, fascinated. Conroy is sure that she understands as no one ever understood before. By degrees all his confidence is given to her. The things he draws he has seen, and others have seen them and recognised them in his pictures, especially one white figure he calls "The Queen" :—

I saw her in many places when I would be away up in the mountains, the same way as I saw the rest of them, but always in some lonely place. It was there I always saw them best, where the face of the country has not been made strange to them by the work of man. When it has been they walk in a world of their own, and you must lose the things under your eyes—hedges, and trees, and maybe houses—before you can see. But out there, in the valley clefts that face out on to the sea, and on the bare mountain sides, they pass walking before you ; and it is easier to see. Pressed closely, he confesses to a belief that these visions may be "the old gods that grew out of the country."

At this stage, Conroy holds his primitive faith in simplicity and a good conscience. Millicent asks if he has power over these visions and over others that he sees of actual people. And he answers with honest good sense that it would be wrong to use such power if he had it, and that he scruples to think of it even. But when he sees Millicent falling in love with Frank Norman, jealousy and bitterness pervert his conscience. And with the help of an old aunt, reputed a witch, he uses charms to force Millicent to his will. There are some dramatic scenes between the two. Millicent wins in the struggle. But one is sorry for Owen. And it is impossible not to feel that the book would have been a finer one had its construction not made it necessary to leave the mystic out in the cold at the last. Yet, taking it as it is, it is a very bright and pleasant story with a core of serious interest out of the common.

The Benefactress. By the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Macmillan. 6s.—*The Benefactress* is one of the most quietly amusing novels we have met with for a very long time. The heroine, indeed, is not amusing, but that is hardly the function of a heroine. We only ask of her that she shall be pretty and lovable, and Anna Estcourt is both in a very high degree. But nearly every other character in the book is amusing from first to last. Lady Estcourt, Anna's rich and miserly sister-in-law, her daughter Letty, the German pastor and his wife, the three German ladies who accept Anna's invitation to come and be "made happy" at the German home which her uncle has left her, are all admirably drawn. Their genuine dislike of Anna, their equally genuine dislike and suspicion of one another, the desire of one of them to make excuses for getting her son "Karlchen" on a visit to Kleinwalde, in the hope that Anna will marry him, the unsuccessful efforts of Karlchen to play up to his mother—all this is told with real humour and in excellent English. This makes the main theme of *The Benefactress,* but we have besides a sufficiently interesting hero, a villain or two, who in the end only succeed in bringing Anna and Axel together, and a delightful old Princess, reduced to become Anna's housekeeper, and really serving her with her whole heart. Nor must we leave out Trudi, Axel's sister, whose new friends always "did think her delightful ; and she never had any old ones." That is a sample of the little humorous surprises which meet us on every page, and help to make *The Benefactress* such pleasant reading. Our only fault with the book is that we are not allowed to hear how the three pensioners received the news of Anna's engagement. It is suddenly announced to them, and there the story ends.

Although *The Secret Orchard,* by Agnes and Egerton Castle (Macmillan and Co., 6s.), will not meet with the approval of all, the story is full of interest. The plot is certainly not a pleasant one, but it is a possible situation, and one that we do not remember to have seen treated before. The character of the Duchess of Cluny is a mixture which is not usually found. And yet we think it is a natural one. The Duchess is an entirely devoted and unsuspicious wife, and it never crosses her mind that a sudden and passing passion awakened by a girl he came across in his travels can have made her husband unfaithful to her. But so it was, and fate caused this very girl, who was quite unknown to the Duchess, to become an inmate of the Ducal household on the footing of an adopted daughter. Such a situation is a volcano of hidden danger. The passion of the Duke's had been of the moment and existed no longer, but that of the girl's had become one that absorbed her whole evil and defiant nature. The Duke decides to keep silence with his wife and deny all knowledge of the girl, although she fiercely asserts her previous knowledge of him. All this is painful but quite conceivable; but where opinions may differ is the character of the Duchess. Would such a noble, pure-minded woman be in the presence of such a woman and suspect nothing ? Does not purity instinctively realise the presence of evil? We think not. The Duchess had no reason to suspect the Duke had ever wavered in his devotion to her. She was entirely absorbed in the desire to save the soul of the girl, and her eyes were not open to her really fiend-like character. It is not, we think, unusual to find good women, with a passion for saving souls, blind to the very evils they would combat. It is, indeed, a merciful dispensation that they should not see all, especially when the evil actually affects their own deepest affections. It is this play of character, this struggle between the forces of good and evil, rather than of individual character that makes *The Secret Orchard* interesting.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CARDINAL WOLSEY.

SIR,—It is impossible to read the attempted appreciation of Cardinal Wolsey that appeared in your columns two weeks back without feeling that either the writer had grossly misrepresented the facts of the case or, as we may more charitably suppose, was lamentably ignorant of the details of the subject on which he was writing. A fool may propound more questions in two minutes than a wise man can answer in a day, and it is quite possible to make as many false assertions in ten lines as would require a volume for their complete refutation. The difficulty that presents itself in replying to the article in question is not to discover where the errors lie but to decide to which of these false assertions preference shall be given. I therefore have, after some hesitation, decided to base my criticism on a brief examination of one paragraph. With laudable openness the writer tells us that, "It is commonly supposed that Wolsey brought about the question of the divorce in order to avenge himself on Charles V." This is perhaps one of the most correct assertions in the article, and most contemporary writers, whether Catholic or Protestant, agree that it was Wolsey who first suggested the divorce to the King (Polydore Vergil, "Hist. Angl.," p. 685, edition 1555 ; Tyndale, "Practise of Prelates," ed. Camden Soc., p. 320 ; Pole, "Apologia ad Cæsarem," pp. 115, 116). But "so far is this from being the truth that Wolsey was always a half-hearted promoter of the cause," and "in open Court Henry publicly exonerated Wolsey from any charge of suggesting the divorce to him."

Passing over the first statement as to Wolsey's inactivity (for how strenuous were his efforts, and how numerous his intrigues for the furtherance of the divorce, are obvious from

the State Papers of the reign), we come to the consideration of the second assertion. It is certainly true that Henry denied in open court that Wolsey had suggested the divorce to him, but this was merely another way of re-stating his assertion, which he never proved, that his scruples arose from a doubt expressed by the Bishop of Tarbes as to Mary's legitimacy. But of what value is this denial? Knowing Henry's character, the worth of this testimony is the same as that of the "Not guilty" of a prisoner on trial. This the King knew full well, and called on the assembled prelates to support his assertion. And then an event occurs that the writer of the article appears to have overlooked. Fisher openly refused to corroborate the lie, and accused the Archbishop of Canterbury of forging his signature and his seal—a charge which was not denied. (Cavendish, pp. 121, 122.) It seems a little peculiar that a statement of the truth should require a forgery to substantiate it, and the production of such evidence in a modern court of law would not, I fancy, prejudice the jury favourably. Yet on this flimsy ground the evidence of contemporary historians is to be rejected!

Neither did Wolsey beg Henry on his knees to give up the divorce when it was first mooted. The scene occurred two years later when Wolsey, after his fruitless journey to France to obtain the Papal powers, returned only to find his ambitious plans ruined by the King's passion for Anne Boleyn (Sander "Anglican Schism," p. 30; Cavendish, "Life of Wolsey," p. 57). On his knees he besought him not to marry Anne, but seeing all remonstrance was in vain, Cardinal and priest though he was, he shamelessly turned round to pay his court to the infamous woman and gave a superb banquet to her and her royal paramour at his own archiepiscopal palace. Sufficient has, I think, been said to show how grossly inaccurate the article is as a whole, for its errors are not confined to the portions quoted. Magnificent as Wolsey was in his splendour and the triumph of his power, the repentance of his last sad days is grander still; and in their record is his greatest glory. But to assert that his policy was prompted by ecclesiastical zeal, and not by his soaring ambition, is to hold a theory in spite of proven facts. The real Wolsey was a statesman first, and a churchman last of all.

THOS. A. NEWSOME.

THE REVISION OF THE PRAYER-BOOK.

SIR,—As a strong advocate for the revision of the Prayer-book of many years' standing, I was very much impressed by Canon Daniels' excellent speech at the Church Congress at Brighton, which I do not think has received the attention it deserved. It augurs well for the future that one in his position should, on so important an occasion, lay stress on the absurd, vexatious, and I may add vain repetitions in our services. And on behalf of all who hold that the Church is in its nature democratic, and not a church of the classes, I would suggest that it is nothing short of ridiculous to expect a working man to understand such antiquated phraseology as occurs, for instance, when we pray for the "indifferent administration of justice" and for "the good estate of the Catholic Church." Anyone not bound hand and foot with red tape must, I think, admit this. I have been frequently told that it is the business of the clergy to explain these sentences to the people, but it would appear to me that the clergy might well have other and more far-reaching work to occupy the time now wasted practically in explaining such things as these. We have all of us been brought up to believe that one of the principal objects of the Reformation was that of the Liturgy being in a language understanded of the people. We are frequently told that lay representation must precede obvious and necessary reforms in our liturgy, but I cannot believe that our bishops, some of the most highly educated men in the country, are incapable of reforming the Prayer-book to meet present day needs. A stock argument in this connection is that it is impossible to persuade different sections of the Church to agree, but if this be the case I imagine that to increase the Church franchise would rather tend to accentuate any such difficulty. With your permission, sir, I would venture to propose a way out of the difficulty which appears to me to be the only obvious and practical way. If British antiquatedness be not too proud to borrow ideas, we have at hand already a reformed Prayer-book against which I have not so far heard a plausible objection brought forward by any of the numerous clergy with whom I have discussed the matter. It seems strange that what the Americans were able to do a hundred years ago we cannot now do in these days of increased education and more general enlightenment. In the American Episcopal Church there are different sections as in the English, and yet I do not hear that they are dissatisfied with their Liturgy. If an objection to any alteration in our Liturgy is based upon the fact that that the Church is established, I must urge, first, that the Established Church in Scotland appears to manage its affairs in a satisfactory manner, and I believe I am correct in stating that in some of the churches of that Establishment a liturgy has been introduced; and, secondly, that if the establishment is to become a ground for blocking necessary and desirable advance, the sooner we are free of it the better for the life of the Church. Another and hardly less important reason presents itself to me for the adoption of the Liturgy of America *en bloc*, which has doubtless occurred to many besides myself. It is the magnificent opportunity placed before the Church of leading in a very practical way in the manifestation of sympathy and a good understanding between the two nations. I am sure that everyone will admit that sentiment counts for a good deal, and what better bond of union than that the whole of the English-speaking world belonging to the Anglican Church should use the same Prayer-book?

An example of the stagnation to which the Established Church is liable has been recently pointed out in the columns of the *Times*, where it was shown that of all the Churches in the United Kingdom the Established Church alone could not, under present circumstances, introduce a prayer for the President of the United States with those for the Royal Family. It is pitiful that owing to the possibility of such an incident as this, one of our oldest institutions is to be dragged through the mud rather than that the most ordinary common-sense should be brought to bear on ecclesiastical matters.

In all seriousness, I would ask whether it is to be wondered at that in existing circumstances many members of the less educated portion of the community, and, indeed, I may say many of the better educated also, while believing in the doctrines of the Established Church, prefer to attend Non-conformist places of worship? I myself know with absolute certainty that there are those who have altogether given up going to church entirely on account of their disgust at services utterly unsuited to the needs of the present day. Has it ever struck any of your readers what must be thought of our antiquated formularies by American visitors to this country? At the risk of trespassing still further on your space, may I make a suggestion for temporary amelioration of matters. Several different hymn-books are in use in the church, and no great inconvenience arises therefrom; might not the clergy be allowed equally to adopt any of the four Anglican Prayer-books now in daily use throughout the world? In the American Prayer-book are several additions we might welcome, such as the alternate Psalms and the Collect for the Transfiguration.

DYSART.

Buckminster Park, Grantham.
November 8th, 1901.

THE DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

SIR,—It is not so impossible as Father Bull thinks for a poor man to become a clergyman. About ten years ago I used to take a small class in Latin at a Working Men's College in a town which I will call X. One of the members was a gardener, one a draper's assistant—both wholly uneducated men. I managed to teach them the elements of Latin; they entered a theological college (or perhaps two theological colleges, as one was very High and the other very Low); they were ordained; one is now settled in a comfortable living, and so I believe is the other.

LAYMAN.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

MR. JOHN LANE sends some welcome reprints, among them a pleasant edition of the perennial *White's Selborne*. The book contains Mr. Grant Allen's notes, and is illustrated by many delightful drawings, original and copied, by Mr. Edmund H. New. The volume is published at 5s. Mr. Lane also sends Vol. XII. of his "Flowers of Parnassus" Series—Blake's *Songs of Innocence*. The illustrations are by Geraldine Morris, and the price of the book in cloth is 1s. The second, third, and fourth volumes of Mr. Lane's "Handbooks of Practical Gardening" are *The Book of the Greenhouse*, by J. H. Tallack; *The Book of the Grape*, by H. Ward; and *The Book of Old-Fashioned Flowers*, by Harry Roberts. The last of these is likely to be more useful to amateurs than the first two, which are somewhat too technical in their treatment to be of use to beginners. The series, however, is remarkable for the amount of practical information and advice compressed within the space of a hundred pages to each volume. These books are published at 2s. 6d. each. From Mr. Lane comes also a neat and clearly printed edition of *Doctor Thorne*, by Anthony Trollope, edited by Algar Thorold. The price in cloth is 1s. 6d.

We have received from the two University Presses copies of the Book of Common Prayer, with the titles of Prince and Princess of Wales substituted for those of Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and

York, and with the new forms of service for the King's Accession. These forms include proper Psalms, Lessons, Suffrages, and Prayers for use at matins and evensong; a Collect, Epistle and Gospel for use at the altar; and an additional service, consisting of the *Te Deum*, Suffrages and Prayers, "which may be used on the same day at any convenient time." The old Accession Service defied every ritual precedent, was extraordinarily cumbersome in expression, and occasionally wandered into unintentional blasphemy. The new form avoids these rocks, and provides a service which, as it has both ecclesiastical and civil sanction, may usefully, and no doubt will, be largely used next January.

One of the handsomest of the recent editions of Boswell's *Life of Johnson* is that issued by Messrs. J. M. Dent and Co. in three volumes. The first is edited by Arnold Glover, and there is an introduction by Austin Dobson, in which the London of Johnson's days is described with interest and accuracy. The chief interest and value of this edition, however, lies in the illustrations. There are about a hundred of Mr. Herbert Railton's charming sketches, and also many excellent reproductions of portraits; and the end papers are designed to represent a map of the City as it was in Johnson's time. The volumes are somewhat bulky, but at a moment when we are flooded with pocket editions and "precious" bibelots this is a fault that can readily be forgiven. The price is 25s.

Messrs. Methuen and Co., who always turn their books out well, have sent us *Barnaby Rudge* in two volumes of their Rochester Edition of Dickens's works. The binding is red linen with gilt lettering, and the general tone of the volumes is one of simplicity. Mr. George Gissing contributes an introduction, half-biographical, half-critical, and there are eight drawings in each volume by Beatrice Alcock illustrating various places mentioned in the tale. As the two volumes together are published at 6s., we think this a remarkably cheap and good edition of Dickens's works.

We have also received:—

The Child's Bible, newly illustrated: Cassell and Co. 10s. 6d.

A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath, by James Lane Allen; edition de luxe: Grant Richards. 30s. net.

Salambo, by Gustave Flaubert, translated by T. W. Matthews, with an introduction by Arthur Symons: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

Don Quixote; Vol. IV.: Gowans and Gray. 1s. net.

The Universal Obligation of Tithes, by a Barrister: Elliot Stock and Co. 2s. 6d.

The De Coverley Essays, by Steele and Addison: Gay and Bird. 2s. 6d. net.

Songs of Innocence, by William Blake, illustrated by Geraldine Morris; *A Dream of Fair Women*, by Alfred Tennyson, illustrated by Percy Bullock: John Lane. 1s. each.

The Workmen's Compensation Act, by A. Elliott; second edition: Sherratt and Hughes.

The Catholic Church from Within: Longmans, Green and Co. 6s. 6d. net.

Middlemarch, by George Eliot; library edition, 10s. 6d.; *Daniel Deronda*, Warwick edition, two vols., 2s. each: William Blackwood and Son.

Undine and Aslaugh's Knight, by La Motte Fouqué: George Newnes, Ltd., Caxton Series. 3s. net.

Love Poems of Burns, The Lovers' Library: John Lane. 1s. 6d.

The House of Atreus, Golden Treasury Series: Macmillan and Co. 2s. 6d.

The Caliph Vathek, by William Beckford; *A Little Book of Light Verse*: Methuen and Co., the Little Library. 1s. 6d. each.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

BELLES LETTRES.

Selected Essays, by Richard Copley Christie, M.A.: Longmans. *Thoughts from the Letters of Petrarch*, by J. Lohse: Dent.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Caroline the Illustrious, Queen-Consort of George II., by W. H. Wilkins, M.A., F.S.A.; *Records of Lumsden's Horse*, edited by Reginald Rankin, M.A.; *Studies in Irish History and Biography*, by C. Litton Falkiner: Longmans. *Gabriele Rosetti*, a versified biography translated and supplemented by William Michael Rosetti; *Life and Reminiscences of Robert Wallace*, by William Wallace, LL.D., and Sheriff Campbell Smith; *A History of Pont-y-tu-Prydd*, by W. Bulkeley, Coventry: Sands. *The Life of William Morris*, new and cheaper edition, by J. W. Mackail; *Frederick the Great on Kingcraft*, from the original MS., with reminiscences and English stories by Sir J. W. Whittall; *The Marquis d'Argenson and Richard the Second*, two critical essays, by Reginald Rankin, M.A.: Longmans. *Our Great Vassal Empire*, by W. S. Lilly, F.R.S.: Sands.

TRAVEL.

In Sicily, by Douglas Sladen; *Afoot through the Kashmir Valleys*, by Marion Doughty: Sands.

EDUCATION.

British Isles, Longmans' Pictorial Geographical Readers, with maps in colours: Longmans.

THEOLOGY.

The Age of the Fathers, by William Bright, D.D.; *England and the Holy See*, an Essay towards Reunion, by John Spencer Jones, with a preface by Viscount Halifax; *Preparatio*, Notes of Preparation for Holy Communion, founded on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels, with a Preface by the Rev. George Congreve, M.A.; *Breviarum Bothanum sive portiforium secundum usum ecclesiæ cujusdam in Scotia*, from MS. of the fifteenth century in the possession of John, Marquess of Bute, K.T.: Longmans. *A Devout Commentary on the Epistle to the Ephesians*, by the Very Rev. Bertrand Wilberforce, O.P.; *The Convents of Great Britain*, by F. M. Steele; *A Catholic Guide to Westminster Abbey*, by the Very Rev. E. W. Leslie, S.J.: Sands. *Letters to a Godson: How to read the Old Testament in the Light of the New*, by the Rev. Cyril Bickersteth, of the Community of the Resurrection: Mowbray, Oxford. *Ideals of Ministry*, being the lectures in Pastoral Theology recently delivered by Dr. Wallace Williamson: Blackwood. *The Son of Man*, a new Life of Christ by Miss Fox, illustrated with drawings specially made for this work: Elliot Stock.

ANTHROPOLOGY.

The Ainu and their Folk-lore, by the Rev. John Batchelor, with 137 illustrations: Religious Tract Society.

PSYCHOLOGY.

The Mind of a Child, by Ennis Richmond: Longmans. *The Dangers of Spiritualism*, by J. Godfrey Raupert: Sands.

SCIENCE.

Directions for Class-Work in Practical Physiology, by E. A. Schäfer, LL.D., F.R.S., with diagrams: Longmans.

ARCHITECTURE AND ART.

A History of Architecture in Italy, with nearly 500 illustrations, by Charles A. Cummings: Longmans. *Florentine Villas*, by Mrs. Janet Ross: Dent. *The Thames at Dawn and Sunset*, drawn by E. M. Pike, described by Herbert Baker; *The Seasons*, twelve coloured illustrations by Amy Sawyer: Sands.

FICTION.

Luke Delmege, by P. A. Sheehan; *Of His Kin*, by J. D. M. Douglas-Thomas; *Peter, a Parasite*, by E. F. Albanesi; *Men versus Devils*, by T. Kingston-Clarke: Sands.

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THE WEEK.

Home. The Blue Book on the Concentration Camps shows how badly the Government have been served by some of their supporters in the Press. It is plain that those who had to organise and control these camps were confronted by difficulties that passed human power to deal with adequately at first starting. Whether the policy which rendered the camps necessary was wise had ceased to be an open question. The refugees were there, and they had to be dealt with somehow. In these circumstances the right course for the friends of the Government would have been to welcome information from whatever quarter it came. It was not likely that such information would be unprejudiced; but the business of those to whom it was offered was to sift the true from the false, to distinguish between fact and sentiment, and to dismiss no charge professedly based on observation without careful inquiry. This is what should have been done; what was done we all know. To express a doubt whether the arrangements in the camp were perfect or the death-rate normal was to be set down at once as a "pro-Boer." To hint that officials can but take the best course open to them, and that the proper care of large and sudden aggregations of human beings is a problem of enormous difficulty, was to make yourself an accessory to the crime of murder. The Blue Book shows pretty conclusively that the authorities worked very hard, and that the difficulties against which they had to struggle were greatly increased by the habits of the refugees—habits which did not much matter in isolated farms in the pure air of the veldt, but which bred disease with terrible rapidity in the close neighbourhood and strange surroundings of a camp. But it shows also that these authorities made many mistakes at starting, though real pains have been taken to remedy these as the resulting mischiefs were discovered—with the exception, indeed, of the "half-rations policy," which seems not to have been given up until the receipt of the telegram of February 27th, provoked by Mr. Lloyd-George's question of the previous day. The main error—which may hereafter be shown to have been unavoidable in the first instance—is the size of the camps and the consequent absence of classification. When old and young, sick and healthy, are massed together, disease spreads with terrible rapidity, while the treatment of the sick and the protection of the healthy become alike difficult. If people could agree on the one hand not to defend everything that has been done as if it were the ideally best thing to do, and on the other not to write and speak as though every mistake made had been prompted by express malice, it would be better alike for the condition of the refugees and for our own tempers.

There is at length some sign of approaching agreement in the Liberal party. The incorporation of the South African Republics in the British Empire has been proclaimed necessary by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and by the Executive Committee of the Home Counties Liberal Federation. "To restore," says the latter, "the independence of the Boer States would be wholly incompatible with the future peace and security of South Africa." Mr. Birrell again has expressly recognised "the absolute necessity of the annexation." As the Liberal Imperialists are also of this mind—only more so—it may fairly be said that upon the question actually before the country the Government and the Opposition are agreed. If this were once understood it would be possible to debate the grave questions which will have to be settled as soon as the war is over with less heat and fewer accusations of want of patriotism or want of Christianity. It is unfortunate, to our thinking, that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should have chosen the present week for saying what he "has never yet said," and that is that the great peril of the hour—the permanent alienation of the Dutch population of South Africa—will never be conjured away so long as Mr. Chamberlain is in Downing Street and Lord Milner at Pretoria. As an Opposition leader Sir Henry is bound, of course, to do what he can to displace the Government. But to single out a particular Minister for attack can only be of any

avail when there is a general feeling among Ministerialists that his special policy has been a failure. We are no lovers of Mr. Chamberlain's diplomacy, but we cannot say that we see any sign of a reaction against it in the Unionist party. As regards Lord Milner, what reason is there for dissociating his policy from that of his chiefs? He has carried out the orders of the Government, and if those orders have been mistaken, the responsibility must rest on those who have given them, not on him who has put them into execution. The best policy for the Opposition at this moment—and it has the advantage of being a policy which will recommend itself to many who are not Liberals—is to let the origin of the war go to rest, to support the Government in bringing it to a speedy end, and to do their utmost to bring about a settlement which shall embody the great principles of freedom and self-government on which our Colonial Empire has been built up.

It is of the more importance that the Opposition should agree to put aside discussion as to the origin of the war and the possibility of giving the Boers their independence, because until they do this they have little chance of being listened to on the question of the subsequent settlement. There will, of course, be some who will say that there is no need for anyone outside the Cabinet to concern themselves with this question. But in no Government ought there to be placed such absolute confidence as this. The responsibility of Ministers should be shared by Parliament, and Parliament cannot be trusted to rise to the level of its duties unless the nation shows that it is alive to the magnitude of the problems that await solution. Never has any country had a more difficult task thrown upon it than the resettlement of South Africa, but we enjoy at least one signal advantage—the advantage of having in the history of our past dealings with Ireland an excellent example of the policy we ought to avoid.

Soft answers do not come naturally to Mr. Chamberlain, and his occasional searches after them are not often successful. We fear that no exceptional good fortune awaits him in his latest attempt to abate the German hostility to this country. He explains to a correspondent that in his appeal to "the practices of all civilised nations to justify greater severities than those which have hitherto been adopted by us in the Boer War there was no suggestion that these severities went beyond what was just and necessary." It may be doubted whether Mr. Chamberlain quite sees where the sting of the famous passage in his Edinburgh speech really lay. He compared, it will be remembered, the action of Germans in 1870 with what has been done at various times "in Poland, in the Caucasus, in Algeria, in Tong-King, in Bosnia." There is no reason to suppose that the severities practised in the Franco-German War can fairly be placed in the same category with some of those to which Mr. Chamberlain—probably without stopping to weigh his words—thought fit to compare them. Consequently, when the Germans read his explanation they may not think that he has mended matters. "If," they may say, "you choose to assert your right to do in South Africa anything that has ever been done by Russia in Poland or by France in Algeria, you are at liberty to do so. But as the German standard of humanity in war is at all events higher than this, we have no desire to shelter ourselves under the mantle you so obligingly extend to us." It is to be regretted that Mr. Chamberlain should have taken part in a controversy that had better have been left to the newspapers to which it had been confined down to the time of his Edinburgh speech.

The water supply of London is to be taken in hand by the Government. A Bill will be introduced to create a Water Board for the County of London and to give it power to buy up all the rights of the existing Water Companies at a price to be fixed by arbitration. The London County Council have given notice of a rival Bill, the chief difference between the two measures being the constitution of the water authority, which in the one is to be a board representing the whole area to which water is supplied, and in the other is to be the London County Council. It is not at all obvious why the object of the London County Council might not be equally well served by an amendment substituting their name for that of the new board. The multiplication of local bodies is not in itself desirable, but in this case it seems justified by the many conflicting interests which the water authority will have to reconcile. We are disposed to think that the London Water Companies have, on the whole, come in for rather hard measure. The supply is in most cases good and abundant, and if their charges are high they have no protection worth speaking of against waste. But the sale of a necessary of life is too great a function to remain for ever in private hands. It should rest with a body the composition of which is, indirectly at least, elective. Ordinarily it will be vested in the Council, whether of the county or borough which has to be supplied, but in the case of London the County Council is not co-extensive with the area supplied, and this makes a different treatment expedient.

The remarkable letters on the "Crisis in British Industry," which are now appearing in the *Times*, reveal a condition of things which, unless the writer's statements can be disproved or shown not to be so alarming as they appear, demands the serious attention alike of masters and workmen. The objection that the writer is anonymous is of no weight. The importance of the letters consists not in their reasoning, but in the facts stated in them. It makes no difference who it is that says that bricklayers are only allowed by their union to lay 400 bricks a day when they could easily lay twice that number. The only point worth considering is whether the facts are as the writer describes them. If they are not, if, that is, there is no restriction as to the number of bricks laid, or if the prescribed number is all that can be laid without injury to the bricklayer, there can be no difficulty in showing that the writer in the *Times* is misinformed. So again with the restrictions on the use of machinery which are attributed to the Boilermakers' Society. The rules which are alleged to operate in this way are quoted in full, and if the interpretation put on them is a wrong one, it is in the power of the Society to explain where the mistake lies. If, on the other hand, the facts are accurately given, but the trade unions have a justification for them the force of which has escaped the correspondent of the *Times*, it is for their friends, whether in trade or in the Press, to put

that justification forward. At the present stage of the controversy we shall express no opinion on it beyond saying that a very serious indictment has been brought against the practices prevailing in some of the great industries, and that it will not be wise either for the workmen or for the nation to allow the charges contained in it to go unsifted.

Mr. Brodrick is keeping his word about South African reinforcements, and really vigorous steps are being taken by the War Office to strengthen the field force and to replace war-worn troops. We still think that it would be a sound plan to re-enlist discharged Yeomen for periods of six months only, replacing them at the end of that time, or giving them the option of serving for another six months. It is the indefiniteness of the term of service that prevents many volunteers from rejoining the colours, but if a short term were accepted there would probably be a ready response. As the men would in most cases have served in South Africa before, no time would have to be spent in training them, and the country would thus have the full benefit of their services for the time agreed upon. As it is, the War Office have invited twenty Militia battalions to volunteer for active service in order that battalions now at the front may be relieved. Every available cavalry regiment is under orders for the front, and by the end of the year only the Household Cavalry will be left in England. The plan which we urged some time ago—viz., that regiments in India should relieve regiments now at the front—is also being acted upon, and the 3rd and 20th Hussars, now in India, are to change places with the 7th Dragoon Guards and 9th Lancers, now in South Africa. This recognition on the part of the War Office of the fact that the war is still going on is one of the best reasons for entertaining some hope that it may soon be finished.

General De Wet made his first movement after a long period of inaction on Friday of last week, when, with 400 men, he attacked the rearguard of Colonel Byng's column. He was repulsed and left eight dead on the field. Much indignation seems to have been aroused in the army by the surrender of 180 men, with rifles and horses, belonging to the Somerset District Mounted Troops. They seem to have made so feeble a resistance before surrendering, that cowardice, not to say treachery, is suspected. If this is so it is the only instance of the kind that has come to our knowledge during the war, and it should not be allowed to reflect on the South African volunteers as a whole. The 103rd and 107th companies of Imperial Yeomanry suffered a mishap at Brakspruit in the Western Transvaal, when 85 men were either killed, wounded, or taken prisoners. In Cape Colony the clearing operations have been attended with some success, and the Colony is now more free from the enemy than it has been for some months. Fouché is retiring from Jamestown towards Barkly East; in the west Malan and Lategan are being driven towards Calvinia; while Maritz has been driven north. Colonel Colenbrander, with Kitchener's Fighting Scouts, has made a capture of 54 Boers in the neighbourhood of Warmbaths. Lord Kitchener reports that 43 Boers have been killed, 16 wounded, 291 taken prisoners, and 6 surrendered, making an unusually low total of 356. The number of horses taken, however—600—is larger than usual.

Foreign. THE new Isthmian Canal Treaty was signed on Tuesday, and so a vexatious cause of friction between Great Britain and the United States is out of the way, to the ultimate advantage of both. Out of courtesy to the Senate, the text is not yet published; but it is understood that the United States will make the Canal and alone guarantee its neutrality, while it may erect the fortifications necessary to secure that neutrality and the safety of its own Pacific coast. The Canal will be available for ships of all nations without discrimination of rates. In appearance, no doubt, Great Britain has made a considerable concession, without receiving anything in return, in Alaska or elsewhere; but the partnership provided for by the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty had proved unworkable, and it is well that it should be terminated in a more legitimate fashion than by a mere vote of the Senate. Other nations are merely to be notified of the conclusion of the Treaty, and will have no concern with the Canal but to use it for commerce; and so the Monroe doctrine remains intact. The Treaty, of course, covers the Panama route as well as that *viâ* Lake Nicaragua, but it is understood that the Isthmian Canal Commission will presently report in favour of the latter, as practicable at less than half the cost. However, the United States Government has now to cope with the Pacific railway lobbyists, and to negotiate with Nicaragua and Costa Rica. And there are indications that the former State, at least, means to make the negotiations difficult.

Mr. Secretary Hay's spirited sketch of American policy in the immediate future demolishes one of the favourite bogeys of Continental publicists, while it intensifies the real underlying cause of their alarm. The United States, as he told the New York Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday evening, no more covets the territory of the other American nations than it covets the mountains of the moon; but it needs outlets for the surplus products of its industries, and therefore it must seek to conclude reciprocity treaties—a view emphasised, by the way, at the Reciprocity Congress of representatives of American manufacture, on principles strictly Protectionist. Next to this requirement, according to Mr. Hay, come the Pacific Cable and the Isthmian Canal. Finally, America means to be "diligent in business," and so to "stand before kings"—or, rather, to take her stand on equal terms in the great democracy of nations. All this is excellent sense and policy, but it implies not the "Imperialism" which Continental nations can denounce, but the pacific rivalry which their relative natural disadvantages make it difficult for them to cope with. Unfortunately, they are intensifying their disabilities by their aggravated Protectionism. Meanwhile, we in England can only congratulate Mr. Hay on his statement of policy, and welcome the graceful recognition of English sympathy with America in the loss of her President with which Mr. Choate followed it up.

The debate on the new Loan Bill in the French Chamber on Monday displayed a return to the old religious conflicts which have been in abeyance since the passage of the Associations Bill. The Ministry proposes to borrow 265 million francs in the form of Rente, 200 millions being allotted to payment of the Chinese War expenses, 10 millions to payment of

indemnities to individuals (mostly French missionaries), and the remaining 55 to indemnifying the religious orders and the Peking-Hankow Railway Syndicate for their losses from Boxer outrages. The Budget Committee, which is predominantly Radical, reported that 210 millions would be enough, attacked the missionaries, and suggested that the unauthorised Orders should receive nothing, while the authorised Orders and the Railway Syndicate might be left to get their compensation out of the thirty-nine annual instalments of indemnity from China which will eventually recoup the French Government. In the debate, M. Ribot complained of the Budget Committee; an irascible Radical-Socialist, M. Berteaux, intimated a desire to box his ears. There was an uproarious scene, chiefly caused by M. Berteaux's friends, though some Radical members of the Committee disclaimed the language of the report; and finally M. Ribot succeeded in finishing his speech, and reminding the Budget Committee of Gambetta's aphorism, that "anti-clericalism is not an article of export"—a view emphasised next day by the Finance Minister and the Premier. The latter eulogised the services of the Orders, and the capitalists, as pioneers of French influence, whose discouragement would merely make fresh opportunities for the German Emperor; and finally declared, with absolute truth, that the Cabinet had strengthened France. The missionaries can hardly feel pleased at being regarded merely as the thin end of the French wedge, nor can much be said for the statesmen who insult them at home and use them abroad. But the conduct of the Radical majority of the Budget Committee was fatuous nevertheless. After further scenes, the Bill was accepted in principle on Thursday by 358 votes to 183.

For the present, France has escaped the danger of a general miners' strike; and it seems improbable that the movement will be resumed. It was strongly discouraged by the representatives of the miners of England, Germany, and Belgium at the conference held last week at Dover; and those leaders of the French miners who are also politicians, especially M. Basly, have used their influence adversely throughout. But the miners themselves are impatient, and local strikes have taken place. No violence, however, is reported, and the military precautions taken have not been put to the test. But the attitude of the men is ominous of serious trouble in the future if the prophecies, or promises, of old age pensions are not to receive substantial fulfilment.

The German Reichstag has very little time for its own immediate business, but some of this will probably be wasted over an interpellation calling attention to Mr. Chamberlain's recent speech and to the conduct of the war in South Africa. The feeling is unfortunately genuine, and has been increased by his explanation; but its exploiters are taking the best way to lessen whatever English dissatisfaction exists on both subjects; and a curious sidelight is thrown on German sympathies with oppressed nationalities by the trial of certain rioters at Wreschen, in Prussian Poland, which was reported in Wednesday's *Times*. The schoolchildren declined to listen to religious instruction in German, and were kept in to receive corporal punishment; their parents, who had incited them to resistance, stormed the school during the process, and, it is to be hoped, interfered with its execution. They stated in evidence that they did not want "the German religion," and two of them believed the original language of Christianity to be Polish, "naturally so, since the Apostles were Jews." Jews, of course, are very numerous in Poland. Clerical instigation was alleged—though the instigator was not punished—and severe sentences were passed, varying from two years' imprisonment to four weeks. It is clear, however, that the local clergy are against Germanisation, from the Archbishop downwards, and the corporal punishment inflicted on the children is sure to make them excellent Poles.

The Parliamentary situation in Austria has seemed almost hopeless again. The popular indifference at the recent elections to the Bohemian Landtag has made the Czech Nationalists feel that they must rouse their constituents: the Germans are furious both at the appointment of Czech professors in a Government technical school at Brünn and at the prospect of a new University, in that town or in Olinütz, which shall not be exclusively German, but either "Utraquist" or entirely Czech, and so, though the House has been sitting for four weeks, the Budget is at its first stage still. The time has been taken up by "motions of urgency," including demands by the Slovenes and Ruthenes for Universities of their own. A sort of armistice has been arranged to enable the Budget to be disposed of, but the strife will be worse in the debate on the Ausgleich with Hungary. A dissolution is talked of, but it will not mend matters much; and an independent Viennese paper (the *Sonn- und Montags Zeitung*) actually declares that the best remedy is to be found in new rules of procedure imposed on the Parliament by the Emperor.

The Italian Constitutionalists who used to follow Crispi, and have since acknowledged the more Constitutional leadership of Baron Sonnino, have now an authorised organ in the Press—the *Giornale d'Italia*, which appeared for the first time on Saturday last. It seems well written and effective, and it makes a leading feature of its regular and trustworthy news from Naples, Palermo, and the South of Italy in general. Such a paper has been much needed—not least by the foreign student of Italian politics—since the death of Crispi's *Riforma* and the purchase of the independent *Tribuna*, chiefly, we believe, with French money, in the interest of a Francophile syndicate. Baron Sonnino and his followers have always been Anglophile, but that is not our chief reason for wishing the paper success.

So many irresponsible persons are interested in producing chaos in Servia, that the story of Queen Draga's murder had, unhappily, some verisimilitude. Happily it is false, and the Near East is no worse than usual, except for the riots in Athens over the modernised New Testament. If its language is that of the modern Greek newspaper, the rioters have some excuse. But the appointment of Said Pasha as Grand Vizier of the Ottoman Empire does not, it is to be feared, mean very much. Said—known as "little Said," to distinguish him from a less praiseworthy namesake—has the reputation of being one of the best men in Turkey, a reformer, a good Moslem, and a good patriot. He held the post from 1882 to 1885, when he was regarded as anti-English, and for a short time in the summer of 1895. After the Armenian massacre in Constantinople in November of that year the Sultan pressed him to take it again, and on his refusal so terrorised him that he fled to the British Embassy and stayed there until his safety was guaranteed by the British Government. His recall now is probably little more than a sacrifice to appearances. To appoint a bigoted Moslem would be to provoke the Powers, and perhaps the Young Turkey party also. But it is hardly likely that the Sultan, who is accustomed to manage his own business, will give his Grand Vizier any real power.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, November 23, 1901.

THE TRANSVAAL AND THE RAND.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Times* reported on Monday the opinion of "a competent and unprejudiced foreigner" who has only lately left South Africa. This opinion is that the Rand and the Transvaal should be distinct colonies. The territory north of the Rand will, he is convinced, afford its inhabitants "every opportunity of leading that quiet pastoral existence which was formerly characteristic of the Boers. In those regions they will find vast tracts of pasture land more than adequate for the requirements of their reduced numbers, and there will be nobody to interfere with them. Nor will there be any danger of their again being tempted by the presence of gold to seek to establish Boer supremacy in South Africa. The country that would thus be open to them has been prospected for many years, regardless of expense. No gold worth speaking of has been found so far, excepting at Lydenburg, where mining on a comparatively limited scale has been going on for some time. If the Boers are deprived of the Rand territory important progress will have been made towards the solution of the South African question." We read this opinion with the more satisfaction that it was anticipated in THE PILOT of November 2nd. A proclamation of the intention of the Government, we then wrote, "would be more effectual if it included an announcement that the Rand will eventually be separated from the Transvaal. Nothing is to be gained by treating two communities as one when they differ in race, in occupation, in desires."

The foreign observer whose opinion is communicated by the *Times* Vienna correspondent is concerned with the future of South Africa. How can the conquered territory be best governed when the war is over? We in England may be pardoned if we take a somewhat nearer view, and ask ourselves whether the promise of such an arrangement as is here suggested is likely to have any effect on the duration of the war. It is arguable, of course—it is, in fact, argued in a letter which we print to-day—that our business is "to do all that is possible (in a military sense) to bring the war to an end, and meanwhile talk as little as possible about that end and its sequels." If this only means that it is not the business of the English Government "to sue for peace," we agree with our correspondent. But if it means that we are to be silent upon the many and grave constitutional and political questions which will come up for consideration and settlement the moment the war is over, we reply that the Government themselves have thought it expedient to say in general terms that the Transvaal is in the end to enjoy the same privileges as the other self-governing colonies of Great Britain, and all that we ask for is that they should so far descend to particulars as to give the Boers some notion of what self-government will mean in their case. The separation of the Rand from the Transvaal is an indispensable condition of any real self-government in the latter colony. All our recent troubles in South Africa had their origin in the fact that the Rand formed part of the Transvaal. But for that there would have been no Outlanders for the Boers to oppress. Each community would have managed its own affairs and carried out its own ideas of Government. At a later stage it was the difficulty of coming to terms as to the relative share of the two populations in the representative system of the Transvaal that brought on the actual conflict. Mr. Kruger saw that if the Rand had its proportionate share of seats, the rapid growth of its population would soon give it a determining voice in Boer affairs. When South Africa comes to be resettled the old difficulty will again present itself. The mining industry of the Rand will again attract immigrants from all quarters, and if these have votes for the members of the Transvaal Assembly the Boers will be a permanent and helpless minority. That may be self-government in name, but it will not be self-government in fact.

The case of Canada, which is so often cited, supplies an exact parallel to what ought to be set up in South Africa. We read in *Whitaker's Almanack:* "Nearly 80 per cent. of the inhabitants of Quebec are of French descent, preserving their original language, religion, and customs; 95 per cent. of those of Ontario are British." This distribution is the secret of Canadian contentment. If Quebec and Ontario had been made one province, the French would have been outvoted on every critical occasion, and the "original language, religion, and customs" of the people of Quebec would have been lost or only maintained at the cost of repeated rebellions. What we ought to read in some future issue of *Whitaker* would transpose these figures. "Nearly 95 per cent. of the inhabitants of the Transvaal are of Dutch descent, preserving their original language, religion, and customs; 80 per cent. of those of the Rand are British."

If it is asked why the Government should be urged to proclaim this severance at once, the answer is that without such an announcement the promise of eventual self-government will have no attraction—we may even say no meaning—for the Boers. We do not pretend that it will have any influence on their leaders. As they are already banished for life by proclamation, the future government of the Transvaal is a matter of no moment to them. But it may influence the rank and file, because it will show them that submission will give them back a "vast tract of pasture land more than adequate for the requirements of their reduced numbers," and that with the Rand made into a separate province, "there will be nobody to interfere with them in the enjoyment of this." If there be any use in proclamations there ought to be a use in one such as this.

SHANGHAI POLITICS AND THE CHINA MISSIONS.

When last week we remarked upon some vague but disquieting signs of rebellion, in Shanghai and London, against our present relations with the Chinese Empire and its Government, we studiously left unnoticed the most striking thing in the matter. It was enough at the time to call attention to a movement, at its beginnings, which can only be understood as having these intentions: First, to revive the contemptuous hostility to the Chinese Government which was so prevalent before a certain expedition failed; secondly, to insist upon representing China as a divided nation, one part "Liberal" and eagerly Europeanising, the other part too wickedly ignorant, obstructive, and reactionary for endurance; thirdly, to persuade the English people, and through them their facile Government, that Civilisation and Commerce equally demand the active co-operation of England with the Chinese party of advancement. If we would know where this party is to be found, the answer is, when stripped of its veilings, the Yang-tse region, which is so rich and so much our own. Would we learn whether it has any organisation, there is no reply; but we are to understand that the party has a most powerful leadership in the persons of Yuan Shi-kai, Governor of Shan-tung ("the ablest, probably, of the younger generation of Mandarins"), and the great and famous Yang-tse Viceroys, Chang Chih-tung and Liu Kun-yi. It is of the utmost importance, we are told, that England should "support," should "uphold" these reforming Viceroys. If the question thereupon is "why do they need support, and to what end should the British Government uphold them," the answer is in the one case quite explicit, in the other obscure and yet plain enough: The Viceroys and the Chinese Government are political enemies, and by backing the reforming governors we may help to redeem the Yang-tse provinces from Manchu domination, making of them a safe preserve wherein Western influences may flourish and propagate to the advantage of Western enterprise.

That is evidently the grand idea—an idea which no British Government could act upon with propriety, or with a reasonable promise of success. It is almost a matter of certainty, we take it, that the whole conception starts from a flattering error which the Liberal Yang-tse Viceroys are too gentle and discreet to correct. "Liberal" they may be, and probably are; freely receptive of Western ideas of the business-like order; more than ready to acquire a knowledge of Western science, its means and appliances in the arts of peace and the practice of war, with intent to put them to use. But if it is supposed—and this seems to be the error—that their eagerness to learn betokens a desire to submit their provinces to European enterprise, to open wide the door to Western exploitation, that will be found a mistake. Since the Yang-tse Viceroys are Chinamen, and since they are by all accounts highly intelligent, highly educated, knowing Chinamen, it is far more likely that they are "Liberals" for the purpose of turning the foreigner out of China by the use of his own devices than because they are anxious to be over-run by the agents of Western civilisation. If the great Liu Kun-yi and the greater Chang Chih-tung be not Boxers with a difference—a great and most amiable difference, no doubt—we are much mistaken. That, however, is evidently not the Shanghai opinion. There the Viceroys and the like of them are regarded as enlightened rebels, ready and nearly strong enough to defy the central Government, withstand the rising forces of nationalism, and open their broad territories to foreign enterprise as through the doors of Liberty Hall. Nearly strong enough to do so, but not quite; and hence the call upon the Government and people of England to back up the Viceroys.

Now all this seems to us extremely wrong-headed and dangerous, and it would be so were there no more to say about it. But what last week we abstained from noticing becomes this week so much more evident that we must needs make an addition to the foregoing remarks. Possibly by accident, but apparently not so, these dubious political and commercial intriguings are intimately mixed up with appeals to the missionary spirit; than which there is no stronger influence of its kind in England. As we read and re-read certain articles and letters in the newspapers, and mark a particular sameness in them, it is really difficult to put off the thought that here is a manifest endeavour to bring the whole machinery of missionary enterprise in China, the whole heart of its endeavour, into partnership with the Yang-tse Viceroys and the work of revolution which they are supposed to be engaged in. Who, it is asked, are the accusers and the murderers of Christ's evangelists in China? Not the people, unless and until their minds are poisoned; and who are the poisoners, who the instigators and paymasters of missionary murder but the old-régime mandarins and their abominable Empress? Look to the New China (here the Yang-tse region is indicated) which already dares to confront and oppose the old, and there you see the Christian missions not only unmolested but protected, not only protected but honoured. Its greatest men, virtually independent rulers over provinces rich and populous as kingdoms, are not content to permit mission work but invite it; and, for their own part, habitually seek missionary advice and guidance. And then again we hear the names of Yuan Shih-kai, Liu Kun-yi, and Chang Chih-tung; with exhortations to support them in their Liberalism and the missions in the unexampled opportunity which that Liberalism affords.

We cannot and of course do not wish to deny that there is a great deal of truth in these representations; but strongly as we object to an English policy of supporting Yang-tse or any other Chinese "Liberals" against the recognised Government of the country and

its indomitable traditions, far more should we regret the adoption by our China missions of any such political partnership as seems pressed upon them. Their greatest misfortune has been association with the political arrogance of the European Governments in China; and there is an easy and not very bitter lesson in the fact that when they are accused by the Chinese authorities it is never for their teaching, but as disturbers of social conventions or lawful authority. Only the other day, as we read in a rather eccentric article in the *Times*, M. Hubbard reported to the French Chamber that "the missionary's excessive zeal, his intolerant defiance of Chinese traditions and prejudices, his meddlesome interference in public and private affairs, have always been the main obstacle to friendly relations between the people of China and the foreigners settled there." We cannot accept so severe a statement; yet it is but a variation of a charge so common and so injurious that the great missionary societies can have no wiser aim than to put an end to it. Complete dissociation from political support is more difficult in China, perhaps, than in other countries, though we take the liberty of doubting it; but we are sure at any rate of this—that the great work of the missions would prosper most by abandoning all reliance upon ambassadors, consuls, treaty-privileges, the moral influence of gun-boats, and even Liberal Viceroys, and by trusting exclusively to the spiritual side of their teaching. Writing in the *Times* this week, a great authority on China and Chinese affairs allowed himself a strong expression of opinion that martyrdom does the missions a world of good; he would even seem to rejoice in the recent massacres as extraordinarily successful in this way. He may be right, but though the blood of martyrs is the seed of the Church, the Church herself has other sowing to care for, and we would have the missions look to that alone. In the first instance, the martyrdom of Christians in China seems to have been largely, if not wholly, due to social and political prejudice readily avoidable, but not likely to be avoided by taking sides with Liberal Viceroys in a revolutionary movement now so strongly recommended.

THE RECIPROCITY MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

If there be virtue in Protection it lies in its ability to foster new industries. That has been proved time and again, whether in the case of the United States, where the protection is deliberate, or where it may result from mere currency depreciation. Therefore, in a new country, or one on the verge of rapid development, there may be some justification for trammelling trade. It is a tax on the country which may be abundantly repaid later, and the protective tariff may tend to encourage capital to enter the country. Whether in the form of bounties or tariff there is that much to be said in favour of a protective policy. It is when prolonged beyond the necessary period, as it almost always is, or utilised to foster industries too weak to go unsupported that the policy becomes unsound and a drag upon the country indulging in it. The second stage in the economic policy of these young and progressive communities will, however, probably be, not the wise reduction of the tariffs—which make the Government rely too much upon an intrinsically bad form of taxation and render it difficult to shift the fiscal basis when the proper time arrives—but "reciprocity." That is the stage which the United States Government again contemplates—the revival and extension of the policy of making treaties with foreign countries for mutual trade concessions. But even when the Government shows an inclination towards extending privileges in the matter of imports to those countries which are in a similar mood in the matter of its exports, there are other difficulties. It is evident that you cannot endow one form of trade by gifts, either directly by subsidies or indirectly by tariffs, without calling forth a storm of opposition from those who see a chance of reduced profits under the stress of competition. It will be discovered quickly that many trades which have hitherto been regarded as vigorous will be described as struggling industries. That is human nature, and it is the strongest force operating against the reciprocity movement in the United States. It is one of the ultimate evil possibilities which we have to bear in mind when we consider even the most apparently legitimate claims for some form of protective policy. There is no doubt whatever that if the reciprocity treaties movement is pushed against the strong opposing forces in Congress, there will be much canvassing on the part of those who will maintain that American trades are endangered, and who will appeal for support on the time-honoured plea that capital is in peril and men thrown out of work.

In so far as the reciprocity movement is a step in the direction of freeing trade from unnecessary bonds, we may welcome it, but it is far from being an economically wise policy in itself. Nor is it one easy of achievement. Already in the United States voices are being raised for reciprocity indeed, but for such a form of it as shall leave American manufacturing interests untouched, and simply remove duties wholly or in part from products not found in the United States. That is to render the idea worthless. A week or two ago an important meeting of New York manufacturers was held for the purpose of selecting delegates to the National Reciprocity Convention, which opened in Washington on Tuesday last. The tenour of the speeches was significant, and not less significant were the instructions given to the delegates by the meeting. "We affirm," said the resolution, "that we favour the associated policy of reciprocity so directed as to open our markets on favourable terms for what we do not ourselves produce, in return for free foreign markets." It is very much to be feared that, while the United States manufacturers are in this mood of taking all and giving next to nothing, very little will be done. It is difficult to see where any advantage is conceded in the matter of non-competitive articles in the United States markets that can possibly make up for the concessions demanded abroad. And we fear that when the full details of this important Washington convention come to hand the first impressions of the meetings gathered from the cabled reports will be confirmed, and it will be seen that in every important manufacturing section there is entire unwillingness to consider the consumer, or the broad principles of American commerce, and a very decided feeling against pulling down any portion of the wall of the tariff that protects individual industries. Yet American trade, as was pointed out by Mr. McKinley in his now famous Buffalo speech, has reached the parting of the ways. If there is not to be stagnation there must be a considerable extension of foreign commerce, which is impossible so long as Americans are not

willing to make some concession in return for favours granted in foreign markets. There are those who think with us that this reciprocity movement is doomed to failure, and that the solution of the present problem is not the attempt to circumvent the protectionist by a system of mutual gifts under the standard of reciprocity, but a bold attempt to reduce tariffs all round. Reciprocity is a standard round which tariff reformers may rally, but it is only a step on the way to the point against which the final assault is directed. If United States manufacturing interests are in the healthy condition claimed for them, they will well be able to hold their own, and may even benefit from reduction in the cost of manufacture owing to lower prices for material. The pending reciprocity treaties, however, seem to be all that the manufacturing interests are willing to consider at present, and immediately details are discussed they do their best to make these treaties worthless. And meanwhile, we have that modern development of ultra-protectionism, the formation of gigantic trusts, under its protection, which consider neither labour nor the consumer, but merely the financial interests of those in control.

On the whole, the attitude of President Roosevelt does not seem satisfactory. What he may say to Congress next month is not very clear, and if we may judge from the forecast of his statement, he is not likely to take any very definite line on the subject of reciprocity. Indeed, his remarks this week to the Convention delegates seemed halting and "protectionist" in their bias. It seems to be an occasion where statesmanship would demand definite expressions of opinion and a definite lead, instead of which, notwithstanding what are held to be private views, the President seems to be inclined to be as pliable as possible. Of course, there is the fact that Mr. McKinley was a leader of men in a very marked degree, and that President Roosevelt has yet to gain the confidence which his predecessor enjoyed. Moreover, he is at the disadvantage of having to tackle a very difficult question before he has had time to prove his political strength and worth in the eyes of his party. Still, the occasion is one which calls for a very decided stand. The position of the United States is not altogether a happy one. Some European nations seem determined to baulk her efforts to expand her trade. Certainly, if she is to sell to the great nations of Europe, she will have to make considerable concessions in return. Otherwise the present difficulties will probably be followed by methods of retaliation for supposed evils inflicted by the United States which will greatly tend to hamper her commerce. She cannot very well construct a tariff which shall exclude the foreigner more than the present. On the other hand, it is quite probable that some disastrous blows may be aimed at her manufacturing interests by Europe. In the circumstances the attitude of her manufacturers and of her Government will be watched with interest.

THE ESSENTIALS OF CORONATION.

THE crowning of the Kings of England is a rite which has survived many changes, not only in the general estimate of the importance to be attached to its due performance, but in the details of its order and its forms. Yet the changes have left it, speaking generally, what it was, as regards its character and purpose, a thousand years ago ; and though hardly any portion of the service remains untouched by alterations, and these alterations have been made sometimes with little knowledge, often without the care which those who took such work in hand should have felt themselves bound to exercise, it may still be said that down to the present time the rite has preserved not only its essential character but its essential features.

One part of the importance anciently ascribed to the coronation lay in the fact that the crowning of the King marked the time at which his authority was definitely acknowledged, and he was established in his sovereignty against other possible claimants. It was, perhaps, for this reason rather than because the right of coronation was held to make the king that the regnal years of the sovereigns from William the Conqueror to Henry III. are reckoned from the days when they were crowned. But the view that the rite of coronation was what conferred the kingly character, that the king was not king till he had been crowned, was certainly not unknown in England ; and even those whose conception of the importance of the rite fell short of this view certainly held that the rite did confer upon the King an authority and a dignity which he did not acquire by virtue either of his hereditary right to succeed or of his having been proclaimed as king or recognised by Parliament. Their conception of the precise effect of the rite, or of the consequences of its non-performance may have varied at different times, and might have been by no means easy to define at any time. But throughout the character and purpose of the rite have from the first been clear. Though with different degrees of emphasis and with different shades of expression, all the successive forms of the coronation service attest so much as this, that the rite is a solemn benediction of the person on whom the duties of the kingly office are laid, that he may thereby receive grace to fulfil them. This character of the service is as distinct, this purpose as clear, in the Pontifical of Egbert as in the more elaborate orders of the tenth and twelfth centuries, or in the *Liber Regalis ;* they remain evident still in the orders that were produced by the complaisance of Sancroft and the ignorance of Compton ; nor have subsequent changes, mischievous as some of them have been from another point of view, as yet sufficed to destroy the one or to obscure the other.

The features of the rite by which its character and purpose have been consistently expressed, and which may from this point of view be fairly said to be essential to its due performance, are three—the anointing, the investiture, and the enthronement. The "recognition" of the Sovereign by the people, and the administration of the Coronation Oath, do not appear in the earliest form of the Coronation Order. But these points also may be said to be essential at the present day ; the one by usage beyond "the memory of man," the other also by the additional fact that the Sovereign is bound, by the conditions under which he succeeds to the Crown, to take the oath prescribed by the Act of Parliament at the time of his Coronation. Another feature, which very distinctly marks the character of the rite, is its conjunction with the celebration of the Eucharist, a conjunction which it shares with other notable rites of a benedictory or consecratory kind. This conjunction, indeed, has not been uniform or constant. But the single case in which it has not existed was the Coronation of James II., a precedent not lightly to be followed. The precise mode of the conjunction has differed : in the earliest form, as in the latest, the Coronation rite is embedded in the Eucharistic service; in the forms in use from the tenth to the seventeenth century the Eucharist followed immediately upon the completion of the actual rite of Coronation. In either case the new king, as a rule, received the sacrament at the time of his crowning. There is indeed a notable exception to this rule also, in the case of John, who did not receive the sacrament either at the Easter before his coronation or on Ascension Day, which was the day of his coronation *quando in*

regem promotus est. But the case of John hardly supplies a good precedent for the "non-communicating attendance" of the Sovereign, any more than the case of James II. for the dissociation of the coronation service from the Eucharist. If, however, these exceptions make it impossible to say absolutely that the Eucharistic service and the communion of the Sovereign are essential to the performance of the rite, it is still clear that they are, and have been for the last two hundred years, essential parts of the actual order. That they should be so was the effect of the change by which Compton reverted to the earliest English usage, and placed the coronation service where it has since remained. Though a change in these respects might, if made, claim the support of some rather unsatisfactory precedents, it would require a very grave alteration of the order long in use.

Of the anointing it may be said that while this feature of the rite is not essential to the benediction of every king (for there have been kings who were crowned, like the Kings of Scotland down to the time of David II., without being anointed), it is an essential part of the rite of the crowning of the Kings of England. The use of the anointing oil was one of the principal distinctions of the kings for whose benediction it was employed: it was held to confer upon them a status and a character which other kings had not. And even if the view that the anointed king was, in virtue of his anointing, *non mere persona laica sed mixta*, and thereby entitled to rights and powers which apart from his anointing he did not acquire, be regarded as a fiction of canonists, no doubt the abandonment of the usage would have seemed, if such a thing had been suggested, to involve a loss of dignity, and perhaps of more than dignity, in the case of a king who did not share the anointing of his predecessors. But in truth it is unlikely that either in the sixteenth or in the seventeenth century anyone dreamed of laying aside from the coronation rite what is, in the English order, its central and most important feature. The mode and the extent of the anointing have varied; in the earliest form only the anointing of the head is definitely ordered; the latest form has reduced the anointing almost to the same limit, but still retains the anointing of the hands. The forms of words used in the act of anointing, those used in the benediction of the oil, the character of the oil itself, have all varied. But the act of anointing as expressive of the benediction conferred by the rite has never been laid aside.

The investiture of the king, the delivery to him, with appropriate words of benediction, of the ornaments of his kingly rank, is not peculiar, like the anointing, to the coronations of the Kings of England and of a few other countries, but universal, though its details naturally differ. It may be said to be essential, if we judge either by the test of general usage or by its constant presence in the rite as used in England. Here again the number and the order of the ornaments, the words in which they and their wearer are blessed at their delivery, have varied; but the act remains, expressive of the benediction given for the various kingly functions which the person hallowed by the anointing is called on to discharge.

The enthronement, again, is universal, and with it, as a rule, is conjoined the homage of the estates. This conjunction is, in England, a matter of immemorial usage, and since expedients have been devised in later orders to lessen the inconvenience arising in modern times from the numerical increase of the temporal peers, it may be hoped that a severance is unnecessary. The homage, it is true, is not, even when done by spiritual peers, strictly an ecclesiastical ceremony, but it receives a certain dignity, and additional force when it is brought into conjunction with the enthronement and the final act of benediction upon the King set in his royal state. The combination may claim, indeed, a higher sanction than that of English tradition. For it may be noted that the three essential features of the rite—the anointing, the investiture, and the enthronement—can claim to rest on the authority of Scriptural precedents. The accounts contained in the Books of the Kings of the inauguration of Solomon and of Joash seem to have been followed more or less consciously in the formation of the English coronation rite. In them we may trace the riding of the king in state to the place of his coronation, the giving of the oath, the anointing, the putting on of crown and robes, the setting of the king upon his throne or upon some substitute for a throne, the acknowledging of him, so set, by the princes and the people of the land. The anointing, the crowning, and the enthronement, which are, perhaps, the most marked features of the ancient ceremonies, are made in the Christian rite to be the central points round which the forms of prayer and benediction gather; they are the essential parts of the actual rite of the hallowing of the English Kings.

RELIGION IN COLONIAL SCHOOLS.

THE Board of Education has recently published in two massive volumes a collection of reports on the educational systems of the chief colonies in the British Empire. Imbedded in these pages are particulars about religious instruction—that vexed question which is the chief hindrance to the growth of a complete school system in England. The circumstances are nowhere exactly the same as those of England, but they are in most cases similar enough to afford terms of comparison.

Three Australian States take refuge from all religious questions in pure secularity. Victoria leads the way, with rigorous consistency forbidding the teachers of public schools to give any sort of religious instruction, even out of school hours, in a State school-building. One who ventured to help in a Sunday-school was warned that such conduct could not be allowed. Queensland appears to follow the same rule, but fewer particulars are given. South Australia, with a difference to be noted below, is in the same case. Two provinces of the Canadian Dominion, Ontario and British Columbia, and the colony of New Zealand have adopted the rule of secularity, but the Ontario system is subject to remarkable modifications. I have included South Australia and Ontario in the above list, although in each case there is a practice of reading Holy Scripture in the schools; but there is no religious teaching of any kind.

Most of the above States and Colonies afford what I will call, for brevity's sake, *Facilities.* In Victoria and Queensland the Government encourages the voluntary organisation of religious teaching out of school hours, closing the schools at 3.30 where provision of the kind is made, and lending the rooms freely for the purpose. In Queensland none but "officiating ministers of religion" or persons appointed by them are allowed this privilege. In New Zealand facilities may be granted by the local authorities. Ontario, generous in this as in other respects, enacts that "the clergy of any denomination, or their authorised representatives, shall *have the right* to give religious instruction to the pupils of their own church, in each school-house, at least once a week, after the hour of closing the school in the afternoon"; and further allows the local Board of Trustees to make more extended arrangements of the same kind. South Australia and British Columbia seem to afford no facilities.

The States and Colonies which have established undenominational religious teaching in their public schools are New South Wales, Tasmania, Western Australia, Natal, and New Brunswick. In New South Wales the regular school course includes "general religious teaching as distinct from dogmatic or polemical theology." These big words would be more informing if we knew exactly where the dividing line of "theology" is drawn, and how, for example, "religious teaching" is disentangled from the "dogmatic" truth of the being and power of God. Tasmania, keeping religion

well under control, enjoins the "reading and explanation of passages selected from books approved by the minister." Western Australia falls back upon the Irish National School books, but confines the lower standard to "incidents in the lives of Old Testament characters," which are apparently thought sufficient to inculcate the fundamental truths of Christianity. Natal ordains that "regular religious instruction of a simple and unsectarian kind shall be given throughout the school." The law of the colony does not determine what religion is to be taught or how the capacity of the reader is to be ascertained. New Brunswick is very superior:—"All public schools must be conducted on strictly secular and non-sectarian principles. The highest morality is to be inculcated, but no religious dogma or creed may be taught." I remember an orator from this province at the Oxford Union in the year 1874. He told us with burning eloquence how they had established a system of public schools, "strictly undenominational, thoroughly Protestant," and how all would go well but for the perversity of the Roman Catholics, who out of pure malice professed to find such schools unsatisfactory. Alas, for the power of perversity and malice. They have actually extorted some concessions in the administration of the law. "In most of the towns the Roman Catholic children are grouped together in the same schools under teachers of their own faith. While subject, during the regular school time, to the regulations of the Board of Education as to religious teaching and the use of the prescribed text-books, this arrangement renders it possible for the teachers to instruct the pupils in the dogmas of their religion before or after the prescribed school hours." It is a singular triumph of common sense over doctrinaire principle.

The reports prepared for the Board of Education do not help us to gauge either the value or the nature of undenominational teaching. They show, however, that all men are not satisfied with it, for apart from the malignants of New Brunswick, I find that in New South Wales, Tasmania, and Western Australia the facilities afforded for dogmatic teaching are eagerly taken up. The arrangements in Western Australia are very generous, a fact which perhaps indicates that incidents in the lives of Old Testament characters are not universally found to be satisfying food for Christian babes. About the character of the public instruction there is a discreet reserve; but the report from Victoria includes an account of an attempt to introduce the same kind of teaching there, which is edifying and pleasant reading. A Royal Commission sat to examine witnesses and to prepare recommendations. One witness thought there might be some difficulty with the teachers, especially the "Catholic teachers," but he was sure they would "loyally carry out, under a conscience clause, what the Department wished." They might grumble at it, but they would of course teach religion, if it were added to the time-table, just as they would teach calisthenics. A teacher—the one who had been forbidden to teach in Sunday-school—would herself welcome the removal of the restriction upon all religious teaching; she had discovered the striking fact that without this "you are always being brought to a standstill in the moral teaching. There must be something behind self-interest." This lady, however, would like to venture on dangerous ground, for she positively wishes to talk to the children about sin. It is much to be feared that such teaching might tend to become dogmatic. Old Testament characters, treated as interesting examples of abnormality, seem safer ground. Mr. Byatt, who had experience of the London School Board, was a valuable witness. He was well up in the subject, of course, and knew that difficulties were merely imaginary. A Commissioner asked him whether a teacher might not perhaps be unfitted to impart religious lessons. The reply was crushing: "Any teacher who is morally unfit to impart religious instruction is unfit to teach anything else, and he is got rid of accordingly." The Commissioner was apparently too much staggered to suggest that a little acquaintance with the subject as well as moral rectitude might be desirable in a teacher. This difficulty, however, was to be met by authorised text-books, which the teacher could, of course, get up half an hour or so before his class. But all the witnesses were agreed that the teacher, though not allowed actually to contradict anything taught in the text-book, must be left free to impart his own construction of it. The Commission reported, and submitted specimen lessons and text-books, the character of which is admirably illustrated by one sentence of the report: "The Old Testament series have been carefully prepared to meet the views of our Jewish fellow colonists, should they see fit to accept the system, no reference to New Testament passages occurring therein." The parents and guardians of Christian children would doubtless be thought intolerably perverse if they objected to this method of using the Bible. On the whole, it may not seem that very much has been lost by the refusal of the Legislative Council of Victoria to submit the proposed reforms to a popular vote. The Commission laid bare the naked truth about undenominational teaching: it means a colourless text-book, coloured, however, in use by the individual beliefs and disbeliefs of the teacher, about which no inquiry may be made.

The provinces which establish denominational teaching need not detain us long. In Quebec every public school has a definite religious character. The system is worked by a bold dichotomy. The whole population is officially classified as "Roman Catholic" or "Protestant." In every district the majority and the "dissentient" minority alike have public schools of their own colour, maintained by a rather intricate system of local management. The report lays aside for a moment its official solemnity to wonder, with a subaudible chuckle, how the "Protestants" settle their internal differences.

In Nova Scotia and in the North-Western Territories of the Dominion the local trustees of the public schools are apparently left free to establish whatever religious instruction is found desirable. In Nova Scotia they have another excellent course open to them; they "may rent the schoolrooms of denominational schools, appoint teachers nominated by the owners of such rooms, provided that the teachers hold provincial licenses to teach, and otherwise control the school in strict accordance with the law." One sighs for the state of public opinion which makes such a system possible. In England it would mean a perpetual struggle in every locality over the question of using the Catechism in the public schools; and this would be determined, not by the needs of the place or the wishes of parents, but only by the swing of partisan majorities.

It remains to note a peculiarity of the Ontario system. In this province the public schools are confined, as we have seen, to purely secular teaching. Those, however, who are not satisfied with this are freely allowed to establish "separate schools"; the regular supporters of which are exempt from the local taxation raised for the support of the public schools, and "both classes of schools share in the legislative grant in proportion to the attendance." The "separate schools" of Ontario therefore resemble in a measure the "dissentient" schools of Quebec. The exemption of their supporters from the school rate must, one would think, cause much confusion in the local finances, though less than would result from the individual allocation of rates which has sometimes been advocated in England. The public school trustees know exactly what ratepayers are liable to their impost, and levy it accordingly. The plan works with perfect fairness only when a separate school costs its supporters about the same sum which they would have to pay towards the public school rate; it must become perfectly unworkable if in any district the great majority of the ratepayers support separate schools, leaving a small minority to bear the whole cost of the public schools. It would be simple, and it would come to the same thing in the end, if all schools

alike drew upon the common fund for the whole cost of their maintenance. Canadians, however, seem to have a genius for the practical settlement of such difficulties; they are showing it in the compromise that is being worked out in Manitoba, a province which I have not brought into comparison because of the transitional state of its present school law.

Of all the systems here described, that of Ontario seems to afford the most valuable suggestions for English policy. The State, whether represented by the Provincial Government and Legislature or by the local authorities, frankly declines to undertake any religious teaching at all. It seems the only practical and logical issue, where society is rent by grave differences of belief. In the public schools, provided and managed by the local authority, there is therefore no religious instruction; but facilities are secured by law for religious bodies which desire to provide for the teaching of their own children in the school buildings. Separate schools also may be freely established, of any religious character or none, and so long as the secular instruction is efficiently given according to law, the cost of all schools alike is practically, though in part indirectly, defrayed by the public funds. T. A. LACEY.

THE COLLECTOR.

IT is very difficult for a person who is keenly interested in life at first hand to enter into the joys of a collector. What is new, what is in the making, what holds in it perhaps the seeds of the future, has little attraction for the picker-up of rarities; he dredges for the wreckage of the past. And yet, by an odd inconsistency, he is most vividly alert to capture something that shall make the past seem present—some piece of flotsam which, instead of suffering the common fate, has lingered in a back eddy and now passes belated on its way to that natural extinction of all material objects, from which his drag net can give it a short or a long reprieve. My metaphor, which is none of the newest, demands a bank to the stream of time, on which may be carefully deposited and lifted out of the flux of things such articles as the world or fate decides shall be not altogether transitory. The collector, thus conceived, has a double function. Sometimes he brings up out of the flood objects whose real beauty entitles them to the reprieve—things of intrinsic value. But, more often, his choicest spoils are such as in themselves have no claim to be rescued from the general doom, yet for the sake of some man, or some event, whose memory has been preserved, inherit a worthy place in our regard. They have power to stimulate the image-making faculty, to effect a kind of physical contact. Who, for instance, could look into the cheval-glass (now preserved by a gentleman in London) before which Byron arrayed himself, and not think of the careful carelessness that regulated the neck-cloth and the droop of the hair, or his glance of repugnance at the distorted foot. The scrap of paper on which Nelson scribbled left-handed his desire to return thanks in church for recovery brings one near to the events of that romantic life as no printed repetition of the words could do. And so on. Not without reason, we are grateful to the collectors, almost as to the historians; and yet it is impossible not to wonder at them. There are hundreds of highly cultivated men who would pay high for Lord Edward Fitzgerald's snuff-box, but would hardly have troubled to cross the street to see Parnell. Now, indeed, that the uncrowned king is fairly under ground and on his way to become a legend, they may perhaps prick their ears at the mention of his name: but they follow the precept in Aristotle, and will always wait to see the end of the living.

In presence of these votaries of the past, I feel myself rebuked for crudity. The present, with its stirring life, is after all so obvious, so intrusive; it has not the settled dignity of what comes down. And if I do not envy, I admire the more, their latest acquisition, the authentic treasure trove. Yet my friends whose Chippendale I praise heart-whole—its style, its grace, its elegant extremities (*teretesque suras integer laudo*, as Horace says)—whose first editions I handle with discreet enthusiasm, whose portfolio-guarded prints I care for perhaps as much as they do, yet without the desire of possession, would rather, I know, see the ill-repressed twinge of jealousy in a rival hunter's face, or detect in his voice the light inflection of spleen. The charmed circle which I never enter is a circle of their dearest enemies.

Still, from the outside one may distinguish sharply between collector and collector. The stamp-hunter has no place in my regard; he yields basely to the lust of acquisitiveness, anxious only to have what someone else has not. It is a competition over counters, meaningless save for the competition; and over counters whose value is decided by their market price. With all collectors who deserve the name, the mere fact of rarity must weigh; and no man need be reckoned seriously in the list who does not pride himself upon a bargain. But there are men who collect not less for beauty than for rarity, or for that skill of workmanship which is almost beauty: and who value the historic and the human interest far beyond any consideration of a selling price. In a word, there are collectors who have the artist's instinct and the scholar's; there are also those who have only the passion of the miser for his hoard.

Let us indicate in summary outline the portrait of the true collector, whom after the old fashion we may call by his appropriate adjective. Virtuoso collects for his pleasure; he is not tainted with the modern disease of specialisation. The man who limits his energy and attention, say, to coins, may advance the science of numismatics, but will be infallibly a warped, distorted creature with half his faculties atrophied. Virtuoso has no narrow limitations of taste; whatever is rare and fine, whether it come from East or West, from three thousand years back or the day of our grandfathers, has for him its appropriate interest. He does not dogmatise on a particular school of painting, but his knowledge answers to his taste: the collector is completed by the connoisseur. His accumulated treasures, ranging over so many arts and so many centuries that it would need the pen of Gautier to describe the medley, rendered harmonious only by pervading excellence, do not exclude the work of living artists. And in one art at least Virtuoso should be what was called an amateur when the word bore no invidious significance—a practitioner sufficiently instructed to value at its true worth the skill of hand. These are the essential traits; but others cannot be omitted. Virtuoso is not the tragic collector who scrimps his stomach to scrape together coins for some acquisition; this type approches too near mania, and Virtuoso only owns liability to a pleasing passion. But neither is he unduly opulent; not for him is the bragging purchase of some world's wonder in the crowded auction room. His acquisitions are the fruit of his knowledge, though he need not pass a treasure for the lack of a few pounds. And last, but not least, of the accidental qualifications—perhaps the most important for the collector's special felicity—Virtuoso has no wife. Was there ever yet a woman who with that entire sympathy which the collector, like every other rider of a hobby, must exact, saw money transform itself daily into objects many of which were superficially unattractive, and all of which gathered dust? This is the point where the collector, even if he be celibate, is most accessible to the stroke of disappointment. The mischances proper to his pursuit—offers to buy made just half a day or half an hour too late, mistakes upon authenticity—these he can endure with fortitude; they are the hazards of the game. But we are all vulnerable through our affections, and it is in his successes that Virtuoso must lie exposed. For his cherished acquisitions he has the tenderness of a parent

or an artist; they are in a sort his creations, and, like the artist, his special tenderness is always for the last. One should treat him as one treats a poet reading his own productions. Dissent on principle or detail, serious criticism in short, may be proffered freely, if cordial praise is not forthcoming; but cold indifference or the least hint of ridicule makes such a wound as human charity should shrink from. Sanity is well, but if we cannot enter into our friend's insanities we should limit our friendships to our own dull kind.

Take an illustration—an illustration fictitious only in the immaterial circumstance of the actual treasure found. A collector, a true virtuoso, had added to his gatherings a certain ear trumpet, antique and curious in workmanship, and moreover associated with a legend which seemed by far too good to be true. Fortune, however, was at her kindest, and one day a chance discovery revealed to the happy possessor that what he held and owned was no other than the most notable of all ear trumpets —the trumpet into which Johnson roared and Burke declaimed and Garrick laughed—the trumpet of Sir Joshua Reynolds. In the very heat and rapture of the discovery a friend arrived—one of your sane intelligences —who had been bidden to a meal, but now was naturally invited to share the collector's transports. Proofs were set out before him, recapitulated, dwelt upon; the associations of the treasure were called to mind: literary allusions hunted out in bookshelves: the owner entirely unconscious of the flight of time, and unconscious, too, that the sympathy which he might so justly count upon was not forthcoming. At last, as the hunt prolonged itself, and he ran a finger tremulous with emotion down the index of yet another volume, pausing at "Sir Joshua Reynolds—pages so and so and so and so—now we shall see," to his horror a sudden voice broke in upon him: "Damn Sir Joshua! When's lunch?"

It takes many days of triumph to recover from a revulsion like that, and such events are the true calamities of collecting. STEPHEN GWYNN.

THE STRANGE CASE OF MRS. PIPER.

THE English newspapers have touched on what is more fully set forth in the *New York Herald* of October 20th—the resignation of Mrs. Piper. This may have little meaning for readers of THE PILOT. Mrs. Piper is the wife of a tradesman in Boston. About 1882 (I take the most probable date) she consulted a blind "medium" on a question of health. She became more or less unconscious, and later fell into a "trance." This is nothing unusual. I once tried with two ladies to turn a table. It did not turn, and I went into another room to look for a book. Coming back, I found one of the ladies arousing the other, who was slipping into an unconscious condition. She did not play at the table-turning game any more. But Mrs. Piper now discovered, just like Chinese and Fijian divines, that she could throw herself into a trance by merely sitting down with that intention. In this condition she spoke with a changed voice, purporting to be that of a dead French doctor—who did not know French. The doctor, "Phinuit," professed to give medical advice, and to tell people things which Mrs. Piper was supposed not to know or be able to know about their relations, dead or alive. These performances cost a dollar a sitting. Professor William James, of Harvard, heard of Mrs. Piper, and was convinced that she knew more in her trances than she could know when awake. The lady was brought to England by the Society for Psychical Research, and papers were devoted to her doings here and at home. It was admitted that her Phinuit proceeded by a system of "fishing" inquiries, as the Zulus do, intended to extract information. An eminent scholar informs me that, by judicious hints, he led Phinuit to give him a full and wildly grotesque account of himself and all about him. Others declared that when they saw Mrs. Piper she was not in a trance at all, but very wide awake to sight and touch. But others, again, among them men of scientific eminence, were absolutely convinced that Mrs. Piper knew far more, both about the dead and living, than she could learn by even a vast and expensive method of private inquiry, for which she had certainly not the means, and, as was believed, not the dishonesty. Besides, persons well known to the public, people of my acquaintance, quite without interest in things psychical, were brought to the same opinion. But both they and the less successful visitors were right. Mrs. Piper's trances were sometimes mere fraudulent farces, at other times were genuine, and enabled her to know when in this sleep what she did not and could not know when awake. In certain cases, where even scientific inquirers believed so much as this, the evidence, as far as I could see, did not justify their opinion. In other cases, strangers to Mrs. Piper vowed that she told them facts about themselves which they supposed to be absolutely secret. We never know how much others know about ourselves; but the extensive and peculiar knowledge of the entranced Mrs. Piper, to say the least, was regarded as puzzling.

Mrs. Piper returned to America, and an illness put a stop to experiment. Later it was resumed, and suddenly Mrs. Piper was inspired by a defunct young American of letters, "G. P." He conveyed information which, to all appearance, could only be due to some still undiscerned cause, or to collusion on the part of his distant friends and relations. That hypothesis of collusion I am, in this case for private reasons, unable to accept. People, moreover, who knew "G. P." well, recognised his touch and manner in the communications. I am not absolutely certain whether Mrs. Piper had seen him once or not. But whereas "G. P.," when alive, was a scholar and a metaphysician, when dead he had forgotten his Greek, and in philosophy would have been plucked. It was argued by Dr. Hodgson (who has unmasked impostors like Madame Blavatsky and Eusapia Paladino) that "G. P." was "communicating" in very difficult circumstances, using the body of a lady who had no Greek, and little metaphysics. It must indeed be difficult for a disembodied soul to speak through the body of a living person of the opposite sex. But "G. P." did not find any difficulty in mere ordinary conversation. He was even too fluent, and babbled reams of impertinences. But ask him for any proof of his identity and he was, usually, incoherent or wholly mistaken. His prophecies would have ruined any sporting prophet, except the late egregious Nicholas, who gloried in his shame. "G. P.'s" excuses for his blunders bordered on the mendacious, though fluent enough. The same facts occurred with other deceased communicators without apparently shaking Dr. Hodgson's belief in their alleged nature as disembodied spirits. Mrs. Henry Sidgwick, and I myself, pointed out these and other disenchanting facts in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research. It ought to be superfluous to add that the Society expressed no opinion at all about Mrs. Piper. The members might think either that she was a vulgar impostor and her trances mere pretences; or that her entranced mind was a low scoundrel, while her waking mind was honourable; or that her entranced mind, though morally low, had somehow access to facts unknown to her when awake; or that she was, when entranced, in touch with the souls of the dead. Different members of the Society probably held each of these four opinions. But the public (of the *New York Herald*) learn that the Society accepted Mrs. Piper officially, as a kind of telephone between this world and the next. The Society never did anything of the kind, and I conceive that believers in this egregious theory were very rare; they did not include Professor William James, and I am not sure that the late Mr. Myers was convinced, though he was interested, and his bias lay in that direction. Mine did not. I could not conceive that a spirit of taste and education would regard Mrs. Piper with any feeling but aversion. At best, she

might seem an odd survival of savage delusions, and savage methods of divining. So regarded she has a certain charm.

It next occurred to Mrs. Piper to be invaded by the crowd of verbose pseudo spirits who used to communicate with the late Rev. Stainton Moses, who himself, as a posthumous "communicator," was a transparent and boastful liar. These spirits of his did little but deliver the kind of vapid and fluent sermons of the common "inspirational speaker." Apparently the Stainton Moses contingent was the last straw. Mrs. Piper for this, or some other reason, "struck." She published her strike, and her ideas, in the *New York Herald*. She avers that she never, when awake, believed in the theory of Dr. Hodgson that she is in touch with the dead. She never knew anything about what occurred in her trances. Ghosts might possess her, or might not. She has read the accounts of herself in the Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, and she has read my criticisms and those of others. The result is that she sees no reason to believe that she is inspired by spirits, no scientific ground for any such theory. She rather inclines, with diffidence, to suppose that a "great mysterious something" exists, call it telepathy, or what you please, by virtue of which she, when entranced, taps the minds even of the distant living, and extracts information not otherwise accessible. But she knows nothing about it (any more than a sleep-walker knows what he has done in his sleep-walking), except through reports. This is an impregnable position, if Mrs. Piper's trances are genuine. If they are, her waking self has no knowledge of what passes in them, and can no more form a theory about the occurrences than the man in the street or the college. Spirits may be concerned for all that Mrs. Piper knows, but she finds no reason to suppose that they are. This represents my own opinion as previously published. I have seen persons of both sexes, wide awake, smoking or partaking of tea, give information which could by no recognised physical possibility be known to them. They merely looked in glass balls, and saw and reported circumstances, perhaps in India, later verified. Not knowing how these things are managed, I incline to believe in a "great mysterious something," not peculiar to the entranced Mrs. Piper, but well within the range of some ordinary men and women of honourable character, devoid of superstition, and quite as much puzzled as their neighbours. They do not shuffle or prevaricate like Mrs. Piper in trance; indeed, they are rather bored by the whole affair. They are not psychologists, and often invent untenable natural causes for their private "miracles." Spirits of the enterprising kind have no place in their philosophy. Mrs. Piper now regards herself, apparently, as on the same plane with these people, and she is not going to be a subject of experiment any longer.

"I am half sick of shadows,' said
The lady of Shalott.

Thus everything remains exactly as it was. Mrs. Piper disagrees with what was Dr. Hodgson's theory three years ago. She sees no scientific ground for that theory, and declares that, when awake, she never held it. Anybody may hold it who likes. Hers is only an opinion produced by study and reflection. The "great mysterious something" is only a guess of her own. If her trances are genuine she falls into line with other entranced people, Chinese, Zulu, Fijian. Her entranced self is an impostor masking itself under many names, "G. P.," "Phinuit," Stainton Moses, Mrs. Brown, anything; at least it may be an impostor, Mrs. Piper will have no more of it. As to the "great mysterious something," the interference of that, in this case, depends on the question: did the entranced Mrs. Piper know what, when awake, she could not know? Many grave persons are certain that she sometimes did. She confesses to no conscious fraud. She was a mere paid subject of experiment; as to the results and inferences others must decide. It is not yet as it was when the notorious Fox women confessed to fraud in their spirit-rapping exhibitions, or when the English girls were forced to acknowledge that they used a secret code in their experiments in "thought transference." Except as regards Mrs. Piper's own character, I rather regret that she confesses to no fraud. If she could tell how she got her mysterious information, we might try to apply the explanation to other cases. But she is wholly agnostic, and professes to know nothing about the matter. As everybody may believe what he pleases, the case of Mrs. Piper will not discourage "spiritualists" unduly. They will still seek the dead among the living. For the rest, there is no change. *Il n'y'a q'une philosophe de plus:* there is only a new puzzled female philosopher.

It should be added that the *New York Herald* publishes two accounts of Mrs. Piper's career. One is her own version; the source of the other is unknown to me. In some respects it cannot readily be reconciled with Mrs. Piper's own version. From that we should not learn that she ever had any dealings with mediums, or ever took money from her clients before she met the Society for Psychical Research. The other version contains those circumstances.

ANDREW LANG.

IN PALE NOVEMBER.

WHEN yellow leaves are fluttering down
And pale November rules the day,
Who would not be a squirrel brown,
Safe in a beech-wood far away?

I'd choose beneath some autumn sky,
When birds half-hearted wake and sing,
To bid the world a gay good-bye
Until the jocund time of spring.

Though all the winds of heaven blew wild
A furry coat would keep me warm,
And snowdrifts 'gainst my windows piled
Would break the fury of the storm.

And yet I think I should incline
At Christmas-tide to taste my store,
And, if the sun should chance to shine,
To take a survey from my door.

Then sink again in dreams profound,
Lulled by the distant drowsy hum
From roots a-talking underground
Of all the pleasant hours to come.

But when the sap began to flow,
And April captured Winter's keys,
When daffodils were all a-blow
Beneath the leafy orchard trees;

When apple blossoms hurried out
And lilac scented all the lane
I should come forth with leap and shout
To greet the merry world again.

CHRISTIAN BURKE.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

I AM told that an Oxford don whom we all know and admire, lecturing on Hedonism, put this problem to his class: "If I have a sovereign to spend, shall I extract a greater amount of pleasure from it by buying twenty pocket-volumes of Shakespeare or twenty bottles of champagne?" Whereupon the undergraduates roared, "Try the Shakespeare, sir," justly deeming that even the works of the overrated dramatist would be more enjoyable than champagne at 12s. a dozen.

Myself a student of human nature, I have made a

life-long practice of ascertaining men's notions of the highest pleasure. I once heard a bishop affirm in the pulpit that the greatest enjoyment in life was to ride a good horse over a big country. Another bishop—even Gilbert Burnet—has told us that "the pleasures of sense he did soon nauseate"; that he found "intrigues of State and the conduct of affairs" hardly more satisfactory, and came to place all his happiness in virtue. Contrariwise, a member of the present Cabinet, who thoroughly enjoys "intrigues of State and the conduct of affairs," once assured me that most of the so-called pleasures of life proved to be fallacious or unreal, but that a good dinner was the one certain and indisputable joy. If I remember aright, even that austere votaress of the higher life, Miss Martineau, experienced a rapture when the sense of taste was for a moment vouchsafed to her, and found her in the act of eating a mutton chop. *Breve gaudium.* It is pathetic to think that she never tasted strawberries and cream. A newly-ordained curate, fresh from Oxford, playing football against a team of working-men, was heard to exclaim, amid the breathlessness and sweat and turmoil of a scrum, "This is heaven!" A venerable peer, who in many respects resembled Lord Steyne, once told me that the only really pleasant things in life were eating, drinking, and hoarding money; but for eating and drinking, he added wistfully, you require youth, whereas hoarding becomes pleasanter every year you live. The great Lord Hertford, whom his detractors called the wicked Lord Hertford, placed the keenest enjoyment of life in winning money from a man who felt it. Revenge, as we all know, is a dish which can be eaten cold, and it is to certain palates the most delicious of all sapors. But these are the evil joys of the mind, and I am thinking rather of purely innocent delights.

Among these I am persuaded that a very high place must be assigned to the pleasure of being talked about. To be famous is a supreme joy, and even to be notorious is preferable to being unknown. When the juvenile and aspiring Disraeli wished to advertise his precocious genius, he published a pamphlet about himself called "What is He?" and people began to ask a question which would certainly not have occurred to them if the subject had not himself propounded it. That was a calculated egotism, directed to a practical end, and as such is at least intelligible. But we have among us at the present day politicians no longer juvenile, no longer dependent on advertisement, who still occupy their whole energies in getting themselves talked about and written about. They subscribe to Mr. Romeike, and, in the depths of their rural domains, peruse his bundles of cuttings with feverish anxiety. For them the Personal Paragraph, and the Open Letter, the Interview and the Biography, have unspeakable charms. "Lest we be forgotten" is the unrhythmical burden of their ceaseless song; and the moment that public interest in themselves and their doings and their belongings begins to flag, they quicken it into life again by mysterious "pars." and inspired leaderettes, and notes addressed to non-existent correspondents. They write letters to explain why they cannot make speeches, and make speeches to explain why they have written letters.

And they have their reward. They are talked about. And a morbid self-consciousness is hourly titillated by the chatter of the social mob. "Is he really a Home Ruler or a Unionist?" "Will he take the Foreign Office?" "Is it true that he disliked being Prime Minister?" "Do you think he has really retired?" "Why did he go to Paris?" "Do you know what he was doing at Berlin?" "It is a pity that the Pope wouldn't see him, but I hear he had a most satisfactory interview with the Sultan." Such is the chit-chat which, not unprompted by parasites and henchmen, passes from mouth to mouth; or, duly draped in decorous journalese, makes such excellent "copy" for *Baptist Bits* and *Classy Cuttings.* "Unusual interest attaches to the forthcoming meeting of the Liberal Association of Little Peddlington, for it is understood that Lord Mac-Sphinx will utilise the occasion for an important deliverance on the duty of the Liberal party at the present crisis." "We understand that at the annual dinner of the City Silenus Club the noble Earl will break the silence which he has so long imposed upon himself, and will announce that, in response to a demand from all sections of politicians, he is prepared to sacrifice his own inclinations, and take over the premiership from Lord Salisbury. It is confidently expected that this will be an epoch-making pronouncement."

Now, in so far as all this blague and blether ministers to the pure enjoyment of those whom it concerns, it would be inhuman to begrudge or even to contemn it. All harmless contributions to human happiness deserve the sympathy of those who love their fellow-men. But if the pleasure is combined with business, and the propagators of these oracular puffs calculate on paragraphing their heroes into power, it is only charitable to remind them of a warning word uttered by the wisest Hebrew (with the sole exception of King Solomon) who ever lived:—

"The world talks much of powerful sovereigns and great ministers; and, if being talked about made one powerful, they would be irresistible. But the fact is, the more you are talked about the less powerful you are."

BYSTANDER.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE FRENCHMAN: A PERPETUAL MINOR.

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT.)

PARIS, *November 20th*, 1901.

THE *Spectator* of November 2nd, 1901, after quoting the circular issued by Prefect Monteil in his Department, and on which so much has been said in the Chamber and in the Press, comments upon that document to something like the following effect. The French are beset with *espionage*; they have always been; they know it and bear it; *ergo*, the reader thinks, they are a cowardly nation. But the *Spectator* is not quite so hard in his conclusion as his premises might suggest, and he only says that the French are different to the English, and might not find the same happiness in the enjoyment of the same freedom.

I will not discuss the facts, because I really know nothing about the spying system which the *Spectator* supposes is working among us. The details given by the English writer, added to my experience of social life in France, might induce me to think that it was, after all, a beautifully-imagined though vile arrangement, but I am not quite sure that the *Spectator* is much better informed than myself. The statement that "ever since the days of Louis XV. it has been the system in France for the police to compile a *dossier*, or biographical record, of every individual within their jurisdiction, noting his birth, his circumstances, his relatives, his reputation, and every step in his career from early boyhood down to the latest date of which the official knows," is certainly wrong. The writer has been misled by a purely judicial detail to which he alludes in the words, "this *dossier* is always produced in any criminal trial," but which he does not quite understand. Any man who has been subject to a judiciary condemnation is provided with a *dossier*, but not till then. To say of a person that he has a *dossier* means in good French that he is dishonourable, and the judge often tells an incipient offender, in a paternal tone, that so far he has not any *dossier*. Nobody can be called to the bar if he has a *dossier*. All this proves that there prevails some confusion in the mind of the writer I am dealing with, and I would advise him never to allude, when talking with a Frenchman, to the possible existence of his *dossier*. He writes evidently under the impression that the police play the same *rôle* in the social life of France as in that of Germany or Poland. Such are the effects of an unrestrained imagination giving itself up to the suggestions of words insufficiently defined.

M. Monteil's circular was certainly a fine piece of organised spying, and the way in which this magistrate turns to account the information he thus obtains is still more characteristic of the low, ready for every work, crawling satellite. Monteil, ex-dramatist, ex-Communist, ex-actor, ex-philosopher, has not quite found his real path yet, nor will he ever till he gets naturalised as a Chinaman. Then he will make the most of his exceptional faculties. A capital district prefect, of course, with more than the ordinary hatred for the foreign superstitions, and a perfect mandarin, as every reader of his "Catechism of the Free-Thinker" knows well enough. It is in that monument that you will find this gem: "Are we to believe all this? (the cheapest monistic stuff). Yes, for we receive it on the authority of the *savants* who can no more be deceived than they can deceive us." Monteil is a cad, most certainly, but the *Spectator's* mistake is to think that we do not see that without the assistance of a freer-born nation. "The irresistible force of universal suffrage has never been directed against the collection of information about private lives. We greatly doubt whether the French, or indeed any people of the Latin races, seriously dislike it." If the writer in the *Spectator* has read the papers of the last four weeks, he must have seen that the publication of the Prefect's circular caused a sensation which would be altogether inexplicable if we were quite used to those ways and did not very seriously dislike them. Let him consult with a little attention the Parliamentary reports, and he will see if the Chamber approached the subject with the equanimity he imagines. As to the Press, let him read any paper that is not the deliberate toad-eater of the Freemasons.

In reality, we never think of an occult action of the police, we never see the least sign that such an action exists. I, for one, have never found one police official in my way, nor even have I, in a country which is far from enjoying the political liberty of England, ever felt the friction of the governmental machinery, excepting in one single instance which is not decisive. I wanted to transfer my legal abode from town to a country parish where I was to spend part of the year, and the suspicious rural mayor, scenting some deeply-laid electoral plan, tried to prevent me. This was only rural pig-headedness, and had nothing in common with *espionage*, yet I can tell the *Spectator* that it set my back up. All the police we see is the rural constable lounging about the fields with his dog, indifferent to anything except his friend the mole-catcher and his game, the youthful marauder, the honest *gendarme* galloping on M. le Maire's or M. le sous-préfet's errands, and seldom condescending to cross-examine a surly-looking tramp. In towns you feel a little more the proximity of the *agents* and the *commissaire*, because a town is more or less like a barracks, and consequently you do not like them; but unless you are a foreigner or rashly bent on keeping abroad when you expect a row, you may never have anything to do with them, after the five-yearly census. I am sorry if the *Spectator* thinks me absurdly idyllic, but the question is about the French state of mind concerning *espionage*, and I am endeavouring to describe it. Besides, I should not seem so idyllic if the *Spectator* were not so tragic.

I am speaking of course of the ordinary citizen and not of the *fonctionnaire*. The latter does not enjoy a scrap of liberty, whether he be the *proviseur* of a Paris *lycée* or a village schoolmaster, a high official in a Ministry or a half-starved potman, an inspector of finances or a *douanier*, the President of a Court of Appeal or a clerk in the Town Hall, he knows he is continually spied and that every step he takes is reported. There is no need of police for it. His own colleagues are on the look-out to stop his doing what they dare not do themselves, and there are lots of voluntary spies in the offices of Radical newspapers and above all in the Masonic Lodges. A Freemason schoolmaster or mayor is sometimes feared by all the official fry for twenty miles round. A tell-tale Deputy like M. Rabier is a curse to his whole Department. Some recent facts have proved that the army and the Université are also a prey to the spies, but they hardly fear them. An ill-treated professor is too easily transformed into a hostile journalist, and a piece of injustice to an officer never fails to go round the press. So, as a rule, an overtly religious officer and a Nationalist professor know very well who are the well-wishers who follow all their steps, but they do not mind, and occasionally seize on a favourable opportunity to say publicly what they think of them. The *Spectator* doubts that the French seriously dislike *espionage* because, excepting a circumstance like the Monteil circular, they seldom wax loudly indignant about it. He does not remember that the form which a Frenchman's dislike to anything generally takes is less indignation than contempt easily coloured to *blague*. I have no doubt that ninety out of a hundred would not hesitate in answering themselves the questions in the circular about their religious or political attitude, and would send it back to the Prefect with the heartiest expression of their scorn. That which irritates, that against which the better part of France has been fretting under every Government, and against which the unfortunately far from irresistible force of universal suffrage is always turned when it sees it, is less the idea that the citizen should be submitted to a supervision he does not feel than that he should profess such and such opinions if he wishes to have a share in the administration of his country. The problem of the causes which perpetuate this state of things in spite of much latent Liberalism is of a far higher order than the side question of *espionage*. If the *Spectator's* correspondent would address himself to it, he would soon discover that its elements are two tendencies, of which he totally ignores one—the individualism that, rising everywhere, tries to balance the weight of an old State-worshipping tradition.

BURNING AND OTHER QUESTIONS.

(From our Oxford Correspondent.)

Amiable eccentricity has often, probably, characterised the internal politics of a University. Our politics at the present moment are certainly most amiable. Three weeks ago a proposal was laid before Convocation, the august parliament of the University, to accept on behalf of the Faculty of Theology a legacy founding scholarships for British-born persons, being communicant members of the Church of England, willing to profess "a sincere desire and intention" to seek Holy Orders, and able to prove their need of assistance for a University education; a preference being given in a limited number of cases to founders' kin or inhabitants of the parish of St. Mary, Newington. Here was an example here of nearly every form of restriction which the Universities' Commission swept away. Yet the Liberals did not crowd the House. Further, it was explained in the House that the University, in undertaking to administer such a legacy, would be making a new departure. Yet the Liberals did not reject the gift. The same legacy with much the same terms had been offered some time ago to the Faculties of Law and Theology in equal shares, and then rejected at the instance of the lawyers. The principle remained what it had been; yet the legacy has been accepted. There is no doubt much to be said for the scheme in the abstract. Probably no other body but the Church of England fails to contribute towards the University training of candidates for its ministry. But there was no apparent reason why independent trustees should not have been appointed to carry out the objects of its testatrix. But the University has accepted the legacy, and will administer to the funds under these novel, or, if it sounds better, antiquated conditions. One began to think that some sudden plague had broken out among the University Liberals. But, if it had, it has passed off with propitious rapidity. Three short weeks, and the Convocation House is crowded. What is the important business? If an intelligent foreigner were in the House, he would surely begin to suppose there was some menace of revolution, so many Englishmen are gathered inside a stuffy building on a fine breezy afternoon. Anxiously he would inquire of one of the doctors or masters who are standing in the door where they can give their votes to both the proctors. A grave face

would answer that the University museum wants a quarter of an acre of the University Parks to make a new entrance road. The intelligent foreigner would keep his remarks upon the English character to himself and listen to the speeches. Witty enough, but a quarter of an acre will not provide pabulum for more than two Convocation orators; the rest must forage in the desert of reminiscence. Argument there is none. There is an uncanny sense of the thin-end-of-the-wedge bogey stalking about the Convocation House. Also the art of prophecy is enlisted against the scientists, and we see by historical imagination a stately line of laboratories stretching from the museum to the Cherwell. Result—the quarter of an acre is granted by 134 to 34. Aha! the Liberals are awake. They have got their quarter of an acre. It was a famous victory. Next time the party wants pulling together it might discuss the quarter of a cow. And all this when the modernisation of Secondary Education is possibly being settled, no one knows by whom, without reference to the Universities. One of these days Oxford may wake up to find that the greatest step in English education of recent years has been taken without her, and probably away from her.

REVIEWS.

ROADS TO ROME.*

CARDINAL VAUGHAN, in his preface to this record of their course by sixty-five persons who have joined the Church of Rome, observes that it is impossible for a man really to portray "all the subtle growth of his intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. The conviction and the last step come as the formal conclusion to much that no man can accurately and fully describe. Hence there must always be many forces and arguments that are absent and wanting to such narratives as those contained in this book." This is true, and it must also be noted that the larger number of these narratives are contributed by men advanced in life, and were written long after the events occurred. It is not easy, therefore, to say whether the arguments and motives alleged as causes of the steps taken are not sometimes the result of subsequent meditations and controversies. With this reserve one may say that the book, so far as it goes, is an interesting record of spiritual experiences, and is of value to students of human nature. We think, however, that too large a part of the sixty-five belong to one class, viz., clergymen of the Church of England who have joined that of Rome, and that it would have been better to have replaced some of these by an increased number of laymen. We should also suggest that there is not much value in the experiences of boys of sixteen to twenty who were annihilated by a single argument, like some of the types in this book.

One road which sometimes leads to Rome is that which lies through the realms of Agnosticism. It is not unnatural that a man who has abandoned religion altogether should, if he returns, return to the most definite and decided Church. Agnosticism is, too, in its way, the denial of private judgment, and the man who does not know is likely to turn to the Church which most avowedly relieves him of the burden and duty of knowing. One curious by-path in this book was that taken by a red-hot Irish Orange Protestant, who thence passed, first through the discipleship of Mr. Bradlaugh and next through spiritualism, to the Roman Church. Mr. Kegan Paul passed from Anglicanism through Positivism. There are a few other cases of Protestant Nonconformists passing through a period of religious doubt and arriving at the "Eternal City." But if these records present a fair sample of real life, like a bucketful of water taken out of a pond, the most common road by far is that which leads a person from an evangelical or old-fashioned education through modern High Church doctrines to Rome. Only one or two cases in this book present instances of a man or woman strongly trained from earliest childhood in the Anglo-Catholic doctrine, and then becoming a Roman Catholic. Supposing that the whole Anglican Church were united in the acceptance of Anglo-Catholic doctrine and practice, the supremacy of the Pope would, practically, be the only question which divided us from the Roman Catholic Church. Would the temptation to join Rome then be less or greater? On the one hand, the gulf to cross would be less for most people; on the other hand, part, but by no means all, of the reasons alleged by writers of these little "apologias" would be removed. The confusions and contradictions within the Church of England would be no more. Yet it would not have the unbroken continuity and international character of the Roman Church.

Many of these "conversions" seem to have been partly due to untrue ways of speaking among earlier High Churchmen of the Catholic Church as if it were a body like a single State or Empire, acting visibly and concretely as a whole. Simple-minded people listening to enthusiastic sermons almost came to think that this was so, and the reaction against these poetic forms of speech made Rome seem to them the only reality. Having by these theories, says one writer, "been brought to recognise that a visible and Catholic Church must have an actual and not merely a theoretical unity; that it must be subject to one system of government, be international, and be able to speak with a living and authoritative voice, I could see none possessing these marks except that of which the Pope is the head."

The chief modern books by which "converts" seem to have been influenced are Newman's "Apology" and "Essay on Development." Sad to say, Dr. Littledale's "Plain Reasons against Joining the Church of Rome" seem often to have had an effect the reverse of that intended by the author. But perhaps, after all, a man who comes to this step speaks most truly when he says, like one of these writers, that he cannot trace his conviction to any single cause or precise set of causes. "It is the result, so far as it is due to any natural agency at all, of the innumerable influences which are perpetually acting on a man's character and modes of thought, and by which, concurrently with his own free will, he is moulded for eternity."

We have read this book with interest, and can recommend it to those whose judgment is sufficiently mature to defend them against mere contagion of feeling. Naturally, a book of this kind is charged with personal emotion.

* ROADS TO ROME. Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d.

THREE WAR BOOKS.*

THESE three volumes are probably among the last of what may be called the current records of the South African War. They represent three points of view about as far apart from one another as it is possible for views of the same thing to be. Colonel Villebois was by nature a soldier, and a soldier of the old type to whom war was an element to be lived in. He had something in common with knights who set out ostensibly for the purpose of redressing wrongs, but really to plunge into the only atmosphere in which they could breathe and live a full life—the atmosphere of activity and strife. Mr. John Stuart's point of view is quite different. A journalist by profession, a writer of some ability, and a man who had lived long enough in the Johannesburg environment to become imbued with its peculiar political bitterness, he "saw red" from the moment the war came in sight. His point of view is frankly brutal, and may best be conveyed by his own admission that he thought the killing of Boers a righteous act in itself. In "Linesman" (whose sketches are familiar to readers of *Blackwood's Magazine*) we have a character of a rarer and

* WAR NOTES: THE DIARY OF COLONEL DE VILLEBOIS-MAREUIL, from November 24th, 1899, to March 7th, 1900. Translated from the Paris *Liberté* by Frederic Lees. A. and C. Black. 6s.

PICTURES OF WAR. By John Stuart. Constable. 6s.

WORDS BY AN EYE-WITNESS. By "Linesman." Blackwood and Sons. 6s.

more attractive type. What his nationality may be we do not know, but characteristics peculiarly Scotch and peculiarly English are mingled in him. He seems to be a combination of the soldier and the man of imagination ; abnormally introspective, abnormally clear-sighted, wonderfully able to reproduce pictures in vivid words that have a rough, characteristic grouping of their own. These three writers were all in the war, the last actively engaged in it, the first two little more than onlookers, for Villebois-Mareuil was only beginning to operate on his own account when he was killed. But the account—little more than a rough diary—of his doings for five months in the field is remarkably interesting, in spite of a poor translation. He was the only critic on the Boer side to whose opinions we have access ; nearly all other war literature emanating from the enemy having been the work of the Boers themselves. Colonel Villebois went out to the Transvaal in the ardent hope of being able to infuse some of his own military vigour into the Republican commandos, but his hopes were not fulfilled. Between him and the Boers there was never any real sympathy or understanding. He despised their slow characteristic methods, his sense of military propriety was shocked by their plan of deciding every question of strategy or tactics by vote or by the opinion of the majority. Thus his diary is largely composed of exclamations against the Boer methods, against characteristics which he simply did not understand. One can read between the lines a rather tragic record of loneliness, the loneliness of a quick thinker among slow-moving and suspicious minds. Even as an adviser he was unsuccessful, for while the Boers would be revolving his propositions suspiciously the time for action would pass. His diary has thus an interest chiefly romantic and sentimental, for undoubtedly he was one of the most romantic figures in the war. Only in one case does he gives us any information that is new and valuable, but this one instance is important. In his absurdly inadequate account of the battle of Magersfontein he reveals one fact of great significance. We know, of course, that Lord Methuen's flanking party did not reach the extreme left of the Boer position, but touched a part of the line where a gap had purposely been left. Just before dawn on December 11th Cronje, with an escort of seven men, was on a kopje near this gap when the Highland Brigade stumbled upon it. Cronje ordered his men to lie down and open a fusilade ; and it was thus by eight men that the unhappy panic was produced. This incident confirms the opinion held by many experts, that the Highland Brigade brought about their own undoing at Magersfontein. There are very few pieces of happy description in this little diary ; here is an account of the Boer farmer's life, which at least reveals the translator's shortcomings :—

> Time does not exist in this free life, subordinated to personal convenience only, any more than the stimulus [exists] to seize an opportunity about to slip away. In coming to a decision the Boer delays indefinitely. Supposing he is going hunting, he takes his time ; half the day has slipped away in chattering before he has set off, and when finally he leaves it is only when forced by urgent necessity. Hunting is to him more of a sacrifice than a sport. What the Boers love are their herds. They envelop them with a caressing look ; when brought from the pasture-lands in the evening they count them at a glance, recognise them without ever making a mistake. It is their fortune, which prospers and grows without giving them any trouble, or occasions those great migrations which they love, when, respecting their laziness and making a change in the monotony of their lives, the waggon becomes a moving home. . . . Should civilisation pounce upon this expansive country, it will do its work as elsewhere ; it will ravage it in its faith and in its practices ; it will take all it can give, and in return will leave the disenchantment of successful nations.

In this version the above passage makes something very like nonsense, but there is a true idea in it, obscured though it is by an incredibly bad translation. Colonel Villebois's opinion about English tactics is unflattering, although he was never tired of praising the bravery of our troops. He had not many opportunities, however, of judging anything but their bravery. He felt very much the same about the Boers ; in fact, he stood alone in the war, refined among the rough, daring among the cautious, quick among the slow. The tragic little document that is all he left deserves at least to be rendered into decent English.

Mr. John Stuart's point of view is, we have said, frankly brutal. He is always speaking of the "lust of the kill," and he searches his vocabulary for words of abuse to heap upon the enemy. "Beasts," "human vermin," and similar expressions represent his high-water mark of character-drawing. One regrets this vulgarity the more because there is some interesting reading in his book, notably in connection with the defence of Ladysmith, of which he was a spectator. But really his book comes a year too late, and there is nothing at all new in it. His account of the relief of Mafeking is interesting, but that has been done before ; and Mr. Stuart's narrative is marred by his wearisome recitals of what he ate, and by his primitive and savage delights in farm burning. "I . . . felt a rare satisfaction, a warm glow at the heart when I saw that bonfire ascending to heaven. A beast of a rebel was getting his deserts." Mr. Stuart has a very similar appreciation of pig-slaughtering, and describes how he "romped after the porker with a fixed bayonet. What fun it was !" Happily this sort of thing is not typically English. Mr. Stuart's idea of statesmanship is equally simple and crude. "There is no doubt that if this country is to be properly settled the Dutch must be afflicted in mind, body, and estate." He gives many pages to the elaboration of his political ideas which, if they were not so wearisome, might be amusing. The kind of thing we have quoted is, of course, a rather offensive kind of folly, and we should not like to think that it did Mr. Stuart justice. Here is a happier example of his style, chosen from a passage describing a group of dead Boers :—

> Not one ill-featured face was there ; no man could be ill-featured who had the heart to hold his post against that hurricane of death. The faces were yellow and a powder of dust lay over them. One man, handsomely bearded with curly hair, lay, with his hand thrown back to the nape of his neck, like a sleeping god. No old men were there, and none, I think, much less than thirty. They were massive in their repose, these dead Vulcans. . . . Over them the wind whispered and the thin brown dust settled, and above them was the pallid African sky. Peace, unbroken peace, to their souls, for they were brave men.

There is human feeling as well as good description in that passage, and we are sorry that Mr. Stuart allowed himself elsewhere to fall so far below the standard suggested by it.

From the third book of this group the crudities noticeable in the first two are entirely absent. Indeed, we are inclined to say that "Linesman's" book contains some of the best work that has come from the front during the war. Except in the last chapter, entitled "L'envoi," in which some subtle philosophising is wrapped up in a Carlylean smother of language, it is well and, in places, brilliantly written. The author has remarkably keen observation, and a remarkably vivid way of recording his observations. Take this, for example, as a description of rifle-fire :—

> All along the ridge ran the steady roll of fire, from behind low sangars, big boulders, from little depressions, sometimes dying away in portions of the line, sometimes redoubling in intensity throughout its length, as if by common impulse. Now a company would top the orchestra with rhythmic volleys, whilst the thousands of free-lances on either side stayed their hands for a moment as if to listen ; then the independent firing would recommence, rifle by rifle, until the rhythm of the volleys was drowned in the tremendous rattle ; then two or three Maxims would chime in, and the whole ridge resounded from end to end, peak calling to peak, ravine to ravine. What a study in diacoustics ! Living for four days amid such a storm is apt to produce fancies, a sort of aural *fata morgana*. I became aware that the note permeating a battle is one endless E flat. How it sings and drones throughout the long days audible, or rather sensible, amid the many-toned hubbubs around, dropping occasionally a third of a tone, but always reascending to its endless semibreve. It is the same in a storm at sea, only there the note is higher, more *aigu*, and not nearly so sad as the voice of a battlefield.

That is a fine description, and really conveys something of the hubbub of a great collision of armies. Another passage is

worth quoting here, if only for the purpose of comparing it with Mr. Stuart's impressions of a similar scene. Although the two descriptions are quite different, the impressions they convey are equally true. "Linesman" sees no beauty in death:

> though in rare instances the body, so swiftly robbed of life, does fall into lines of dignity and nobility. But mostly the awesomely immobile form looks what it is—stricken, and, one would swear, shocked at its fate. There is little mistaking a dead man at any distance. Be the pose never so lifelike, there is an angularity, an utter nonchalance, an irresponsibility about the prone figure that forces the attention at once. The writer will never forget awakening in the grey of the morning after a night on picket, and on taking a look round over the slumbering forms of the men off duty, suddenly becoming aware that a corpse—overlooked in the hurried removal of the dead who had fallen when the kopje had been assaulted in the dusk of the previous evening—had slept the first night of his eternal sleep hard by the sleeping soldiers. There was nothing in the position of the cold body to differentiate it from the warm, living ones stretched around it; but the vast gulf lay between them, and one glance was enough to show on which side of the abyss lay each khaki-clad figure.

We have not space to do full justice to this admirable book, but these extracts will be enough to show that it is the work of a thoughtful man. It is not so much a minute record of actions as a general impression of the atmosphere of war which the book gives us; and that, to our thinking, is really the most important thing for unofficial recorders to do. These three volumes together cover a great deal of ground, and a still greater range of human outlook, and for that reason they are worthy to be read in a group.

DEEP SEA PLUNDERINGS.*

This volume of short studies, one third of them new and the rest reprinted from newspapers and magazines, shows us the author at his best and at his worst. At his best Mr. Bullen is astonishingly good. Not a stylist, not even a writer of sound workmanlike English, not a humourist, not a profound student of human nature, not a cunning story-teller, not gifted with an imagination of wide range or many resources, he nevertheless contrives now and then to write sea stories that in their own way are absolutely first rate. It is not Victor Hugo's way, nor Poe's, nor Stevenson's, nor Mr. Kipling's, nor yet Mr. Clark Russell's, though it has its affinities with all of them—affinities of which they need not be ashamed. But Mr. Bullen's inferior work, of which we have too much between these covers, often falls below the standard of serious criticism; it is like the horses whose names are followed by a cypher in the report of a race, in that its precise order of merit, whether sixth-rate or tenth-rate, is of no interest to anybody. We hope, for the sake of his reputation, which stands deservedly high, that Mr. Bullen will in future discriminate more strictly (or allow some competent friend to discriminate for him) between the work that lives on his name and the work by which his name may live. No reader, however, should give up this book in despair because some of it is silly, for there are, as we have indicated, some fine things in it. The best in our judgment are the stories about whales. The great and terrible sperm whale seems to have a genuine fascination for Mr. Bullen; the revelation of "God's great power in the leviathan" absorbs and fires him. He describes again as in the "Cruise of the *Cachalot*" the perennial and relentless war waged by man against this mighty beast, and then he conceives a still more dreadful conflict between one huge speckled whale, a veritable king of his race, and an American whaling captain, coolest and most crafty of all whalers, who has sought this same whale for years from the South Pacific to Japan. The struggle is Titanic; but it is not enough: the whale—this time an old majestic bull "fat with a great richness, strong with incalculable strength, conqueror in a thousand battles, wise with the accumulated knowledge of a hundred generations of monarchy"—must be pitted against foes of his own kind. His own offspring, four of them, with heads "huge and square as a railway car," challenge his supremacy. Again the deep is made like a pot of ointment, and the shocks of the antagonists are conveyed to us with a savage vigour of narrative comparable to that of Beowulf. But still it is not enough. Mr. Bullen's grim fancy is insatiable. He takes us back to the primæval world and introduces us to the Kraken—vast, loathsome cuttlefishes, each with a body larger than a Pullman car, a vast parrot-beak, an eye two feet in diameter, and ten arms or tentacles from forty to eighty feet long, studded with saucer-like suckers, capable of stripping flesh from bone, and fringed with curving claws as large as those of a full-grown tiger. Then, pointing to the sperm whale, he says, "There are the outlines of the highest form of animal warfare existing within our ken, a conflict of Titans, to which a combat between elephants and rhinoceri in the jungle is but the play of schoolboys." Forthwith the outlines are filled in; a whale falls into the toils of a decapod, and the decapod is torn and slaughtered. And then, his fancy fairly rioting in a welter of mighty brute forces, as Martin's fancy revelled in the pictorial possibilities of the Apocalypse, and the fancy of Hector Berlioz in the musical possibilities of huge masses or batteries of sonorous instruments, Mr. Bullen mobilises an army of many thousands of decapods.

> No one in all their hosts was of lesser magnitude than sixty feet long by thirty in girth of body alone. From that size they increased until some—the acknowledged leaders—discovered themselves like islands, their cylindrical carcases huge as that of an ocean liner, and their tentacles capable of overspreading an entire village.

Upon this army, formed up for a last stand in self-defence, he flings a solid phalanx of sperm whales, ten thousand strong; but for the description of this battle—joined "in darkness and silence like that of the beginning of things," we must refer our readers to "The Last Stand of the Decapods." The awful Thing, the obscene monster of the elder slime, retreats in terror to depths and crannies, leaving the nobler race, the higher order of created beings, unchallenged sovereigns of the sea. It is not pretty; it is not pleasant; it is indeed a hideous phantasmagoria, the nightmare of a megalomaniac. But it is a wonderful *tour de force;* we doubt whether more than two other living men could match it, and we hope that most of Mr. Bullen's readers will be boyish enough to be horribly fascinated by it.

* Deep Sea Plunderings. By Frank T. Bullen. Smith, Elder. 6s.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) Culture and Restraint. By Hugh Black. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.

(2) An Editor's Sermons on Days of the Church Year and other Subjects. By Sir Edward Russell. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.

(3) Alcoholism: A Study in Heredity. By G. Archdall Reid. Fisher Unwin. 6s.

(4) The Tale of the Great Mutiny. By W. H. Fitchett. Smith, Elder and Co.

(5) Andrea Mantegna. By Maud Cruttwell. Francesco Raibolini, called Francia. By G. C. Williamson. Bell. 5s. each.

(6) Domestic Experiments and other Plays. By I. E. M. Aitken. Lumley. 2s. 6d.

(1) Mr. Black's *Culture and Restraint* is a really fine book. We believe that no one can read it carefully without being better for it, and yet as we finished the last page, along with much gratitude to the author we felt a curious wonder as to why, and for whom, it was written. Mr. Black's aim is to show that both the gospel of "culture," which teaches that man's highest aim is the free development of his own individuality, and the gospel of asceticism, which teaches, in varying ways, that man's lower nature, his bodily instincts, must be weakened and restrained in order that the development of his soul in its relations to God may be unimpeded, are alike imperfect and misleading compared to the true

Christian gospel of love and service. The examination of the gospel of culture occupies over a hundred pages, and is largely a waste of energy, because the axe is directed against the branches instead of the root. To those who believe that the burden of sin and the need of redemption are imaginary, a gospel of purely intellectual development may well seem worth having, nor on this hypothesis is there anything absurd, as Mr. Black seems to think, in Seeley's picture of intellectual missionaries enduring hardships in order to spread true scientific ideas in place of false ones. But between Christianity and any philosophy of life which ignores sin, or treats it only as ignorance, no useful criticism is possible; and in so far as culture is purely self-regarding, it is fundamentally at variance not only with Christianity but with all the agnostic religions of humanity. Mr. Black comes very much to this conclusion on pp. 105-107 of his book, but he might with advantage have reached it much earlier, since he has really no controversy with any upholders of culture except those with whom controversy is impossible for lack of a common basis. In his case against asceticism Mr. Black keeps throughout at closer quarters, but his arguments have more cogency as regards the past than the present, since there are few signs that asceticism in any form, least of all self-regarding asceticism, is on the increase. That the hermits of Egypt neglected their duty to their fellow-men may be granted; that the monastic system, while it lessened this neglect, still left great temptations to it, may be granted also. But the service of man has always played a large part in the monastic system, and is now almost universal, and we miss in Mr. Black's book any frank recognition of the fact that celibates living in community and devoted to good works (under which intercession and praise must fairly be included) have at least a right to exist. He argues vigorously against the idea of "a religious aristocracy in the great commonwealth of the faith":—

> If voluntary celibacy and renunciation of the world are necessary for Christian perfection, then it must be a rule for all. There can be no exceptions. It cannot be left optional that a Christian should choose a lower line of life than Jesus asked for; and if abstinence is the higher virtue, it is incumbent on all.

We might ask if Mr. Black has never read the parable of the Talents, but we imagine that most "religious" of the present day would rather speak of the "privilege" of their profession than of its virtue, and perhaps this would suffice to appease Mr. Black. Of this second part of his book the fault seems to us to be an insufficient allowance both for special vocations and for special needs, and in taking exception to one section of his work as tardy in recognising fundamental differences, and to another as too sweeping in its criticism, we have left ourselves little room to justify our opening words of praise. But the virtue of the book lies not in its polemics or negations, but in the sane and spiritual view of life which permeates it and may make even its negations fruitful. For what Mr. Black pleads for is the devotion of the whole man to God, and he pleads with both eloquence and insight. His main thesis forbids him to exaggerate the importance of the physical treatment of the spiritual life, but his chapter on the relations of body and soul is full of wisdom, and we should think ourselves well paid for reading his book if we had gathered nothing else from it than the really happy remark, "health is contagious as well as disease."

(2) The clergy who have lately been called upon to account for a real or supposed "decay of preaching" may, perhaps, take heart from the volume to which Sir Edward Russell has given the title *An Editor's Sermons*. Its contents certainly show that it is a very difficult thing for a practised journalist to preach as good a sermon as we expect to hear every Sunday as part of a priest's weekly work. Only the first eight articles are in any sense sermons at all, and these are chiefly remarkable for the very real appreciation they show of the Church of England collects. The remainder of the book is frank journalism, and journalism of the kind which delights to assert that "Parliament could make the Church Mohammedan or Positivist if it chose," a power which Parliament possesses, in the only sense in which it possesses it at all, as regards every other religious body in the kingdom. In the value which Sir Edward Russell attaches to "experimental religion" he is on safer ground. But does he really think that the dangers of formalism are confined to the members of any single church, or of any single party?

(3) Dr. Archdall Reid's *Alcoholism: a Study in Heredity*, is an important contribution to the drink question, though, as we shall show, there is much in it with which we do not agree. His book is based on two propositions, for both of which he produces a mass of evidence: (1) that there exists a predisposition to alcoholism which is quite independent of the habit, and that it is this predisposition and this alone which is transmissible by heredity; (2) that the continued use of alcohol in a race brings into play natural selection, causing the elimination of those with a strong tendency to alcoholic indulgence, and the survival of those with a weak tendency to it:—

> Races that have long been exposed to the action of alcohol have grown more and more temperate. For example, Greeks, Italians, South Frenchmen and Germans, Spaniards, Portuguese and Jews, who have been most exposed to the actions of alcohol are very temperate. The nations of Northern Europe, on the other hand, who have been less exposed to the action of alcohol—for example, the British, Scandinavian and Russian—are more drunken, whereas most savages, Esquimaux, Red Indians, Pacific Islanders, Terra del Fuegians, Australians, and others who have had little or no racial experiences of alcohol, are excessively drunken. West Africans form an exception to the drunkenness of savages; they are comparatively temperate, but they have been long weeded out by alcohol in the shape of abundant supplies of palm wine.

This is a quotation from the report of a medical committee, of which we gather that Dr. Reid was a leading member though he regards its statement of results as half-hearted. If we compare the history of alcoholism among the Jews, once the most drunken, and now the most temperate of races, with the effect of the first introduction of alcohol on most savages, the strength of the theory is manifest. The denial of the transmissibility of the drinking habit, as contrasted with the predisposition, forms, of course, a part of the large question of the transmission of acquired tendencies in general, which is hardly as definitely settled as Dr. Reid maintains. But here also the balance of evidence is in his favour. If the two propositions are accepted, they must greatly modify all future temperance work, but we do not agree with Dr. Reid that they should cause the reversal of all present methods. It is natural for the advocate of what is largely a new theory to look only on this and on nothing else. Dr. Reid regards all lessenings of temptation to drink, in so far as they are operative, as merely mischievous. To reform anyone with a predisposition to drink is, in his eyes, criminal, since the reformation of the individual will not prevent the transmission of the predisposition, and, the operation of natural selection being thwarted, there is risk of a reversion to an older and worse type. The only real remedy, he contends, is to prevent drunkards having offspring, the penalty suggested (a month's imprisonment) being probably purposely made a light one so as to lessen opposition. No doubt when Mr. Galton persuades the State to offer bonuses to enable exceptionally healthy parents to marry early, Dr. Reid also may see some part of his proposals carried out. Meanwhile, there are at least two points which he seems to have overlooked in his bitter condemnation of temperance work on its present lines—(1) the enormous amount of what we may call accidental drunkenness—*i.e.*, where the predisposition is not sufficiently strong to be, on any showing, irresistible; (2) the force of public opinion. If every word Dr. Reid has written were true, the thousands who have drifted into drunkenness from bad surroundings would afford an ample field for rescue work, while the educating effect of this work brings into play another natural force, which Dr. Reid is not likely to scoff at, the rival principle of sexual selection, which is far more potent than any formal law. The more temperance workers educate opinion the less likely will the sober be to marry

drunkards or those who come from drunken stock, and before legislation in the direction he desires would be possible its work would already have been done in this way. None the less, Dr. Reid's book is really helpful and illuminating. We feel obliged, however, in saying this, to mention that besides alcoholism he has introduced into it the discussion of other diseases which must necessarily limit its circulation.

(4) In *The Tale of the Great Mutiny* Mr. Fitchett brings to the most ghastly and most heroic episode of English history the gift of vivid narrative which has made the reputation of his earlier works. If it does not serve him quite as well as heretofore, the reason is that in the barest statement of facts the story of the Mutiny stands out in such glaring colours, that to bring it within the possibility of literary treatment the artist must use all his skill to lower rather than to heighten them. Mr. Fitchett has realised this, but not enough; moreover, now and again he permits himself a flaunting sarcasm out of place in so tragic a story, as when the commandant at Allahabad is said to have "looked on his cherished Sepoys as a regiment of mere dusky-skinned Sir Galahads, each one of them as faithful as Milton's Abdiel." As the book only professes to deal with episodes, it is, perhaps, unreasonable to complain that a schoolboy will obtain from it too disconnected a view of the course of the Mutiny, but a little more help to realise how it presented itself to the central Government and in England would have been useful. Mr. Fitchett, however, has accomplished what was, no doubt, his main object. Beyond any other crisis in our history the Indian Mutiny tried the hearts and the characters of men, and this is brought out successfully in every chapter of the book.

(5) The two new volumes of Messrs. Bell's series of "Great Masters in Painting and Sculptures" both fully maintain the high level set by their predecessors. For those unable to afford Dr. Kristeller's costly new book, Miss Maud Cruttwell's *Andrea Mantegna* offers a competent and pleasantly written survey, with the useful "catalogue of works" which is one of the best features of the series, and numerous illustrations. In his *Francesco Raibolini, called Francia*, Dr. G. C. Williamson, the general editor of the series, adds to these standing features quite a number of small discoveries of interest, mostly gleaned from the city records of Bologna. One of these (gathered not at Bologna, but at Lucca) concerns the Buonvisi altarpiece now in the National Gallery, the discovery of the will of Benedetto Buonvisi, the founder of the chapel for which the picture was painted, giving new clues to the identification of the five saints. Thus St. Anne appears as the special patron of the chapel itself; S. Sebastian, the plague-saint, because in 1510, when the chapel was built, Lucca was devastated by plague; S. Laurence as the patron of Benedetto's father Lorenzo; S. Paul because Paolo Buonvisi was Benedetto's favourite brother and heir; lastly, the monk on the spectator's right usually, despite the absence of a crutch, identified with S. Romuald, is almost certainly S. Benedict, the patron of the founder himself. Information of this kind is only unearthed by much tedious work, but it adds greatly to the human interest of a picture to know why each figure in it was chosen, and Dr. Williamson may be congratulated on the number of his finds.

(6) "Polite Farces for the Drawing-room" are often in request, and under the title of *Domestic Experiments* Miss Aitken has produced five little plays excellently adapted to their purpose. The incidents dealt with are the ordinary humours and mistakes of everyday life, the dialogue is brisk without being too "smart," and the scenery required is of the slightest. The plays are written for from two to six characters.

FICTION.

The Potter and the Clay. By Maud Howard Peterson. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.—The quatrain from Omar Kháyyám and the long quotation from Browning which stand sponsors to this book suggest as its spirit either the dark fatalism of the Rubaiyat or the illumined determinism of "Rabbi Ben Ezra." An inevitable shaping or mis-shaping Power should manifest itself in temperament and circumstances through which the individual is ordained victor or victim. Again, the author has *les audaces de son age* in challenging comparison with Mrs. Steel's "The Potter's Thumb." There the slip of the moulder's thumb is responsible for the imperfection in the clay, revealed as fatal flaw in the furnace's firing or through the test of use in the completed vessel. But in this study of contrasted natures subject to the strain of life the central *motif* is individual responsibility. For fair criticism the book must be detached from its impressive and inconsequent title. The story is the old one of a woman loved by two men, and is told with unschooled power and uncontrolled passion; its movement is swift, with the impetus of real dramatic force. The opening is in America at a seaside fort, where the child Cary is playmate of the two Scotch boys, Robert Trevelyan and Johnnie Stewart. In the prologue, which tells of deathly peril, a sudden storm, and a frail boat drifting out to sea, the lads bear well the trial to their courage; Trevelyan in his impassioned fight for the lives of all in swimming dauntlessly to summon help, and Stewart in his silent endurance. The scene shifts to England, Scotland, and India, but with no vivid sense of local environment or atmosphere. Only the sea is real, laving sandy beach or breaking against stern cliffs. Trevelyan's is a passion-swayed nature, and his imperious love for Cary overcomes his honour as a soldier in the supreme hour. His expiation and noble redemption in face of that deadliest foe, the cholera, are most sympathetically given. So far from accepting the fate of the potter's wheel, he gathers up the broken shards of his life and re-moulds them to purposes of strength and service. This is what shattered clay may not do. Stewart's balanced manhood meets all the inexorable demands of love, friendship, and a soldier's allegiance, but our wayward hearts are uncomforted for Trevelyan's wreck on the cross-currents of love and loyalty. Cary is the *Ewig-Weibliche*, but not strongly individual nor recognisably American save in certain tricks of speech. National characteristics are not convincingly given. The Scotchmen use idioms of the States in a bewildering fashion; American expressions invalidate the reality of crucial scenes. But *The Potter and the Clay* is a book of undeniable power in its mastery of gusts of passion which almost justifies its overwrought, tense style, degenerating at times though it does into a mannerism of staccato shrillness.

The House on the Scar. By Bertha Thomas. Chatto and Windus. 6s.—This is a good and very original story, its scene placed on the Devon creek which leads up to Kingsbridge, and from which the edge of romance is not yet rubbed off. The chief characters are three—Elliston, a man of uncertain antecedents, but of singular influence over others, life-enjoying, pleasant, and apparently open; David, the dreamer and painter; and Amy, who stands between these two lovers. Miss Thomas is an artist: her purpose is to develop gradually the pure, doggedly faithful character of David; but she has overdone the incessant introspection of his heart, without which the story would have proceeded more briskly. The portrait of Elliston can hardly be over-praised. Many readers will fail to guess from the missionary's story of "Great Sandy," the free-lance of the Pacific, that the actual man, changed only in name, is listening to it; so tamed is he by his love for Amy, on the law-abiding element of land. But his habits of crime reappear as soon as he is in difficulties, for he even attempts to drown Amy within the first few months of their marriage. Her feelings, at finding herself mated with this conscienceless cynic, only appear in her altered looks, but so far as she can be saved, she is saved by David. When, disguised as a ship's hand, he finds himself alone with Elliston, stranded on a Guernsey rock, he is indeed, as the chapter calls it, "between the devil and the deep sea." But a finale of moderate happiness is reached at last.

The Most Famous Loba. By Nellie K. Blissett. Blackwood. 6s.—This is a well-executed picture, half fact, half fiction, of the crusade against the Albigenses in the thirteenth century. Loba de Puegnautier, a beautiful and noble-hearted *châtelaine*

of Languedoc, joins issue with the gallant young Viscount de Béziers, who lives in Dean Milman's pages as willing rather to be flayed alive than abandon his heretic subjects. She and her followers render him aid in that most pitiless and ferocious of wars, when the general massacre at Béziers was followed by still more barbarous carnage at Lavaur, 400 citizens being reserved to burn in one great pile. The viscount dies, treacherously poisoned by De Montfort, and the Loba assists his friends in championing his little son. Many famous characters appear, the holy Dominic contrasting sharply with the hateful Legate, Abbot Arnold, with his proverbial edict before the walls of Béziers, "Slay them all; God will know His own." Simon de Montfort is painted in blackest dyes, and is given no credit for undoubted zeal and sincere love for the faith. The mediæval language is quaint without growing wearisome, and the scenes before the war, when life was devoted to feasts, tournaments, and courts of love, are sympathetically drawn.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION.

SIR,—In my last letter I arrived at this conclusion—that the duty of offering terms rested on the shoulders not of our Government but of the Boer authorities, a duty as well justified by precedent as obvious to common sense.

This being so, the very practical question arises: What, then, are we English to do? My answer is the only conceivable one—do all that is possible (in a military sense) to bring the war to an end, and, meanwhile, talk as little as possible about that end and its sequels. And this for two reasons.

First, because such talk confuses the ideas of Englishman, Boer, and neutral alike as to the facts of the case. Those Englishmen who urge the Government to sue for peace are really depraving the true aspect of the military situation. Every foreigner really knows that the only chance for the Boers lies in the fatigue of spirit and purpose which may come upon the English nation, and that that is their only real justification for persevering. Why, then, do we not hold our tongues and do the work laid upon us, however disagreeable it be? In a sense, no doubt, we are all tired of the war; but so were our ancestors of the struggle with Napoleon, yet they persevered. So also are the Dutch tired of their Atchinese war, which began over twenty years ago; yet they have persevered and are now, I believe, largely owing to our recent benevolent neutrality, within view of a successful close. No doubt Englishmen are just as determined as their ancestors were to do their duty, however tedious and disappointing the work may be; but if they wish to convince the enemy of this they must at least cease using language which may be taken to imply the contrary. We may learn one more lesson from Mr. Kruger: he says little about the future, but what he says is always one thing and the same, that he will only negotiate on the basis of absolute independence. We cut but a poor figure beside him, with our heart searchings and loquacity, our orgies of faction and our refusals to possess our souls in patience, and let sufficient for the day be the evil thereof.

Secondly, this state of things reacts injuriously on the Government itself. Of course, this ought not so to be; they ought to pursue their own way, entirely unmindful of criticisms admittedly based on premises out of all accord with the present national policy. But it is only natural. How can a singer sing his best in a crowded room under a running fire of criticism from his audience? *Hoc age* in the old ritual was always answered by *Favete linguis*. Granted that the Government are too anxious to follow popular opinion, that they have too little nerve to do their duty regardless of the prospect of being defeated at the polls, is that any reason why the nation should work to make them infirm of purpose, just in order to punish them for being infirm? No one who is not tied and bound in the chains of party spirit would admit that. There is only one criticism on the Government at present justifiable, namely, that which tends to promote a more successful prosecution of the war, and consequently and secondarily a better prospect of the early restoration of peace.

H. W. MOZLEY.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION.

SIR,—The Earl of Dysart is not felicitous in the instances he gives of antiquated phraseology in the services of the Church. As "administration of justice" is a phrase in constant use and well understood, his objection must be the word "indifferent." "Differ" and "different" are used now in almost their original signification; but the negative form of the word has assumed the meaning of carelessness in addition. We can hardly give up the use of words because people associate with them a significance alien to their origin. The "whole state of Christ's Church" or the "good estate of the Catholic Church" are phrases very well understood as a whole by many who could not explain exactly what every word in them means. Country people, who knew their Bibles and Prayer-books well, could understand and use their language though they knew little of grammar. These people did not read newspapers and novels, and so were unacquainted with the ephemeral words which are now unhappily finding a place in speeches on the platform, in Parliament, and also in the pulpit. To keep abreast of these changes is easy to Nonconformists, whose vocabularies can be automatically revised every Sunday, but it is a question whether this suitableness to present day needs will inspire more of disgust than of devotion in those who retain any grasp of true principle.

It may be that Lord Dysart gives us a specimen of the language he prefers in the sentence beginning—"If British antiquatedness be not too proud to borrow ideas," in which case he will allow me to say that the old language, like the old wine, is better.

Though I do not agree with Lord Dysart, I thank him for his letter, and am glad of his interest in the subject. May I remind him that our services provide a reference to a sick person than which nothing better can be desired; also a place for notices where the persons to be prayed for can be commended by name to the congregation. There is much to be said both for and against Lord Dysart's practical suggestion, which is worth putting forward and considering. Some years ago I sent to the Patriarch of Jerusalem a volume containing four services for Holy Communion in English, which he desired to have for the use of priests visiting the Holy City.

N. H. C. RUDDOCK.

CATHEDRAL INTERIORS AND CHURCH REFORM.

SIR,—The question of Church Reform in its various phases has this last six years been constantly under discussion at the various gatherings of churchmen. Simultaneously at Truro and Belfast, and now at the great city of Liverpool, with its three quarters of a million of people, churchmen are building, or about to build, new cathedral churches. Now, there is a very considerable connection between the reform of the National Church and the building of new cathedrals, as I hope to show in this letter.

The one great need of the Church of England is the satisfactory co-ordination of its various parts—viz., the bishop, the clergy, and the laity. The interior of the cathedral church of a diocese has always illustrated the relations existing between these, as they have varied from one age to another. If any of your readers will look at any handbook of architecture, and just glance at the illustrations, he will see this. I would suggest Ferguson's "Illustrated Handbook of Architecture," or Rosengarten's "Architectural Styles," or Eustace's "Classical Tour through Italy," all, doubtless, to be found in the Free Library in most of our towns.

Looking at the illustrations of the churches of the early Christians, all of which are of what is called the Basilica type, it will be noticed that the chancel, instead of being long as in a mediæval church, is quite shallow, the choristers' enclosure, or chorus cantorum, as it was called, being brought well out into the nave; while the apse, or semi-circular end, or chancel, which was only enclosed by a dwarf wall two or three feet high, was merely for the clergy. In the middle of these, on a seat raised two steps above the others, sat the bishop, or "Father in God," like a father in the midst of his family. The presbyters, or clergy, sat on each side of him on a seat against the wall, the seniors being nearest the bishop, while the Holy Table was some little distance in front of him on the chord of the arc of the apse. A most fatherly arrangement, suggesting at a glance to every beholder a most intimate and cordial relationship. In the nave (the navis, or ship of the church) and in the aisles sat the church members. Thus the bishop, or overseer, of the diocese did actually sit there in his cathedra or chair, overseeing the diocese in miniature in the congregation assembled in the cathedral church, so-called from the fact that it was the church in which his cathedra, or official seat, was placed.

The keynote of the whole building was the word "brotherhood." The Bishop sat in the midst of his chapter, the presbyters sat shoulder to shoulder, on the same bench, without even an elbow-rest to separate them. The choristers sat in the midst of the people, and—pews being then wholly

unknown—the people sat shoulder to shoulder, rich and poor, high and low, on open benches, in an absolute equality of privileges and responsibilities as communicant members of the great Church of Christ. What a contrast to later times!

Let us now pass from the year 300 to the year 1100, the period at which those great builders, the Normans, were erecting the great abbey and cathedral churches of England. What do we find? The internal arrangement of the cathedral church was changed in every direction, and that in a most significant manner. The bishop having become a feudal baron, a peer of the realm, a grand seigneur, sat by himself at one side of the church on a lofty throne, surmounted by a carved canopy of great height. No longer the old familiar and fatherly arrangement of the apse, with its living reredos of white-robed, and largely white-bearded, elders. The paternal had given place to the seigniorial. The canons and prebendaries now sat opposite to each other down the two sides of the church, each having his own canopied stall, and being formally indueted into his prebend, and into "the real, actual, and corporeal occupation of the same, with all the rights, privileges, appurtenances, and possesions thereto belonging," etc. In a word, full-blown feudalism prevailed inside the ehureh as well as outside its walls. The old fraternal arrangement of the semi-circular apse had been supplanted by the feudal arrangement of the long-drawn cathedral presbytery. Chancels had grown in length and screens in solidity, the latter indieating the complete separation between the clergy and us poor serfs of the laity. The original chancel screen was a dwarf wall not more than three feet high. At Chester Cathedral, when I first visited it as a boy in Dean Anson's days, before its restoration by my dear friend and old headmaster, the late revered Dean Howson, the chancel sereen must have been fully thirteen feet in height, while on the top of the screen was the organ, towering up many feet towards the roof, the whole erection really dividing the cathedral into two separate churches—viz., the choir, the only part used for service, and the nave, a great empty, unused vestibule.

At York Minster last year, when Dr. Chavasse was consecrated Bishop of Liverpool, and again the other day when Dr. Moule was consecrated for the See of Durham, it was necessary to erect a temporary Holy Table outside the choir screen, so that the people might join in the service. Could there possibly be a sharper condemnation of the ground-plan of our mediæval cathedrals, whose whole design indicates feudalism. And, alas, the spirit of feudalism, or "one man power," still permeates the whole system of the Church of England, in the appointment of bishops by the Premier, alone and unaided, in the appointment of the parson of the parish by a single individual called the "patron"—a word of heathen origin, by the way, indicating a master of serfs—and, indeed, in almost every other detail.

Church Reform really means returning to the ideals of primitive Christianity. In building new cathedrals, shall we not do well to go back to an internal arrangement, whose every detail speaks the idea of "brotherhood," the New Testament idea of the Church? The Basilica arrangement with its shorter chancel, is, by the way, equally suited to all architectural styles, whether Classical, Byzantine, Romanesque, Gothic, or Renaissance. In a Gothic church it would probably involve one thing, the substitution of two western towers or spires, as at Paris or Cologne, for the traditional central tower of the English minster.

For twenty years I have been advocating a return to the ancient internal arrangement, and strong commendation of the suggestion has been expressed to me by prominent bishops and clergy of all schools of thought. Now the architects, in connection with the Liverpool Competition, are, as the correspondence in the *Times* and elsewhere abundantly shows, feeling their way in much the same direetion. But Conservatism in matters ecelesiastical is notoriously great. The new President of the Royal Institute of British Arehitects is Mr. William Emerson, who in 1886 presented the design for Liverpool Cathedral which gained the premium. At his inaugural address last week this eminent architect made some very suggestive remarks in a section on "The Planning of a large Modern Church." May I mention that his address, worded so as to be understood by any ordinary reader, is to be found in the *Building News* of the 8th instant? When a master builder speaks, we should do well to attend.

15, Portland Street, Southport. HENRY C. RICHMOND.

EPITAPHS.

SIR,—The "strange ditty" which "Bystander" read thirty years ago in Ripon Churchyard is also written upon a tombstone in the churchyard of St. Ives, Huntingdonshire. I should be interested to know which is the original.

The epitaph at St. Ives is to "Joseph, Phœbe, and Mary Townsend, who died in their infancy." There is no date.

The two last lines read :—

> *Review* the Bible's *sacred* page—the knot's untied :
> They died, for Adam sinned; they live, for *JESUS* died.

I have always understood that the lines were composed by a Mr. William Robinson, one of the first ministers of St. Andrew's Street Chapel, Cambridge; he flourished some 150 years ago.

Baptism being supposed, Catholic theology, as far as it concerns the salvation of infants, is surely compressed into this "ditty." T. J. WATTS.

Wellingborough, Nov. 16th, 1901.

DEARTH OF CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS.

SIR,—There is another aspect of the "Family Business" which I venture to think would, *if it were brought to the notice of boys*, go far to turn the "dearth" into plenty. I give it as, more or less, my own experience.

As a boy I was taught, by preeept and example, to regard the Church of this country as my spiritual Mother. She had fallen on evil days: she needed the strenuous support of as many of her sons as possible; she had *nothing* to offer in the way of worldly advantage (that was only for the few); the great Tractarian Movement, with its holy and venerable leaders, was an inspiration which kindled my whole soul, and I made up my mind from the first that I would respond to this my Mother's call, and strenuously support the Family Business. I have been in Orders nearly ten years, and have not been disillusioned either by poverty, by episcopal hostility to doctrines and praetices which I have always held dear, or by the many other troubles which distract my Mother. Obviously, this was what I expected, and what (as it seemed to me) I was sent to endure for the Family's sake.

Let parents direet the minds of their sons to this aspect of the matter; let the call be made plain occasionally at Ember-tides from school and eollege pulpits; let the Church urge her sons to give up much for her sake; let the call be made attraetive as an appeal to the spiritual patriotism of young men, and I am eonvinced that candidates will once more abound, and that priests will cease to grumble at their lot.

"SUPER FLUMINA."

THE TREATMENT OF YOUNG CRIMINALS.

SIR,—May I crave the courtesy of THE PILOT in order to call attention to the work of the London Prison Visitors' Association, which has now been in existence for some months, and which owes its origin to the zeal of Mr. Ruggles-Brise, the ehairman of the Prison Commission? Mr. Ruggles-Brise believes that special treatment within the prison and efficient surveillance after discharge will do much to prevent young criminals between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one—the juvenile-adult class in technical language—from degenerating into hardened and habitual offenders. For some time a "special class," composed of lads who have been sentenced in the London district to a year's hard labour or over, has been in existence at Bedford Prison, where they are subject to a special discipline and training, and, as announced in his recent report, Mr. Ruggles-Brise hopes to set apart next year a portion of Borstal Prison, where a larger number will be treated on similar lines. At present our Association has supervision of all the lads diseharged from the "special class" at Bedford, and we will undertake all the Borstal cases as soon as the new scheme has been inaugurated. We also deal with young criminals from the three London prisons, Wandsworth, Pentonville, and Wormwood Serubbs. Our method is as follows. The members of the exeeutive committee—the Hon. Claude Hay, M.P., the Hon. Robert White, the Hon. Gilbert Johnstone, Mr. Newton Ogle, Mr. W. G. Elliot, Mr. H. R. Summers, and myself—have been authorised to visit the prisons, where they interview prisoners, who have been selected, after eonsultation with the officials, as suitable cases. Every available detail about each case is discovered, and the ground is prepared for his treatment on discharge. After his release the ex-prisoner is at once taken in hand by some member of the Association, who tries to gain an influence over him, and to help him back by every possible means to honesty of living. We began in a small way, but we think that the results so far achieved justify us in emerging from our present seclusion and in appealing to the public for support. We want money —£200 would go a long way—we want the sympathy of employers of labour, but, above all, we want workers, for it is the human element that counts in an effort of this sort. The work of surveillance need not be very arduous, and the ideal we aim at is "one man one case." But it requires earnestness

and tact, and disheartenment, of course, has to be faced. We believe, however, that it is by the influence of the individual that these young offenders against the law are most likely to be checked in a criminal course that may otherwise lead them from sentence to sentence, and ultimately to the social ruin of penal servitude. W. HALDANE PORTER,
Chairman of the Executive Committee.
2, New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C.

TENURE IN SCHOOLS.—A SUGGESTION.

SIR,—I thank you most sincerely for inserting my last letter in your paper.

I have a suggestion to make, if you will permit me, in your columns, that the Board of Education should hold a conference on the tenure problem with a view to allow those, if there be such, who are opposed to a right of appeal to have the opportunity of airing their views and publicly giving their reasons why all teachers should not enjoy the advantage of reasonable security of tenure.

What reader of THE PILOT will object to such a conference? FORMER CORRESPONDENT.

Malvern Link, November 14th, 1901.

FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

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Mr. Gladstone as I Knew Him, and Other Essays, by Robert Brown, jun., F.S.A.: Williams and Norgate. *Newman: An Appreciation*, with selections from his writings, arranged by Alexander Whyte, D.D.; an appendix contains letters not hitherto published: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

POLITICS.

China in Convulsion, a survey of the Cause and Events of the recent Uprising, by Arthur H. Smith, author of "Chinese Characteristics," "Village Life in China," etc.: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A la Mode Cookery, by Mrs. de Salis: Longmans. *French Dishes for English Tables*, by C. de Pratz; *Types of British Plants*, by C. S. Colman: Sands. *A Christmas Greeting*, by Marie Corelli; Methuen. Dante's *Purgatorio*, completing the "Temple Classic" edition of the Divine Comedy; *Beautiful Birds*, by Edmund Selous, author of "Bird Watching," with illustrations by the Rev. H. D. Astley: Dent. *Constantinople and its Problems*, by Henry Otis Dwight; the author, who has spent the greater part of his life in Constantinople, treats of the people of the city rather than with its mosques and palaces, and his object is to arouse a sympathy which shall be practical rather than to gratify curiosity: Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.

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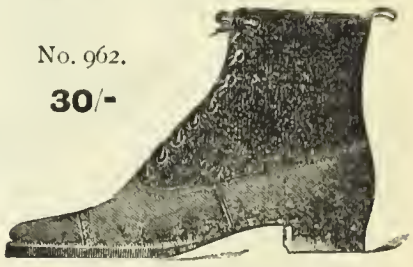

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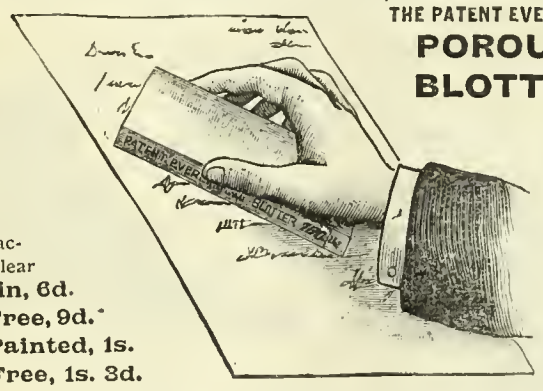

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THE WEEK.

Home. Mr. Balfour's illness has not only deprived us of an interesting speech, it has added one more to the stock—already quite large enough—of ambiguous phrases about the settlement which is to follow upon the war. "I had hoped," he says in the telegram read by Lord Dartmouth to the National Union of Conservative and Constitutional Associations on Tuesday, "again to express my firm conviction that there is . . . but one form of settlement consistent with permanent peace in South Africa." We wish that Mr. Balfour's physical condition had allowed him to go a step further and to reveal what this one form of settlement is. He no doubt knows; it is hardly conceivable that the second Minister in the Cabinet should not have come to some conclusion upon a point of such vast importance. But we say with confidence that nobody outside the Cabinet knows, and we are by no means sure that everybody inside the Cabinet knows. We have heard a great deal about freedom and self-government, but in matters of this kind everything depends upon particulars. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking on the same day at Lancaster, described very well the temper in which we ought to approach the settlement of South Africa. "We wish," he said, "to assert and secure our authority" [over the Boers], "but we have no desire to destroy the identity of their nationality within our borders, or to interfere with their customs, or to impose our ideas upon them."

Our task in South Africa has never been an easy one, and the war will not have made it easier. We have to govern two newly conquered provinces inhabited by a people different in race, in religion, in habits, in ideals, from ourselves. That of itself would be hard enough. But it is made much harder by the fact that in a third province—that in which our authority is of longest standing—half the population are of the same race and have the same religion, habits, and ideals as the Dutch of the Transvaal and the Orange River. It is plain that our success in governing South Africa depends upon our gaining the goodwill—at any rate, the passive goodwill—of the Dutch element, whether in Cape Colony or in the annexed Republics. Without this, we shall have on our hands the almost impossible task of keeping in subjection a hostile white population stronger in point of numbers than the Colonists of English descent. Now, if we are to conciliate the Dutch in the Transvaal and the Orange River it can only be by leaving them their separate institutions and giving them distinct local governments of their own. Our difficulties in Cape Colony have mainly sprung from the impossibility of doing this. There the two races are so mixed up that any separate treatment of them is beyond our power. They are living side by side in the same colony, under the same local administration, and represented in the same local legislature. It would be the height of unwisdom to create this state of things where it does not already exist, or to allow it to continue where a simple alteration of boundary would at once do away with it. Let us rather take Scotland and Canada for our pattern, and publish as widely as possible our intention of reproducing them in South Africa. If this is the form of settlement which, in Mr. Balfour's opinion, is alone "consistent with permanent peace in South Africa"—and we can hardly conceive that he can expect this result from any other—it cannot be too soon announced.

Lord Lansdowne did not do much towards supplying the information which Mr. Balfour has been prevented from giving. We have no quarrel, indeed, with his defence of Lord Salisbury's famous phrase, "Not one shred of independence." Independence and local self-government are not the same things. But in the sense in which Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Ritchie take Lord Salisbury's words—and it undoubtedly is the true sense—Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might make them his own. The Liberal leader, and with very few exceptions the Liberal rank and file, are determined that the two Republics shall henceforward be as much a part of the British Empire as the Cape Colony or Natal. The

difference between them and the Government, if there be any, relates mainly to the nature of the local self-government which is to follow, after a longer or shorter interval, the restoration of peace. Independence in the sense of a separate and sovereign state, maintaining its own army and negotiating its own treaties, is gone past recall. But the loss, bitter as it must be to men who have fought so hard to avert it, will be somewhat less bitter if they can be brought to know that they will be allowed to manage their own local business in their own way, and that there is no intention on the part of the English Government of overwhelming them by an English immigration. The fault of the Ministerial speeches is that they give no unmistakable assurances upon this point. We are told again and again there will be as much freedom in South Africa as there is in Canada. If to this were added the promise that the Dutch population in the conquered territories will remain as distinct as the French population of Quebec, and will retain its own language, its own laws, and its own customs—with the solitary exception that the control of the natives will be taken out of its hands—it might do something to bring peace nearer, and much to make Englishmen of one mind as regards what is to come after the war. But when even Sir Edward Grey is silent upon this point, or only refers to it in one ambiguous sentence, it is hardly reasonable perhaps to expect more precise information from the Government.

The proceedings of the Conservative Associations at Wolverhampton were interesting as evidencing the state of feeling in the party. Upon education the Conference was judiciously vague. It "trusts that the Government will deal comprehensively with the question at the earliest possible moment." But an attempt to add the words, "by placing primary and secondary education under one authority and preserving denominational schools" was defeated by a large majority. Later in the morning, however, the Conference unanimously declared itself in favour of the concentration of local administration in the county and borough councils. To all appearance, therefore, what the majority disliked in the educational rider was the reference to denominational schools, thus confirming our suspicion that the Unionist party is at heart undenominationalist, and that the attack upon the Cowper-Temple clause, which must be seriously taken in hand if Anglicans and Roman Catholics are to have justice done them, will find but lukewarm support in the Conservative ranks. Major Rasch, who thinks Lord James of Hereford an old woman, sees no difficulty in taking in hand redistribution in Ireland, while leaving other electoral inequalities untouched. He was wise enough, however, to give his motion a general form, and the course of the discussion seemed to show that the Conference inclined to a more comprehensive scheme. The last Redistribution Bill was carried by a compromise between the party leaders. It will be more difficult to bring this about in the present state of the relations between the two front benches and with the larger constitutional issue involved.

Sir F. Dixon-Hartland induced the Conference to declare that, "seeing that many of the expenses caused by the war in South Africa have been entirely incurred for its benefit," and were caused by the acts of the Transvaal and Orange Free State Governments, it is unjust that they should be borne by the British taxpayer. If this last clause of the resolution stood alone it would be intelligible though useless. The Transvaal and Orange Free State Governments will, no doubt, pay for the war in person, but it is equally certain that they will not pay for it in cash, for the simple but sufficient reason that they have not the cash to pay it with. Sir F. Dixon-Hartland seemed to hold—which is a strange confusion of thought in a Conservative—that the war was undertaken for the benefit of the gold mines. But unless he can prove that gold mining has less right to Government protection than any other industry, he will find it hard to make the mine owners pay for the war. At all events, they should have been asked beforehand whether they wished for war on these terms. As it was, they might naturally suppose that when England goes to war she means to pay for it out of her own pocket. But if we put the mines aside the resolution affirms that, as the expenses of the war were incurred for the benefit of the Cape Colony and Natal, it is by these colonies that they should be paid. We are quite sure that this is not what the Conference meant; it is only what the resolution makes it mean. Upon the question of Protection the Conference spoke with a curiously uncertain sound. A resolution frankly advocating it found a seconder who objected to a duty on corn, and was finally rejected in favour of an amendment which, if it meant anything, meant the establishment of State granaries. Lord Dartmouth, in his opening speech, said in reference to the illness of Mr. Balfour, that it had the compensation that, the cat being away the mice might play at shaping a policy of their own. We fear that the absent cat will not gain much enlightenment from their gambols.

At the close of the arbitration proceedings in connection with the Grimsby fishing trade dispute Sir E. Fry addressed some very good advice to both masters and men. His decision, which will be given in a few days, is hardly likely to be equally palatable to both parties, and there is certain to be ample opportunity for displaying that "spirit of forbearance" without which, as Sir E. Fry said, his award can have no effect in bringing back prosperity to Grimsby. Sir E. Fry hinted that some shrinkage and depression of trade were bound to follow the recent disturbance, and in referring to the displacement of many of the sailing vessels by steam trawlers as one reason for this probable temporary shrinkage, he touched upon a point which should be particularly borne in mind by the men. There is a tendency in all trades to deprecate innovations that reduce expenditure of time and labour, but it is a very short-sighted policy. The point to be remembered is that nothing which is essentially progressive in the machinery of commerce can fail in the end to benefit the community, and anything that displaces the workman as a mere machine creates a place for him as a reasoning human being. As workmen in other trades have found, so the Grimsby fishermen will find it to their own best interests not to oppose the introduction of more scientific and progressive methods in this industry.

The constantly increasing congestion of London streets creates many and serious problems besides the elementary one of how to get about quickly. So long as pedestrian and vehicular traffic are crowded

together in the same narrow roadway the number of street accidents is likely to increase rather than diminish; but it is at least possible, by providing means for dealing with accidents promptly, to reduce the dangers of the streets to the lowest possible point. In an interesting paper contributed to the *Daily Mail* by Dr. Henri Nachtel, of Paris, the writer describes the system of "Ambulances Urbaines" with which he has equipped the streets of Paris. Dr. Nachtel, acting on his experience that nine out of ten victims of street accidents are in the first case taken to a chemist's shop, has had some thirty shops connected by special wires to a certain hospital, where an ambulance ready equipped, with a doctor in attendance, is in waiting throughout the night. Each hospital is thus a centre for ambulance relief, and serves an area containing thirty points of call. The call is practically automatic, and thus the first and, in surgical cases, the most precious minutes are not wasted. It is disappointing to find that London is the only one of the chief European towns which has no system of this kind. We seem to trust in cases of street emergency to that humane impulse which, happily, is hardly ever found wanting and which makes people willing to sacrifice their own convenience to help others. The drawback to this plan is that there are many kinds of mishaps requiring ambulance aid that occur in lonely streets during the night, when there is no sympathetic crowd to help. And, of course, one cannot dispute the fact that skill is of more value as a "first aid" than sympathy. Dr. Nachtel's system is certainly admirably adapted to London conditions.

The announcement that Commandant Buys had been captured at an engagement near Villiersdorp afforded one of the curious instances of the way in which the War Office doles out news from the front. The capture of a commandant is always a piece of good news, but in this case a not unimportant *contra* was suppressed—that, while we had captured Buys, the Boers had captured 100 railway pioneers, thus turning the action into a mishap; for just at present the loss of a commandant matters less to the Boers than the gain of a hundred rifles. The Boers seem to have been in superior force at Villiersdorp, and it was not until Colonel Rimington came up with supports that they were driven off and their prisoners released. Cape Colony, which was practically clear of Boers at the beginning of the week, has been invaded by another commando under Maude. In spite of the increased activity of British columns the number of Boers accounted for, especially by surrender, during last week is lower than it has been for a long time. This may mean either that our columns have been less successful than usual, or, what is more probable, that the number of Boers who intend to surrender is dwindling to zero. Lord Kitchener's figures are 23 killed, 19 wounded, 230 prisoners, and 5 surrenders. Several Boer officers have been captured, including Commandant Joubert and Field-cornets Wolmarans, Deidriks, and Cornelius Kruger.

Foreign. The debate on the French Loan Bill has had inconvenient results both for Ministers and for the prestige of France. On Monday the Budget Committee rather ungraciously adopted the Ministerial figure of 265 millions against its own of 210, but only by a majority of one vote and with seven abstentions, and it added provisions apparently directed against any indemnity to unauthorised Religious Orders or any payment to other claimants in excess of the amount actually received from China. The Government proposal was carried by 295 to 249, but it was gained by the defection of supporters and the temporary accession of bitter opponents.

During Monday's debate, however, M. Guieysse, a Radical, moved a resolution inviting the Ministry to publish the text of a report by General Voyron, who was in command in China, which incriminated certain persons (obviously missionaries), so that they might be prevented from receiving indemnities. M. Waldeck-Rousseau ingeniously replied (apparently on the spur of the moment) that all claims would be considered by a special committee, and the motion was rejected. The demand, however, was renewed by MM. Pelletan, Sembat, and Viviani; but the Ministry still declined to publish the report, and on M. Ribot inquiring how a confidential report had become known, M. Sembat defiantly told him—in a manner recalling a historic scene between Parnell and the present Colonial Secretary—that he might ask Ministers, one of whom had often aided the Socialist party to produce documents when the public welfare demanded it. So the Socialists were left to publish the report themselves, and MM. de Lanessan and Millerand are objects of suspicion. Presently, moreover, the Ministry were defeated on an amendment requiring the publication of a full account of all expenses incurred in promoting the loan. So the newspapers will lose their promotion-money, and will not support the Ministry at the elections with the necessary zeal. However, the Republican banquet of commerce and industry on Wednesday evening was encouraging to the Ministry, and the last clause of the Loan Bill was passed on Thursday by 355 to 213.

General Voyron's report has not been published in full, but the extracts given in the French Socialist papers indicate that the Chinese disciples of the French missionaries pillaged the house of Prince Li, under missionary leadership, immediately after the relief of the Legations, and that French soldiers and sailors helped them and were paid out of the proceeds and with the knowledge of the Archbishop. The extracts alone are not very intelligible; the exculpatory commentary supplied by the *Temps* is as follows:—Prince Li's house is close to the Peitang (French) Cathedral, where the Chinese Catholics were besieged, and was a regular Boxer station throughout the siege. When relief came the converts took vengeance, but only two missionaries helped them. They seized silver ingots indeed, but also grain, inasmuch as they were starving, and they paid the French soldiers and sailors for their help. When the French Ambassador and commander heard what was going on, they notified the French Archbishop, who agreed that it must be stopped, but they did not feel justified in depriving the soldiers of all pay for their labour, so they let them pool part of their receipts (for a fairer division ?), and turn this into cash. The sailors stuck to their gains, and the General, presumably, could not well interfere with them. However, it was arranged that the value of the loot should be deducted from the indemnity, and this was actually done. Some

excuse, after all, may be made for people (especially Chinese) who had been bombarded for a month. Less can be said for the ladies (not, it seems, Legation ladies) who hastened to loot the shops whose treasures they well knew. Presumably they thought it best to be before the soldiery, who are not connoisseurs in Chinese art. The explanations confirmed from other sources have so far satisfied the Chamber that it rejected a motion on Thursday condemning the missionaries, and "paid homage" to the soldiers by 509 votes to 26.

The *exposé des motifs* of the new German Tariff Bill was published, with a vast deal of accessory matter, filling altogether four quarto volumes, early this week. It is ascribed to Count Posadowsky and a certain Herr von Koerner, a Foreign Office functionary and a Saxon; and it is neither convincing—except to German Protectionists—nor evidence of its authors' competence as economists. Little or nothing is said of the partial relaxation of Protectionism introduced by the Commercial Treaties of 1892; the rise in national wealth, comfort, and population, is noted, apparently to show that Germany can stand more taxation; and stress is laid on the decrease of the rural population, which higher wages alone can bring back to the land. Cereals, it is explained, will always be imported into Germany, if only because certain districts are less accessible from the German corn-growing regions than from abroad—is this a veiled argument for the canal scheme?—so that the duties must not be such as to check the importation; a contention which has made the Agrarians furious. The price of bread, the consumer is reminded, depends largely on the bakers and "middlemen"; but if individuals suffer, they must bear it for the national good. Industry, on the other hand, needs no such special encouragement. New commercial treaties will not be negotiated till the Bill has been passed; minimum duties are not to be specified, because it is undesirable to tell other nations the lowest German terms. The date at which the tariff is to come into force is to be left to the Executive to fix. Thus it is primarily a means for saving the landed interests and the rural districts, and secondarily, a weapon for use during the negotiation of new commercial treaties. Finally, as a concession to Pan-Germanic nationalism, all commodities mentioned in the tariff receive German names. But as some of these have apparently been coined for the occasion, the old names are retained in brackets. It might well puzzle even a lexicographer to give accepted German equivalents for copra and quebracho.

The interpellation on duelling in the German Reichstag has called out a very general condemnation of the practice and an authoritative announcement that the Emperor himself intervened to cause the retirement of the colonel of the unfortunate Lieutenant Blaskowitz's regiment, "the only person who could have prevented the duel." The accounts previously given indicated that Lieutenant Blaskowitz, who had been celebrating his impending marriage too freely, was found in a state of intoxication—accidental rather than intentional—by other officers, who kindly took him home, but unfortunately to the bachelor quarters he had vacated. He resisted, and in the ensuing altercation insulted two of them in such a way—it is not stated how—that the Court of Honour declared a duel inevitable, although he declared next day that he knew nothing about the matter and was ready to ask pardon. There are still Prussian officers who think—as one of them said in the Prussian Parliament only five or six years ago—that the duel is an appeal to Heaven to solve a problem passing the wit of man. The fate of Colonel von Resswitz will warn them to put more confidence in their own discernment.

The students of Athens have upset a Ministry and a Metropolitan, increased the unpopularity of the unfortunate Royal family, caused riot and bloodshed, and effectually prevented the Greek people from reading the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue. Even if the new versions seem irreverent, it is not a very creditable victory. When the Queen of Greece visited the hospitals in the Greco-Turkish war, she found the soldiers could not understand the existing New Testament. She therefore encouraged M. Pallis to prepare a modern Greek version. The Church, in 1899, objected, but the Metropolitan of Athens did not represent its objections to her with sufficient emphasis—or so the students contend. Meanwhile, another version, said to be in a double sense in the vulgar tongue, has been published by an Athenian newspaper. Possibly being colloquial, it is offensive; one modern English version, and several (we believe) in various dialects, would offend an educated taste. But apparently this is not exactly the kind of offence felt by the students. They see in the new translation "a Panslavist move"—a design to deprive the Greek Church of its special glory of still reading the Gospels in the language in which they were written, and so to reduce it to what they regard as the lower level of the Slavonic Churches. They object, therefore, to any version except the ancient Greek. Their opposition has been successful. The Metropolitan has resigned, and M. Theotokis (who in spite of his majority in the House wept and fainted in debate as nobody could save a modern Greek) is replaced by M. Zaïmis as Premier. Happily the latter, though nephew and representative of M. Deliyannis, is not his political heir. He signed the Treaty of Peace and the financial convention after the Greco-Turkish war, and it is believed that he will keep Greece out of the kind of adventures into which his party has led her in the past.

There is a slight improvement otherwise in the Near East. It is stated that a new Macedonian Committee, formed under Prince Ferdinand's patronage, is endeavouring peacefully, with his help, to obtain reforms in Macedonia; and, as the old Committee is doing its best to raise volunteers in Italy for a Macedonian rising, the negotiations may have some result. Even should Miss Stone have died—as we trust is not the case—that episode must make for peace on the Macedonian frontier. In the Servian Senate, the Premier has stated that, thanks to Russian interference, protection against outrage had been secured for the Old Servians of Macedonia. Finally, the Powers — Russia acting as their spokesman—while promising reforms in the Cretan Constitution, will decline to allow any change at present in the position of Crete. And it is clear that the time is not yet ripe.

The United States have had to intervene to keep traffic open on the Panama Railway, and to prevent the Colombian forces from bombarding the "Liberals" in Colon. This so far hampers the combatants, who must cease firing while trains pass, that a compromise is said to be impending. The United States are acting strictly in accordance with their treaty rights—or obligations—and Continental suspicion of them is not now acute. The Venezuelan President, on his part, is doing his best to provoke German interference, possibly to obtain American intervention in defence of the Monroe doctrine and on his own behalf. If this is so, his hopes are fallacious, and his action may indicate that his ability to continue the contest is nearly at an end.

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The Pilot.

Saturday, November 30, 1901.

ENGLAND AND GERMANY.

ON a morning only a few days since the Berlin correspondents of the newspapers were in a chorus of alarm at a German uprising against England. They all spoke together, with little previous warning of what was to come; they all said the same thing, and said it with the same eagerness to be taken seriously and to be impressive. The hour had arrived—this was the message of each—when England should no longer make light of the antagonism of the Germans as a nation. It was a far more serious danger than the people of England had any conception of; and on a sudden it had risen to such heights that whether the Kaiser and his Government could keep it in control began to look really doubtful. A little more, and anything might be expected; this meaning that the German Government might be compelled to take formal notice of certain so-called insults uttered by an English Minister (which would have created great disturbances in England beyond doubt) and perhaps make unfriendly representations on behalf of the Boers. At the same time evidence was tendered that all Germany was on its feet in patriotic rage, and, moreover, that its Government had begun to feel the difficulty of opposing silence to the general outcry. Two days pass. Nothing happens. Since it is physically and morally impossible for the German press and people to maintain their angry passions at the topmost pitch without intervals of rest and refreshment, the fury of them declines; and at once the Berlin newspaper correspondents are in a different tune. Their gravity relaxes, their anxiety takes wing, and they now prepare to treat the German menace with light sarcasm as a brag which is immediately sobered when England shows that she is not intimidated by it.

The first mood was more reasonable than the second; for German hostility to England is a fact of long standing and no abatement, and of course there is always a certain danger in it. At ordinary times it is harmless enough, as gunpowder is when and where no spark is flying; but while we have seen this month how great a store of explosive feeling against England has accumulated in German breasts, we have also learnt that it is ready to go off upon a touch of provocation; a hot word flung out on an informal occasion by a British Minister speaking on his own account suffices. And something else of importance presents itself for attention—which is, that, although the German Government is powerful enough in a general way to hold a passion like this in restraint, or rather powerful enough to resist its influence and reject its desire, that Government is subject as others are to weakening times and seasons when daring a popular outcry seems too hazardous. The political discontent of a people abounding with prosperity is much more safely disregarded than the same population out of work, for example; and it happens that the most violent appeal that the German Imperial Government has yet heard from the people coincides with the first depletion of its factories and workshops. We say this to show that the persistent animosity of a nation like the German is not to be reckoned as a sentiment, though that no doubt is what it is, but rather as a substantial fact, which is what it amounts to. It is not an army, and it lodges elsewhere than in camps; but, to add to its unpleasantness for those against whom it is directed, it can be used diplomatically with all the effect of an armed force awaiting the word of command. That can be done at this hour; and we may depend that it will be done if the German Government happens to have an object in view which demands pressure on the Foreign Office. Nothing in reason could be refused to a German Emperor who has so much difficulty in keeping the sympathy of his people with the Boers under discipline.

Whosoever considers these things will not be inclined to make light of an anger which is more easily roused than assuaged; and if we will but begin to think of it as a material fact that cannot be argued with, and not as a sentiment for which explanation may be demanded and accusation exchanged, we shall also begin to find ourselves more comfortable and even more safe. But if it must be treated as a sentiment, let us see if we cannot do so with a consideration that will benefit ourselves in a cooling, bracing way, and haply prevent the further discharge of barbed irrelevancies. Are we not an honest as well as a brave people? Then let us admit that were we as the Germans of the German Empire we should certainly sympathise with the Boers: in their place we should do what they are doing. We should naturally be roused to feel that blood is thicker than water, and to acknowledge that we and the Dutch were near of kin. We should remember that we also have territory in South Africa, and therefore cannot regard with complete indifference a war between two white races there, nor even the ultimate aims of British domination. We should reflect that a great navy, such as we are building at a very rapid rate, will need more harbourage of a convenient and commanding character than our coasts naturally provide; that the ideal of Germany as a great naval Power includes Holland; and that we need not reject our good fortune if the duty of taking sides with our cousins the Dutch is rewarded by its being also a policy. These are some of the particulars in which we should undoubtedly resemble the Germans were we in their place. It is not so certain that we should take pleasure in seeing a great and proud rival, mistress of the seas, empress of the widest dominion on

earth, in difficulties almost inextricable with a couple of obscure little half-grown republics. But if we are incapable of cherishing it ourselves, we can at least recognise the feeling as but human in others. The sympathy for the little one against the big one in a fight we should of course experience; and, more important than all, beside, we should be at the point of view of a spectator, and not of a belligerent.

That made an immense difference of moral estimate in the nineteenth century, and naturally makes more in the twentieth. For we do progress. Humanity is marching on. If we may be permitted to put wars in China out of account, it is an unquestionable assertion that the nations of the West are more and more anxious to imbue the practice of war with the emolliences of peace. It is their sincere desire to do so; and as time goes on, there is not one but feels an increasing horror of the severities of war, when viewed from the interior of its own tranquil borders. Meanwhile, however, war makes no reciprocal advances. It is of such a nature that it cannot thrive on emolliences, any more than the lion, which is its symbol, could thrive on portions of Mrs. Mellin's Patent Food. A Western nation, no matter which it may be, no sooner engages in conflict with another than it makes this discovery: war is war. War is war just as much as it was years and years before the Hague Conference; the only real concession that it has ever made to civilisation and Christianity being that it allows men to be carried off the field on stretchers when it has done with them. But while the combating nations find that war is war ever as ever, with its own wild laws expanding to the utter extreme of lawlessness when desperation hauls upon them, the peaceful nations looking on are by no means so conscious of the fact. They were aware of it when last they were at war themselves. They will re-discover it whenever they draw sword again. But meanwhile they cannot believe that war need be so much itself, and exclaim at the officious barbarity that throws back its conversion.

Now if we regard the German animosity to us with these thoughts in mind it will be more justly considered, perhaps, and at any rate it will not afflict us so much as a matter of feeling; and we may then turn upon this obdurate hostility an unperturbed and calculating attention as a matter of fact, which is precisely what it most requires of us.

RUSSIA AND THE PERSIAN GULF.

(Communicated.)

The three Continental rivals with whose interests this country has collided sharply in the Far East, are to be found already knocking at the very gate of our empire in the Persian Gulf. With that region the present article will deal exclusively, and we shall endeavour in it to show why the Persian Gulf is important and what the present situation is there, and we shall draw certain conclusions as to what should be our attitude to the other Powers with regard to it. Premising, then, that (in the language of Lord Curzon) India is "the pivot and centre—the political and imperial centre—of the British Empire," and that "if we lost India our sun would sink to its setting," we turn, first, to consider the importance of the Persian Gulf. Strategically, its importance lies in the fact that (as a glance at a map will show) the Power which controls it commands (1) South Persia and Baluchistan, and so threatens our S.W. frontier; (2) the Canal route to India, and so threatens one of the most important of our lines of communication; and (3) the whole west coast of India, including the two great ports of Karachi and Bombay. The result of the presence in force of any other Power in the Gulf would be, consequently, to entrench a possible enemy upon the very *glacis* of our fortress. The commercial importance of the Gulf may best be illustrated by the following statistics. In 1900 its total trade was worth about £5,000,000, of which about £2,750,000 was British and Indian (the Indian share being £1,780,000), £127,000 French, £38,000 German, and £572 Russian. In the same year the tonnage which entered the Gulf was 508,075, of which 408,664 tons were British and 920 French; and the tonnage which cleared it was 454,768, of which 357,184 tons were British and 760 French; Germany and Russia being unrepresented. Our commercial supremacy has been built up, it must be added, upon the security which has resulted from the suppression of piracy; and the suppression of piracy has been rendered possible by the fact that the policing of the Gulf has been in the hands of ourselves alone, and that it has been unhampered by international jealousies and susceptibilities. The introduction of such elements could certainly be the signal for the revival of some of the worst abuses, upon the removal of which we have spent so much blood and treasure.

But the other Powers have aspirations in the Persian Gulf which are altogether out of proportion to the dimensions of their trade. The interest, for example, which France has taken in Muscat since the incident of the coaling station in 1898 is clearly not wholly due to the fact that she owns less than 3 per cent. of the trade of that port. But France is not a serious rival except as the ally of Russia, and need detain us no longer. We turn therefore to the latter, among the objectives of whose policy the acquisition of a port on the Gulf has long been known to be included—in fact, the only doubt has been which port it shall be, whether Bunder Abbas, as the terminus of a railway through Meshed, or Chahbar, as the terminus of an easier and probably more paying line, *viâ* Julfa, Tabriz, and Teheran. And now that she has practically completed the absorption of Northern Persia, and has secured the assistance of an effective naval ally, it may well be that she will push more actively her designs in this direction, of which the appointment of a consular officer at Bushire is perhaps the first fruits. In this course she will be encouraged by the fact that she already has a dangerous rival in Germany. Germany, indeed, has at present even less foothold in the Gulf than Russia, but she is notoriously employing all her influence at Constantinople to secure one, and her inspiration may undoubtedly be seen in the sudden renewal of interest which the Sultan has recently shown in the affairs of Koweit, the only passable harbour in the Gulf, and the proposed terminus of a branch of the projected German railway to Bagdad and Basra. The danger to Russia is evident. A railway tapping the resources of Persia at the south-west, and perhaps linking up with the Indian system (for such is the dream of German financiers), would be nothing short of a disaster to her commercial and political supremacy in Persia.

We have explained the importance of the Persian Gulf, and described the *status quo* there in terms

which, we hope, have made it plain that any alteration in it must be detrimental to vital British interests. The only question is whether the detriment is such as can be compensated by a *quid pro quo* from either of our rivals. In order to answer that question we must consider briefly what their ulterior designs are. Sir Robert Giffen, in his paper at the last meeting of the British Association, showed very clearly that the underlying cause of Germany's *Weltpolitik* is, not the whim of the Emperor, but her economic conditions, which render an extended maritime commerce necessary to her very existence. But if she is to have this commerce, she must control the sea—and the sea brooks not a dual control: *serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco.* Germany is our real rival, and we must be prepared ultimately for war, commercial or other, with her in every quarter of the globe. That is the fact which stares us in the face at the commencement of this new century; and woe betide us if, beguiled by the specious blandishments of the German Emperor, our statesmen lose sight of it for a single moment. But if Germany and England are destined by their economic conditions to be maritime Powers, Russia is equally destined to be a territorial Power. The vast resources of her enormous territories when properly developed make her self-sufficing, and were there no India, there need be no conflict between Russia and this country. But we do not think that anyone can study the history of the last half-century impartially, and, at the same time noticing how Russia on the north-west and north of India, and her ally in south-east China, are stretching out to join hands and cut off India from her Hinterland, can doubt that Russia's designs include, ultimately, if not immediately, the absorption of India: on land as well as at sea *serpens nisi serpentem comederit non fit draco.*

Bearing these considerations in mind, and remembering that the British Empire stands in the way alike of the maritime ambitions of Germany and of the territorial ambitions of Russia, if we now ask what *quid pro quo* either Power can offer us, we may perhaps answer somewhat as follows. To the furtheranee of Germany's ambitions, and the consequent damage of this country, the possession of a port in the Gulf is of an importance beside which the only service she can render us—the thwarting of Russian designs in Southern Persia—fades into entire insignificance. Russia, on the other hand, can offer us two things which at first sight might seem of great advantage: a free hand in Southern Persia, and an assurance that she has no designs upon India. The former would, however, be inconsistent with her own plans in the Gulf; for whether her object in acquiring a port there be commercial or strategical—and it would be easy to show that it is not commercial—the supremacy of British influence in Southern Persia must necessarily be fatal to its accomplishment. Assurances that Russia does not desire the conquest of India have frequently been repeated in the past; but frequent repetition does not make them trustworthy, and even if she is naïve enough to believe them herself the irresistible logic of facts will speedily undeceive her. An agreement upon so insecure a basis would not only not be worth the paper on which it was written, but would not justify us in relaxing a single one of our precautions in India—nay, would even entail still greater precautions by putting it in the power of Russia to force our hand at a moment of her own choosing, and would thus leave us worse off than we are at present.

The conclusion, then, to which we find ourselves driven is that a conflict between this country and Germany and Russia is inevitable, and that no *quid pro quo* which either Power can offer us at the present time is sufficient to compensate us for the grave disadvantage at which we should be placed in that conflict by admitting either of them to the Persian Gulf. There is one more point. If we cannot tolerate an alteration in the *status quo*, are we strong enough to insist on its maintenance? The answer is that we must make ourselves strong enough. We have acquired a vast empire without having so far paid anything like a commensurate price for it. The time is coming when we must be content to pay the price or lose the empire.

PARLIAMENTARY PROCEDURE.

It is understood that the earlier part of the coming Session is to be spent in making further amendments in the procedure of the House of Commons. There is a pretty general agreement that something of the kind is wanted, however people may differ as to the causes which have created the need. A great deal of time is wasted over matters of no moment, and by reason of this subjects of real importance are pushed into a corner, and in the end hurried through with no proper discussion. It is customary to lay the blame of this on the Irish party, and no doubt the methods of wasting time which they sometimes adopt are of an unusually flamboyant character. Our belief is, however, that every Irish member might be removed from Parliament and yet no substantial improvement be effected. We should still have members in abundance whose ambition is to recommend themselves to their constituents, and who find that these constituents are no longer content to judge their representative by his votes. This is the secret of the recent growth of the Question list. It is not every member who has the courage and the opportunity to take part in a debate, but every member can ask a question, and, if he is lucky and unabashed, he may even invent one which gives a Minister a good deal of embarrassment. When reported in large type in the local newspaper the record of this achievement seems a good deal more imposing than in the disillusioning air of Westminster. For a member of a somewhat higher type there is the debate on the Address—the most useless, perhaps, when the first night is over, of all Parliamentary proceedings. Every sort of amendment can be, and is, proposed, without one of them having the faintest chance of being carried, and in this way a fortnight or more of the part of the session in which members are freshest and most disposed to work is spent in a way that leaves no result behind it except premature weariness. When we add to this the mechanical delays involved in taking divisions, we shall have accounted for a large part of the time wasted between January and August.

It will be seen that we have taken no account of obstruction pure and simple—the lengthening of a debate for the sole purpose of preventing the House from going to a division on the question before it, or from reaching the question next on the paper. But this variety of wasting time is already curtailed by the closure, and, when a Minister has the necessary tact, can often be defeated without the closure. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in his speech at Lancaster quoted two very remarkable instances of this latter method.

Last session the Chancellor of the Exchequer, "who is not a particularly mild-mannered man," had to get the consent of the House to an export duty on coal and to a tax on sugar. He was resisted in the one case by "a great and wealthy interest," and in the other by all who objected to the taxation of a necessary article of food. "Yet he passed the whole of his scheme without once using the closure by the use of conciliation and persuasion and occasional judicious compromise." The other instance is that of Sir William Harcourt, who carried the famous Budget which imposed the death duties without once moving the closure. And yet Sir William Harcourt is not "a particularly mild-mannered man." The secret of these successes lay in the thorough mastery of his subject displayed by each Minister, in his unceasing devotion to the task of getting the Bill through committee, and in his determination not to be diverted from his object by the opposition of foes or the entreaties of friends. If Ministers more often displayed these qualities, there would be less reason to complain of obstruction. Moreover, it should not be forgotten that of all ways of wasting time obstruction is the most respectable. The man who simply wishes to make himself important with his constituents or insists on inflicting his own special fad on an uninterested House deserves little mercy. But the man who sets himself to defeat a Bill which he thinks mischievous or to damage a Government in which he has no confidence is simply doing his duty in a wrong or exaggerated way. He is in Parliament for the express purpose of resisting certain measures and of driving from office the Government which introduces them. There are limits, no doubt, which opposition of this kind should not overstep, but in its origin it is a legitimate form of strategy. It ought not, however, to be carried beyond direct resistance to the particular Bill which it seeks to defeat. It ceases to be legitimate when it goes the length of opposing Bills which have no connection with the Bill it is desired to throw out, or of lengthening the discussion of private Bills in order to throw the real business of the evening into disorder.

The remedies for all these varieties of the same mischief seem to be obvious. The right of putting questions to Ministers is of very great importance, but the information desired might just as well be given in print as by word of mouth. As a general rule questions might be submitted to the Minister to whose department they relate and answered by him in the same paper in which they first appear. The only exception to this should be questions asked by the front Opposition bench—a precaution which would ensure that no question of real urgency would remain unasked. Amendments to the Address should be limited to those moved by the leaders of some recognised party in the House. It is expedient that the policy of the Government should be open to direct challenge on the part of the Opposition before the House gets to business, as, without this, Ministers might put off a decisive division for an indefinite time. But all other questions raised on the Address might just as well be raised in another way or not raised at all. The invention of some automatic method of taking divisions may not be beyond the power of science, and this might well be substituted for the present wearisome procession from the House into the lobby, and from the lobby back to the House. Finally, private business might be taken at morning sittings and, in this way, the attendance at them restricted to those members who feel a genuine interest in the Bill under consideration.

The object of these changes would be not the suppression of debate, but the securing of more time for debate on questions worthy of being debated. There are those who think that the object of the rules which are to be proposed next year will be to increase the power of the Executive at the expense of the House of Commons. If this should prove true, we agree with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that the new rules should meet with the stoutest resistance. But when we remember that the Executive of to-day will be the Opposition, if not of to-morrow, at all events of the day after to-morrow, we cannot believe that any Government will introduce proposals by which they themselves will in the end be the sufferers. It must not be forgotten, however, that when every reasonable suggestion has been adopted the evil will not have been got rid of. The House of Commons, like every other legislative body, will always be disposed to waste time. By all means let us, as the Speaker said on Thursday, have new rules to meet new difficulties. But when we have them we shall find the old tendency still at work, and it will be as true then as it is now that it is a tendency that can only be kept in check by mastery of their own intentions on the part of Ministers and self-effacement on the part of members.

THE STUDENT RIOTS IN ATHENS.

(Communicated.)

THE student riots in Athens during the past week have puzzled a good many observers who do not understand the peculiar ideals and prejudices of the modern Athenian. They have very generally been set down as an outbreak of religious fanaticism. This, however, is not so; the Greek is not fanatical though he is devout, and his intellectual curiosity would not allow him to fence off as *taboo* a portion of human speculation or knowledge. The excitement, strange as it may seem, turns on a literary question which has divided Greece into two violently hostile camps.

When the Greek kingdom was first established the thoughts of all men turned naturally enough to their great past, and every effort was made to make the present like to it. If their sons were named Leonidas and Themistocles instead of John, their daughters Sappho or Aspasia, no great harm was done; but in an evil hour the newspaper writers cast a covetous eye upon the old language, and attempted to graft it upon the new. Now the modern Greek has considerable beauties of its own, but they are not the ancient beauties. The accent, for one thing, has changed from pitch to stress, thus obscuring all quantities apart from accent, and making verse of the ancient types impossible. Accentual hexameters are as unlovely in Greek as in English or German. Again, most of the inflexions are gone. There is no infinitive mood and no optative, and the so-called subjunctive is practically the same as the indicative; the lost parts are supplied by periphrastic conjugations, as in other modern languages. In the noun there are, as a rule, only two forms for all cases, and the dative has disappeared along with all its prepositions. What prepositions remain all take the accusative, except in a few idioms. The adjective has lost its superlative degree. All the particles are gone, with a very few exceptions. Lastly, pronunciation has so changed, that the vowels η, ι, υ, οι, υι, ει, are all exactly alike; so that the ancient ὑμεῖς and ἡμεῖς are indistinguishable, and the ancient δὲ ("but") is liable to confusion with δὲ(ν) ("not"). The language bears much the same relation to ancient Greek as Italian does to ancient Latin, being in some respects nearer to,

and in others farther away from, the original. Thus the modern Greek cannot by any means be made to resemble the ancient, which expressed so many shades of meaning by the particles and inflexions which have completely disappeared. Modern Greek is in structure a modern language, having more affinity to French than to ancient Greek.

Unluckily the early pressmen were as ignorant as they were patriotic. They began by reviving ancient words, which was easy enough (although they could not make the people use them); they added the dative case, and wrote ἐν Ἀθήναις where they spoke στὴν Ἀθήνα; they grubbed about in the classics and imported a few idioms, often misunderstood (thus a favourite type in modern literary jargon is εἶδαν οἱ μέν τοὺς δέ); for other emergencies they turned to French, and many a Gallicism stalks rampant in the pages of the Athenian newspapers. The final result in seventy years has been that there are two languages in Greece. One, a highly artificial and monstrous thing, is used in newspapers, books, the houses of parliament, and in very formal society. The other is spoken by the peasants and fishermen, by friends amongst themselves, in the family, and by everyone whenever he feels and means what he says, whether for anger, fear, or love. The university students learn the artificial jargon because the professors use it in lecturing; and many a young man becomes so inordinately proud of his ancient lore misunderstood, that he regards this as one of the chief ends of his study. One and all will solemnly tell the stranger that this is the "pure" Greek; such a jargon as never before was on land or sea, which their own mothers in their island homes would not half understand.

The schoolmasters are bitten with the same mania. They are doing all through Greece what the English elementary schools are doing, only to a far greater degree: they are killing the racy speech of the people, their ballads and stories, and serving the cult of the dative case. But although it may be possible in course of time to make the Greeks remember to say οἶνος instead of κρασί, to use the plural in addressing a single person, to misuse a few ancient idioms, and to restore a few cases, this will have two very bad results. First: the language will be wrested out of its own lines in the attempt to put it back a couple of thousand years, and no great literary work can be produced under such conditions. If Dante had attempted to restore the Latin declensions, what would he have made of his "Divinia Commedia"? If Chaucer had gone for his grammar to the Anglo-Saxon, what would his contemporaries have thought of the "Tales"? Secondly: words will be divorced from feeling, and the Greeks will become insincere; the moral influence may have very serious effects, as we saw last week.

But the artificial style, which so preposterously calls itself "pure," has not gone unchallenged to victory. Happily, the great mass of the Greeks are still untouched; the ancient lore, the tales, legends, and ballads still live. And a few literary men have written in the genuine colloquial stories of country life for the most part, and very charming they are, with one or two plays. Lately, some of these men have made an organised effort to develop the language on its own lines, by writing or translating, and distributing books on all sorts of subjects, religious, educational, and literary. One such is a history of Greece, lately began by the novelist Argyris Eftaliotis; another, a very able translation of the "Iliad," by Alexander Pallis. When the first instalment of the "Iliad" came out, the young bloods of Athens thought it sacrilege, and wanted to lynch Mr. Pallis. Now he has capped all by publishing St. Matthew's Gospel in colloquial Greek. Here the pedants saw their opportunity to enlist the priests and theologians on their side; and, no doubt, the Metropolitan would at once have anathematised the translator but that it so happens that a short time since the Queen of Greece had a translation of the Bible made for the army. He dares not anathematise the Queen, so he resigns. Unscrupulous politicans, who are always with us in Greece, see their opportunity; and a notorious person, who fell into ill odour during the Turkish war, rehabilitates himself by shrieking of Russian plots. The ministry resign; and thus a literary fad has come to play a part in national politics.

PREVENTABLE DISEASE IN WAR.

DEATH in battle, or from wounds received in battle' is so dramatic that there is no reason to wonder at the large angle it subtends in the eyes of the public. Death from disease, on the other hand, is commonplace, having its parallel in civil life, and therefore attracts scant attention. A single man shot through the heart in the heat of a charge is better remembered than half a hundred worn and wasted sufferers sighing out their lives in the hospital tent at the base. This want of perspective has always been found, not only in the mob but also in the general reading public, even though every serious history of a campaign makes the truth clear enough. In this very war, though special attention has been drawn to the subject, though for a few days or weeks public imagination was raised to fever heat by sensational stories, it is certain that very few indeed realise the losses by disease. Still, there is the fact, and one asks, as one has asked scores of times before, is this dreadful tale of casualties unavoidable? It is a question which will certanly receive much attention during the next few years, and, since politicians show a rooted reluctance to take the initiative, it must rest with individuals to make suggestions and to obtain a measure of scientific support which will inspire even Cabinets to action.

On the 12th inst. a lecture was delivered at the Royal United Service Institution by Dr. Leigh Canney on the prevention of typhoid in war, and though the optimistic views he put forward must be received with considerable reservation there is no doubt that his suggestions, if carried out, would do much. He began by postulating that the great destroyers of armies are typhoid, dysentery, and cholera, and that the chief of these three is typhoid (or enteric) fever. Confining himself to typhoid, he then proceeded to state (in which he will not be contradicted) that though other agencies are responsible for some share of the disease it is certainly for the most part water-borne—that the drinking of impure water is the principal factor in its spread. Starting from this secure basis, he went on to propose that in every army taking the field there should be a distinct department for supplying safe water. Now, there are three methods of purifying water—viz., boiling, filtration, and chemical processes, each of which has its advocates. Dr. Canney plumps for boiling, as "most practicable, least liable to errors in methods, and requiring less expert skill," and he would carry this out by means of cylindrical copper boilers, holding fifty pints and heated by petroleum lamps, the water being first strained through cloths to get rid of matter in suspension. Taking one hundred men, and allowing four pints to each man daily, he estimates that a couple of these machines, complete with petroleum enough for a week, and due quantities of meat extract, tea, sugar, etc., could be easily carried by one mule. In other words, the idea is that ten mules would ensure a sufficiency of pure water for a thousand men, provided that a weekly renewal of oil and stores could be maintained. The scheme has much to commend it, and in favourable circumstances might be expected to come not far short of the mathematical perfection expected by the lecturer. Under ordinary conditions its good effects would be considerably less.

In the first place, the allowance of four pints would not satisfy a man doing hard marches in a tropical or sub-tropical climate. There are few of us leading an almost sedentary life in a cold climate who do not consume at least two pints in the twenty-four hours, and double that would be very scant allowance with a

burning sun overhead, an arid desert under foot, and clouds of dust everywhere. No doubt training can do much. A man of strong will may bring himself to less and less in the way of fluid till he reduces even his marching needs to two pints, perhaps to one. But that implies a heroism of self-denial rarely to be found, and certainly not to be calculated on. Then as to the preparation. Dr. Canney states that his boiler can raise fifty pints of water from 54 degs. to 212 degs. Fahr. in eleven minutes, and we do not doubt it; but the question is not what it can do under favourable conditions, but what it may reasonably be expected to do under unfavourable. No one who has made tea in the open air with a fresh breeze blowing requires to be told how very dilatory a kettle can be. Again, Dr. Canney says that the cooling of the boiled water is accomplished in six minutes by covering it with damp cloths. But what degree of cooling? It would be much to ask of the best disciplined troops, not only that they should leave untouched every pool and rivulet by the wayside but that on reaching camp parched and exhausted they should wait patiently while this process of boiling and cooling is being conducted, only to receive after all a *tepid* draught. In this respect, the superiority of a chemical process, advocated by one of Dr. Canney's audience, is apparent. A few ounces of a drug are infinitely easier to carry than a metal vessel, and the water remains at its normal temperature; but, of course, there are counter defects.

The truth is that, like other enthusiasts, Dr. Canney has forgotten to take human nature into account. He expects men to be machines, a mistake unusual in the medical expert who is accustomed to deal with human beings. All the science in the world will not prevent a man mad with thirst from hurling himself prone before the nearest puddle and gulping down the fluid regardless of taste, and smell, and worse, any more than it will stay his shipwrecked brother from killing himself with brine. What to him is the promise of pure water five miles further on? The demon must be appeased *now*. Our ideas have changed. A later science blames men for drinking casual filth, and, if something wholesome can be provided, that is sound; but in earlier times, when it was filth or nothing, the power of accommodating himself to circumstances was reckoned a virtue. Plutarch's praise of Marc Antony, put by Shakespeare into the mouth of Octavius, is an illustration. Two or three of the speakers (notably Dr. Conan Doyle) dwelt on this point—the difficulty or impossibility of getting men on the march to abstain from drinking till they reach camp.

Incidental to this special subject the general question of sanitation was raised, and it was recommended by the lecturer and others that something in the way of a sanitary department might be organised which should teach officers the elements of the science and, through them, the rank and file. This is a noble aspiration, and so far as officers are concerned it should not be impracticable. Hygiene is not a subject that could be usefully included in the curriculum of Woolwich or Sandhurst, for it requires a previous acquaintance with various matters impossible to youth fresh from the schoolroom or crammer, but a very few years in the army should prepare a man to grapple with it, and no one can doubt the great advantage of having our regiments officered by men with an understanding of the things which promote and ruin health. With the private it is a different matter. He comes of a class which is not only ignorant of the first principles of sanitation, but despises them. Still, although it may be hopeless to secure his intelligent acquiescence, there is always the consolation that in time of peace, away from the tremendous physical temptations of a campaign, he can be worked by discipline into sanitary habits till they become more or less a second nature. The result would undoubtedly be an immense saving of life when the critical time comes.

ILLUMINATED MANUSCRIPTS.

THE by-ways of art are all pleasant to their own devotees; and among the by-ways of pictorial art the study of illuminated manuscripts is surely one of the pleasantest. They speak to us of so many things. The air of the Middle Age is over them, from its beginning to its end. They tell us of the devotion of the monk, of the splendour of the mediæval cult of patron saints, of the piety of commonplace men; later, of the decay of the religious spirit, and the growth of secular magnificence, of knights and courts and kings and the enjoyment of life. For the artist, they fill a long gap in the history of his subject. Beginning with the last faint reminiscences of classical painting, they carry on the record of pictorial art, unaided except by a few frescoes and mosaics, until the Renaissance is well established, and the easel-picture can take the place of the miniature. Their charm is many-sided, and has something to suit many tastes. Some of them are schemes of pure decoration, designs in which you are not asked to discern a thought, but merely to enjoy the graceful harmonies of line and colour. Some are delicate outline drawings which appeal to the sense of beauty. Some are so grotesque as to tickle the sense of what is quaint. Some are charming little landscapes, worked in a few inches of space, with an Italian splendour of colouring or a Flemish exactitude of detail. Some extend our knowledge of our forefathers' lives, showing them in the habits in which they walked, in the houses in which they dwelt, or in the sports and exercises in which they took their recreation.

The drawback to the cultivation of this study is that the opportunities of pursuing it are so rare. With few exceptions, the best illuminated manuscripts are in museums and libraries, the very atmosphere of which is deterrent to so many fastidious lovers of art; while the second and third-rate volumes which appear frequently at sales, and are consequently to some extent in circulation, are not calculated to give a high idea of the miniaturist's skill. Nor has it hitherto seemed possible to give any satisfactory representation of such works by any process of reproduction in colours. It is therefore worth while to call attention to a series of facsimiles which are free from the defects of the common chromo-lithograph, and enable a student at a distance from the originals to enjoy them with little loss of interest and pleasure. These are the *Facsimiles of Illuminated Manuscripts in the British Museum*, of which three series have already appeared, while a fourth is promised for next year. They are not only far ahead of any coloured facsimiles which have been produced in the past; they represent the high-watermark of what can be achieved with the existing processes of colour-printing, and are not likely to be surpassed until a satisfactory method of colour-photography has been invented. They do the greatest credit both to the artist, Mr. Griggs, and the editor, Mr. G. F. Warner, who has selected and described them, and superintended the production of the plates; and they show what can be done by a sufficient expenditure of pains and brains.

Illuminations are of two kinds; they may be illustrative, or they may be merely decorative. Both kinds are found throughout the whole history of mediæval art, but briefly it may be said that the finest work of the earlier period is decorative, while in the later period it is illustrative. And it is difficult not to feel that the former is the truer sphere of the illuminator's skill. We can see finer pictures elsewhere than in an illuminated miniature. We cannot place the Sforza Book of Hours into the scales against the contemporary work, produced in the same neighbourhood, of Leonardo and Luini; but what finer decorative effects can we find than those of many of the initials and borders executed in England, France, and Italy from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, or, to go further back, than the magnificent pages of the Lindisfarne Gospels, executed about the end of the seventh century, or the Golden Gospels of the school of Charlemagne? Looking at these, we are not compelled to think, "This is

splendid, considering the limitations imposed upon the artist by the conditions of his work"; we think, "This is absolutely splendid, absolutely adequate," and we enjoy its beauties without reserve. There are higher kinds of art, and nobler pleasures to be enjoyed elsewhere, but these are perfect in their kind, like a perfect cameo or medal; and the enjoyment of them grows with increasing knowledge.

The excellences of illumination are of diverse character, and no one period stands out clearly in advance of all others. For elaboration of pattern, for harmony of tints, for self-denying devotion on the part of the artist, there is nothing to compare with the Anglo-Celtic school as it appears in the Book of Kells or the Lindisfarne Gospels, far away in the seventh century. Only about a century later are the "Golden Gospels" of the period of Charlemagne and his successors, in which the Anglo-Celtic style is carried on with less intricacy and skill of design, but with greatly increased gorgeousness of gilding. Very magnificent, too, is the work of the Winchester school, on either side of the year 1000, with its broad frameworks of gold or silver, intertwined with exuberant foliage; while, contemporary with this, we have the wholly different miniature work of another South English school, with its delicate drawings in outline and graceful fluttering draperies. Or, to come down to the thirteenth century, when the ornamentation of the initial letters is beginning to spread out into partial borders, what admirably graceful decorative designs do we find, illuminated not unfrequently with playful grotesques from the fancy of the north French artist. From this point, indeed, there is something to please every taste in the successive developments of the miniaturist's art, and it is a matter of individual judgment to choose between a greater or a less lavishness of ornament, or between Flemish and French and Italian styles of decoration. The beauties of the later miniatures remind us, indeed, that we have come to the time of artists of a greater range and scope, to Van Eyck and Holbein, to Fra Angelico and Perugino; but this is a comparison which the illuminator is not qualified to stand, and it is better to seek his triumphs in an earlier period, when the painter's art was dormant, and when his schemes of decoration were not impaired by the temptation to turn themselves into pictures.

In any or all of these periods the art-lover may find pleasure, if he will take the trouble to look at illuminated manuscripts of the first class; and if, besides being an art-lover, he is also a patriot, he may take pleasure in observing that English work holds a high, sometimes the highest, place in this department. The English work of the Lindisfarne Gospels is as superior in refinement of taste and patient skill of intricate hand-work to its descendants of the "Golden" school in France, as it is in softness of colouring and harmoniousness of pattern to the more barbaric splendours of its Irish ancestors, which we find exemplified in the Book of Kells. Again, the borders of the Winchester school have a solid handsomeness, a luxurious splendour, which is far in advance of any contemporary work upon the Continent. It is true that the Norman Conquest destroyed the individuality of English work, so that for a time it is difficult to determine whether a manuscript was executed in England or in northern France; but in the thirteenth century we again find an English style growing up into independent existence, and attaining a high level of merit. As before, the English style is distinguished by self-restraint and by harmoniousness of colouring. The borders of several manuscripts illuminated in East Anglia in the fourteenth century have a singularly pleasing combination of softness and richness; and the English work generally of the end of that century and the beginning of the fifteenth will bear comparison with the more popular but more mechanical style of the contemporary French artists. The flamboyant extravagances of the familiar French "ivy-leaf" pattern, which perhaps catch the untrained eye more effectively than any other style of illumination, find no parallel in English manuscripts of the same date; partly, perhaps, because (as our architecture seems to show) they were not in accordance with our national taste, but partly, no doubt, also because of the Wars of the Roses, which well-nigh exterminated the class for which such luxurious volumes were produced. English illumination practically dies in the first half of the fifteenth century; and for this reason it is less known than it deserves. Three-fourths of the illuminated books which one meets belong to the late fifteenth or to the sixteenth century, namely to a period when English art, owing to local and temporary causes, was extinct; so that for a collector it is easier to get fine examples of Flemish, or French, or Italian miniature-work, than to obtain even a fairly good specimen of the English style. The choice little collection which the late Baron Ferdinand Rothschild munificently bequeathed to the British Museum contained nothing English; and this is not a solitary instance. The result is that few persons realise the extent and variety of interest which illuminated manuscripts possess for the art-lover and the artist. To do so it is necessary to have recourse to the large national collections; and it is satisfactory to find that success has so far attended the efforts that are being made to render the contents of these collections accessible outside their walls by the help of adequate reproductions in facsimile.

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS.

THE HARVESTERS.

BETWEEN the noise of battle and the half-column of type in your morning paper that set forth its barest incidents lay a seven-thousand mile chain of many links. The news from "our special correspondent" looked very simple as you read it beneath the familiar heading, and I daresay that, if you thought about the source at all, you had a vision of someone handing in that message at a telegraph-office "somewhere at the front." But the message had a strange history and many a changing process to pass through before it came under your eyes in clean black type. It was born amid noise and commotion, amid the fear of death—a great thing, and amid death itself—a wonderfully small thing. The scraps of information of which it was made up—what efforts some of them cost in the collecting! This line, stating that "Colonel A's squadron was holding a small kopje on the left under a galling cross-fire" perhaps meant a four-mile ride under a broiling sun and an occasional dropping bullet; that sentence computing the enemy's losses at "more than double" those of our own force meant an hour's hanging about outside headquarters until a staff officer had finished his dinner; that description of the enemy's method of getting his heavy gun removed in the nick of time to avoid recapture meant perhaps a long and patient conversation with a stupid Kaffir, while the important news that the Boers were thoroughly dispirited and sick of the war cost two tins of sardines and an exchange of tobacco with a sullen prisoner. Then the message had to be trimmed and hacked by a wary Press Censor, and afterwards carried by a tired horse and tired rider across thirty miles of veldt, only to be added to a pile of some fifty similar messages, with which it vanished from its author's gaze through the telegraphist's window. The magic "R. T. P. full rates" carried it without money and without price over hundreds of miles of land wires, through many offices where perspiring operators received and transmitted its quickly-ageing news, until the last tired clerk had clicked out its last dot and dash, the last bewildered censor had read it, and it thrilled away over the red slime of the ocean bed, obliterated for a fraction of a second, coming to life again in a neat little white-washed telegraph station on English shores, appearing in written words again on the compositor's lamp-lit case, in the new metal of the foundry, in "slip," in page, and at last in your paper—a day late. Perhaps there were a hundred words in it, and it probably cost

the paper as many pounds; but because some fagged-out operator decided to "block" his instrument for the night just before, instead of just after, it had been sent, all that outlay was well-nigh lost. News is the most perishable of the things we buy and sell. It is no sooner born than it begins to die; time is against it from the first; space is nothing; but time is an ocean roaring between the war correspondent and his public. It is not miles, but hours that divide them; and the mahogany counter between the writer of the despatch and the telegraph clerk is a greater obstacle than the Atlantic Ocean. Your message may take longer to cross those six inches of wood than it will take to cross five hundred million inches of ocean cable; the one journey may take a few seconds, but from cable-end to cable-end is less than the wink of a swallow's eye.

But if there is one romance of the transmission of news, there is another of its collection on the battlefield. That field has but one harvest for the war correspondent; victory or defeat are secondary considerations with him, except in so far as they affect telegraphic communication. He is there to look on, and he must try to banish everything from his mind that interferes with or colours the significance of what he sees. And how little he sometimes sees! The South African War has been strangely divided. On the Natal side it was spectacular, tremendous: all the correspondents on that side described battles in terms suggestive of wide views, stirring scenes, day-long acoustic splendours. That was the hill country, where there were wide views and tremendous echoes. On the western side it was different. The flat table-lands there afforded few vantages from which the whole of a day's fighting could be observed and mapped out; there the onlooker had to be down on the levels. If he was in a safe place he could see nothing; if he was in a good place for looking on, he was under fire. Battles were not big spectacles on those wide, rolling plains; for one thing, they extended over great stretches of ground, perhaps fourteen miles wide, and then—there was nothing to see. Sometimes there was nothing even to be heard. I have lain on the grass in the very midst of a big fight, when one of the strange lulls that punctuate battles had taken the place of the crackling of musketry, and tried hard to believe that forty thousand men were trying to kill each other round me. No movement, nothing to be heard but the drone of a locust or the noise of a horse cropping the grass; nothing to be seen but miles of rolling, grey-green veldt sleeping in the sunshine. Then a bullet would fly piping over head, and gradually the booming and crackling would begin again, now high, now low like some subterranean rumbling, seeming to come from no one quarter, seeming to pervade the whole world. That noise was like an element; if was as if the particles of the air were rubbing and grinding together, as if what had been viewless were about to become solid and visible, and were now groaning in the very act of transformation.

It is out of such an experience as this that the war correspondent has to construct his minutely exact telegrams. To a man possessed of the least imagination it seems an absurdly unpractical thing to come down to describing how such and such a battalion was moved to this or that position; it simply does not describe the thing. There are only two ways of being "in" a battle. You may be in the firing line of one regiment of one brigade of one division; then, indeed, you see strange and thrilling sights, but their relationship to the whole is infinitesimally small. Or you may be away from the firing line, wandering about in the empty background between supports and reserves; then you see nothing in detail, but you are in the real atmosphere of the battle as an expression of one man's brain set against another's. In the nearer view men are individuals, each exposed to sickening risks of damage to himself and the little group of human beings who care for him thousands of miles away; in the far view men are pawns, so many to be sacrificed for this end, so many for that. In the near view every wound, every death is a ghastly tragedy; in the distant view these things are robbed of their personal (their only) interest, and go to swell the tide of advantage or damage that sets towards victory or defeat. And that, whether one likes it or not, is the true view of a battle, of a war. It is not a succession of incidents; it is a tide, a billow, mourning like Fitzgerald's sea "in flowing purple," and it streams over a country washing out lives as tiny stains are washed out. Human affairs dwindle to nothing under its tread. It is this weird, enveloping insensibility that baffles men sent to look on thoughtfully at a war.

The account of its practical effect on their work must be left for another paper. FILSON YOUNG.

THE EXODUS FROM THE COUNTRY.

A GREAT deal has been heard lately about the "Exodus from the Country," and a short time ago I should have thought myself the last person likely to join a movement I had been so long deploring. For one who has lived in a rambling, picturesque old country house the greater part of his life, the change to a trim, modern residence in what might almost be called a street, though a very nice one, in a suburban town, seems an experiment of such doubtful wisdom that few are found courageous enough to try it. Yet there must be many who would like to get rid of the perpetual worries and disappointments incident to the pursuit, as it is called, of agriculture (which most hunters find rather elusive), especially if these are supplemented, as in my case, by the often thankless and always expensive *rôle* of general country office holder. It is, indeed, no slight change from a wide view over many miles of hill and dale, always changing with the varying seasons, to a peep from the back of my new house, over a walled-in enclosure of a few square yards with its tiny lawn. This enclosure is, however, bounded on one side by a row of fine elm-trees, through which can be caught glimpses of a well-cultivated garden, where in spring the apple-blossom vied quite successfully with the red bricks. It is a still greater change to have come down from being a Triton among the minnows to be a minnow in a whole sea of Tritons. Yet it might be worse. At any rate, care is absent, and, on the whole, I rather like it.

It is droll, after the picturesque and too often inconvenient varieties of country architecture, to find, when calling at a house in quite a different part of the town, that it is a replica of your own, even to the crack (of which you have discovered the cause) in the drawing-room ceiling. So far I have avoided, more by good luck than anything else, entering the wrong house, but extra care will be required when returning home in the dark winter evenings. Our dog, whose intelligence we perhaps rated rather too highly, can not make it out at all. Coming back from a walk we chance, rather frequently, on a house exactly like our own. The dog makes for it at once, yet not without wondering (as can easily be seen) why it should have been moved up the hill. At first we several times thought he was lost. Now, when he is missing, we send to a house a few doors off that he persists in pretending to think ours, where he is always to be found sitting on the top step, and waiting for one of us to let him in. It is wonderful what consolations the dog—like his master—finds in a place where we expected him to be utterly lost and miserable. While at the old home he was hunting rabbits from morning to night: for these he has quite cheerfully substituted cats. It is the suburban custom to screen them as far as possible from attack by ingenious arrangements of wire netting. A citadel is, however, no stronger than its weakest point, and our dog generally succeeds in entering any garden in which he has located an enemy. My chief care is the certainty of having one day to answer for his sporting predilections. His

greatest, perhaps his only, trouble is that suburban dogs, as a rule, won't fight. No doubt discretion here is the better part of valour.

Another petty trial—quite a crumpled roseleaf, in fact—is the suburban gardener, or rather he would be did not the size of my garden make his frequent visits unnecessary. As it is I am a good deal interested in the specimens employed by my neighbour on the other side of the wall. I should like to climb over and show them what to do, but it would be *infra dig.*, and besides they have probably neither the wish nor the ability to profit by instruction. After having been used to see a real gardener taking pride and even delight in his work, it is pitiful to see the make-believe one fidgetting about with his tools, of which he seems scarcely to know one end from the other. The suburban gardener is only an inferior sort of tramp. He combines all the tramp's dislike to work with the pretence—scorned by a respectable tramp—of doing something.

The number and variety of wild birds in this suburban town, where it seems unnatural and almost improper for them to exist at all, is surprising. One would have imagined they would be speedily accounted for by the numerous cats that lie all day on the tops of the garden walls basking in the sun. But the cats may have to keep one eye on the manœuvres of their canine friends. A thrush will be hopping about calmly in front of the fishmonger's shop, and a blackbird very likely singing from the top of the iron railings opposite the dressmaker's emporium. Certainly there can be few suburbs like this one. Rows of elms or horse chestnuts have been left standing between the detached houses, and beneath these cluster smaller trees and shrubs which are utilised by the blackbirds and thrushes. A pair of starlings have built in the broken top of an elm on one side the mite of a lawn, on which they are always making their descent. Sparrows, alas! are even a greater nuisance here than to the farmers in the country. There are plenty of places they might build in without doing any damage, but nothing will content them but the gutters on the roof. When they have stopped them up a builder comes with long ladders and five or six men to clear them out. Directly they have departed the sparrows go to work again. I had heard that formerly there were nightingales here, but expected they would have left ages ago. However, here they are still. The other morning my wife said, "Those wretched nightingales kept me awake all night." I told her it was charming of them to follow us from our old home.

The part of the change I like least is from the old country church to the new suburban one. Not that there is anything to quarrel with in the "ritual"—which is conspicuous only by its absence—but the scents, and the swishing of the dresses, together with the airs of the high-polite and trim churchwardens and sidesmen, affect me unpleasantly. It is so crowded too—so many inches and no more to each person—after the roomy old country church where I could stretch my legs and yawn if I felt inclined without anyone turning round to stare indignantly at me. Yet though the church is as new almost as the dresses of the male and female worshippers, the service is so very old-fashioned that I find myself expecting to see the men praying in their hats on arriving at their pews—as used to be the fashion long ago. To-day is Sunday, but I am not going to church. Soon after twelve o'clock I intend to sit at the window and watch the return of the congregations from the two neighbouring churches. The two streams almost always happen to meet on the opposite side of the road, and I fancy the worshippers from "the poor persons' church"—as we call it—look a little defiantly at the folk returning from the more fashionable church on the hill. Not that I for a moment suppose that the congregation at "the poor persons' church" is really poor—indeed there are no poor here, even the tramp-gardener making quite a fine income—only they do not advertise their wealth on their backs, like so many sandwich men. They are, I fancy, waiting till they have made their fortunes, or perhaps only till someone from the rich persons' church gives up his sittings. It must be allowed it would be very unpleasant, and damaging, no doubt, from a commercial point of view, after having once obtained an entry into the rich persons' church to have to go away again. At present the rich persons' church seems far harder to enter than a high-class political club. How hardly shall they that have not riches get sittings therein! J. A. B.

OLD BRITISH MASTERS IN BOND STREET.

WHEN, not long ago, I read that a Hoppner had changed hands for fourteen thousand pounds I could not help ejaculating, "It is time that Raeburn came by his own!" We had become accustomed to hearing how Romney's brush, like a magic wand, could charm thousands out of the pockets of enthusiasts, but attributed a good deal of the power to the association of his art with the name and form of the lovely Emma. No such glamour hung round the name of Hoppner, and yet a picture of his had fetched a price that made the very Romneys look cheap. Thus, some recollections I had of Raeburn's portraits, though a little worn, made me particularly anxious for an opportunity of re-investigating the work of the great Scotchman. An excellent occasion offered. Messrs. Forbes and Paterson have on view a collection of fourteen pictures of Raeburn's, while on the opposite side of the street, at Messrs. Agnew's, three more may be seen, and seen in the company of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, and Hoppner. And did Raeburn fulfil my expectations or did he disappoint? Both. At his best he is magnificent, and some things which we shall consider later, he did better than any of his contemporaries, but I did not know before that he had a great style and an evil style, that in later life he fell from grace, and betrayed a weakness of temperament that would never be suspected from the virile decision of his earlier manner. The fact is that he contracted Morbus Lawrencii in an aggravated form and it was fatal to him. Just compare in Messrs. Forbes and Paterson's collection, for instance, his "Mackenzie, the Man of Feeling," with his "Gibson Lockhart." The first, in the vigour of its handling, in the management of a most difficult complexion, in its feeling for character would be hard to overmatch. And now look at this other—the "Gibson Lockhart." To what a degree of washy or oily inanity has he not attained in his efforts to rival the dazzling popularity of the facile, complaisant Lawrence—Lawrence, with his immense natural endowment, and his fatal predilection for the ultra-refined, the ultra-genteel, the petted infant prodigy of an innkeeper at whose house the quality changed horses, the spoilt darling of Fortune. Hoppner never tried to borrow his graces, but hated his brilliant rival sincerely all his days, and that unfairly as well as fairly. Yet it must be owned that Raeburn could assimilate something of the Lawrence manner and still produce a fine thing. In his "Margaret, Wife of the Second Marquis of Northampton," he achieves certainly a success. He has not refined away the rather buxom proportions of the lady, but by the introduction of a harp on which his sitter is playing he fills the canvas with a most pleasing composition. He is somewhat overfond of red as a background, but when he feels that it needs some modification, introduces a rich, pleasant green somewhere as a corrective. And here I will mention what that particular thing in which he specially excelled was. It was the painting of men's clothes, in which, to my thinking, he surpassed his contemporaries. There is a crispness, an assured certainty of stroke in his rendering of clothes in which you feel the master draughtsman. There is no mistaking what sort of limbs are fitted by those clothes. He carried this nearness to reality just as far as it can safely be taken, not overstepping the

modesty of art or afflicting the eye with the sort of realism that gets on this side the frame.

While examining Raeburn's pictures where they are collected alone, I thought it possible that in his women's portraits he would compare unfavourably with some other painters of his day. But it is not so. At Messrs. Agnew's there is to be seen a portrait of his, "Miss Wilhelmina Ross, of Shandwick," which may fairly be claimed as one of the triumphs of the British School. Its strength, too, may be gauged by the fact that it hangs within two yards of one of the finest Hoppner's that can be seen. I will not say that it overpowers the Hoppner, but at the least the two make a noble pair. There is absolutely none of the conventional bias of his day in his manner of seeing and presenting his sitter. It is as modern in appearance as anything to be found in our early school, and painted with an economy as daring as Mr. Sargent's. The Hoppner near it, "Mary Stuart Wortley," is wonderfully rich and glowing in colour, and in excellent preservation—a most attractive picture. In comparison, how timid, almost amateurish, appears Gainsborough's technique. And yet what charm his canvases have; what cool, delicious colour, what style! Romney's lady in the blue hat, "Mrs. Robert Trotter," is an excellent example of the painter, more pleasing to my mind than his "Mrs. Jordan" on the opposite wall, for all the enhancement of that fascinating personality. There is a Sir Joshua, too, "The Duchess of Marlborough and Child," which is very interesting in its colour scheme. And of men holding a lower rank, notice the self-portrait of Sir William Beechey as a young man—it is full of character and painted in a fine tradition. Nearly everything in this gallery is of great interest, and especially should be noticed a most spirited landscape study of W. Müller, "On the Medway," a capital example of an artist too early cut off. All through this collection runs a note of great style which can hardly be studied and taken to heart too much. E. H.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY.

A "rencounter" (to use Lord Beaconsfield's favourite word) with the Dean of Rochester is always pleasant. Whether he is joining the E.C.U. or leaving it, preaching in his Cathedral or addressing working men from a platform, discoursing about rose-culture, or following the Rufford Hounds across Caunton Brook, he is always genial, original, and vivacious. He possesses, as Sydney Smith said of Richard Edgeworth, "the sentiments of an accomplished gentleman, the information of a scholar, and the vivacity of a first-rate harlequin. He is fuddled with animal spirits, giddy with constitutional joy. In such a state he must have written, or burst. A discharge of ink was an evacuation absolutely necessary to avoid fatal and plethoric congestion."

All the Dean's innumerable friends, and all lovers of good reading whether they know him or not, must rejoice that he has delivered himself from the threatened peril by the publication of a characteristic book.*

The Dean discourses of children, education, gentlemen, ladies, games, sports, preaching, books, homes, and gardens; and he touches each theme with genial temper, shrewd observation, and highly infectious fun. At the same time he is capable of a righteous wrath. "Pigeon-shooting is one of those things of which it is a shame even to speak—except at Monte Carlo, where there is no shame." Scoffers at religion "know about as much of Christianity as a monkey knows of mathematics." In coping with the evils of drunkenness he would "eliminate the fanatics, with their autocratic arrogance and their impossible programme"; and he holds that "duffers" who go out hunting but are afraid of the fences "ought to be picking oakum."

But it is not my present purpose to review the Dean's book. I content myself with recommending it to all who love good sense, genuine humour, and interesting reminiscences; and I turn for a moment to a contrast which it suggests.

Our Dean is, as he tells us, "an ancient doctor of divinity weighing seventeen stone." Everyone who has ever seen him knows that he is a man of singularly fine presence and bearing. He was reared on the prescription of a physician who predicted that if he daily had "a plate of cold beef at breakfast and a glass of good pure ale at dinner," he would grow into a strong man; he "took the medicine and fulfilled the prophecy." For fifty years, as man and boy, he followed the hounds in Nottinghamshire, and for the same period took out a shooting certificate. He has been a traveller, an author, a gardener, a model landlord, a friend of the agricultural labourer, a pioneer in ecclesiastical restoration, a popular preacher, an exemplary parish-priest, and withal a genial and jovial companion, equally acceptable as host and guest, equally popular with gentle and with simple.

"Look here upon this picture, and on this." The Oxford Movement, of which the Dean himself is a follower, has in its later developments produced a type of ecclesiastic so different from his own, that it is inevitable to place the two in contrast. I have in mind a gentleman of fragile and anæmic appearance, who seems to have been reared not on beef and beer, but on that monastic diet of "cabbage and hot cross buns" which Thomas Ingoldsby extolled. He has never been on the back of a horse, and, if he took a gun in his hands, would infallibly kill the keeper. He wears the Blue Ribbon, and eschews conviviality. Although his living may be in the country, he cannot tell a rose from a rhododendron. He is horribly afraid of cows, and wears goloshes when he walks abroad. All sports, games, and exercises are alien to his temperament. His preaching is popular only with the ladies of his flock: and the mere sight of the three thousand working men, to whom our Dean told excellent anecdotes at the Derby Church Congress, would take all the starch out of his collar.

These are points of contrast, but underneath them lies in both cases just the same devotion to the claims of a sacred calling; the same loving care for the church, the schools, the parish, and the poor; the same eagerness to promote happiness and relieve distress; the same generosity in giving, even beyond the reasonable proportion of means to gifts. The question is not whether the one ecclesiastic or the other is the more conscientious man, but which of the two types that I have described has the better chance of being popular with ordinary Englishmen, and of recommending religion to those who have no natural leaning towards it.

There is, indeed, a *tertium quid*, a third type of ecclesiastic which is specially characteristic of our own day. We are officially informed that the supply of clergy is falling off; but though the candidates for Holy Orders may be fewer than they were twenty years ago, I agree (for once) with the Bishop of Winchester, and am persuaded that their quality is better. There is nothing epicene or namby-pamby about them. They are fine, manly, active fellows, keen in mind and strong in body; men who have rowed for their colleges or played "Rugger" for the University; and ready to consecrate all their splendid gifts of health and skill and trained endurance to the service of religion and humanity. They may not be as versatile as Dean Hole—very few people are—but in virility, high spirits, and the joy of living they closely resemble him, and carry on the best part of the tradition which he represents. In ministerial zeal and efficiency they have nothing to fear from comparison with the palest products of the Seminary. In an age of prevalent morbidity it is their special office to show the "more excellent way" of consecrated manliness and sanctified common sense.

BYSTANDER.

* THEN AND NOW. By Dean Hole. Hutchinson.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CATHOLIC "OPTIMISM."

(From our French Correspondent.)

Paris, *November 27th*, 1901.

The following account of the Catholic Congress at Lille appeared in the *Times* of November 20th. Italics are mine. "Foreign observers who have exaggerated the practical importance of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Associations Law, taking for truth the expressions of protest of the French Catholics, will be, no doubt, surprised to learn that at the Lille Catholic Congress *the general feeling was one of extraordinary optimism*, and that no observer here could in reality be deceived by the purely political nature of the agitation against the law. It is a law that has hunted out the Jesuits, but they are all coming back, or are already back, and if the Assumptionists have indeed received a severe blow their propaganda is not seriously compromised. Moreover, the Associations Law, as M. Piou pointed out at the last sitting of the Catholic Congress, tends as much to *strengthen the authority and the prestige of the majority of the religious orders* as to weaken them. To such as apply for authorisation and obtain it the measure accords the same liberty as is given to all associations that act in conformity with the French law. M. Piou said frankly:—"We have not sufficiently understood what a powerful weapon the law has put into our hands by granting us the inappreciable benefit of liberty of association. This, indeed, is so true that one can understand to a certain extent the melancholy awakening of some of the Socialist Radicals to the conviction that *the law is in no sense anti-clerical, but in reality a charter of liberty for French religious orders*, speaking generally."

A charter of liberty, a law tending to strengthen the prestige of the Orders—this indeed would be enough to give rise in the Catholic party to extraordinary optimism or even enthusiasm; and if the Associations law could be described in the terms I have quoted, we should heartily congratulate the Prime Minister for being not a reactionary as, according to the *Times*, the Radicals call him, but a wonderfully liberal statesman. A few, a very few, Catholics—you could count them on your fingers—do believe that M. Waldeck-Rousseau is really that statesman, and under the circumstances, probably the only support of the Church in France. They argue—certainly rightly—that he never was a sectarian, and that in his extra-parliamentary action, for instance, in his episcopal choices, his treatment of occasional clerical scandals, his tolerance of a Church Congress at Bourges, etc., he showed himself the reverse of a sectarian. They bring forward his decision in refusing to follow the Socialist party and not hesitating to displace by a perilous manœuvre, the centre of his majority. Only Thursday last they could triumphantly comment on the magnificent speech in which he defended the actual interests of Catholicism in the East with the firmness of M. Méline, and extolled its *rôle* in the past with the earnestness and the warmth of M. de Mun. Are we to believe them, and is their optimism really spreading, as the *Times* imagines, to the Catholic party? Making up one's mind about M. Waldeck-Rousseau's real worth is not easy. That he is an extremely clever politician can hardly be denied, and one is not altogether the dupe of the halo of success in thinking so: he has passed unscathed through several very narrow straits. Whether he is a statesman is far less clear if we wish to preserve the real meaning of a word beautiful in all languages. A man who followed the Socialist, Millerand, four years after supporting the manufacturer, Motte, in a decidedly anti-Socialist address at Roubaix; a man who has belied his whole past by the Radical promises he was making last year at Toulouse; a man who, no matter how adroitly, makes shift to change his majority in the same Parliament, is not in the tradition of great politicians. Perhaps the true judgment to pass on him was contained in the words heard on Thursday week in the lobby, "What a wonderful advocate!"

To restrict ourselves to the point at issue, it is very doubtful whether M. Waldeck-Rousseau cherishes a Napoleonic dream of giving at last real stability to the constitution of the Church in this country, but on a more liberal basis than Napoleon ever thought of. Speaking of the proposed suppression of the Budget of Cults, he said:—"This measure would give absolute freedom to the Church, and we do not wish to give her that." So he will not remove from the secular clergy the barriers which the *Articles Organiques* have raised about them, and which, in the opinion of the *Times*, the Associations Law has just removed from the Regulars. But even this assumption is far from the reality. In the first place, the *Times* forgets that a ministerial decree—that is, a signature closing a five minutes' discussion—can always cancel the authorisation granted by Parliament. Moreover (and this is the important point), the authorised Orders are henceforth to be free, *under the bishops' responsibility*: that is to say, within the limits of the liberty accorded to the bishops themselves, and that liberty does not include the right of convening with one's colleagues or even of leaving one's diocese without special authorisation. The mistake in England, where the tone of the Press is generally friendly to us, is to imagine that it is always the Church that is unbending and the Government liberal. Many Church people are irreducible, even those who have long ceased to be Royalists; but we have had many ministers, and, above all, we still have in their offices many subordinates who are perfect samples of narrow red-tapeism, allied to Homais sectarianism. The Bishops are not free, not even free in their clerical nominations, and the religious, who used to enjoy considerable liberty when they were responsible to superiors whom the State ignored, will lose it by becoming subject to secular regulations.

Is it likely, then, that a Catholic leader should have publicly blessed the law in a large Catholic Congress, and that the immense audience which generally attends its last sitting should have enthusiastically received his words? One ought not to forget that M. Piou is no longer the individual Liberal, the old Catholic Republican, whom everybody respected, but whose influence outside a circle of attached friends was comparatively small. It is well known everywhere that he was called to Rome in the course of last year, entrusted with the plans of Leo XIII., true to the last to his democratic policy, and that he is now the mouthpiece, the political nuncio of the aged Pope. I shall revert some day to his programme, as it finds exponents and adherents; for the present I had better limit myself to the question of fact, and ascertain whether the same M. Piou who, four weeks ago, seemed as I pointed out then, to throw in his lot with the Progressist antagonists to the Cabinet, and supported M. Basly just to lessen the Premier's majority, should now approve of the very measure which caused him to adopt such a strange attitude. This would be too absurd, and M. Piou has done no such thing. The *Times*, as is constantly the case in the daily press, has been misinformed. The whole first part of M. Piou's remarkable speech was an indictment of the Associations Law in which the words "injustice," "fanaticism," "crimes" and "accomplices," take more strength from the orator's usual temperateness of style. The words quoted by the *Times* were literally copied from the speech, but as the word "weapon" should have suggested, they applied not to the religious, but to civil associations. Here is a sentence to qualify that given by the English paper, and place M. Piou's thought in its true light: "The Government, making themselves the instruments of a hatred they may not share, have passed a double-edged law. Harsh and rigorous to the monks, it is absolutely liberal to the other citizens. If it contains painful exceptions, it also consecrates invaluable rights. The proscription of a few will have been the ransom of the rest." Is this an approval of the law which at the beginning of his speech M. Piou called "a criminal assault on the liberty of teaching and the liberty of association"? Is it not on the contrary a declaration of war to those "who have turned irreligion into a doctrine of State"? M. Piou abominates the

law, but he rejoices at the possibility of turning it against itself. He sees in it the means of at last uniting the Catholics and enabling them "to sweep away the *bourgeois* Radicalism with its worn-out puff and petty ruses." They have been so far unequal to any serious effort because they were divided. Association will collect them into one irresistible mass.

M. Piou has always been a Republican, and the sincerity of his Liberalism cannot be questioned. The spirit he would like to infuse into the future great Catholic party breathes in his final words to the Congress: "You are denounced to the nation as sulky children of the great national family, as irreducible belated reactionaries. Let it see that you are its devoted servants, that you love all it loves—social justice, scientific progress, political liberty; that your highest ambition is to help its effort towards light and fraternity by promoting the establishment of democracy."

Though my object was merely to point out a not easily explicable error of the *Times*, and undeceive those who, on the faith of its article, would believe, like Sir Henry Howorth, that the French Catholics were now "jubilant," I can hardly conclude without a word on M. Piou's programme of Liberal Action. That programme, as I have said, is that of the Pope, and it is a hopeful sign that such words as I have quoted above should come from an authorised representative of Rome. The programme includes repudiation of the exceptions in the Associations Law as being illiberal, but those exceptions are in M. Piou's idea, and, no doubt, also in the Pope's, only a side question, not in the least the dominant issue which some short-sighted Catholics in France and abroad will see in it. The next elections will be the occasion of the last attempt—some say rather foolishly—let us rather say of a serious attempt, to create a Catholic party. Will it be successful? I greatly doubt it. Some partial divisions did not destroy the coherence of the old Conservative party which was up to 1880 a considerable political factor, but I cannot think that the time has come yet to blend the Royalists, the intransigeant readers of the *Vérité*, and the Democrats into one body properly called Catholic. I am afraid that in May next M. Piou will have only a regiment in M. Ribot's army, instead of commanding in chief. But many Catholics already submit to that probability, and it is no inconsiderable progress.

TAMMANY IN ENGLAND.

[From a Correspondent.]

We have rejoiced at the downfall of Boss Croker; we have patted ourselves on the backs in respect to the superiority of English municipal life; but there is grave occasion for doubting if all is quite as it ought to be in this regard. Occasionally we hear strange and ominous rumblings, as if there were something approaching to Tammany in our own midst; occasionally a courageous municipal administrator arouses us to a suspicion, if no more, that behind our municipal life, with its rapidly developing enterprise in the direction of electric trams, lighting, and housing, there is something which is not quite satisfactory after all.

It may at once be admitted that in London there is less ground for apprehension than in certain provincial cities. Quite frankly it may be stated that this is largely due to the peculiar publicity which surrounds the doings of the several Committees of the London County Council. It is also ascribable to the fact that party politics are to a considerable extent hidden under the merely local distinctions which separate the Progressives and the Moderates in London—an example which might well be more widely followed, for it is not easy to see why Whigs and Tories should divide themselves on traditional lines in respect to drains and licences. Moreover, London has been saved—and here it is only just to refer in passing to Lord Rosebery's influence—from the defection of leading citizens from interest in local politics, and consequently from the apathy of the great bulk of the community—an apathy which is painfully noticeable in the North.

But when we come to examine the municipal affairs of Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Leeds, we meet a less encouraging study. Manchester, just a short while ago, had to take strenuous measures to deal with a municipal scandal of appalling dimensions. In one respect it was a scandal but little behind Tammany, for the police were inculpated, and the Watch Committee, to its infinite credit, marked its displeasure in an extremely dramatic and positive fashion. But the existence of the two scandals—one a matter of contracts, the other a matter of tampering with police administration—was in itself sufficient to disturb the minds of thoughtful men and to arouse a feeling of alarm. For nothing is more easy than that police corruption should go unchecked for a considerable period, and the accidental discovery of one instance only serves to exercise fears of the existence of others as yet undiscovered. In Liverpool there is a "Boss" gang in all its reality. Only a week or two since a Conservative member dared to assert that it was not seemly that the drink interest should preponderate in its influence upon the committee chosen to grapple with a problem which is a hideous problem in Liverpool—the housing of the poor. This gentleman has since paid his price. He was chairman of one of the committees, and has been solemnly deposed, the reason assigned being that a man of greater ability was necessary, though no one heard a word of his presumed lack of ability until his recent outspoken utterance. He has followed into obscurity three excellent townsmen who have dared, in their own ways, similarly to be Daniels, and at the next municipal election he will probably drift into peaceful retirement, as his predecessors have done. Yet these men belonged to the dominant party: they merely displeased a clique—an important, a powerful clique. The record of Birmingham is usually regarded as approaching the ideal. As regards the licensing question, excellent action has recently been taken in the direction of reducing the number. But recent disclosures in respect to slums have been astounding, and only a Corporation blind to its duty to the community could have permitted such a state of affairs to exist. Probably no city in the Empire could produce so ghastly a record, and even the present Bishop of Worcester—not usually a social reformer in the sense that his successor is—has spoken strongly on the subject. Leeds is in the throes of an investigation of Corporation contracts, and very painful revelations are being made, though the constitution of the committee of inquiry, seeing that it practically consists of the very persons whose conduct is impeached, is not above criticism.

Unfortunately, the Caucus system largely prevents the open discussion of these matters, and municipal elections are engineered in a way that out-distances the doings of party organisations in respect to Parliamentary elections. The consequence is a pitiful apathy. In three of the cities mentioned much less than half the voters come to the booths; in Liverpool the proportion is even less, and the allotment of Aldermanships to the dominant party makes municipal elections a farce, for the dominant party is now secure, apparently, for all time. Hence the council chamber is notable for the absence of the men of light and leading of the city, and prominent citizens scorn the chief civic dignity. This remark applies to almost all the inland towns of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and a new class is arising of semi-professional municipalists, concerning whom the first popular inquiry is what is the axe which they intend to grind. In one of these towns there is brewing a scandal of enormous dimensions in connection with a contract for laying electric trams throughout the town and district, a person no less than the Mayor being involved. And yet, it must be remembered, the total local rate for municipal purposes alone in these towns averages 5s. in the pound on the nominal rateable value of the holdings. The artisans, with whom the settlement of the question ultimately rests, had they only the sense to see it, compound their rates with their rent, and have thus no idea to what extent they are mulcted. Direct taxation in municipal matters would probably arouse the slumbering, and only by some such means is the lamentable apathy to be dispersed. Until then we shall probably have our own Tammanies.

REVIEWS.

JOHN RICHARD GREEN.*

The late Mr. Haweis tells us that John Richard Green, on first unfolding the scheme of his projected history of England, added, "I wonder whether it is really worth much, or whether I shall ever write a book that will be read." There is no doubt about the answer that all the English-speaking world would give to that modest question to-day. Since Macaulay no historian in this country has obtained a popularity at all comparable with that of the author of the "Short History of the English People." And Green's popularity was earned by a sounder method, though not by a more brilliant style or harder work, than that of Macaulay. In a very interesting letter to his friend and master, Freeman, Green lays down the principle of his work, which contributed to his immediate and continued popularity even more, as we believe, than his charming language or his gift of dramatic portraiture. It is an expansion of the claim, in the preface to his famous book, that he had broken away from the tendency to write mere "drum and trumpet history." "Every word I have written in reviews and essays through the last ten years," says Green, "went to the same point—to a protest, that is, against the tendency to a merely external political view of human affairs, and to a belief that political history, to be intelligible and just, must be based on social history in its largest sense." This, he modestly added, was "the old traditional line of English historians. However Gibbon may have been misled by Voltaire's habit of massing his social facts in chapters apart; however weak Hume's social attempts may be; however much Macaulay may look on social facts simply as external bits of ornament, all profess the faith I hold. . . . And so I don't doubt that the English ideal of history will in the long run be what Gibbon made it, the first in the world; because it alone can combine the love of accuracy and external facts with the sense that government and outer facts are but the outcome of individual men, and men what body, mind, and spirit make them." But Green himself was the first not merely to imply the justice of this view, but to place it proudly in the forefront of his work, and to subordinate the records of governments, the disputes of diplomatists, and the pomp of foreign war to "the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance which we call the history of the nation itself." Not only did this make him one of the most interesting of historians, but he believed that it also gave him the best chance of telling the truth. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum.* A statesman or a king may veil his tortuous policy until it is tangled past the historian's power of unravelling, but there is a clear path for such as can read their history in a nation's eyes. Green quotes with approval some remarks of Bismarck on this head. The Iron Chancellor spoke contemptuously of those historians who relied exclusively on State papers. "What," he asked, "would the current despatches tell of my real policy or that of Gladstone or Thiers?" "Surely," added Green, "they tell even less of national feeling, of those impulses which (and not the policy of statesmen) really . . . make history." Green's maintenance of this view was the more welcome and, in a sense, epoch-making, that, at the time when he published his "Short History," the "great man" theory which Carlyle so powerfully upheld was sweeping public imagination before it, while the more colourless and truthful school of Freeman and Stubbs was deprived of public sympathy by its lack of picturesqueness and its rather unsympathetic insistence on "documents." Green came at the psychological moment to reconcile the conflicting views. His history, as Mr. Bryce has well said, was "philosophical enough for scholars and popular enough for schoolboys." He was so lucid that the hasty reader was tempted to call him shallow, yet he was sufficiently versed in original research to win the praise of Freeman and Stubbs. He was not only the first great historian to give the part of protagonist to a nation, but he was the populariser of methods and principles which have rescued the study of history in this country from the dangers of "philosophical" aridity or "picturesque" falsehood which beset it in the middle of the nineteenth century.

We have so high an opinion of Green's place in historical literature that we are doubly grateful for a book which would be welcome for its charm and candour, even if it dealt with the life of an undistinguished London clergyman. The letters which Mr. Leslie Stephen—with Mrs. Green's authority and aid—has woven into a very complete and delightful biography must, we think, be ranked among the best and brightest specimens of "the epistolary art" that have been given to the world in this generation. "You're a jolly vivid man," Tennyson once said to Green, "and I'm glad to have known you; you're as vivid as lightning." That is exactly the criticism which a reader of these letters would be inclined to pass on their author. In spite of his ill-health and the poverty that pursued him through the greater part of his life, Green was always bright and buoyant. Not even Stevenson's life is a finer example of work done under difficulties and of obstacles gallantly overcome that would have filled the average man with utter despair. The account of the genesis of the "Short History" cannot but recall one of Stevenson's most characteristic sayings: "It is better to lose health like a spendthrift than to waste it like a miser. . . . By all means begin your folio; even if the doctor does not give you a year, even if he hesitates about a month, make one brave push and see what can be accomplished in a week." Green took up the work which made him famous on being told by Sir Andrew Clark that his lungs were so seriously diseased that further clerical work was impossible, and his life was more than precarious. "He resolved to write a book, which, if he lived, would serve as an introduction to future work, and ensure that, if he should die, his labours should not have been entirely wasted." This splendid piece of courage may serve as a shining example to more fortunate workers. Indeed, Green's life, as set forth in these letters and in Mr. Stephen's sympathetic and admirable introductions to the various sections into which they are divided, teaches lessons even finer than those of his history. For the best ten years of his life he, who had at first thought of taking Orders merely for the sake of a living that would allow him to write without being driven to "toadyism or hackwork," laboured in the East End of London with a zeal and devotion that could not be bettered by the most whole-souled believer in a creed which finally ceased to be much more than an interesting historical phenomenon to him. He worked partly for the sake of work, and still more for that love of the people which finally inspired and illuminated his epoch-making book. And the reward was immediate and well-proportioned. Short-sighted readers of the second part of these letters may think it sad that so fine a spirit and so brilliant a literary gift as Green's should be wasted on reading Scott to mothers' meetings, organising beanfeasts in Epping Forest, or rubbing the wasted limbs of cholera patients. To cut blocks with razors has always been considered a wasteful use of the best cutlery. But it is doubtful whether, without those ten years in the East End, we should ever have had the "Short History." It is very instructive to watch the steady enlargement and humanising of Green's sympathies in these letters. He himself was finally of opinion that his clerical work had taught him as much as all his books—of which he was never one to underrate the value. "To the last," says Mrs. Green—who understood and aided his work better perhaps than ever author's wife before—"he looked on his London life as having given him his best lessons in history. It was with his churchwardens, his schoolmasters, in vestry meetings, in police courts, at boards of guardians, in service in chapel or church, in the daily life of the dock labourer, the tradesman, the costermonger, in the summer visitation of cholera, in the winter misery that followed economic changes, that he learnt what the life of the people meant, as perhaps no historian had ever learnt it before." Hill Burton has somewhere remarked that great historians have usually been "men full of dealings with the world." Gibbon used to declare

* Letters of John Richard Green. Edited by Leslie Stephen. Macmillan. 15s. net.

that his short experience in the Hampshire militia helped him to understand the tactics of Belisarius or Actius. Macaulay was always thankful for the light which his Parliamentary experience of the Reform Bill threw upon the history of the Revolution. But Green, as far as we remember, was the first English historian of real eminence who could be said to be intimately acquainted with the people of whom he was destined to write. Even those who are most inclined to lament the waste of his time in the East End will admit that we made no bad exchange in getting the "Short History" instead of that history of the Angevins for which he vainly desired to find leisure. Perhaps in an eternal and absolute scheme of things this argument might appear to be inverted. Sainte Beuve used to maintain that it did not matter what chapter a man chose to read in the great book of experience: one was the differential calculus, and another as good was walking in the garden and hearing the band. And it is possible that Green's devoted and self-sacrificing work in the East End was really no less important than the historical labours to which he devoted the evening of his too short day. At any rate, we owe him a double debt of gratitude, first for the admirable "Short History," and next for the lesson taught in all his life, as set forth in these fascinating letters, of the nobility of work, "not as a thing of classes and fellowships, but as something worthy for its own sake, because it made us like the great worker.

A VETERAN OF IRISH POLITICS.*

JUDGE O'CONNOR MORRIS in his preface disclaims for his old experience "the prophetic strain," and we are delighted to hear it, for if Ireland were in so bad a way as he thinks, she would be bad enough, even without the further dreadful developments which he foresees as imminent. It has dawned upon Mr. T. W. Russell that Mr. Redmond, Mr. Healy, Mr. Dillon, and the rest are not congenitally criminal or idiotic persons, but simply gentlemen who differ from certain others of their compatriots on a capital question of politics. We shall never see the day when that light will dawn on Judge O'Connor Morris. He is a man of ability and learning, and, unlike too many Irish and English Unionists, he does not believe that England's work in Ireland has been exclusively the task of bringing civilisation to a set of savages. But he is also a man of inveterate and impassioned prejudices, and his language in speaking of the party opposed to him in politics rivals theirs in intemperance. This violent partisanship destroys for the most part the value of his book; any historical examination of Irish questions should involve some attempt to understand the motives of both sides in the struggle.

We shall all admit that the Act of Union did not fall from heaven. It is a political arrangement, and, as in the case of other political arrangements, its continued utility requires from time to time to be demonstrated. But the author of this book persists in treating it as axiomatic, and in regarding as criminal all attempts to modify the existing constitution. And yet in the book itself there would seem to be very ample justification for the Home Ruler. England, on Judge O'Connor Morris's showing, has been guilty of scandalous bad faith to her best friends in Ireland. She has dealt with their property in a manner opposed to the principles of common justice. On the wider issue, she has damaged Ireland while advantaging herself by the introduction of Free Trade, and on the top of that she has broken the bargain made at the Union, and has overtaxed the weaker partner. When confronted with the fact of this unjust financial relation, she has either ignored it or attempted to impugn the good faith of the Commission which established it. All these positions Judge O'Connor Morris adopts; but nowhere is he at the pains to show that an Irishman would be mistaken who, on these grounds, should desire for his country the status that Canada enjoys. On the contrary he calls that Irishman a disloyal pro-Boer and a predatory Socialist. This word "socialist" occurs again and again, and, setting apart the question whether it necessarily conveys such a stigma of villainy as this writer attaches to it, one is obliged to remark that it is singularly inapplicable. There is probably no country in Europe so little touched with Socialism as Ireland. The claim of the Irish peasant to ownership of the land rests on two facts, neither of which has any connection with Socialism. First, that the Irish landlord class are almost everywhere in Lord Clare's phrase "the heirs of confiscation second, that, as Judge O'Connor Morris himself points out with emphasis, dual ownership existed in Ireland long before Mr. Gladstone. It existed on sufferance, but it existed *de facto*, for the tenant in Ireland did what in England the landlord has always done: he improved and built, at his own expense. The history of the land agitation has been the history of this claim which, ignored at first, is now very probably exaggerated, but in any case differs materially from any of the claims put forward by Socialists. The result of State intervention has been a chaos which is illuminated by the long pages which Judge O'Connor Morris devotes to the subject. But surely all the incoherencies and practical paradoxes which he demonstrates point to a single solution—that of universal purchase. There is no way back, and if the landlords cannot find work to do in Ireland, there seems to be nothing before them but the enjoyment of whatever compensation they can extract from the State.

There is, however, work for them, though no one would guess it from this book, and men like Lord Monteagle are doing it already. Judge O'Connor Morris, like many another of his generation, can see nothing but the Home Rule question and the Land question. He ignores entirely other matters of weighty significance. There is a widespread determination to check the drain of emigrants. This drain is being opposed in part lawlessly by the popular agitation against graziers. It is being opposed more effectually and lawfully by the industrial revival, at the head of which stands Mr. Horace Plunket, whose name we have not met with in this book. Thirdly, it is being opposed by the attempt to make life more interesting and attractive in Ireland, and that is the work of the Gaelic League, with its revival of the old tongue, the old games, the old songs, the old dances. Judge O'Connor Morris probably does not even know the name of Dr. Douglas Hyde, but unless we are much mistaken history will know it.

Prosperity and vitality are things that cannot well be measured by figures, and we admit at once that the events of the last twenty years have done much to demoralise the Irish peasant. We should not venture to set up our judgment against that of a man so experienced in all things relating to Irish life, were it not that his book, partly by the omissions which we have indicated, but more by its unconcealed bitterness against all the whole popular movement, convinces us that his testimony is vitiated from the outset; that, in fact, he can neither see nor judge. In the opinion of other observers Ireland is at the present time less poor and more hopeful, more energetic, than she has been for years. It is pleasant to note that on the education question Judge O'Connor Morris ranges himself with Mr. Arthur Balfour; on the financial relations question his views are those of all classes in Ireland, as well of the Commission. But, on the whole, reading over his chapters, one is incessantly reminded of the aphorism that whoever wants to roast an Irishman will always find another Irishman to turn the spit. A long life devoted to this culinary operation does not produce a wholly agreeable impression. It is a pity that loyalty in Ireland should be so uniformly acrimonious.

DIE ANFANGE UNSERER RELIGION.*

[A correspondent sends us the following estimate of a book which is being widely read in Germany.]

THE scientific temper is the distinctive note of modern theology

* PRESENT IRISH QUESTIONS. By William O'Connor Morris, County Court Judge. Richards. 12s. 6d. net.

* DIE ANFÄNGE UNSERER RELIGION. Von Paul Wernle, a.o. Professor in der Universität Basel. Tübingen und Leipzig. J. C. B. Mohr.

and, if Germany has come to be regarded as the special *habitat* of that science, it is perhaps because this temper is more cultivated in Germany than elsewhere. German theologians, be their shortcomings what they may, are men of research, not advocates: they see, or at least do their best to see, facts as they are; following the consequent thought, instead of attempting to divert or guide it, lead where it will. An excess of individualism results at times from this absence of prepossession; but such excess corrects itself. The method, that is to say, provides the remedy: it is out of the conflict of ideas that knowledge is born. Where, on the contrary, the pressure of the dead hand crushes out life and breeds corruption, indifference, scepticism, hypocrisy follow in its train. Not all Professor Wernle's views will recommend themselves to his readers; it is neither necessary nor desirable that this should be so. On some points, it may be, his verdict will appear one-sided, on others inconclusive or inconsequent. But no English book covers the same ground as "Die Anfänge unserer Religion," or is conceived with the same breadth and sanity; in few works in any language are learning and philosophical judgment so happily combined.

In what sense of the word are the historical books of the New Testament history? This is the question on which the controversies of modern theology, in the main, turn. The Synoptic Gospels, for instance, certainly contain history; but it becomes increasingly difficult to resist the conclusion that their primary character and purpose is devotional rather than historical, and that their relation to their undoubted historical content is complex and involved. "The great need of an age so distracted as our own is an ever-renewed orientation to the Gospel." Hence at once the necessity and the danger of theology; the necessity, because the Evangelical in Christianity, and even in the New Testament, is in a sense a construction; the danger, because this construction, though the work, is at the same time the elimination, of theology. "Christ was before all things our emancipator from the yoke of theologians; we theologians, then, are His followers in so far as we continue His liberating work." Professor Wernle's book, while it deals largely with New Testament theology, does so indirectly, and in no way replaces or invites comparison with H. J. Holtzmann's classical "Lehrbuch der Neutestamentlichen Theologie." Its object is, in the author's words, "to give a clear conception of the substance of the Gospel, and of the changes which this underwent up to the formation of Catholicism." For, while the tendency of scholars is to assign an earlier date than formerly to this formation, placing the germs of the later development of religion in the sub-apostolic, perhaps in some instances even in the apostolic, age, it must be remembered that the characteristic features of this development are historical, not evangelical; not only, that is to say, are they absent from Christ's personal teaching, as this is known to us, but there is a radical difference of temper between the two. It is for the historian to trace their origin and growth; for the theologian to estimate their religious worth, assigning them their due place, neither more nor less, in the Christian scheme.

The Where and When in religious origins are vital; it is hopeless even to attempt to understand primitive Christianity if we regard it from the standpoint of to-day. The thoughts of the first generation of Christians were not as our thoughts: their reading of experience, their canons of belief, their attitude towards life, their modes of consciousness and expression, all were other than ours. They were neither Catholic nor Protestant, Anglican nor Puritan, High nor Low nor Broad Church. If we think we find the tenets of modern sects or parties among them we deceive ourselves; they belonged to earlier strata, which, with their fauna and flora, have long since disappeared. The roots of Christianity strike, below the Judaism from which it sprung, into beliefs so venerable and so widespread that they are common to the religions and civilisations of the ancient world. To these beliefs belong certain conceptions of Nature, of the world, of man, of the human soul, and of the world of spirits; conceptions which to this day influence popular theology, but which belong to the thoughts of men, not to the revelation of God. Again, of all things, perhaps, enthusiasm is the most foreign to us; we pass it over when it meets us in the lives of the saints, or in the history of the Scottish Covenanters, or among the early Quakers, with a shrug of impatience and even of contempt. But the Christianity of the first days was nothing if not enthusiastic; its adherents were enthusiasts almost to a man. They spoke with tongues, they worked and experienced wonders, they saw visions, they dreamed dreams. Families are subject to strange vicissitudes; the respectable church-goer of to-day would find himself as little at home among his spiritual ancestors as was Baillie Nicol Jarvie among his uncomfortable kinsmen, the Children of the Mist.

This charismatic stage of religion was not and could not be lasting; primitive Christianity perished, says Harnack, that Christianity might survive. The influx of converts, Jewish and Gentile, transformed the little flock into a community—or, rather, an aggregate of communities; the gifts of the Spirit became less frequent and their genuineness more open to suspicion; traces of their decay are evident in such passages as St. Mark vi. 8-10, and 1 Corinthians xiv. 26-40, though they lingered on till the extravagances of the Montanists brought them into the ridicule that kills. The reaction against the premature Hellenising of Christianity attempted by the various Gnostic sects worked in the same direction; petrifaction was in the air. An official took the place of the prophetic ministry, the church that of the brotherhood; the freedom, the spontaneity of the first days was gone. Men spoke no longer as the Spirit gave them utterance; they passed on a tradition: an age of Epigoni had set in. This process of stereotyping took the shape of a return to Jewish models and conceptions; if Gnosticism was the Hellenising, Catholicism was the Hebraising of Christianity. Ritual, a priesthood, the notion of sacrifice reappeared; the particularism, the rigid organisation of the Levitical system, the subjection to law. Admitting its inevitableness, it would be difficult to exaggerate the transformation of the original that this involved. "Christianity is essentially a lay religion"; yet here we have the very things from which Christ had freed men, clericalism, professionalism, legalism, re-established by His authority and in His name.

Nor were other unevangelical influences wanting. The philosophy of Greece shaped the creed of Christendom, and provided the moulds into which Christian thought and dogma fell. Essence, nature, person, substance: how difficult it is to conceive theology formulated without these notions! Yet they are philosophical, not evangelical; they are of Aristotle, not of Christ. The communities, again, whose original organisation, both in themselves and as regards one another, had been singularly loose and undefined, developed a strict and definite polity, internal and external; the episcopate, which tended more and more to become monarchical, established itself in the several churches, while the increasing preponderance of one pre-eminent bishop led these to assume an attitude of dependence on and subordination to the central Roman See. The change was neither violent nor revolutionary; the germs of the later ecclesiastical organisation had existed, as has been said, in the Apostolic age, and its establishment, though it met with opposition in certain quarters, was too much in accordance with the spirit of the time and the practical needs of the communities to be unacceptable to the great majority of Christians. That the new system, however, had the defects of its qualities cannot be denied. When we compare the spirit of Christ, as set before us in the Gospels, with that of later Christianity, with that of the ancient, the mediæval, or the modern Church, we are conscious of a difference. The actual falls short of the ideal; it is as if we had tried to catch a volatile essence, and it had escaped us; the spontaneity, the life, have disappeared. Such is the imperfection inherent in human things. The idea, if it is to persist and to propagate itself, must be realised in concrete matter; yet in this realisation it becomes other than itself. Would we see it as it is? We must separate it, in thought at least, from its material

conditions : the kingdom of God is within. "The Christianity that Christ brought into the world, being personal, can realise itself, in the strict sense of the word, only in individuals. In a community, be this what it may, it is necessarily entangled with the world ; the result being a composition, a compromise with the actual."

The process of disentanglement, the analysis of so complex a whole into its component parts is intricate: to no two minds, perhaps, will the elements appear to combine in precisely the same proportions, or their combination to be represented by precisely the same formula. To the traditional Christology of the Church, or, at least, to the formula in which it finds expression, Professor Wernle does less than justice. That popular theology is, unconsciously, Docetic; that the Kenotic, or distinctively human, sayings of Christ are explained in a non-natural sense by its representatives, and by others from whom better things might have been expected, is true ; and the theologian who, at the risk of almost certain misconstruction, calls attention to this, deserves credit for his courage and his loyalty to truth. "The wonder in Jesus is *the union of a superhuman self-consciousness with the most profound humility before God*" [25] ; and no one can lay greater stress on the first of the two conditions than Professor Wernle. "This—the superhuman self-consciousness of Christ—is the secret of the origin and growth of Christianity; it must be grasped, first and foremost, as a fact; a fact which we have simply to recognise and revere." Again, "the sense of mediatorship between God and man reached in Christ the supreme degree of stability, innerness, and reality ; no formula can limit it." To comprehend the Incomprehensible under human categories is surely, then, an inconsequence, and involves the overlooking of one side of the equation. The conjunction of the two elements, the superhuman and the human, is, it is allowed—nay, affirmed—a mystery; may it not be stated, as far as the imperfect medium of language admits, in the words of the Evangelist—the Word was made Flesh ? Again, Professor Wernle's interpretation of St. Paul's teaching overestimates, it appears to us, the ecclesiastical elements which this teaching incidentally, but only incidentally, contains. In every great teacher various currents of ideas run, as it were, parallel. It would be as impossible to systematise St. Paul as Plato ; both defy our questionings and are free. The needs of the churches forced upon him certain questions of organisation foreign to his spirit as we know it from his undoubted epistles, and the personal sensitiveness which was so marked a feature in his temperament made them assume what may seem at times an undue prominence in his mind. But faith, as the apostle uses the term, did not mean assent to a formula, even a Christological formula, and it involved only indirectly, if at all, membership of a believing community. Rather it signified a fact of spiritual experience, personal, incommunicable except by the action of the life-giving Spirit, the abiding consciousness of reconciliation to God in Christ.

THE BEGINNINGS OF POETRY.*

PROFESSOR F. B. GUMMERE's book may be described as a well-written and temperate exposition of the theory of the "communal origin" of poetry, which, though it has found but cold encouragement in England, is very widely held by Continental scholars. Like most books written by American professors, this by Dr. Gummere shows the influence of German training in the too sedulous notice taken of everything, good, bad, and indifferent, which has previously been written on the subject. To summarise what Herr X., Professor Y., and Dr. Z. have remarked and to balance them more or less neatly against each other is a receipt which has won a good many doctors' degrees in Germany and America. Professor Gummere, starting from a higher level, fights his way through the crowd in good style, and yet not without an occasional tediousness and prolixity which might have been avoided but for the German-born dread lest he should be accused of having overlooked some essay really not worth powder and shot. We have said that he is a temperate exponent of his thesis, and this is so true that we imagine that most English scholars will meet his contentions by taking distinctions rather than by a direct negative. Thus he admits categorically that "the actual traditional ballad of Europe is not to be carried back into prehistoric conditions—*i.e.*, that it is of individual, not of communal or collective, authorship ; but he maintains that it shows traces of communal influence, and claims for the "choral throng" a much greater originating power than we can admit. Yet the controversy is probably mainly a matter of the point of view. We are heartily at one with Professor Gummere in all that he urges as to the solitary habit of thinking, which divides men from each other, coming later in human development than the keen emotion which brings them together. Moreover, what we know of primitive marriage customs makes it certain (despite Darwin's theory of poetry having grown from the love-call of animals) that the love lyric, which is necessarily individual, must be later than the songs of war, of work, and (probably) of grief, in which the social element is strong, and in the case of the first overwhelming. We agree again in acknowledging the important part which the "choral throng" must have played in quickening the inspiration of song. But while Professor Gummere keeps his eyes fixed on the chorus as a whole, we cannot help looking in each case for the individual singer without whom no word can be invented. Without individual invention the song cannot start, cannot become articulate, or when it has become articulate cannot develop. Professor Gummere quotes from Bücher a reference to "primitive forms, such as one still hears in Africa, where for hours at a time, the natives on the march keep singing a half-dozen words or phrases in monotonous repetition and with no increment." The half-dozen words themselves must have been due to individual initiative, and for lack of more individual initiative they can get no further. In one passage, Professor Gummere himself states this quite clearly, noting that "the communal and retrograde force is still strong and insists on naked repetition, while individual singers cherish the increment." Yet he makes a comment on a pretty story from Mungo Park, which is at least partly in opposition to this. Park, it seems, arrived wet and weary at an African village, and the native women not only treated him hospitably, but made a song about him.

> "It was sung," says Park, "by one of the young women, the rest joining in a sort of chorus. The words literally translated were these : 'The winds roared and the rains fell ; the poor white man, faint and weary, came and sat under our tree—he has no mother to bring him milk ; no wife to grind his corn.' *Chorus :* 'Let us pity the white man ; no mother has he, etc.'"

"Here," comments Dr. Gummere, "the young woman seems to lead the chorus and suggest its words, while in the more primitive type of improvisation it is the chorus which supplies the main theme, and the tentative momentary singer only adds his flourish." In the more primitive type of improvisation, we reply, the chorus may sing the main theme, but to say that it supplies it collectively is against reason, and this is really our main difference with Dr. Gummere. To us from the very outset the "tentative momentary singer" is the poet, the originator of poetry, and it is from him and not from the "choral throng" that poetry takes its beginnings, though it is amid the influence and for the sake of the choral throng that it grows up. At first, no doubt, "tentative" and "momentary" are the best terms to apply to the individual poet, and in this stage we may accept Schlegel's dictum that primitive song is "composed in a manner of speaking by the folk itself as a whole." Dr. Gummere is inclined to regard this phrase as the starting point of his communal theory. It is a pity that later philosophizers have omitted Schlegel's "in a manner of speaking," and thus crystallised an expressive exaggeration into an impossible theory.

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* THE BEGINNINGS OF POETRY. By Francis B. Gummere. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

WOMEN AND THEIR WORK.*

THIS book is full of sound precept given with sympathy and —what is rarer—with wit. Mrs. Lyttelton starts with what she calls the "truism" that a real change has taken place in the position of women during the nineteenth century, and this change she rightly thinks has been brought about "less by pioneers and preachers and reformers than by the gradual increase of general enlightenment and civilisation." Perhaps she is a little hard in judging the women of the centuries before the last by a famous passage in Rousseau, and yet even his words may be thought by some to sum up a still older "truism," that woman was created to be the helpmeet of man. However, few will dispute Mrs. Lyttelton's assertion that the position of women has changed greatly in the last hundred years, and, on the whole, has changed for the better. Bu Mrs. Lyttelton goes further and sees in this change only a transition period towards still greater changes, and looks forward to the time when such expressions as "we women" (and perhaps "you women" also) will cease to be needed to express the right of women to be equal to men. We are in accord with almost all that Mrs. Lyttelton says about women, and certainly with all that she desires for them. No one who believes that God has intended *all* our faculties to be developed will deny that with all the increase of education during the past century women are still far from fulfilling this purpose. The chapter on "The Household" should disarm old-fashioned criticism, while that on "Professions" must convince all who have a spark of justice left in them that if women must support themselves all obstacles to that end should be removed; though we may express a fear in passing that when men expect women to be breadwinners, they themselves may become more selfish. Unfortunately we cannot share Mrs. Lyttelton's expectation that when women realise more than they do now that by working for lower wages than men would do under the same circumstances, they upset the whole balance of capital and labour, they will cease to do so. With the cry of hungry children in their ears, the just rate of wages would count for less than nothing. Men can walk out of their homes and think they are looking for work elsewhere. But women, if they are not merely "to weep," will be tempted to take, and even take gladly, any work and any wages that they can get. Does Mrs. Lyttelton altogether wish it otherwise? It is the very womanhood of women that is the real hitch in the question of the "women's movement," for it runs through it all. To be good wives and mothers Mrs. Lyttelton, even in her most strenuous moments, admits to be the ideal end of womanhood, and most of her advice points towards this womanly end. It is, of course, the life outside this that is the real crux.

In her chapter on "Friendship" Mrs. Lyttelton is at her best. She speaks from real experience, and carries her readers into very high atmosphere. The littleness which tends to sully the friendship of many women is brushed away with a generous recognition that if friendship is to be real, it must take to itself a wider note than mere personal gratification; and words written with so much knowledge and sympathy cannot fail to awaken a corresponding sense in her readers of what noble friendships may accomplish in the life of women.

JOHN CHINAMAN.†

THIS is a miscellaneous collection of stories about China and its peoples, most of them connected directly or indirectly with the personal experiences of the writer. What Mr. Parker does not know of the Chinese character seems to be scarcely worth knowing, and he must share with Mr. A. H. Smith the credit of having sounded that great deep almost to the bottom. The reader is taken from China to Corea, from Burmah to Johore, from New Zealand to St. Petersburg, and is introduced to every rank of society, from Viceroy to coolie, and the information picked up rather than acquired in the process will be of the greatest service to him when studying more serious and methodical works. It will enable him in some sort to get at the mind of the Celestial, to see things as they appear to the man of Canton or Peking, and he will find that the devil is not as black as he is usually painted. Mr. Parker has many a good word to say of those among whom his life's work has been cast:—

> Hostile though the ignorant Chinese people may often be, I have never found them inaccessible to "chaff" or reason, nor have they ever actually injured my person, or any individual whom chance may have placed under my protection, however near they may have come to the point of violence. To the best of my recollection, I have never had to dismiss a Chinese servant, either private or public; nor have I ever found it indispensable to punish, humiliate, or crush.

And his political creed is:—

> I believe, with Sir Robert Hart, that in attempting to crush the Chinese spirit we are making a great mistake, for which we shall pay dearly in the future—unless we stay our hand in time; and there is yet time.

We wish to give a sample or two from this kind of book, but the difficulty is what to choose. Each page is so good till one comes to the next, which is better. Here is a curious scrap of history illustrating a national characteristic:—

> The fact is, despite the power possessed by, and the immense respect shown to, the ruling classes in China, there is an easy feeling of human equality all round. They are no snobs. Even the old Empress-Dowager, in her flight from Peking, found time to "chaff" a kneeling magistrate on the road, who had brought her a good hot dinner, on the excellence of his cook. She also asked him for some clothes.
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> He said: "In this poor district there are no luxuries, and all I have is the coarse outfit of a poor concubine I have brought to live with me."
>
> The Empress said: "Oh! don't make a fuss; we are cold, and don't mind about forms and ceremonies. *Chi yao nwan-ho, chiu shi-lo!*" ("All I want is to be warm!")
>
> This Chinese Raleigh, to his disgust, was made a prefect, and forced to "Come along."

Poor man. How uncomfortable he must have been in his new dignities.

MEDICINE IN WAR.*

THE author claims for his book that it represents "the view of a junior civil surgeon" on things medical during the war. There is undoubtedly room for such a work. It is good that officialdom and seniority should learn how matters strike the youthful outsider. But the general reader must be careful not to form a judgment on a disputed question without hearing both sides, and must remember that, while the irresponsible critic can speak freely, the official is tongue-tied in many ways. It seems strange to write of one who, though a civilian, was temporarily in the public service as irresponsible, but practically the author seems to have been allowed to say what he liked.

Let us take two or three points. Dr. Fremantle is sarcastic about the amount of red tape in the diet scales. He found them too elaborate, too iron bound, and contrasts the system with that to which he had been accustomed:—

> The responsibility for the choice between chop, steak, and joint, could surely be laid on some other shoulders than those of the

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* WOMEN AND THEIR WORK. By the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Lyttelton. Methuen.

† JOHN CHINAMAN AND A FEW OTHERS. By E. H. Parker, formerly one of H.M. Consuls in the Far East, author of "China: Her History, Diplomacy, and Commerce," etc., etc. Murray.

* IMPRESSIONS OF A DOCTOR IN KHAKI. By Francis E. Fremantle, M.A., M.B., B.Ch. (Oxon), M.R.C.P., late civil surgeon to H.M. Forces in South Africa. Murray.

doctor. In civil hospitals it is the Sister of the ward who is responsible, and who, by a judicious varying of the diet within the prescribed order, is often able to pacify discontented patients.

But how can a military hospital at the beginning of a war, before matters have settled down, and before nurses have arrived, be compared with a fully-equipped institution of long standing in time of peace? He makes this same mistake later on when criticising the chief local authority for not allowing this or that:—

> Poor Colonel! He doesn't remember the accident wards of his old hospital at home. . . . The red tape holds him fast. At Guy's, as house physician, I went straight to the superintendent, and, if the request were approved, saw myself that the order was executed. If a friend offered a couch or clock, I should not have dared to trouble the superintendent. I should have accepted it straight off.

Very likely the "poor Colonel" was needlessly obstructive, and slow to adapt himself to the novel conditions of a population eager to make things comfortable and luxurious for his charges, but the comparison with Guy's is absurd and discovers the very inelasticity he is condemning in others. It is the common fault of youth to be impatient of age. The truth of the whole matter is plain enough. A clever young man like Dr. Freemantle can be of great use in throwing light on points which his seniors would or might overlook, but he does well to remember that he also is mortal. The Godspeed of one of the "men so far behind the times" at the War Office was not superfluous:—

> As a parting thrust he remarked, with a kindly smile and a pat on the shoulder, that I should become more charitable as I grew older.

CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA.*

THE Editor of "Chambers's Encyclopædia" makes a high claim on behalf of his work. "It strives," he says, "to be at once comprehensive, compact, accurate, lucid, readable, and handy for reference." It may be said without any exaggeration that these pretensions have been fully justified by the experience of all who have used the Encyclopædia. Its articles steer a middle course between the completeness of treatment which befits a distinct treatise and the mere explanation of terms which is now to be found in the larger dictionaries. They aim at giving all the information that can be brought together with due regard to the necessities of space; and by the careful excision of everything that is not absolutely necessary, the Editor has been able to achieve a really memorable success. "Nor are all the articles so short as they are often assumed to be." The volumes are large, and the amount of printed matter contained in the ten is equal to eighty ordinary octavo volumes, while the longer articles contain from forty to fifty octavo pages. The great revolution in the contents dates from 1888-92. "Chambers's" Encyclopædia then became a new work. "The bulk of the articles were entirely rewritten; the more important were entrusted to eminent specialists"; and the whole scope and method of the work underwent radical revision. In the edition of the present year there has been no such visible change as this. But every article has been carefully brought up to date, and the numerous persons and subjects which have become famous or important during the last decade have received their share of attention. It is Mr. Morley, we think, who has said that no serious reading can be intelligently taken in hand without an atlas and an encyclopædia at the reader's elbow. Those who wish to follow this counsel have now an opportunity of complying with the latter of these conditions. Moreover, the maps distributed over the work serve in some sort the former urpose also.

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* CHAMBERS'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA. A Dictionary of Universal Knowledge. New Edition in 10 volumes. W. and R. Chambers.

NEW BOOKS.

(1) MARY RICH, COUNTESS OF WARWICK. By Mary E. Palgrave. Dent.

(2) JOHN HOWARD. By Edgar C. S. Gibson. Methuen. 3s. 6d.

(3) ANNALS OF CHRIST'S HOSPITAL. By E. H. Pearce. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

(4) THE MIND OF A CHILD. By Ennis Richmond. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

(5) THE HISTORY OF THE CALIPH VATHEK. By William Beckford. With an introduction by E. Denison Ross. (Methuen's Little Library.) 1s. 6d.

(6) BOOKS ABOUT BOOKS.

(1) When we reviewed Mrs. Fell Smith's "Mary Rich" a fortnight ago, we did not imagine that a second biography of the same lady would follow so closely on its heels. In her *Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*, Miss Palgrave has done her work well. She has kept more closely to her text, and has thus produced a clearer and easier narrative than her predecessor, while introducing abundant topics of interest from the "Lismore Papers" and the Diary of the Countess, which together offer to her biographers such a wealth of material. This second memoir forms part, and apparently—since it contains the preface of the general editor, Dr. Horton—the first part of a new series of "Saintly Lives," the distinguishing note of which is that they are to be strictly undenominational. "The orthodox hagiology is discouraging," so Dr. Horton thinks, "to ordinary minds," and so a new hagiology is here begun, from which no one is to be excluded on the plea of heterodoxy, and which opens with the life of an English Countess. To suggest that Mary Rich would have been surprised and pained had she foreseen the honour thus thrust on her would be beside the point, for the same might be said of most saints since the world began; but we cannot help wondering whether, had she not been a countess, with abundant and amusing family records with which to eke out her history, we should have heard much of Mary Rich. Certainly she was a good woman, one who not only spent many hours a day over her religious exercises, but also took her religion into her daily life. But can it truthfully be said that she possessed much spiritual insight, or even much spiritual good sense? Both her biographers agree, nor can it be disputed, that her father was among the busiest and most ambitious of matchmakers in a match-making age. Mary withstood him, and eventually gained his permission to marry the man of her choice. If her marriage brought her many trials, it was still infinitely happier than those which her father arranged for his other children. Yet for years her "disobedience" in resisting his arrangements in her own case was a grievous burden on her conscience, and she seems to have regarded any troubles which befel her as a "judgment." There seems a lack of moral fibre in this way of viewing life, and we feel this lack equally in both biographies.

(2) *John Howard*, of whom Mr. Gibson writes, if earthly acclamation as a saint may be won by works of mercy, is much better entitled to this honour than the Countess of Warwick. He himself, however, was content to talk of his philanthropy as his "hobby," and he certainly conducted it quite as much in the spirit of a scientific investigator as in that of a humanitarian. The story of his unwearied visitations of the fever-stricken prisons of England, his Continental journeys in the same cause, and his later work in the lazarettoes is well and concisely told by Mr. Gibson, who maintains throughout a moderation in eulogy which Howard would have appreciated. The narrative is relieved by some anecdotes of Howard's dry humour, and is adequately illustrated.

(3) Mr. Pearce's *Annals of Christ's Hospital* have doubtless been prompted by the impending removal of the school to Horsham, but the book is such a thorough piece of work, and deals so successfully with all the different departments of the school and its very interesting relations with the City, that we can safely predict that it will remain a standard history long after Christ's Hospital has successfully established itself in its much criticised new site. Of the various topics

with which Mr. Pearce deals, the one which has interested us most, and which runs all through the book, is the attempt of its governors for some three centuries to manage the school without the aid of a responsible headmaster. This attempt, which seems to us so amazing, probably grew out of the origin of the institution as a real "hospital," in which the children, taken at an unusually early age, had not only to be taught, but to be generally cared for, and when they left its shelter to be started in life as well. The masters of the school thus took their places among its other officials, several of whom were much better paid, and as one department after another was added, it did not occur to the City magnates that any controlling head was needed. The story of their own efforts to supply his place is almost pathetic. They took turns to be present at the weekly catechisings, called in learned clergymen to decide by *viva voce* examination on the claims of candidates for masterships, attended dutifully to the opinions of Samuel Pepys, Esq., who interested himself in the mathematical school as what would now be called an "educational expert," and showed on all occasions the utmost readiness to reward good work, whether from boy or master, and much long-suffering with evildoers. But, as might be expected, they seldom picked out the right men, and the school suffered severely in consequence, both in learning and discipline. Happily, the rights of the headmaster have now for some years been fully recognised, and it is no longer in the power of his colleagues to exclude him at pleasure from their classrooms. Mr. Pearce's book is well illustrated with pictures of the buildings (much less ancient than they look), and he writes throughout with the enthusiasm of a former Grecian. "Old Blues" will delight in his book and in his denunciation of various points in the "new scheme," and his narrative contains so much that is of interest for the history of London life and manners that it appeals also to a wider circle of readers.

(4) On an early page of Mrs. Richmond's *The Mind of a Child*, after a reminder that the children of to-day are the world of thirty years hence, there follows the remark, "While they are children we can practically do what we like with them." Not in this spirit did an old-fashioned mother once exclaim to her numerous daughters, "My dears, I brought you up all exactly alike. I can't think how it is you have turned out so differently." Mrs. Richmond represents the theorist, our old-fashioned mother spoke from experience, and yet the most experienced mother may be the better for reading the theorist's book. Perhaps its keynote is most happily illustrated by the sentence in it which first caught our eye: "To see that this childish quality (the capacity for love) is used primarily for the child's good and not for our own enjoyment." The demands made upon parents are heavy; there is to be no using of schools as simply an easy way of solving the difficulty of bringing up children aright; parents are to think out what they wish the education of their children to be, and, as the advertisements say, to "see that they get it"! If children should respect parents, parents should also respect children, and make themselves respect-worthy. The author is not afraid of letting children criticise their elders. "Is it not better," it is asked, "that a child should say to ourselves, 'What a silly man Mr. So-and-So is,' and meet from us a request for the reason of this opinion and a careful initiation into the regions of charity and true criticism, than that children should whisper together behind our backs their silly, ignorant expressions of opinion?" Our old-fashioned mother would have had some doubts as to how to answer this problem, and indeed it would require parents always on the alert thoroughly to carry out our author's theories, more especially in view of the amount of their time which it is maintained that children should pass in the presence of their elders. We believe that this continual intercourse would not be good for either young or old, and we take exception also to the strongly expressed disapproval of modern schools for girls, a disapproval for which very little reason is shown. But even when we differ we are interested, and feel that "The Mind of a Child" is really better known to us for reading this book about it.

(5) We are so used by this time to pretty booklets that Messrs. Methuen's new edition of Beckford's *Vathek*, though it might have passed muster some years ago, strikes as rather cheaply and carelessly got up. Mr. Denison Ross, however, contributes to it an interesting introduction, in which, starting from the results obtained by Dr. Garnett in his edition published a few years ago, he investigates anew the relations of the two French editions published by the author in 1787, when Henley had treacherously issued his English translation. Of Beckford's extraordinary statement to Cyrus Redding, that the French text was composed in "three days and two nights," an ingenious explanation is offered. Three days and two nights are the precise time which Beckford passed at a stretch in Gibbon's library when he first became possessed of it, and it seems not incredible that this story may have been told to Redding and unconsciously transferred by him to another subject.

(6) Mr. Douglas Cockerell's *Bookbinding and the Care of Books* (Lethaby's Artistic Crafts Series: John Hogg, 5s.), though professedly "a text-book for bookbinders and librarians," contains so much information useful to every book-owner that it will be found a very good investment even by the unprofessional. Mr. Cockerell's reputation as a bookbinder, and even more as a book-mender, has been steadily rising ever since he began work, and this little volume contains a clear and well-illustrated account of his methods, embodying at the same time much of the information gathered by the Committee on Leather used in Bookbinding appointed by the Society of Arts. There is so much bad leather and so much bad bookbinding on the market that a little special knowledge on the part of collectors is needed to ensure good work, and Mr. Cockerell supplies the means of gaining it with admirable brevity and judgment. If bookmen have to protect themselves in some matters, they are admirably catered for in others, and *An Illustrated Catalogue of Old and Rare Books on Sale by Pickering and Chatto*, price 6s., is a good example of the pains bestowed in tempting them. The books offered are mostly English, and include a large number of illustrated books, the pictures from which are liberally reproduced. The catalogues of Mr. Wilfrid Voynich, of which we have recently received Parts 4-6, are also well illustrated, but their chief feature is the very full description of the early books of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries of which Mr. Voynich makes a special study. As many of the books he brings together have never previously been described, his catalogues are real contributions to bibliography and deserve a welcome as such. *A Guide to the Printed Books, Music, and Bookbindings Exhibited in the King's Library at the British Museum* (sold at the Museum, price 6d.) is naturally popular in its aims, but summarises the early history of printing and bookbinding without undue technicalities, and is well printed and illustrated. Our last book about books is of a different kind, a compilation by Mr. Joseph Shaylor, entitled *Some Favourite Books and their Authors* (Grant Richards, 3s. 6d.), containing short biographical sketches and illustrative extracts from fifty famous books arranged in alphabetical order. The text is scrappy, and the extracts leave Hercules to be reconstructed rather from his toenail than his foot, but as far as we have noted the information offered is accurate, and the little volume is prettily printed.

FICTION.

The Ballet-Dancer and On Guard. By Matilde Serao. Heinemann. 6s.—Madame Serao's genius is realistic only in its abstention from the formal indication of a moral. She does not preach, she allows her stories to end with raw and ragged incompleteness, thus denying her readers the satisfaction of feeling that poetic justice is sufficiently vindicated within the covers of her books. But she paints life with so fine an understanding of its cruelty and its kindness, and character with such noble sympathy with every gentle

motive and pure aspiration, that her inconclusive conclusions force the rebuking moral of her stories more irresistibly upon the conscience and judgment of her public than could any deliberately didactic *dénouement*. So it is in the two very powerful and very beautiful studies of the underside of modern Italian life she gives us in the volume entitled *The Ballet Dancer*. In the beginning one hopes that Carmela Minino is going to keep her heroic purity through all hardships and temptations. And one is grievously disappointed when at length, weary of the humiliations that fall to her lot, as one of the only two good girls in her troupe, she gives herself to her bourgeois admirer, not because she loves him but because she is too weak to resist him any longer. Yet as one reads on, one recognises that Carmela's lapse was truer to the probabilities of life than continued resistance would have been in a girl of her circumstances and antecedents. And gradually the pathetic moral of the situation asserts itself and justifies the story. Carmela has sinned, but her heart is not depraved and her conscience is not callous. She never justifies her sin to herself. She knows she has fallen, and her humility that was so beautiful turns to miserable shame. She draws lines, moreover, as to what she will and what she will not allow her lover. She will take no money from him, and she will not receive him in the little room where, still innocent, she has said so many prayers. It is horrible to her that she cannot any more go to confession and Communion. Then her protector abandons her. And while she is wondering how she can make her repentance effectual, an accident—the suicide of a young nobleman she has loved and idealised at a distance—suddenly transfigures her. What will happen to Carmela afterwards the reader is unable to conjecture. But her generous self-forgetfulness and self-abandonment to a love and a regret altogether pure and impossible, lift her out of the mire, and we feel that—whatever the sequel may be—she will not fall again. The Carmela who watched through the night by the corpse of Ferdinando Terzi, winding the rosary round the hand that had done the self-murder, is the same Carmela who, in the opening chapter, carried the splendid wreath to the grave of her godmother: a woman whose strength and weakness both lie in her power of love and self-sacrifice. That the purity of such a nature should have gone under in the struggle for bare subsistence, makes the most terrible of all indictments against the vicious society of which she is, in a measure, the victim. With the same force, the same delicacy of suggestion, the same marvellous economy of material, the other story of the volume lays bare the heart of tragedy in prison life. Captain Gigli, the Governor of the prison, is a character of the most simple but exquisite goodness. He does his duty towards the Government he serves, upholds the necessity of punishment, and enforces discipline. But in word and deed he remembers always that even convicts are "men and Christians," and refuses gently but firmly to allow his wife to keep them altogether out of the way of his own household and from contact with his little son. Between the child and one convict—a parricide—there springs up a tenderly touching friendship. But the child falls ill, and then the Governor yields to his wife's will. Rocco Tractta is forbidden to enter the sick room. The child dies, and the convict attempts to escape and dies also. Again, the end is cruel and unsatisfying. One is left wishing that Gigli's wife could have risen to the height of his own courageous charity. But again one has to admit that it was more natural that she should fall short of it. We have dwelt exclusively on the idea and sentiment of these stories. But praise is equally due to the graphic rendering of local circumstances. Each is a burning picture of the external as well as the internal life it tells of.

In Our Country: Stories of Old Virginia Life. By Marion Harland. Putnam.—There are many popular writers of the American short story, especially of the story treating of old Virginian life, but Miss Marion Harland holds her place with the best of them. Someone has recently remarked that in the early fifties, when books for children were scarce, and organised amusements scarcer, the conversation of their elders formed no small factor in the education of the younger members of a family. "I hung, unrepressed," says Miss Harland, "upon the outskirts of the group gathered upon shady patches while summer lasted, and in winter about the hearth." Here, from the lips of narrators who "never concerned themselves as to the presence of children," she gathered great store of comedies, romances, and tragedies belonging to an age not only past, but past for ever. The result is a handful of stories filled with the very atmosphere of the South—the South before the War. Of the more ambitious stories, "Our Family Skeleton" is the most powerful, although, concerned as it is with the terrible effects of those intermarriages so common in Old Virginia, it is not the most pleasing. A short sketch, "At the Spa," presenting a clumsy, loud-voiced "Colonel" who, never having known a day's illness, allows his friends to think that the visit to the sulphur springs is on his account, in order to shield his sickly wife, secretly dying of cancer, from the publicity she dreads, is a fine picture. Other good stories are "Marthy" and "The Overseer's Wife," but all are well worth reading.

The Prophet of Berkeley Square. By Robert Hichens. Methuen. 6s.—Mr. Hichens, like the leading characters in his "tragic extravaganza," leads a double life. Those who know him best by the weird force of "An Imaginative Man," or the searching awe and mystery of "A Sea Change," may well look with bewilderment on his present production, which is of the lineage of "The Londoners" and "The Green Carnation." The Prophet of Berkeley Square, a fashionable youth who is beguiled into astrology and the reading of the future by the stars; the professional prophet of the almanack, Malkiel the Second, who lives "perdew" with his terrible spouse by the secret waters of the river Mouse; Sir Tiglath the astronomer; Lady Enid, the "sensible-looking girl," who in hours of relaxation is "a Christian Scientist, an anti-vaccinator, a friend of Mahatmas, a vegetarian, a stamp-collector, an atheist, a table-turner," and so on—these personages are such stuff as bad dreams are made of. We follow their complex misadventures with anxious attention, which only now and then gives place to hysterical laughter. Mr. Hichens is clever to exasperation; for the rest, he appears, like Lady Enid, to have set out to be "supremely idiotic." It can only be a compliment to assure him that he has succeeded.

The Fiery Dawn. By M. E. Coleridge. Edw. Arnold. 6s.—Miss Coleridge strikes new soil in the successor to "The King with Two Faces," choosing for her theme the disastrous attempt of the Duchesse de Berri in 1832 to raise an insurrection in La Vendée in favour of her son Henri Cinq, the legitimate heir of France. The title seems ill-chosen, since *The Fiery Dawn* suggests the birth of a national movement that should change the face of history, instead of this stunted Legitimist uprising, which flickered out harmlessly amid the laughter of all France. But the dauntless little Duchess appears here as a very gracious and winning personality, with all that romantic charm which led gallant gentlemen to ruin and death for her sake. No page in modern French history is so unfamiliar to English readers as the struggle between the houses of Bourbon and Orleans, and the narrative should have been crystal-clear and full of illuminating flashes of information, whereas it is not seldom obscure and even bewildering. The puzzle is rendered more difficult by the introduction of a fictitious character who passes as Lucien Sylvestre, but who is in reality the son of the Duc de Berri by a previous, unacknowledged marriage. He is the most graceful, chivalrous figure in the devoted little band which accompanied the Duchess in her hazardous journeys when, disguised as "Petit-Pierre," a peasant lad, she eluded all the vigilance of Louis-Philippe. There is a thrilling description of their famous capture in the secret chamber at Nantes, when they stood half stifled for sixteen hours, till the panel grew redhot and the Duchess's dress caught fire. The book breathes the spirit of mystery and romance.

The Youngest Girl in the School. By Evelyn Sharp. Macmillan. 6s.—No more delightful present for a schoolgirl could be found than *The Youngest Girl in the School*, and it will be strange indeed if grown-up readers do not also fall

under the spell of its raciness and humour. "Babs" and her five brothers are a fascinating group, their escapades affording endless amusement; and the plunge of eleven-year-old Barbara into school life at Wootton Beeches, where neither she nor her companions understood each other at first ("The girls are beasts. I hate girls! I don't mind their siliness so much, it's their untruthfull hatefulness that I hate"), is described with real insight into character. We can recall no book where the atmosphere of a girls' school is so cleverly reproduced. We are inclined to like Babs best when she goes "into quorranteen becos we tried to feed the poor after the cannon's sermon, and the poor had scarlet fever, so we are issolated," but it is difficult to decide among so many lively scenes.

THE QUARTERLIES.

THE opening article of the *Church Quarterly Review* for October deals very effectually with Professor Schmiedel's theories on the Acts of the Apostles. The article on "Father Hecker and Americanism" is disappointing. Amongst all the questionings it contains we seem to lose sight of Father Hecker himself, though a somewhat grudging and patronising hope is expressed for the Roman Church, a hope "which is in some degree justified by the fact that He (Infinite Love) raises up in her such saints as Father Hecker." The "Liverpool Cathedral Scheme" contains an interesting discussion upon the uses of a cathedral in general. "A cathedral in its essential nature is both a building and an institution." It is to bind together the whole diocese. There must be an efficient Chapter as well as a splendid structure. And the writer recalls the excellent example of Archbishop Benson, who felt it against his conscience to hold a canonry and a living at the same time. He suggests that the canonries might be held for certain special objects, that there might well be, for instance, a permanent Canon Missioner (as at Durham, Gloucester, Truro, Ripon), another for religious education, another to look after the candidates for Holy Orders. In this way the cathedral would become a great influence throughout the whole diocese, in all the lines of the Church's work. This excellent theory has the common fault of being only adapted for a united Church. The second part of "The Holy Eucharist; an Historical Inquiry," contains the chief teaching upon the Holy Eucharist in the Middle Ages, from St. Gregory the Great to St. Thomas Aquinas. A paper on "The Alfred Commemoration" is fitly followed by one on "Education in Parliament." If King Alfred did much to start education in England, it would seem that we in these days have done our best to spoil his work.

The *Journal of Theological Studies* for October contains three principal papers. Dr. Sanday, in discussing Professor Kattenbusch's work on the Apostles' Creed, deplores the lack of English writers on this subject, and pays an enthusiastic tribute to the author's candour and modesty, as well as to his minute research. The real crux of the problem as to the origin of the Symbol, writes Dr. Sanday, lies in the question as to whether there is not another type of creed of a comparatively independent source to be found in the East; and he adduces many quotations to prove that this is so. In this point as well as in others he finds himself at variance with Professor Kattenbusch. Dr. Sanday especially appreciates the Professor's commentary on the Creed in its oldest form, and upon the additions that constitute the T.R. He also mentions other works that should be taken in conjunction with that of Professor Kattenbusch. Dr. Strong continues his paper on "The History of the Theological Term 'Substance.'" He pursues this through the philosophy of Philo and the Neoplatonists, and shows the divergence between the philosophical and Christian conceptions of religion, and the consequent disturbance in the apologist's attempts to reconcile them, culminating in the Arian controversy. Dr. Strong denies the statement sometimes made that "Greek philosophy triumphed over . . . Christian theology." His next article, professing to deal with the word "substance" in regard to the Presence of our Lord in the Eucharist, will be awaited with interest. The Rev. A. C. Headlam prints an article, the first of two lectures delivered at Dublin, on the Clementine Literature. He gives an abstract of the Homilies, showing the differences between them and the Recognitions, and discusses the origin of both. He sums up under three headings the writer's ideas as to doctrine and ecclesiastical system:—1. Monotheism. This, the defence of the Divine Unity, is the main object of the work. But "Christ is only a prophet." 2. "A somewhat strict morality." Under this section the writer lays great stress on Baptism. 3. Church order. Episcopacy is regarded as essential, but is ranged with many curious ideas. As regards these heterogeneous elements Mr. Headlam opposes Dr. Bigg's view that the Ebionism to be found here was a later addition to an originally orthodox work. Mr. Headlam concludes by claiming that the literature, though "outside the current of Church life, represents many phases of the times of failing heathenism which our imagination would quite fail to realise without its assistance." The Rev. J. P. Arendzen, under the head of "Documents," gives the full Syriac text of "The Apostolic Order," with a translation, and a short introduction and commentary. Canon Armitage Robinson in "Notes" discusses the various readings of πώρωσις and πήρωσις, and their meanings in Eph. iv. 18. Mr. Burkitt contributes short notes on the Syriac origin of the Acts of Thomas and on "two Irish hymns." The Bishop of Wellington, N.Z., gives a minute paper on "Some MSS. of the writings of St. Athanasius." Mr. Turner writes a long note on the chronology of the Gospels, dealing with the theories of Tatian and Epiphanius, as well as a further note on the succession of Festus to Felix. There is a review of the edition of the Hexateuch according to the R.V., by the Rev. F. H. Woods; and there is the usual "Chronicle," containing accounts of several books on Church history, by the Rev. E. W. Watson; and "Hagiographica," by Dom Butler. The number is concluded by a list of recent periodicals relating to theological studies.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CATHEDRAL ARRANGEMENT.

SIR,—The restoration of the basilica, as proposed in Mr. Richmond's interesting letter, would be useless without the discipline which the basilica symbolised. The modern cathedral congregation is by no means "the diocese in miniature," but a chance assembly of religious waifs and strays, together with deserters (willing or unwilling) from parochial churches. The parish has inevitably destroyed the basilica. The cathedral, under the circumstances, cannot be more than the most dignified church in the diocese. To carry out Mr. Richmond's idea you should have a bishop and presbytery in each congregation. The present parish church, with its full baptismal and other sacramental rights, could not exist side by side with the basilica; it is, in fact, the outcome of the inadequacy of the latter to meet the needs of the church.

Every important parish church might be made a cathedral, but the tendency has hitherto been in the other direction. Too much, indeed, has already been perpetrated in order to turn the cathedral into a make-believe parish church. Roodlofts have been sacrificed, choirs altered, and so forth, when all that was required was an altar in the nave. Without a radical change in our ecclesiastical system it is difficult to see what would be gained by transferring the cathedral clergy from the choir to the apse. Much better leave them where they are, as exalted members of the *chorus cantorum*, for that is all that they really are and actually should be. Their duty is to perform the divine office with such science and dignity that other churches may find in them a model of worship and a standard of liturgical reference. This would be a reformation indeed. But the vision of the bishop seated behind the altar would in these days seem ludicrous if his throne were not high enough, and blasphemous if it were.

The "feudal" position of the bishop has come about through the extension of the territorial diocese and the consequent dissolution of the presbytery; but a bishop seated behind the altar in the midst of a semi-circle of State-appointed dignitaries would not give the result desired by your correspondent.

The change from monarchy to oligarchy would hardly further the restoration of the primitive brotherhood.

I doubt whether the "Gothic" idea would lend itself to the communal form of worship. For the "living reredos" of bishop and presbytery it seems to have substituted, in a higher feeling of reverence, the Sacramental Presence of our Lord crowned with a garland of chapels dedicated to His saints. The actual has given place to the mystical; and unless we can really restore the actual, it is better to hold to such shreds of the mystical that remain to us. A. E. ALSTON.

Framingham, Norwich,
November 25th.

SIR,—The attractive picture drawn by Mr. Richmond must commend itself to all those who long for a return to primitive simplicity. The immortal word "Ecclesia," for which we Teutons have substituted the ugly word "Church," witnesses to the essentially democratic spirit of the Christian faith, and Ecclesiastes is not the preacher but the plain member of the assembly. Screens and obstacles of every kind are removed; the Holy Table stands in the midst, inviting all to partake; the windows of the aisles may be "richly dight," but the clerestory above lets in the pure light of heaven; the nave resumes its true place as the ship, in which all embark together, and there are no jealous bars to shut off a favoured few. But whereas the State has been ridding itself gradually but surely of the exclusiveness of feudalism, the Church of England has, during the last fifty years, been glorifying the feudal principle, multiplying ceremony and drawing lines of demarcation.

If such a cathedral as Mr. Richmond describes could be erected, it would be a standing witness of the love of free space and air and light which are the inheritance of Englishmen, and serve to link the Church with the nation, from which an insistence on exclusive rights and privileges are alienating her. E. D. STONE.

Helensbourne, Abingdon,
November 25th, 1901.

ROADS TO ROME.

SIR,—Will you allow me to make a respectful but emphatic protest against a passage in your review of "Roads to Rome"? The reviewer says, "Supposing that the whole Anglican Church were united in the acceptance of Anglo-Catholic doctrine and practice, the supremacy of the Pope would, practically, be the only question which divided us from the Roman Catholic Church." This use of the term "Catholic" for a party in the English Church—implying that one part of one and the same religious body, using the same service-book and bound by the same creeds and formulas, belongs to the Catholic Church, while another part does not, and is therefore presumably heretical, since it cannot under the circumstances be schismatical—appears (besides other considerations) to be in its nature absurd. But, further, there are among these formulas certain Articles of Religion, to which all the clergy of the Church of England, "Anglo-Catholics" as well as others, have signified their assent. In these—not in one or two, but in a considerable proportion of the whole number—various doctrines and practices prevalent in the Middle Ages (or in the latter part of them) are condemned; for instance, in parts or in the whole of the following Articles, XXII., XXIV., XXV., XXVIII., XXX., XXXI., XXXII., *besides* the denial of Papal Supremacy in Article XXXVII. On looking at the decrees of the Council of Trent, and from other sources of information, including my own eyes, I find that the very opinions and practices condemned in nearly all these Articles are binding on Roman Catholics, though not the precise view contradicted in Article XXXI. Is your reviewer wrong, or are "Anglo-Catholics" disloyal?

I need not point out what a god-send such a statement would be to a Protestant lecturer, for, if true, it would give the most ample justification for charging a number of clergymen in the Church of England with flagrant dishonesty—as men whom no pledges could bind. A. C. C.

SIR,—In the paragraph quoted by your reviewer from my contribution to "Roads to Rome," I am made to say that the conclusion therein stated was reached "by these theories."

My own account of the matter is that, not being satisfied with the theories by which it was sought to determine the relation of the Anglican Church to the rest of Christendom, "I made up my mind to study the whole subject, with the result, etc." I thus adduce "study of the subject" and not "these theories," as the proximate cause of the conclusion.

As your reviewer's rendering effects, no doubt undesignedly, a complete subversion of my meaning, I trust that you will be good enough to allow me to make this correction through your columns. H. C. CORRANCE.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION.

SIR,—The Earl of Dysart, in his suggestive letter on the revision of the Prayer-book of the Anglican Communion, hardly realises the difficulties of carrying out his wishes or foresees the probable results if effected. Doubtless he means his revision to make for peace and unity; the result would certainly be the reverse. Under such conditions it is best to bear the ills we know than to make for those of which we are ignorant. The exploration of the unknown is always a speculation. For instance, modernising the language of a time-honoured book such as our Common Prayer is a risky business, as the controversy over the Revised Version of the Bible teaches where words have been modernised, sometimes vulgarised, to the indignation and disgust of hostes; and as the riots now on at Athens also teach from the substitution of modern Greek for the old form of the language in the New Testament. In such matters all experience shows that people are very conservative. What's in a word? A tremendous lot; and in altering words in the Prayer-book you will not help the illiterate, who in very rare cases attach a definite meaning to the niceties of language in this and other books; and you would offend the scholarly and tasteful, who would resent all tampering with a book which is admittedly a model of dignity, loftiness, and beauty of thought and expression. Let Lord Dysart compare a modern prayer put forth by authority with any one of our Collects, and he will see and be struck by the contrast, and the idea will arise in him by the exercise that the art of writing prayers after the pattern of the Prayer-book is a lost art.

The idea of his lordship to allow the clergy liberty to choose at their own sweet will any one of three Prayer-books —Anglican, American, Scotch—for public use in their respective churches, is a bold one worthy of a thorough paced reformer, who, like the reckless huntsman, goes straight at the fences, careless whether he gets over them or not with a whole skin and sound bones. For such liberty ONLY, *only* involves the repeal of the Uniformity Act, a material change in the formulas for the institution of incumbents to all benefices, and, like the other milder reforms of changed words, an appeal to Parliament. And may I ask is this a time, or is any other likely to come, when the Church by two representative men can go to the House of Commons and ask them to interfere with her devotional manual with any chance but to raise a Babel of tongues in which sneers and flouts will not be wanting from all the creeds and no creeds? Truly we have liberty enough, as matters stand, in the Church of England. Let us use it wisely and well, and not run the risk of curtailing it by snatching at more by seeking to pass from liberty to licence. Impracticable as Lord Dysart's suggestions are, still it is pleasing to see a layman of position and intelligence taking a keen interest in such matters. A. C.

P.S.—When Lord Dysart professes his willingness to sacrifice the Establishment of the Church to gain his points, it is difficult to take him seriously. Possibly by disestablishment he would get his reforms, and a great deal more than he bargains for. To disestablish would be to play the game of the Ritualists with a vengeance. It would be to throw open the floodgates wide for all sorts of eccentric vagaries. The sacrifice of the Establishment for a Liturgical Reform would be about as wise as to throw away gold coins because you cannot get silver half-crowns. The suggestion puts one in mind of Charles Lamb's charming story of the Chinese who burn down the house in which the pig resides for the sake of the roast pork. A. C.

November 26th.

ANOTHER COLLECTOR.

SIR,—There are two points in Mr. Stephen Gwynn's most excellent article on the "Collector" that seem to me to call for a remonstrance. First, from my own observation I have come to the conclusion that those who endure "twinges of jealousy" possess collections as small as their minds and their knowledge, and therefore do not merit serious attention. Secondly, that "Virtuoso must have no wife." Poor man! what has he done that he should be deprived of a partner in the joys of searching for and acquiring *bric-à-brac*, and, alas, very often in the sorrows of being "taken in"? Women collectors are not rare, and pursue the hobby with quite as much ardour as men; witness Lady Charlotte Schreiber, Lady Eastlake, Mrs. Lyne Stephens, etc. Of course, if "Virtuoso" chooses a wife who does not know an Italian painting from a haystack, he will be as unfortunate as the hunting man who chooses a wife who does not know a fox from a goose (and much prefers the latter), but in that case it will be "Virtuoso's" own fault, and he will probably suffer for it in his tenderest point—viz., his collection. F. E. SIDNEY, F.S.A.

Moreton, Frognal, N.W.,
November 24th, 1901.

ALCOHOLISM.

SIR,—It is, indeed, time that we should turn our attention to some fresh factor in the production of alcoholism when the great efforts against the more obvious ones have met with so little commensurate success that it is plausibly maintained that we have been defeating our own objects. A tendency in a reasonable being to sacrifice all other human instincts to the gratification of a conscious slow self-poisoning must be deeply rooted, very probably in heredity.

Had a recent Bill which proposed to make drunkenness whilst in charge of young children an offence become law, would not that have given opportunity for detention of the more prolific drunkards? The penal element of such detention should consist principally in its duration. Even if parentage be postponed merely, that will make a difference. One reason why the unfit multiply rapidly is the small interval between the generations, their age of reproduction being early. One would not advise anyone to marry into a family with an alcoholic history, but this policy will, by itself, leave the unfit to pair with the unfit. But if, in addition to this policy, persons whose dangerous heredity has been proclaimed by their having been detained more than once in retreats, were forbidden intermarriage, their chances of infecting the next generation would be diminished.

CHARLES G. STUART-MENTEATH.

23, Upper Bedford Place, W.C.
November 27th, 1901.

THE CASE OF MRS. PIPER.

SIR,—It may interest readers of the article entitled "The Strange Case of Mrs. Piper," which appeared in your number of November 23rd, 1901, and also Mr. Andrew Lang himself, to learn that Mrs. Piper speedily retracted her "resignation." The article in the *New York Herald* announcing her intention to give no more sittings appeared on October 20th. On October 21st Mrs. Piper gave a sitting to Dr. Hodgson; and will continue the series after an interval of twelve weeks.

J. G. PIDDINGTON.
Hon. Sec., Society for Psychical Research.

HARLECH.

SIR,—Will you kindly allow us to appeal in your columns to our fellow Churchmen, Welsh and English, to assist in the creation of an Endowment Fund for historic Harlech.

Harlech, famed for its castle and its association with the national air of the Principality—the official county town of Merionethshire—has hitherto been conjoined ecclesiastically with another parish three miles away. The town has a large resident population, and the unrivalled beauty of the surrounding scenery, and the vicinity of the Royal St. David's Golf Club, attract annually an increasing number of visitors.

The Church is at present temporarily served by a curate-in-charge, but it is felt that the time has come for Harlech to be made a separate ecclesiastical district, with its own resident clergyman.

Subscriptions to the amount of £1,200 have been already promised in the neighbourhood. Local resources are, however, entirely inadequate to raise the £2,000, the minimum sum required before the formation of a parochial district can be sanctioned.

We appeal, therefore, to Churchmen both in Wales and England to come to the aid of this historic town, and to show that the Church can maintain its hold there in as zealous a manner as Welshmen in former times sustained its siege.

This appeal has the hearty approval of the Bishop of Bangor.

Subscriptions will be gratefully received by W. H. More, Esq., Noddfa, Harlech, Hon. Treasurer.

[Signed] WILLIAM R. M. WYNNE, H.M. Lieutenant and Constable of Harlech Castle.
HARLECH.
WINCHILSEA AND NOTTINGHAM.
CAROLINE J. HOLLAND.

AN APPEAL.

SIR,—I venture to put our case before your readers, in the hope that we may secure the help we so need. S. Simon Zelotes is one of the poorest parishes in Bethnal Green; population, 6,500. We have in the past two years far outgrown our present rooms, and our work is being checked most seriously. For instance, in the infants' Sunday school about 150 children are packed where there should not be more than 70. In the upper schools we hardly know where to put another child, and many have to stand in class for want of sitting room. Church Lads' Brigade has been crowded out for drill purposes. Girls' clubs can only meet one night in the week, and the accommodation we can offer for the Men's Club is neither large nor attractive, and on a full night uncomfortable. Still, the children, lads and girls, come in increasing numbers, and we have good grounds for believing more men want to come. The present rooms are a constant source of fear, owing to their bad arrangement. The Bishop of London writes, "I know the work in S. Simon's parish well, and heartily commend it to the support of the Church." The Bishop of Stepney writes, "I very cordially commend this appeal on behalf of a good and growing work in a very poor and difficult parish. An adequate parish building has become a necessity." We need between £3,000 and £4,000. Contributions should be sent either to me or to "S. Simon's Parish Rooms Account," London and County Bank, 181, Shoreditch, E.

GERALD K. S. MARSHALL.

S. Simon's Vicarage, Morpeth Street, Bethnal Green, E.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Messrs. Constable are issuing a pretty and very portable edition of Mr. Meredith's works. The books are printed from very clear type on India paper, and are bound in red cloth with Mr. Meredith's picturesque autograph in gold. Until the original text is restored we cannot feel very enthusiastic about reprints of Mr. Meredith's works, although it is gratifying to see from this issue that the great novelist's works are being ever more widely demanded. The first four books published in this edition are *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, *Beauchamp's Career*, *Diana of the Crossways*, and *The Egoist*. The price per volume in cloth is 2s. 6d., and in leather 3s. 6d.

Mr. Murray has issued a Teachers' Edition of *Stanley's Life of Arnold*. This is a welcome reprint of a charming work, and Sir Joshua Fitch's preface is an interesting contribution to the appreciation of the great schoolmaster. The price of the book is 6s.

A new edition of *Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature* will be welcomed by many who made its acquaintance in its first form, and its many good qualities are sure to command a new and wider public. The first volume, which is published at 10s. 6d. net, contains articles by Messrs. Andrew Lang, A. W. Pollard, S. B. Gardiner, Edmund Gosse, Francis Hindes Groom, and Professor Saintsbury.

We have also received:—

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A Text-book of Zoology, by G. P. Mudge, F.Z.S.: Edward Arnold. 7s. 6d.

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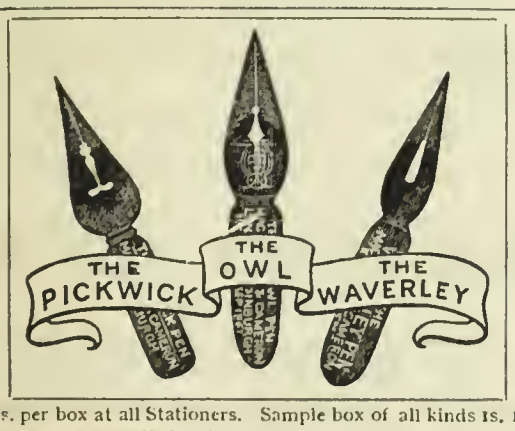

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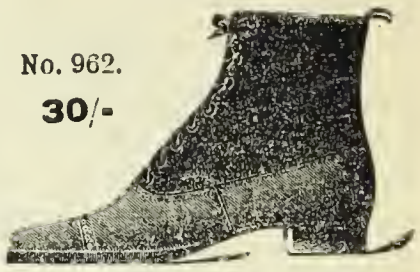

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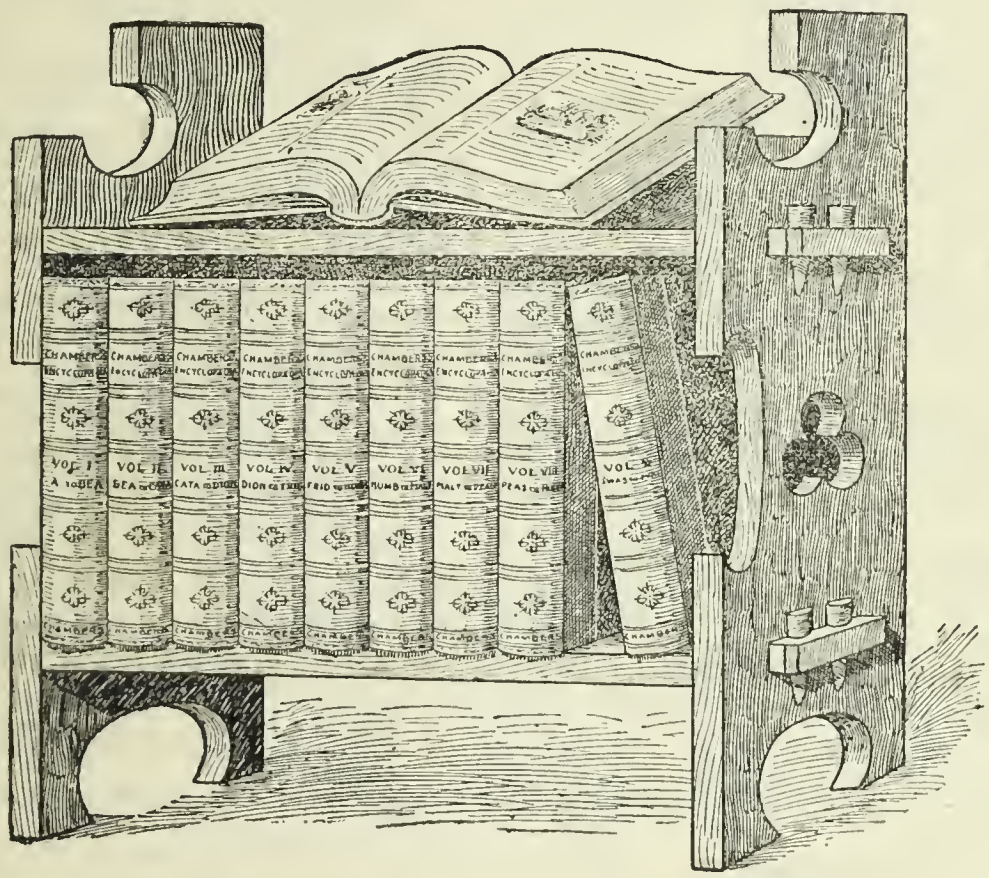

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NOTICE.—A Literary Supplement *will be issued, gratis, with* The Pilot *of Saturday, December 14. All advertisements in the Supplement will face reading matter. Applications for space should be sent early in the week.*

THE WEEK

Home

The suppressed conflict which was visible in the proceedings of the National Liberal Federation at Derby is more interesting than the debate on the subject for which the meeting was professedly called. The general committee had met, in name at least, to consider the situation in South Africa. But the question which seems to have most excited them was whether they should express their confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman as leader of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, or simply as leader of the Liberal party. The Committee, in fact, was rent by the old controversy as to the position and future of Lord Rosebery. Formerly it was Sir William Harcourt who was put forward on all occasions as Lord Rosebery's natural and inevitable rival, now it is Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. But the rift in the party is evidently still open, and the section of the committee which felt with Mr. Lloyd George wished to give Lord Rosebery a hint not to take too much upon himself when he makes his promised speech. Lord Rosebery has, no doubt, calculated the strength of the opposition he will have to meet before consenting to re-enter the political field, and has satisfied himself that it is not enough to stand in the way of his return. Nor do we think that the leadership of a forlorn hope—and the chief of the Liberal Opposition can as yet claim no other title—is a matter to be settled by election. It will be determined in the end by the capacity shown by the candidates for the work they will have to do. In one respect Lord Rosebery is at a disadvantage by the side of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. He is in the Lords, while Sir Henry is in the Commons. But even the House of Lords will give Lord Rosebery occasions for laying his policy before his countrymen—supposing that he cares to avail himself of them; and when the party has before it the rival policies, or the rival expositions of the same policy, the question of leadership will soon settle itself.

The resolution upon the war declares that the time has arrived when negotiations for peace should be entered upon and a Special Commissioner be sent to Africa to conduct them. We cannot share Mr. Birrell's hopefulness in the success of this policy. Any fresh negotiations—for though the resolution makes no mention of the correspondence between Lord Kitchener and General Botha it must not be left out of the account—whether they be left to Lord Milner's management or entrusted to a Special Commissioner, must postulate the incorporation of the two Republics into the Empire. This was on the whole admitted at the Derby meeting. But have we any ground for thinking that the Boers will accept this condition? If we have, by all means let us disregard technicalities and make the first overtures. If on the other hand there is no ground for thinking this, we fear that a proposal to renew negotiations might be taken as an evidence of waning resolution on our part, and so tend to prolong the war.

We agree with the National Liberal Federation that a special commissioner—or a special commission—should be sent out to South Africa. But his mission should be a more general one than that which the Federation would give him. It should rather be to inquire and report upon the whole question of the future government of South Africa. The problems that the Cabinet will have to handle as soon as the war is over—in Cape Colony as well as in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony—will be complex, difficult, and urgent, and they ought to be approached in the first instance by men on the spot unaffected by local passion, and with their attention undistracted by the incessant demands of administrative work. Incidentally, moreover, the presence of such a commission in South Africa might help to remove some misconceptions of our future policy now entertained by the Boers. It is of the utmost importance, however, that such a step as this should not be associated with any censure of Lord Milner. His policy has been the policy

of the Imperial Government. The object of appointing a special commission would not be to interfere with the High Commissioner's duties, but to undertake work for which he can have neither the necessary time nor the necessary detachment.

Another advantage of this measure would be that it would to some extent withdraw South African affairs from the recurrent discussion which otherwise awaits them in the House of Commons and so give a chance to some of those measures which Ministers fondly hope to pass in the course of next year. Mr. Ritchie promises a "very considerable measure of temperance reform"; Mr. Long dreams of consolidating the Public Health Acts, has a Bill dealing with valuation and assessment "in preparation," and meditates action of some kind on the period fixed for the repayment of local loans. When these subjects are added to the expected Education Bill, the new rules of procedure, which must necessarily take precedence of all other business, since the plea urged for making changes is the impossibility of legislating without them, and the Budget, it is evident that the Government are about to show in their own persons, and to expect from the House of Commons, a perfectly heroic industry. Anything which helps to clear the ground for these labours will make the inevitable contrast between promise and performance a little less conspicuous.

A correspondence of much interest has been going on in the *Times* on certain supposed dangers of Reformed Public-houses. Sir Edward Fry, who began it, played the part of the candid friend. He is interested in the movement, but he fears that it will fall into the hands of brewers who will buy shares for love, not of temperance, but of a profitable investment, and that the appropriation of the profits to local objects will make it almost a point of honour with public spirited customers to drink too much in order to benefit their town or village. The first danger he would guard against by offering £3 instead of £5 per cent. on the money subscribed; the second he thinks might be averted, though not for long, by devoting the surplus profits to the reduction of the National Debt. Both these dangers seem to us to be imaginary. We doubt whether a prosperous brewer would be excited by the prospect of getting £5 per cent. on his capital, and we are sure that a man who would otherwise drink in moderation will not drink to excess for the benefit of his neighbours. The frequenters of public-houses have not the heroic unselfishness with which Sir Edward Fry credits them. It is not found, Lord Grey tells us, that even the offer of £5 per cent. brings in anything like the capital needed for the full trial of the experiment, and the Trust deeds contain careful provisions to guard against the possibility of the temperance element disappearing from the direction. The Bishop of Hereford, unlike Sir Edward Fry, evidently dislikes the original idea of the Trust scheme. That idea is to make the reformed public-house a centre of social attraction in place of the unreformed public-house. But the Bishop wishes to prevent any public-house whatever from becoming a centre of social attraction. In other words, he belongs to that extreme school of temperance reformers whose one object is to end the public-house, and who—quite naturally from their point of view—object to any effort at mending it. The Bishop has a right to his opinion, but he might perhaps remember that it is the failure of the extreme temperance party to check drunkenness that has suggested the present attempt to attain that object by another and more practicable route.

Sir Redvers Buller did the only thing possible at the Devonian dinner on Saturday, and did it with dignity and good sense. While he avoided all matters of controversy, he had something interesting to say on a subject as to which, where there is any knowledge at all, there is no controversy. In paying a high compliment to the officers and soldiers fighting in South Africa he only gave expression to the national feeling, which exists in all political parties, of admiration for and pride in the men who have acquitted themselves so well in so exhausting and arduous a task. Sir Redvers Buller's dignified reticence on the subject of his removal from the command of the First Army Corps showed that he, at any rate, has no liking for demonstrations of the kind which took place in Hyde Park on Sunday.

The death of Sir William MacCormac has removed an interesting personality from the higher ranks of the surgical profession. Although he has enjoyed a long and useful career, he came most prominently into the public view two years ago, when he formed one of the little group of surgeons sent out to the war as consultants, among whom Mr. Treves, Mr. Cheatle, and Mr. Cheyne were also conspicuous. The arrival in South Africa of this little group, which represented the best surgical skill of the country, did much to stem the tide of suffering and mortality from wounds and to put the surgical organisation of the army on a sounder basis. Sir William MacCormac, for whose courage and self-sacrifice in going to the front we cannot be too grateful, suffered in health from the first, and we are sorry to learn that the cause of his death is traced directly to weakness and disease contracted in South Africa. His contributions to the literature of surgical science are not unimportant, but it will be chiefly for his charming and warm-hearted Irish personality that he will be remembered by those who came in contact with him.

The East India Association's discussion on the results of secular education in India elicited plentiful abuse of the Bishop of Calcutta, but threw little light on the subject discussed. We have ourselves already criticised the utterances in which Dr. Welldon was understood to advocate the introduction of Christian doctrine into Government schools, not because we believe that a purely secular education can be anything but disastrous in the long run, but because, till there is more agreement on the subject, it is not only unprofitable but mischievous to suggest any other policy at present, as the storm excited in the native press by Bishop Welldon's somewhat indiscreet remarks clearly shows. Mr. Duncan sought to minimise the responsibility of Government by urging that its purely secular education affects only 14·6 of the total number of schools in India; but no sane person blames Government, and it would have been more to the point to show in how many schools, and particularly in how many Secondary Schools, towards which the attitude of Government is neutral, any religion is actually taught. Sir Lepel

Griffin tore off the mask which undenominationalism habitually wears, and boldly argued that religion and education should everywhere be kept apart. We prefer to agree with Lord Curzon, who, in his admirable speech to the recent Educational Conference at Simla, said the last word that can advantageously be said on the subject: "Profoundly as I believe that no teaching of the young can have the desired results unless it rests upon a religious foundation, I hold as strongly that it is not for us to undertake the teaching of a foreign religion in Government schools." It is for private individuals by their doctrine, and for all men by their lives, to hasten the day when Christianity will no longer be a foreign religion in India.

The appeal of the Committee of the Cretan Exploration Fund for additional funds ought to come home not to scholars only, but to everyone who is interested in human history. The revolution in our conception of Greek origins which has been effected since the spade has become the characteristic implement of the historical student may be measured by anyone who compares the opening chapters of Grote or Thirlwall with those of Professor Bury's recent volume. Where the former dealt with centuries B.C. the latter deals with millenniums. In Crete, the richest perhaps of all the fields of exploration, much has been already done. Mr. Arthur Evans has brought to light the House and the "Labyrinth" of Minos, with frescoes and painted reliefs presenting the contemporary Court life of the time, and evidence of a highly developed system of writing "some eight centuries earlier than the first written Greek script"; while Mr. Hogarth has discovered a buried Mycenean town, and a deposit of clay impressions of Mycenean gems and signets, "some of them throwing a new light on the early cult of Crete." All these discoveries cost money. Mr. Evans has spent a large sum out of his own pocket, and the Cretan Exploration Fund is exhausted. The committee ask for help to carry on the work of excavation, and we trust that they will get all that they need.

A long despatch from Lord Kitchener which was published in Tuesday's *Gazette*, describes the progress of the war during September and up to October 8th. This period, it will be remembered, includes the remarkable blazing-up of Boer energy in the latter part of September, and it is interesting to notice what Lord Kitchener has to say about it. He attributes it in the main to a desire on the part of the Boer Commandant-General to "tide over" the 15th September, the date which was to determine the fate of unsurrendered Boer leaders. "In this," says Lord Kitchener, "they have succeeded. There has been no general surrender, but the device to which the Commandant-General resorted for turning the thoughts of his burghers in another direction has probably cost him and his cause more heavily than a a simple pursuance of the usual evasive tactics would have entailed." This reads very like a justification of those who objected to the proclamation, apart from its legality, on the ground that it was impolitic. It is interesting to note, however, a rather more hopeful tone in the despatch than was sounded in the last.

With regard to Major Gough's mishap when attacked by Botha on the Natal border, Lord Kitchener thinks it due to that officer to say that "he has commanded in the field for the past two years under every condition, and with unvarying success, and I should be sorry to mark a solitary error of judgment in any way that might militate against the future utility of this gallant officer." That Lord Kitchener is a discriminating commander is shown by this message, when taken in comparison with another in which, referring to the loss of our guns at Vlakfontein, he says that the officer in command at the Bloemfontein waterworks detached the guns "without any authority or sufficiently important object." Till yesterday the war news for last week was more scanty than ever, and no considerable actions were reported. The weekly statement showed that 32 Boers have been killed, 18 wounded, 256 taken prisoners, and that 14 have surrendered. But Friday's news just doubles the number of prisoners.

Foreign

THE French Chamber has at last begun to discuss the Budget of 1902, but the recent proceedings of the Budget Committee have given an atmosphere of unreality to the debate. On paper the Committee shows an estimated surplus of eight million francs, but this result is arrived at by debiting the cost of the expedition to China to the new loan, now under discussion in the Senate; putting the interest guaranteed to the railways against another loan account; striking out certain supplementary estimates, which will have to be met by-and-by; abolishing the Budget of Public Worship, which nobody expects the Chamber to agree to do; and proposing a State monopoly of petroleum, which will involve heavy compensation to vested interests, and take a considerable time to organise. Everyone agrees that the situation is serious, and that something must be done towards a radical reform of the national finances. Yet French statesmen are talking of old age pensions, and increasing the subsidies to the mercantile marine. And, while it is generally agreed that some restriction must be placed on the right at present enjoyed by the Chamber of increasing the estimates, it is impossible to do so when a general election is drawing near.

The Nationalist party is, of course, making capital out of the financial situation and preparing for the general election. On Sunday, M. Jules Lemaitre set forth its programme at Nancy as comprising, in the first instance, *scrutin de liste*, proportional representation, and compulsory voting, on the Belgian plan. This is a Conservative rather than a revolutionary platform, but the "Progressist Republicans" who follow MM. Méline and Ribot would probably be the chief gainers. After this reform, M. Jules Lemaitre went on to say, the Constitution would be so revised as to transfer the election of the President to the Departmental Councils "or other large bodies," or, possibly, to introduce double election, "as in the United States." M. Cavaignac and General Mercier followed, and the latter appears to have had an enthusiastic reception, but neither of them did much more than attack the Ministry for its alleged anti-patriotic bias and its subjugation to the forces of "cosmopolitan finance." Similar demonstrations, of a less enthusiastic character, were held at Bernay and at Avranches. The truth seems to be that the Nationalists are still in search of a policy, and think that an appeal to the patriotism and ingrained Conservatism

of the non-political classes gives them their best chance. And they are utilising the patriotism of the Eastern departments for all it is worth.

The debate on the German Tariff Bill has, so far, verified all the anticipations of the measure, but has thrown additional light upon its ultimate aims. In the first place, the tariff is to protect agriculture, and bring the population back to the land—not, be it noted, as proprietors or tenants, but as labourers, who in East Prussia, at any rate, will have to compete with cheap labour from Russia and live down to its standard. Next, it is to be "a weapon" for use in the conclusion of commercial treaties, but of these the most important are those with countries which supply raw material. These will have their produce admitted into Germany on favourable terms, provided they will take German manufactures in return. German industry, we infer, gets its benefit under the tariff from access to these new markets, and from the protection afforded to it from the competition in the home market of countries which are equally industrial. And negotiation is facilitated by the elaborate and laborious specification and classification of commodities, which seems to have been done with true German thoroughness. If this is a true description, we quite expect the tariff will find admirers, even in England.

Unfortunately, there are other sides to the question, and it is the consciousness of them that gives Count von Bülow's defence of the scheme a somewhat apologetic tone. The conclusion of the treaties depends on a number of intricate negotiations over technical details; during the process the commercial depression must continue, and there will be discontent at home and trouble abroad. The Social Democratic petition against an increase in the duties on cereals has received some 3,500,000 signatures—many of them those of women, who, however, influence votes—and Austria-Hungary is preparing for a tariff war. This, no doubt, will be facilitated by the fury of the Austrian Poles—often the nucleus of Ministerial majorities in Austria—over the "sanguinary punishment" inflicted on the too-nationalist school children at Wreschen and the imprisonment of their sympathetic parents. Moreover, the Liberals and Social Democrats of the Reichstag, if they debate every item fairly, as they mean to do, can keep the Bill from passing till 1903.

Amid the chaos of dangers and apprehensions of danger in Austria there is one cause this week for satisfaction. Herr Wolf, the noisiest of the Pan-Germans, has resigned his seat in the Reichsrath and the Lower Austrian Landtag, and undertaken not to re-enter political life. His downfall resembles that of Parnell, only its circumstances are said to be a good deal worse, and there is no "Nonconformist conscience" in Vienna —indeed, the Press of the other parties, commenting on the catastrophe, deprecates the introduction of questions of private morality into politics, and hints that Herr Schönerer has got rid of a dangerous rival. However, Herr Wolf is gone, and Dr. Lueger has, characteristically, celebrated the event by a feast.

The Budget statement of the Italian Minister of Finance has satisfied all parties alike. There is a substantial surplus for the present year, and, probably, for the two next; the floating debt has been reduced, the metallic reserve increased, Consols are at par, and gold only 2¼ per cent. above it; and a fresh conversion of rente is to be undertaken, so as to reduce the interest on the national debt. Italy, in short, having got clear of megalomania, reaction, foreign scares, and tariff wars with her nearest neighbour and natural banker, has adopted a Liberal policy, and finds that it pays. Amid the general gloom—political and commercial—that has overspread Europe, she stands out as the one bright spot.

The Chinese Court seems eager to keep on good terms with Europe in general, and is to start for Peking on Saturday, December 14th. New developments in the Far Eastern question, however, seem to be pending. The *Times* stated on Monday—presumably on semi-official Japanese authority—that China had broken off negotiations with Russia as to Manchuria, presumably at the prompting of Japan. Great efforts are being made in St. Petersburg to produce a favourable impression on the Marquis Ito, sometime Japanese Premier, and it seems as though Russia meant to win over Japan. And a story is going about of a possible deal between Russia and Japan on the basis of Japanese retirement from Corea and acquisition of the Philippines, of which the United States is supposed to have had enough. That pretty scheme, however, is disposed of by President Roosevelt's message, which is dealt with in a subsequent column.

The "Liberals" who captured Panama have surrendered, through United States' mediation, to the Colombian troops, under a guarantee of life and liberty which it is to be hoped that the United States' Government will enforce. It does not seem as if this would end the conflict, for the surrendering forces are said to have kept their best rifles, delivering only worthless weapons; and the Conservative party of Colombia is divided against itself. There are fresh rumours of German chastisement of Venezuela, and of war between Chili and Argentina. Chili has made roads in the disputed territory—presently to be arbitrated on by the British Government—and even within the boundaries of Argentina, and declares, first that they are merely paths, and next that they are necessary, if only that the territory may be reached for survey in connection with the arbitration.

The Spanish Ministry has provided interest on the foreign debt by decreeing that the Customs duties shall forthwith be payable in gold. The rejection of a motion condemning its action has given it a kind of imperfect approval; but, as the result is to raise the prices of many necessaries of life, it can hardly fail to confirm the great dumb mass of non-political Spaniards in their sullen hostility to the present *régime*. Early in the week the Chamber was discussing, *apropos* of the recent riots at Barcelona, the demands of Catalan nationalism—which, though they do not imply separation from Spain, as has been freely alleged both in Catalonia and elsewhere, are said to involve a considerable measure of Home Rule, which is entirely repugnant to the feeling of the capital. No doubt, too, Catalonia has suffered grievously by the loss of the Spanish colonial empire, and exhibits both Republicanism of various kinds and Carlism in their most violent forms. Señor Sagasta has promised that "its legitimate demands" shall be met by immediate legislation; but that is not likely to make the discontent less dangerous. And besides these abiding dangers, a temporary crisis seems likely to arise in the Ministry, as General Weyler, the War Minister, has quarrelled with the Finance Minister, who hesitates to approve the army estimates.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Contributors are requested, in all cases, to write name and address on the MSS.; and, if they are sent for consideration, a fully addressed and stamped envelope should be forwarded at the same time.

If these conditions are complied with, the Editor will do his best to return unused articles. Only appearance in THE PILOT *constitutes acceptance. Contributions stand a better chance of receiving full consideration if they are typewritten.*

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The Pilot

Saturday, December 7, 1901

THE PROBLEMS OF AMERICA

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT'S message deals with many subjects, but one idea underlies it all. The United States has ceased to be a "new country." It has become an Imperial Power with definite traditions, with an established commercial policy to maintain and develop, with regular standards of citizenship and life, with embryo States in tutelage, and a Continental hegemony to secure and uphold. Formerly she had room for all who could work, and an almost unlimited capacity for converting the overflow from the most backward nations of Europe into the material of good American citizenship. That stage has definitely passed away. The great Republic now aims, not merely at keeping out the races of the East who would lower the American standard of life, but at admitting only such immigrants as can make a start "under American conditions," and show that they can assimilate American civilisation. As the flood of Irish and Germans has been succeeded by waves of Neapolitans, Czechs, Russian Jews, and even Syrians, who have reproduced in her great cities or in her mining districts conditions as bad as, or worse than, those they lived under at home, some such limitation has become inevitable. They have brought with them Old-World problems, and the growth of population has developed others on American soil. When they were merely refugees from European oppression their political views fell away from them in their new life. Now that they come to a life as hard as their old one, and bring views destructive of all government and civil society, America means either to keep them out or to take steps to suppress their action. No European Power could well have gone so far as the American President in proposing the punishment of Anarchists by the Federal Government, and an international agreement to treat their action as a breach of the law of nations, "like piracy or the slave trade." And, if the measures taken against them are limited to overt acts and the encouragement of such acts, no fault can be found with the pronouncement, whatever doubts we may have as to its efficiency. Here the American President has the advantage over a European Chancellor that he is not hampered by the traditions of despotism. He need not mean—he certainly does not mean—any more than he says. Nevertheless, both this proposal and the insistence on the established restrictions on immigration are significant of the change that has come over America.

In the next portion of the message the change is less complete, though perceptible enough. The President had been expected to propose drastic legislation against trusts. Here his language is unexpectedly mild. The combination and concentration of capital, he declares, is purely a natural phenomenon, and it would not be well to hamper "the strong, forceful men" who have helped to make America what she is. Trust legislation is only possible after full inquiry, and the only evil he can now definitely specify is over-capitalisation. He can go no further at present than to propose Government inspection—of the same character as that to which banks are subjected—and a rigorous application of the principles of the Inter-State Commerce Act. Here, as will be seen, he is faithful to the old American ideal of *laissez faire*—an ideal often departed from in State legislation, but still dominant, naturally, in business circles, and speaking generally in politics also. Governments, a German political philosopher has told us, have grown up, historically, in order to keep down the conflicting interests that would otherwise exploit Society for their selfish ends. The economic history of America has often suggested that there, as in mediæval Europe, the theory may be found to hold good. But the tradition of America has hitherto been against this conception of the central Government. Gradually, perhaps, that tradition is altering; a State with a protective tariff for the development of native industry can hardly maintain it in its purity. But the change is still incomplete, though the opposite view is seen in the proposed appointment of a Secretary for Commerce and Industry, and in the treatment of the tariff question. Here, again, the Republic is confronted with an Old-World problem. The protected industries have outrun the capacity of the home market, and need new outlets for their surplus produce. These are to be secured by reciprocity treaties—primarily, it is to be assumed, with the States of South America. There is an odd similarity here between the policy of the Republic and that just announced—as a reactionary measure—by the German Empire. Still, America does not make a new tariff for special use as a weapon; and, as commercial treaties contain most-favoured-nation clauses, a multitude of them taken together constitute a step towards greater freedom of trade.

But it is, of course, in the treatment of the new possessions and the attitude towards the rest of the continent that the message is most significant. Cuba and Porto Rico are under kindly guardianship; the Philippines are to be helped to self-government—a feat never yet achieved in the tropics; and the insurgent movement, it is said, probably with truth, has become mere brigandage. America has thus her new possessions under tutelage; but she has also duties as the paramount Power in the New World. In her own interest, the President tells her, she must make and control the Isthmian Canal;

she must assert the Monroe doctrine, primarily as a guarantee of peace. The European Powers are told that they may find markets in South America if they can, that they may even compel South American States, if necessary, to keep their engagements; but that from any permanent footing on the American Continent they are finally shut out lest they should introduce Old-World militarism and compel the United States to become militarist too. To some European critics this seems a hard saying. We doubt whether the Italian and German emigrants to South America will find it so. A free Republic, dominated (as Argentina and South Brazil soon will be) by Italian or German settlers respectively, is far better than an official-ridden colony; and for Germany at any rate, and probably for Italy, a Canada or Australia of their own is out of the question. But to maintain the doctrine, though America need not be a military Power, she must be a great naval Power; and so she takes on herself another Old-World burden. Moreover, in so far as she prevents permanent interference with the South American republics, she makes herself responsible, in the long run, for their good behaviour. And so the very maintenance of her own traditions tends to her further assimilation to the monarchies of Europe.

FRIENDLY SOCIETIES AND THE POOR LAW

One of the beneficial effects of the reform of the Poor Law in 1834 was the great impetus which it gave to the growth of friendly societies. The refusal of poor relief other than in the workhouse to the able-bodied male labourer drove him into independence by throwing him upon his own resources. These societies in consequence received an enormous accession of members. But the debt which they owe to the reform of the Poor Law seems now to be almost forgotten; indeed, they have actually reversed the position of affairs by claiming to rank as its creditors on account of the saving to the poor rate which, they say, they have been the means of effecting. Now, whatever other arguments can be brought forward in favour of the preferential treatment of their members in the matter of poor relief (and we shall refer to those arguments later on), this particular argument has no bottom. The English Poor Law assumes it to be the duty of every citizen to provide for his own support; it will only help him when his life would be endangered by the want of absolute necessaries, and this destitution he has to prove before any relief from the public purse will be given him. The State takes advantage, and rightly, of that something in human nature which makes it distasteful to a man to become dependent for support upon the community as a whole, a feeling which found occasional expression even in the very worst times of Poor Law administration. Further, the argument in question implies that members of friendly societies would have been destitute had they not belonged to such societies. It is impossible to grant such a premiss, since it may fairly be assumed that, had they not invested their savings in this particular way, they would have found some other mode of doing so.

Two Bills have been recently introduced into Parliament with the object of giving preferential relief to members of friendly societies. One is entitled the Outdoor Relief (Friendly Societies) Bill, and the other the Friendly Societies' Disqualification Removal Bill. The first Bill would prohibit a Board of Guardians from taking into consideration any sum received by a member of any friendly society from such society as sick pay, "except in so far as such sum shall exceed five shillings a week." Thus, if a member with 5s. a week sick pay coming to him from his society applied to the Guardians for relief, they would be obliged to relieve him as if he were absolutely destitute. But if he had more than 5s. a week coming from such a source, then the Guardians would, under the Outdoor Relief (Friendly Societies) Act, 1894, be free to do as they liked in the matter. It is evident that the Bill is framed to help the ordinary labourer. He does not as a rule pay into his club for greater sick benefits than those of 10s. a week for the first six months, and of 5s. a week for the remainder of his illness. Members who have greater benefits than these are supposed to belong to the class of larger wage-earners, with whom the Poor Law does not concern itself.

Of course, it would be absurd to deny that the grant of outdoor relief (for one can hardly imagine any Board of Guardians bold enough to protect the ratepayers by offering only indoor relief to what is *ex hypothesi* a deserving case) to a man already in receipt of 5s. a week from his club would be a great assistance to him. The danger, however, lies in the power given to him by the Bill to demand this relief *as a right*. Under the existing law Guardians can, and do, stretch a point in favour of those who have exercised thrift in some form or other; but no right to relief is thereby acknowledged, and it is not often applied for because, owing to the help of relations and friends, it is not wanted. But if the relief can be demanded as a right, it is very improbable that this voluntary help will any longer be forthcoming. An extension of public relief has always had the effect of restricting private charity, just as its restriction has always tended to increase charitable effort. The history of the Poor Law has proved the truth of this statement over and over again. It is said, indeed, that the Bill will result in a large increase in the membership of friendly societies. We greatly doubt it. The cream of the working classes already belong to good clubs, and it is unlikely that the skimmed milk would be attracted by the inducement offered to join such clubs, or, if they did do so, that they would be welcomed by the existing members. The tendency will rather be to bolster up weak societies and to put a check on that healthy process by which they have given place to larger, stronger, and more widely extended organisations.

The Bill is further alleged to be based on the general principle, with which everyone will agree, of helping those who have helped themselves. But in this case the State is to be the helper, and therefore the question at once suggests itself, "Why should the State interfere to help thrift in one form and not in another?" That a working man should pay in regularly to his club out of his weekly wages is greatly to be desired, but it is equally to be desired that he should put a proportion of such wages regularly into a savings bank, or invest it with the Post Office, or deal with it in any one of the many ways which are open to thrifty and provident people. It may possibly be considered more selfish to save for oneself and one's family than to contribute along with strangers to a common fund for the common benefit of the contributors. But the State cannot inquire into the motives leading to particular forms of thrift, and it would be acting both unwisely and unfairly if it attempted to

reward or promote one form at the expense of another. Yet this is what the Bill asks us to do.

The question is by no means a new one. So long ago as 1840 it was considered by the Poor Law Commissioners, and they came to the conclusion that it was entirely adverse to the principles of the Poor Law, that in the granting of relief no account should be taken of the resources of the applicant and his family. If the Guardians acted consistently with these principles they would not grant further aid than would be sufficient, together with the allowance from the friendly society, to relieve the destitution. (Minute of March 27th, 1840). The Poor Law Board expressed their full concurrence with the views of their predecessors when the subject was again raised by Sir R. H. Paget in 1870. (Letter from the Poor Law Board to R. H. Paget, Esq., M.P., dated January 9th, 1870), and those views were endorsed by the Friendly Societies Commission of 1874.* At the same time no attempt has ever been made to interfere with the discretion of Board of Guardians in the matter of granting relief to applicants who happen to be members of friendly societies; indeed, by the Outdoor Relief (Friendly Societies) Act of 1894, the use of that discretion has been expressly legalised. But although the principle of the Poor Law has been infringed so far, it has not been proved to be wrong, and the argument of the Poor Law Board still carries weight. "In the opinion of the Board it would not be expedient to administer poor rates which are levied from all classes down to those on the very verge of destitution in such a manner as to cause them to be recognised by the working classes of the country as a provision substituted by the law of the land for that which, in the absence of such a system, they would be willing to provide for themselves and their families through the medium of benefit societies. The Board regard the prosperity and extension of these benefit societies as a matter of extreme importance, and would be anxious to encourage their establishment by all legitimate means. But the Board, as at present advised, believe that this encouragement could not safely be given by allowing the poor rates to be treated as a subsidiary fund. The Board cannot shut their eyes to the fact that the only safe basis on which the system of benefit societies can rest, under the present system of the legal right to relief, is that they afford the means of providing, in times of distress or disability, a more eligible, respectable, and liberal maintenance than that supplied under the Poor Law, and that they should be still regarded as a mode for avoiding the degradation of parish support rather than as confirming a title by which a claim to such support may be established even beyond the line of actual destitution."

We need not discuss the second Bill referred to. It provides that temporary outdoor relief to members of friendly societies shall not disqualify them from being registered as voters or from voting at parliamentary and local government elections. It is supported by the same arguments as the other, and if one Bill passes into law it is difficult to see why the other should be rejected. It must be evident, however, that both Bills introduce an entirely new principle into our law, as Lord Northbrook pointed out in the House of Lords. Whether the old principle which has done such splendid service during the history of the Poor Law should be got rid of is, to say the least, a matter for much more serious consideration than has yet been given to the question.

* The London Charity Organisation Society has just recently issued a most useful reprint of that portion of the report of the Commission which deals with the subject.

THE AUSTRALIAN MARRIAGE LAWS

The union of the Australian colonies into a Federal Commonwealth has naturally suggested the enactment of a uniform marriage law for the whole continent. The inconvenience of a man and woman being a married couple in one part of Australia and bachelor and spinster in another part is obvious, and very possibly was one of the considerations which recommended federation to the Australian people. This inconvenience is most felt in the case of divorce. As the law stands, a man may be legally divorced and married to a second wife in Victoria or New South Wales, while in Queensland, Tasmania, and South and West Australia, he is held to be still married to his original wife. The explanation is that in Victoria and New South Wales divorces are granted for five causes, not one of which is valid in the other colonies. These causes are drunkenness extending over three years, assaults repeated for one year, imprisonments amounting to three years in all, continuous desertion on the part either of husband or wife for three years, and habitual neglect of her domestic duties for the same period on the part of the wife. A Bill now before the Federal Senate proposes to make this divorce law universal throughout Australia. This measure, as we learn from a letter which the Bishop of Carpentaria has addressed to the Premier of Queensland, has not been asked for by the States whose marriage law it proposes to alter. It is simply the result of a desire for uniformity natural and reasonable in itself, but also one that ought not to be gratified at the cost of introducing a lower moral standard into communities which have no desire to have such a change forced on them. A uniform marriage law is an excellent thing, but if one part of Australia has a good law and the other part a bad one, it would be well to wait until an improved tone of public opinion has made it possible to make the better law the standard for the whole community.

It may be objected that to assume that a stringent divorce law is necessarily superior to a lax one is to beg the question; and it is true that Christians, who as such, are bound to make the doctrine of marriage set forth in the Gospels the guide of their own practice, do approach the question with some inevitable bias. They cannot but grieve to see a young community like the Commonwealth of Australia proclaiming its rejection of the Christian marriage law and so ceasing to be a Christian State. But they can appeal to the history of Europe since the Christian era in support of their conviction that the life—the wholesome and enduring life—of the State is founded on the life of the family, and that the life of the family rests in its turn on the sacredness and indissolubility of marriage. If the marriage tie can be broken—if, that is, the husband and wife can be not merely separated but allowed to marry again—for such trifling reasons as those we have enumerated, in what is marriage better than concubinage? No doubt in the one case certain formalities have to be gone through before the man and the woman are set free to

contract another union, whereas in the other case they can separate without notice or ceremony at the will of either party. But of what value are these formalities? They merely interpose a certain amount of delay. The man must live apart from his wife for three years before he can obtain that freedom which in the case of a mistress he can have at once. The wife must neglect her domestic duties for three years in order to get a divorce, whereas the mistress, having no duties recognised by law, can divorce herself at pleasure. But these are but differences of detail and date. In their essential character the two relations are the same, since they can each be ended at the will of either partner.

The Bishop of Carpentaria has made a pressing appeal to the Queensland Premier to use all his influence to secure the rejection of this Bill, and we can hardly believe that the people of Queensland can desire to see twelve times as many couples divorced as are divorced under the existing law of the colony. That this is no more than may fairly be expected if the Bill is passed, is shown by the fact that in Queensland the percentage of divorces is twenty-three for every 10,000 persons, while in New South Wales it is 277 for every 10,000 persons. It is hardly possible that the Federal legislature should insist on thus multiplying divorces in a community which prefers to keep them few. But unless Queensland and the other colonies in which marriage is still held sacred take prompt action, they are likely to find themselves brought many steps nearer to the natural goal of such legislation—a system of unions during pleasure.

There is another question as to which at the moment we are without information, namely, the attitude of the Church in New South Wales towards persons divorced for reasons of which Christianity knows nothing. We do not suppose that a man who has left his wife for three years by arrangement, or a woman who has agreed with her husband that for three years she will not come down to breakfast, is likely to ask a clergyman to solemnise a second marriage. But the thing is possible, and it is also possible that years afterwards the man and woman may wish to become communicants, though in the judgment of every section of the Christian Church they are living in adultery. What directions have the bishops of the Ecclesiastical Province of New South Wales given to their clergy in this matter? The number of divorced persons in New South Wales must be large, and in all probability many of them have married again. Two distinct communities—a Christian and a non-Christian—are thus living side by side. What measures are taken to keep them separate and to prevent the laxity in regard to marriage of the one from infecting the other? We are not able to answer this question offhand; but perhaps some of our readers may be better informed.

TO INVESTORS

THE ordinary investor, by whom we mean the man who buys securities for the sake of the steady rate of interest which they produce, has the financial world at his feet. He is, in the American phrase, "the upper dog." But, in order that he may get the full advantage from his favoured state, he ought to have money still left to invest. Those who locked up their capital a few years ago at top prices now see what cost them 110 selling freely for 95. They see what is known as a depreciation in their capital, a sight that fills many hearts with altogether unnecessary alarm. Capital depreciation matters very little so long as one's interest is paid, and one is not foolish enough to sell one's stock.

We have arrived at a time when the wise man buys the securities which the unwise man offers to sell. In other words, we are living in the midst of a slowly declining market, both in gilt-edged and industrial securities. No one knows how long the decline will go on, not even Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, but we may be fairly confident that there will be no substantial recovery for at least a year. Even the sudden and unexpected termination of war would not bring about more than a temporary "boom." War or no war, the national expenditure will be very high for some years to come, and available savings will be readily absorbed in new loans. And this from some points of view, more particularly that of the investor who has still some capital left, is a very pleasant position.

Let us look a little more closely at this matter. What does the depreciation of capital mean? It means that if you want to sell, you will receive a comparatively small price for your securities. Otherwise, depreciation to a private investor—not to a finance company which has to publish a balance-sheet—means simply nothing. So long as the investor in sound, interest-paying stocks or shares sticks to his holdings and quietly draws his interest, capital depreciation, within reasonable limits, need not disturb his sleep. It is only the seller who suffers. The man who is able to buy finds that he can, under present conditions, get a clear 4 per cent. per annum on really high-class securities, and can get more than $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on gilt-edged stocks. The times are kind to the buyers. What is more, the Government next February, or thereabouts, will come upon the public with a fresh issue of £60,000,000 Consols at 90 or less. There will be a further "depreciation of capital," but interest on first-class investments will go on being paid, and no one but unfortunate sellers need be unhappy. The buyer will get his Consols at a price which will yield him nearly 3 per cent. per annum—we reckon Consols as the $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. stock which they will be in April, 1903. Not within the last fifty years have those with money had such prospects of investing it to advantage as during the next six months, and rarely have there been such pressing reasons for hanging on to existing investments by one's eyelids. Far better is it to borrow money on the security of existing investments than to realise them, and this holds true, even if one has to pay a higher rate of interest than one receives, and is, on paper, a loser over the transaction.

I am, of course, writing from the narrow point of view of the investor and are not paying any heed to the interests of the country at large. The country is paying the dividends which the investor receives. Always provided that a man can hold on without selling, and provided that financial affairs do not reach a stage of actual crisis, he gets fat on the necessities of his own country and those of other people. The investor is not the person to be pitied when Stock Exchange prices fall and money becomes scarce. He is in possession of a commodity which is in demand, and he can make his terms accordingly. The time is one for quiet dealings. If you have free money do not be in an immediate hurry to invest it, for prices will go still lower. If your resources are all locked up, suffer almost any privation, even to borrowing from your bankers, rather than sell. The Imperial Government, the Colonies, municipalities, and railway companies stand hat in hand awaiting your pleasure. Your few hundred pounds are in demand in fifty different quarters, and will presently be in still greater demand. Do not worry about an income tax at 1s. 2d. in the £, or even at 1s. 4d. You will soon be able to get a clear quarter per cent. per annum more for your money, and the extra income tax will be far more than counter-balanced. F. HARCOURT KITCHIN

A SEVEN DAYS' MARCH

I

I VERY well remember the spring breaking ten years ago in Lorraine. I remember it better far than I shall ever remember another spring, because I was a boy then, and because one of those petty summits of emotion that seem in boyhood like the peaks of the world was before me. We were going off to camp.

Since every man that fires guns or drives them in France—that is some hundred thousand and more at any one time, and taking in reserves half a million—must go to camp in his time, and that more than once, it seems monstrous that a boy should make so much of it; but then to a boy six months is a little lifetime, and for six months I had passed through that great annealing fire of drill which stamps and moulds the French people to-day, putting too much knowledge and bitterness into their eyes, but a great determination into their gestures and a trained tenacity into the methods of their thought.

To me also this fire seemed fiercer and more transforming because, until the day when they had marched me up to barracks in the dark and the rain with the batch of recruits, I had known nothing but the easy illusions and the comfort of an English village, and had had but journeys or short visits to teach me that enduring mystery of Europe, the French temper, whose aims and reticence, whose hidden enthusiasms and great range of effort must now remain the principal problem before my mind. I had come in to the regiment faulty in my grammar and doubtful in accent, ignorant especially of those things which are taken for granted in every civilisation, but never explained in full, and ignorant, therefore, of the key which alone can open that civilisation to a stranger. Things irksome or a heavy burden to the young men of my age, born and brought up in the French air, were to me, brought up with Englishmen an Englishman, odious and bewildering. Orders that I but half comprehended; simple phrases that seemed charged with menace; boasting, of which I knew little, coupled with a courage that seemed ill-suited to it; enormous powers of endurance in men whose stature my English training had taught me to despise; a habit of fighting coupled with a curious contempt for the accident of individual superiority—all these things amazed me and put me into a topsy-turvy world where I was weeks in finding my feet.

But strangest of all, and (as I now especially believe) most pregnant with meaning for the future, was the experience of so much teaching and careful habit—instinct of command, if you will—all that goes to make what we call in Western Europe a "gentleman" put at the orders and the occasional insult of a hierarchy of office. Stripes on the arm, symbols, suddenly became of overwhelming value; what I had been made with so much care was thought nothing but a hindrance and an absurdity. This had seemed to me first a miracle, then a grievous injustice, then most unpractical, and at last, like one that sees the answer to a riddle, I saw (when I had long lost my manners and ceased to care for refinements) that the French were attempting a generation before any others in the world to establish an army that should be a mere army, and in which a man counted only as a man. Whether that experiment will hold or not, I cannot tell; it shocks the refinement of the whole west of Europe; it seems monstrous to the aristocratic organisation of Germany; it jars in France also with the traditions of that decent elder class of whom so many still remain to guide the republic, and in whose social philosophy the segregation of a "directing class" has been hitherto a dogma. Whether it succeed or no in its final effort, and whether the French perfect or no a democracy in which wealth has one vast experience of its own artificiality, the intellectual interest of such an experiment—when once I seized it—drove out every other feeling. I became like a man who has thoroughly awaked from a long sleep and finds that in sleep he has been taken over seas. I merged into the great system whose wheels and grindings had at first astonished or disgusted me, and I found that they had made of me what they meant to make. I cared more for guns than for books, I obeyed by instinct now not men, but symbols of authority. No comfortable fallacy remained; it no longer seemed strange that my captain was a man promoted from the ranks; that one of my lieutenants was an Alsatian charity boy and the other a rich fellow mixed up with sugar; that the sergeant of my piece should be a poor young noble, the wheeler of No. 5 a wealthy and very vulgar chemist's son, the man in the next bed, my "ancient," as they say in that service, a cook of some skill, and my bombadier a mild young farmer. I thought only in terms of the artillery: I could judge men for their aptitude alone, and in me, I suppose, were accomplished many things, one of Danton's dreams, one of St. Just's prophecies, the fulfilment also of what a hundred brains had silently determined twenty years before when the staff gave up their swords outside Metz; the army and the kind of army of which Chanzy had said in the first breath of the armistice, "a man who forgets it should be hanged, but a man who speaks of it before its time should be shot with the honours of his rank."

All this had happened in that melting-pot up in the eastern hills to me in especial, and to thirty thousand others that year in their separate crucibles. In the process things had passed which would seem to you incredible if I wrote them all down. I cared little in what vessel I ate, or whether I had to tear meat with my fingers, I could march in reserve more than twenty miles a day for day upon day, I knew all about my horses, I could sweep, wash, make a bed, clean kit, cook a little, tidy a stable, turn to entrenching for emplacement, take a place at lifting a gun or changing a wheel, I took change with a gunner and could point well. And all this was not learnt save under a grinding pressure of authority and harshness, without which in one's whole life I suppose we would never properly have learnt a half of these things—at least, not to do them, so readily, or in such unison, or for so definite a plan. But (what will seem astonishing to our critics and verbalists) with all this there increased the power, or perhaps it was but the desire, to express the greatest thoughts: newer and keener things. I began to understand De Vigny when he wrote: "If a man despairs of becoming a poet let him carry his pack and march in the ranks." Thus the great hills that border the Moselle, the distant frontier, the vast plain which is (they say) to be a battlefield, and which lay five hundred feet sheer below me, the far guns when they were practising at Metz, the awful strength of columns on the march moved me. The sky also grew more wonderful, and I noticed living things. The Middle Ages, of which till then I had had but troubling visions, rose up and took flesh in the old town, on the rare winter evenings when I had purchased the leisure to leave quarters by some excessive toil. A man could feel France going by.

It was at the end of these six months, when there was no more darkness at roll-call, and when the bitter cold (that had frozen us all winter) was half forgotten, that the spring brought me this excellent news, earlier than I had dared to expect it—the news that sounds to a recruit half as good as active service. We were going to march and go off right away westward over half a dozen horizons, till we could see the real thing at Chalons, and with the news the world seemed recreated. Seven times that winter we had been mobilized; four times in the dead of night, once at midday, once at evening, and once at dawn. Seven times we had started down the wide Metz road, hoping in some vague way that they would do something with us and give us at least some manœuvres, and seven times we had marched back to barracks to undo all that serious packing and to return to routine. Once, for a week, in February, the

Government took it into their head that some danger or other necessitated it; we had packed our campaign saddles every night and put them on the pegs behind the stalls; we had had the emergency rations served out, and for two days in the middle of that time we had slept ready. But nothing came of it. Now at least we were off to play a little at the game whose theory we had learnt so wearily.

And the way I first knew it would easily fill a book if it was told as it should be, with every detail and its meaning unrolled and with every joy described: as it is I must put it into ten lines. Garnon, a sergeant, three others and I were sent out (one patrol out of fifty), to go round and see the reserve horses on the farms. That was delight enough, to have a vigorous windy morning with the clouds large and white and in a clear sky, and to mix with the first grain of the year, "out of the loose-box." We took the round they gave us along the base of the hills, we got our papers signed at the different stables, we noted the hoofs of the horses and their numbers; a good woman at a large farm gave us food of eggs and onions, and at noon we turned to get back to quarters for the grooming. Everything then was very well—to have ridden out alone without the second horse and with no horrible great pole to crush one's leg; to have tasted a kind of freedom—when I heard Garnon say to the senior of us a word that made things seem better still, for he pointed out to a long blue line beyond Domremy and overhanging the house of Joan of Arc, saying that the town lay there. "What town?" said I to my ancient, and my ancient instead of answering simply took five minutes to prove to me with complicated violence that a man must be a stock or a stone or a recruit not to know that the round of the reserve horses came next before camp, and that this town away in the western ridge was the first halting-place upon the road. Then my mind filled with distances, and I was overjoyed, saving for this one thing, that I had but two francs and a few coppers left, and that I was not in reach of more. When we had ridden in, saluted and reported at the guard, we saw the guns drawn up in line at the end of the yard and we went in to grooming, and ate and slept, hardly waiting for the morning and long regimental call before the *réveillé*, the notes that always mean the open road, and are as old as Fontenoy.

H. Belloc

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY PROBLEM

From a Scottish Point of View

THE problem of an adequate and national Irish University system is a characteristically Irish difficulty. It represents, in its most acute form, that division of religious opinion and interest which impairs every institution and hinders every reform in Ireland, and it is always connected with that lack of local self-government which has made all Irish affairs so inaccessible to the spirit of moderate and gradual reform.

Perhaps the fact that the presence of popularly-elected representatives on the governing bodies of Irish Universities is not, for the moment, a practicable idea is one of the most striking proofs that reform of Irish education is urgently required. As things are, no one believes that this is a possible solution, and there is good reason to suppose that even those who are most jealously concerned for Irish self-government think it better that the selection of members of the governing bodies of Universities should rest with the Crown than that it should be committed to such local authorities as exercise a similar privilege elsewhere. On the other hand, it is obvious that if self-governing Universities were created in Ireland, and if their non-Academic members were selected by the Crown, it would be the duty of those responsible for the selection to choose such assessors as would be chosen by the educated opinion of the district concerned. Consequently it would be essential that they should consider the existence of an acutely-felt religious difficulty. It would be a violation of their trust if they were to commit the government of a national University in Dublin to Protestants, or of one in Belfast to Catholics, since to do this would be to deprive the institution of that public confidence without which Universities are useless. They would thus necessarily consider the religious opinions of those whom they selected; and they would do this in order to secure for each University that government which would be least apt to create any religious difficulty, and which, conforming to the law that protects the equal rights of men of all religions to all the privileges of the Universities, would yet allow each institution to possess the religious character most suitable to those for whose use it was mainly designed.

Is such a proposal as this open to the objections that have been made against a deliberate provision for the educational needs of Irish Catholics?

There is one objection, indeed, to which no real scheme for improving Irish education can fail to be exposed—the Protestant objection. If we are to be influenced by the desire to make one branch of the Christian Church predominate over another by political force, then indeed we must refuse to give education in a form in which it will be accepted by the adherents of the creed which we wish to exile or suppress. But no considerable number of people in this country could ever entertain a project so repugnant to our best traditions. In so far as the Protestant objection is a reality, it is an instance, for the most part, of that peculiar lack of nerve and courage which Englishmen have so often shown in their treatment of Catholicism and their treatment of Ireland. Men ordinarily sane speak with shuddering apprehension of priestcraft, if one proposes that Catholics should arrange their education for themselves as Protestants do, just as they whisper of a priest-ridden peasantry and a French invasion, if one suggests that there are Irish matters which Ireland might manage better than we do. If we were as timid elsewhere as we are in Ireland—as much afraid of real dangers as some of us are of Roman Christianity—we might indeed dwell secure in this island. But, whatever else there might be, in such a case there would certainly not be the British Empire—that free alliance of our race which is founded in confidence and maintained by unsuspicious goodwill. The force of this timorous motive must steadily diminish; and, while one must recognise the existence and the influence of this feeling about Catholicism, and especially about Irish Catholicism, and while it is not possible to forget how many unhappy triumphs it has won over our better judgment, it is not credible that it will really govern our final treatment of the Irish claim to education. Incapable of defence, it must decline in power. It is an objection which grows always less articulate; and it is quite certain that no such prejudice would prevent an educational reform in whose urgent necessity the educated people of this country sincerely or actively believed.

A far more living objection to the endowment of such Universities as Ireland requires is that which proceeds from the dislike that is felt in some quarters for anything which gives to educational institutions a denominational character. That dislike, originating partly in the objection to State establishment of religion, has been fed in recent years by the controversies and hardships connected with compulsory attendance at endowed schools which are managed by religious denominations in their own interest. It is entertained, not only by those to whom denominational interference in the management of schools appears to violate religious equality, but also by many who think that educational efficiency is apt to be sacrificed to a sectarian interest; and it has come to be so keenly felt that to many minds the question of the method by which we shall control and manage public education appears to be a question of absolute principle in which no degree or sort of compromise is possible. I confess that this appears to me to be an exaggerated estimate; and the fact that the matter is almost every-

where compromised seems to suggest that the question at issue, while governed like all other questions by principles, as well as by the objects which we seek to achieve, is really a practical problem in the solution of which we are continually arriving at results which vary with the conditions in which they are brought about.

It may be true that education, in all its grades, ought to be as far as possible separate from all specifically religious teaching, and as far as possible free from the control or domination of any religious sect. Yet we nowhere find that such a state of things even approximately obtains. Certainly it does not exist either in Board Schools or in Voluntary Schools in England or in Scotland; least of all does it exist in Irish schools. It will not be pretended that the great English Universities are free from a religious bias; and it is scarcely necessary to discuss the position of the Scottish Universities where every public ceremony is associated with Presbyterian worship, where four chairs, with the governing power which they give, are reserved for the clergy of one section of the Presbyterian Church, and where the fund to which a parliamentary grant contributes is still made a source of revenue to a teacher who holds his office by virtue of his acceptance of a religious test.

Such facts are, in themselves, of minor importance. But they exemplify that which is in point of fact the case—that every teaching institution in this country has more or less of a denominational character. I do not say this in praise or in dispraise. I merely suggest it to the minds of those who are so impressed by our success in establishing undenominational teaching in this country, that they are prepared to refuse to Ireland the opportunity of creating Universities which might do much for the advantage of all classes of her people. If undenominationalism—which is of course a purely Protestant ideal in education—has nowhere any absolute reality in a Protestant country, why should we expect or desire to establish the most rigid form of it in a country profoundly Catholic by spirit and tradition? And, if it be a grievous fault to sacrifice education to denominationalism, is it not equally a mistake to sacrifice it to a rigid undenominationalism?

The denominational character of education is a matter of degree; and it is not at this moment possible either to point to or establish, in Ireland or elsewhere in these islands, any healthy institution which—in reality as well as in name, in the feeling which pervades it and in the character of its teaching, as well as in its fulfilment of certain abstract conditions—is undenominational.

It may be admitted that the proposal to found a university specifically and deliberately denominational rouses in this country an antagonism which is, on the whole, well justified, and which probably excludes from practical consideration the proposal to give University education to Irish Catholics on the precise lines of any scheme hitherto suggested. On the other hand, it is surely not impossible to create in Ireland a democratic University life, such as exists in the Universities of Scotland. Such Universities as these inevitably reflect the religious temper of the country to which they belong. They do so under those restrictions which are necessary for the protection of thought and speech. But though not in name, yet in fact, they are denominational. A Dublin University with a similar constitution would be incidentally Catholic. One in Belfast would be incidentally Protestant. Yet neither would be in any degree open to fair objection on account of a denominational character which both alike would share with the academic institutions which most completely express and satisfy the desire of our time for a free, efficient, and popular University training. In neither case would a denominational University, as such, be created and endowed by Parliament. In each there would be created, in response to the desire of the Irish people, the conditions in which there might come into being a University *de facto* denominational, to the extent permitted by law and desired by the community for whose use it would exist. To such Universities as these the fullest freedom might safely and justly be given. It would be neither necessary nor just to withhold from them the recognition and endowment of subjects such as those excepted in Mr. Balfour's scheme. The exclusion from endowment of such subjects as philosophy and modern history is really a survival—of course, in a much less crude and offensive form—of the old attempt to establish Universities from whose curriculum such subjects should be excluded by law. But to omit such subjects either from the work or from the endowments of a self-governing University, which receives its endowment subject to the conditions of the Act of 1873, is to admit that that is being done for one denomination which would not be done for others; and that is precisely the admission which should not be made, and which, above all, should not be necessary.

Now so far as the dislike of denominational Universities is in question, self-governing Universities, such as I have suggested, would appear to be open to no objections, except such as would apply to almost any University now in existence. It may appear more doubtful that a University of this kind would satisfy the demand for University education suitable to Catholics. For my own part, I believe that it would. For while its character would be Catholic only incidentally, it would be so actually and thoroughly. No doubt there would still be those who were not satisfied, and whom we must frankly admit that it is impossible to satisfy, because they require that which cannot be granted—an official Roman Catholic University endowed with public funds. But what does this mean? It simply means that we are not rid—as, indeed, we cannot hope to be rid—of the perennial conflict between the secular and the ecclesiastical authority which is not, indeed, the product of any particular religious system, but which is specially liable to be evoked by the claims of the Roman Catholic Church. But failure to get rid of this conflict is not necessarily failure to achieve much that is very well worth considering. In the first place, a legitimate ground of complaint would be removed if real, and not only nominal, equality of treatment were given to Catholics and Protestants. In the second place, while an extreme party might remain unreconciled to any institutions not under Papal authority, the influence of such a party would be very seriously impaired by the existence of a University, Catholic in its actual character and not open to the objections which are urged against those artificially secular institutions which are really Protestant. The present state of affairs compels many Irish Catholics to give to this extreme party a support which would inevitably dwindle if the existing practical difficulty were fairly met instead of being merely denied by what is after all a verbal quibble.

We should thus enter, and for the first time, on the path of real reform. There would begin to be in Ireland a genuine University education, not only nominally but really open to the Catholic majority of the Irish people. Such University education would, no doubt, have its own characteristic defects—different from, perhaps greater than, those of Protestant University training. Yet it would serve the purpose—or begin to serve the purpose—of giving to Ireland a real University. As for the future—there would, at all events, *be* an educational future, which now there is not. It might appear gloomy enough to those who regard Irish Catholics as congenital idiots. Others might think that human reason, with time and opportunity, can make its own freedom; and they would not expect the final result of the University education of Irish Catholics to be that suppression of truth and reason and knowledge which is the vision that rises in the panic-stricken fancy of some of those who consider the Protestant education of Catholics to be essential to religious equality.

What Ireland needs is a national University system. For my own part, I have never believed the religious difficulty to be the only defect in the present system.

No doubt it is the defect which is most easily made evident, and it can only be remedied by the establishment of a system which shall be in effect national and democratic, and which shall thus be elastic enough to suit the religious quality of Irish Universities to the needs of those for whom they are intended. But such a system would do more than merely remedy the grievance of Catholics, and open to them the careers to which access can only be had through University education. It would develop in Ireland a new intellectual wealth, a better instructed capacity for administration, and perhaps some recognition of the fact—not always too apparent—that Englishmen mean to act fairly by Irishmen.

CHARLES DOUGLAS

WORK AT NEWNHAM

IN an article dealing with "Life at Newnham" it may appear strange that so little attention was devoted to work, which is, of course, the object of our existence at college. But apart from the fact that the course of study is that prescribed by the University for its examinations, and so not distinctive of Newnham, I feel diffident in approaching a subject of which I can only speak of one branch from any personal experience. The high degree of specialisation required by a Cambridge Tripos makes it almost impossible to combine it with studies not directly concerned; and while in other directions it is usual for each student to try her hand all round, in work a widely-extended thirst for knowledge is not encouraged. Apart from natural tastes and abilities, the choice of Tripos is determined by previous education. The large girls' schools from which the greater number of students are recruited sometimes give special attention to the teaching of one or another subject. For example, our best science students generally come from King Edward's School, Birmingham; Cheltenham College has a preference for mathematics; St. Leonard's School, St. Andrew's, and Bedford High School for classics, and so on. Thus there is no one subject which is predominant—mathematics, classics, history, science, and modern languages in turn have the majority of entries, the average being from ten to thirteen every year.

Of the Mathematical Tripos I am not qualified to speak. Mathematicians, like poets, are born, not made. But Newnham can boast its fair share of success, from its senior wrangler, Miss Fawcett, downwards. There is an enormous amount of work to be got through (the attainable maximum of marks in the Tripos far surpasses the capacities even of a senior wrangler). But as it is work at high pressure, not more than six hours a day are considered advisable, which leaves comparative freedom for other pursuits. Astronomy is the one branch of mathematics fascinating even to the unlearned—and the Astronomical Society admits outsiders who can pass certain elementary tests—its great privilege being the free use of the telescope presented to the college about ten years ago. The observatory stands on a little mound in the garden, well hidden from sight by trees; on clear nights it is much frequented, and when the sun was eclipsed last summer, the whole college almost assembled there to observe the small crescent of light projected through the telescope, or to receive directions from the curator as to the use of their own more primitive instruments—smoked glass or a pierced umbrella. The telescope is under the care of one of the lecturers or students. Perhaps it may some day become the proud instrument of a new observation or discovery.

The attractions of the Classical Tripos are too well known for its choice to require explanation, whether the girl's first impulse to learn Greek arose from her desire to read the New Testament in the original, or in emulation of her schoolboy brother who reads Homer for his own amusement. It is the Tripos in which we start least on an equality with the men. The years of drilling in grammar and composition at a public school can rarely be made up, and I believe even our most brilliant classics have never advanced beyond a respectable mediocrity in Latin verse. The translation too of women students, I have heard, though on the whole more intelligent, lacks in accuracy, and loses through their reticence in translating the vigorous phrases of the classic authors. But though classical First Classes are more few and far between than any others, this consideration does little to counterbalance the enjoyment it affords. The classical teaching mostly takes place in the college lecture rooms, and is done partly by our own staff and partly by Fellows of other colleges, who come to coach in composition and reading, or lecture on classical books. Occasionally a course of Sir Richard Jebb's or of Dr. Reid's lectures is added, and lectures on kindred subjects, such as classical art from Dr. Waldstein, or archæology from Miss Jane Harrison. But a Tripos for which at least one reading of Virgil, Horace, Catullus, Pindar, Æschylus, Sophocles, Thucydides, and other authors, is a practical necessity, does not allow much time for wide reading.

The historical course is one of our strong points. From the beginning of the college a strong interest was felt in history, and first classes began to make their appearance in this earlier than in other subjects. Not that the intellectual standard required is any lower, or that the Historical Tripos is to be lightly undertaken by those who have no particular bent in other directions. On the contrary, it requires more than any other a clear grasp of general principles and of details combined with the critical faculty in a high degree. Its scope is a large one, and involves numerous courses of lectures in college and the University, besides much work in the way of essays and papers. English constitutional history occupies an important place, but to a great degree the choice is allowed between the abstract and the concrete aspects of history. A thorough study of original authorities is necessary for the "special period"—chronicles in monastic Latin, the orators of the French Revolution, or others, as the case may be—and together with this detailed work is required a wide general knowledge of the outlines of history.

The prosperity of the Historical Tripos is partly due to the fact that two of the greatest promoters of history at Cambridge were also promoters of Newnham. Dr. Seeley was one of the first to hold classes for women and to lecture to them; the stimulus he gave to interest in the subject was intense. Our other champion was the late Bishop of London, Dr. Creighton, who during his Professorship of Ecclesiastical History in Cambridge, devoted much time to the college, and later became a member of its council. Both our historical lecturers worked with him as teacher or adviser in studies, and have imbibed the historical spirit of "one who regarded history as concerned with all human affairs, and who looked at all human affairs from a historical point of view; one who realised the difficulties and responsibilities of those who search for truth in this wide field, and who had no *arrière pensée* as to the possible usefulness of the subject." He helped to make the aims of the Historical Tripos like the older Triposes academic rather than practical. It was to be a "training for statesmen and diplomatists." His methods of teaching gave effect to the reforms then taking place in the Tripos, and though far short of his ideal, and only as he said giving an insight into how history should be studied, they have become classic. Of his conversation class he said, "I go through set documents calling attention to important points and supplementing them from other authorities, and giving them accounts of their writers—going into details of subjects treated in lecture, and trying above all to get them to raise points for discussion." It was with his help and advice that the Historical Essay Prize was instituted. This is given annually to a past or present student on the result of

some piece of original work in history or archæology. Dr. Creighton continued to read and judge the essays even after his episcopal duties had begun.

It is in Natural Science more than in any other branch of learning that Newnham has succeeded in taking its place in the forefront of the battle and of doing its share not only in the research work but also in the instruction of the University. And this distinction has been hardly won, for, if it brings much honour, it involves the labour which belongs to the most arduous of all subjects. The mere fact of being a natural science student is sufficient to exempt anyone from all social and athletic duties. It implies much time spent in the fumes of the laboratory, whole days devoted to practical demonstrations, or to poring over fossil animals or microscopic plants. And, to crown all, its votaries must undergo a fortnight of examinations, sometimes standing from 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. under the examiner's eye watching the progress of an experiment. With the apparatus for working Newnham is particularly well provided; as, besides the chemical laboratory at the college itself, we have the Balfour laboratory in the town for biological work.

The Modern and Mediæval Languages Tripos is, perhaps, the most attractive of all to women, implying as it does the study of our own and of foreign literatures from the historical, linguistic and literary points of view. They have been very successful. Indeed, it is often the women who set the standard in the Tripos. There remains to be mentioned Moral Science—the Tripos of pure intellect—but also bearing upon economics and politics—and often leading to social work in some philanthropic enterprise—especially the Women's University Settlement, Southwark, in which the College takes a keen interest.

In most of these Triposes there is also a Part II. examination in advanced work which may be taken by students who have passed in Part I., and generally involves a fourth year at College. The work of this year is by far the most enjoyable of the whole course. Although there is still the base sensation of cramming for an examination, the subject is more advanced, and is specially chosen from a wider field; it is a step further in the footsteps of the investigator. Thus the student of science is able to specialise in one of its great branches: chemistry, physiology, geology, etc. The classical student can devote all her time to the historians or the philosophers, or be initiated into the mysteries of archæology. The proportion of students who stay up a fourth year at Newnham to work on these lines is considerably larger than in any of the other colleges. For the most distinguished of our students there is a step beyond this—scholarships or studentships, enabling them to carry on advanced work in their own subjects, at College or elsewhere—or, highest of all, the Fellowship of the College.

No account of work at Newnham would be complete which did not mention the library. For the last four years it has stimulated even the most slack to intellectual energy. There is no better cure for idleness than an hour spent in its recesses surrounded by the literature of the subject on which the wandering mind should be fixed. In all, it has about 11,000 volumes—and by yearly grants from the Council and numerous presents it increases at the rate of 150 volumes a year. Nor should I omit what might be called the recreations of work: historical expeditions to places of interest in the country round, the yearly botanical search for anemone pulsatilla, performances of an old French or German play, classical readings, etc., etc. But the subject of "work" is a large one, and I must content myself by closing this summary sketch with an apology to all who are interested in work at Newnham or who have taken part in it, for the scant justice done to their favourite studies, and yet more to all at Cambridge to whose teaching and inspiration it is owing that Newnham means what it does to its students, past and present.

An Ex-Student

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS

THE Winter Exhibition of this Society is avowedly a collection of slighter work than is contained in the Summer show, and one may generally expect an absence of ambitious pictures, while finding many characteristic examples of the members of the Society—things on a small scale—not necessarily carried to the accustomed limit of finish that each man sets himself to attain in his more serious efforts. This idea of an exhibition of sketches, studies, notes, experiments, etc., is only very partially adhered to now, and except that there are few large drawings to be found, that the mounting is more varied (the majority of exhibitors keeping to white), and that figure subjects tend to great simplicity of motive, the Winter collection does not differ greatly from the Spring. There is a certain amount of absenteeism, too, among some of the ablest men, which helps to give the impression of an overwhelming proportion of stereotyped uninspired picture-making, which has to be carefully ignored if the visitor is not to be disheartened. But a considerable body of sincere and interesting work does find a place here that is well worth attention. No gallery could be entirely dull where Mr. Albert Goodwin exhibited, for instance. Mr. Goodwin really has the poet's vision. He knows how to get the most out of his imagination, to let it play freely over the world before his eyes, and to retain faithfully what it reports to him. Thus he never fails to convey that feeling of awe, of oppression, that a crowded city produces on the spectator, a city half seen, half lost in gloom, pricking the fancy with a thousand points of light. And this he contrasts or compares with the lurid splendours of sunset, where cloud and mountain unite, and confuse the eye with their jagged outlines that break into smouldering flame, while through rifts in the conflagration are seen glimpses of an infinite peace beyond the "black vesper's pageants," and, as it would seem, invisible to any who have not climbed to some place uplifted high above the city's crowd and noise. It is a fantasia on a theme, elaborating this, accentuating that, effacing the other.

There is very little else akin to Mr. Goodwin's spirit in the Gallery, but Mrs. Stanhope Forbes strays refreshingly from the well-worn path of realism in her richly-coloured, strongly decorative work. A new-comer, too, Mr. W. Bayes, shows much of this decorative instinct in his drawings, and strikes an unmistakably personal note. But the bulk of what is to be admired and enjoyed is to be found in the productions of those artists who, loving nature with all their hearts, give themselves wholly to transcribing the beauties of earth and sea and sky and city for others to share the enjoyment they have themselves experienced. The work of the President (Mr. E. A. Waterlow, R.A.), for example, is steeped in the appreciation of the charms of the English countryside; while Mr. Herbert Marshall no less feels and conveys the fascination of cities, of architectural forms enhanced by atmospheric effect. Mr. North shows but little this autumn, but there is the delicate beginning of a picture here to be carried out later which is full of suggestion. A small study by Mr. Hopwood, "Evening" (8), and another by Miss Rose Barton, "A Cold Day" (141), are executed in just such a fashion as explains why the painters themselves were attracted to the subjects, and compare very favourably with some dexterous work that fails to appeal to those whose minds demand something more than facility. A beautiful little figure of a Boulogne Fisher-girl (75), by Mr. Lionel Smythe, should certainly not be overlooked. And for the rest, vigorous work of Mr. Robert Allan's and Mr. Thorne Waite's claims attention, while some brilliant studies of Mr. Robert Barratt and Mr. E. Alexander, besides some interesting chalk and pencil work on the screens, may be added to what will repay careful study.

E. H.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY

MY avocations throw me a good deal into the society of those whom our fathers called "the inferior clergy." Among such of that denomination as read their PILOT, I find a lively indignation against my recent attempt to classify the clergy from the physical or athletic point of view. I am told, not that my categories are erroneous, so far as they go, but that they are incomplete ; and, being always anxious to learn, I have reconsidered them, and am disposed to amplify the list.

I took first the type of clergyman who combines sporting zeal with clerical efficiency, and of that type I conceive the Dean of Rochester to be an excellent specimen. Those good men, before the depreciation of glebe-land set in, would take their weekly recreation in a day's hunting ; or would help the squire to slay his pheasants ; would spend their autumn holidays deer-stalking with friends in Scotland ; or wander about their fields, gun in hand, on the chance of potting a stray rabbit. A clergyman of this type, equally renowned for sporting instincts and for pastoral efficiency, received by the same post two letters—one offering him the post of Rural Dean, and the other inviting him to officiate as judge at the Birmingham Dog Show. In replying to the Bishop he referred to both these offers of preferment, and said that, as no salary was attached to either, he felt constrained to decline both.

In contrast to this type I set the "pale young curate" of the popular song, the "Rev. Robert Spalding" of the even more popular play. His characteristic virtues and failings were lately drawn in the *Cornhill Magazine* by one of his own order, who narrates how a repentant Hooligan described the reception of the new curate at the Boys' Club :—

> We asked 'im, "Can you box?" "No," 'e said ; "but I can play draughts." Then we tore up 'is 'at, and we tore up 'is umbrella, and then we tore 'im up.

To these two types I added my *tertium quid*. I pointed out that the better qualities of Types I. and II. are combined in the athletic curate of the present day, who is an International footballer or a champion Putter of the Weight; can walk from Oxford to London in an afternoon, or thrash an impenitent coalheaver with one hand. A fine specimen of this type said to me not long ago, with reference to a brother-athlete and brother-curate, "I saw an awfully pathetic sight the other day—Tom Longshanks playing footer with his Parish Club. Fancy a chap who had played Rugger for Oxford reduced to playing Socker with a lot of rotten little boys! By Jove, it *was* pathetic ; but it was awfully edifying, too."

It was at this point that the critics attacked me. They said: "This is all very well. We don't dispute your types ; but we insist that there is a *quartum quid*, and that we, the rank and file of the army of curates, represent it. We deny the regenerating influence of Rugby football. We affirm that to have learnt the ingenuous art of self-defence does not soften manners, but suffers them to be excessively brutal. We are not the least afraid of cows, and we never wore goloshes in our lives. But neither do we hunt or shoot; climb untrodden Alps, or teach choir-boys the use of their fists. We are not sportsmen and we are not athletes ; and yet we are not muffs; and, after all, we are the majority." One of this detachment writes to me as follows :—

> "Surely there are plenty of young priests who, if they have not sanctified their commonsense by 'Rugger,' or even rowing, have managed to keep a certain amount of it, no doubt unsanctified, but still of some service ; who find the devout woman (particularly the smiling type) an unbounded nuisance ; but who manage to make an average knowledge of the things of everyday life—*plus*, perhaps, a pipe—a bond of union with the average man (who after all, does not find his sole interest in athletics after he is 25 or 30) ; and who, as acquaintance passes into intimacy and intimacy into friendship, may possibly commend the more sacred things of God even to men whose collar-bones they have not begun by breaking in violent exercise between goal-posts. Is there not room for these?"

This testimony is true, and I hasten to do tardy justice to the *quartum quid*. I recognise and respect the hitherto unclassified type. Not his are the glories of field and flood, and the imminent deadly breech-loader. He is neither "Venator," "Piscator," nor "Auceps." His is not that mysterious glamour which rightly surrounds the Converted Pugilist. He realises that, as Dr. Vaughan used to teach, "the muscular is not always the masculine, when the whole of man is taken into account, and the whole of man's being." He shows his manhood in his willingness to endure hardship and dulness, and the privation of congenial companionship; the entire surrender of leisure and the partial surrender of freedom, for the Church's sake which he serves. The *quartum quid* manifests many discrepancies in things merely external, but internally it is of one heart and one mind. The Common Curate (for so, without disrespect, we must classify him) may wear a moustache and a white tie, or may smoke his pipe in a biretta ; he may decorate his walls with coloured photographs of Leo XIII., and fill his bookshelves with the rhetoric of F. W. Faber ; or he may prepare his sermons by the aid of Canon Gore's Commentaries, and try to make us believe that he understands Bishop Westcott. But, whatever the details of his uniform and drill may be, he is the Private Soldier of the Church's army, with all the characteristic virtues of his secular brother in khaki. He does the work, and runs the risks, and gets the kicks more liberally than the halfpence. He can seldom hope to rise above the rank of non-commissioned officer, and yet, in the graceful phraseology to which of late we have become accustomed, he neither "funks, growses, nor shirks."

BYSTANDER

CORRESPONDENCE

A NATIONAL CHURCH IN FRANCE

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

PARIS, *December 3rd*, 1901

THE other day I received a cutting from an English journal which I had never come across before, and I am puzzled how such idle speculation finds an editor to print it or readers to believe it. It is true that part of it comes from the Protestant *Chrétien Français*, the organ of the "runaway priests," and the spirit of one paper helps to understand that of the other. I will not contradict the revelations of the ex-Assumptionist Schaeffer about the abominations in which he is supposed to have taken part, nor the figures putting down to £270,000 the profits derived by the Dominicans from the Rosary in the last three years, nor the charge of blasphemy hurled at a Catholic paper which I do not always like, but which is anything but blasphemous. Out of those three columns I shall only pick a sentence, because it has some relation to an article in the latest but one *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which I intended to notice, "Dom Guersin, Father Coadjutor to the Abbot of the Grande Chartreuse, told the *Petit Marseillais* that six Bishops are working hand in hand with the Government to bring about a schism on the lines of the English Reformation of the sixteenth century." This statement from a man whom we might be inclined to suppose misinformed, as he lives in solitude, and probably does not receive stolen documents through a miraculous magpie, is borne out by another from the more worldly M. Brunetière to the effect that "*en cherchant bien*, one might find a few Bishops favourable to the establishment of a National Church." This is taken from a paper entitled "Do We Want a National Church?"

M. Brunetière's contention in this article, written with more rhetoric and less coherence than usual, is that the Associations Law is a great step towards a National Church. I had always looked upon it as at once a satisfaction to the clamorous Freemasons and a sort of police measure mostly directed against the Jesuits because they

educate the sons of Royalists, against the Assumptionists because they owned a hostile paper, and generally against the Regulars, whom the freedom of their sermons rendered dangerous irregulars. We thought that the Government bore no particular ill-will to a Rome whose motto seems to have been :—

"Ah ! ne me brouillez pas avec la République !"

The editor of the *Revue* ascribes to M. Waldeck-Rousseau views for which he seems to us too small a man. He deduces from the possible drift of the law consequences which we do not think likely to follow. His reasoning might be summed up as follows: The Religious Orders used to be the link which attached us most strongly to Rome. The link is now severed and the French Church will be more and more reduced to the seculars, whose chiefs are mere functionaries, and whom a further step can isolate from the centre of Catholicity at any moment. Whereupon M. Brunetière proceeds to describe the evils which would certainly result from a civil constitution of the Church. I need not insist on this part of his article, which would be interesting if only the first were admitted to be true.

Now this does not seem to be the case. I think it a groundless assumption that the Religious Orders are more the guardians of doctrine than the seculars, above all, than the Bishops. It is almost playing on words to say that the monks are more Roman than the rest of the Church because they depend exclusively on Rome in their administration, and to look for the ratio of a country's Catholicity in its nominal connection with the central power. History gave the lie many a time to this view. M. Brunetière, who speaks at length of Louis XIV. and Gallicanism, should have remembered that at the very time when the Church of France was doing her best to maintain her privileges, that is, her isolation, the "exemption" of innumerable monasteries and Orders was most strictly enforced. Has not the history of English Roman Catholics during this century shown the curious phenomenon of Vicars-Apostolic elected solely and directly by Rome, responsible to nobody but the congregations in Rome, yet far less "Roman" than the Bishops who succeeded them though the latter's election and the privileges of their Order should make them more like the equals of their brother of Rome? Ultramontanism is not a matter of organisation, it is something in the atmosphere. Our old Benedictines and Oratorians spoke more respectfully of the Bishops who had nothing to say to them than of the Pope who was supposed to be their protector. Which was the more Ultramontane, Wiseman, who had been brought up and had spent twenty years of his life in Rome, or Manning, who was past forty when he went there? And have not both been many a time beaten in "Romanising" by young converts of the type so amusingly introduced by Mr. Wilfrid Ward in his "Wish to Believe"? The new canon of orthodoxy set down by M. Brunetière is not at one with these facts, and his fears on that score must be therefore greatly exaggerated.

As to the possibility of a schism in France, it is idle prophesying, but I cannot see it near; it requires a concourse of circumstances to which very little points out. There may be hard times in store for the Church, and the crisis which resulted in the establishment of Protestantism may have one or even many replicas in the future. The seat of Catholicity in two hundred years may be in America or anywhere else out of the Latin countries. The conjunction of a political crisis for the Papacy similar to the two or three it went through during the last century, and in France of another Revolution of a still more decided anti-clerical character, might bring about a confusion favourable to separatism. But all these possibilities, should they become facts, would not entail the destruction or even the diminution of the religious vitality inherent in a very large Catholic body. 1792 did not find France in a state of great religious vigour. Yet there was enough leaven left to wait till 1802. Centuries have not extinguished the spark of Catholicism which was smouldering at the core of Anglicanism. So long as a very irritating or popular doctrine does not intervene between Rome and her members she can hardly lose them. I am vainly looking in France for any such element of decay. Doctrinal questions have no interest for our governments, which, as a rule, are totally indifferent to or ignorant of religion. I would not say the same thing if we were already at the mercy of some Socialists certainly more intellectual than most politicians. They would probably make another attempt towards a modern channel for the religious sentiment. But for M. Waldeck-Rousseau, or M. Bourgeois, or M. Brisson, the thing is to have the Church sufficiently under one's thumb not to find her a disturbance. Now, excepting some Religious Orders she has very seldom been in the way, and Rome has never advised her to be. What then would be the good of a schism which might rouse more than one latent energy?

Neither is there any doctrinal difference to invite a secession on the part of the clergy. Gallicanism is a thing of the past, and the young democrat priest is more sincerely, more piously, more intelligently devoted to Rome than most of the scholastic or overheated followers of Don Guéranger, the more so as the difference between himself and them is now coming home to him. Some of the Bishops stoop very low before the State to get into the violet company, but as a rule they become strictly Roman the moment they have their ring and crosier. After all, it is more gratifying to imagine one's self an Athanasius than an ecclesiastical *préfet*. If there is some dissatisfaction with Rome, it is among some priests who think her apologetical methods behind the needs of the day; but if a schism ever existed in France, certainly those priests would have been the last to have had a hand in it. They know too well that most of the Bishops take little or no interest in pure science, and that eighty-nine Popes, backed by as many *préfets*, are less likely to promote the cause they serve than a good Hebrew professor in each of the eighty-nine seminaries. No danger then of a National Church from the clergy. And if neither the clergy, nor the Bishops, nor the faithful, nor the Government think of a schism, the conclusion is that M. Brunetière wrote a fine piece of eloquence, and some English papers retail paltry scandal to no great purpose. But false prophets have been prophesying, and we shall see more.

IMPRESSIONS FROM THE UNITED STATES

The American Man

We have lately seen that whenever John Bull is especially desirous of showing his appreciation of the Americans he greets them as cousins, and expatiates on the wonderful likeness his relatives bear to himself. When, however, the ideas of the two peoples happen to clash, as has too often been the case, the long nervous outline of Uncle Sam rises before the popular imagination in contrast to the portly frame of our own national representative, and the family likeness is at once dispelled.

The fact is that, however close the degree of relationship between them, the average Englishman and American remain but distantly acquainted. From fleeting glimpses of the American traveller, caught as he hovers, guide book in hand round some historic tower, or emerges from among his trunks in the hotel lobby, we in this country vision him as a ubiquitous and irrepressible individual continually occupied in scattering money and catching trains. The home-grown American has an equally vague notion of the Britisher. For him John Bull is a somewhat phlegmatic personage, rather unduly impressed with a sense of his own importance and superior breeding, and with a lamentable incapacity for understanding a joke. In these generalisations, though there may be an element of truth, there is a much stronger infusion of ignorance. In reality neither people have yet studied the other closely —they for lack of time, we through natural distaste for the observation of character. The curiosity of the American traveller is centred on things, not on persons; the latter interest him merely as adjuncts to their surroundings, Then, too, he likes doing thoroughly what he has in hand. Touring facilities are so excellent nowadays that there is no

reason why an entire continent should not be inspected in the course of a summer's outing. But were he, whilst on tour, to open the book of character, the allotted time would probably be up ere he had turned the first page. On the other hand, the Englishman's knowledge of America may be said to be generally confined to the political and administrative institutions of the country, concerning which every library possesses admirable works. But when studying the human element he is apt to allow national prejudice to distort the fairness of his views. The judgments he forms are nearly always comparative, for except in moments of unwonted enthusiasm he is continually recollecting that he is an Englishman, his practice being to refer new manners and ideas to his own national dictionary of right and wrong. Hence it is a perpetual source of annoyance to him to hear his native tongue tuned to a different key. Inform him playfully that the key was his own a couple of hundred years ago, and he positively bubbles over with indignation.

Whatever exterior points of resemblance there may be between the two nations, the fact must be recognised that Englishmen and Americans are subjected early in life to an entirely different set of influences which cannot fail to create a wide divergence in national character, though the sound commonsense native to both peoples has always proved the strongest tie between them. In America individualism moulds the national mind to a degree which is still unknown in England. By individualism I mean the unlimited opportunities for "getting on" extended on equal terms to every citizen of the Republic, together with the absence of all social and professional barriers to self-advancement. It is this feature of American life which, of all others, tends to foster a latent incompatibility of character between the two nations that is, as we have seen, always ready to bring their views into conflict. A moment's comparison of the principles on which the youth of the two countries is educated may help to demonstrate this. I take my instances from the well-to-do classes, since it is these which are most frequently brought into contact, and from whom therefore mutual criticism chiefly emanates.

Our English upper class lad, destined for the position of a gentleman, is enveloped from his birth in a net-work of forms and traditions. It is the first duty of his parents to see that, whatever else be neglected in his education, these be duly observed. From his earliest boyhood he is made to associate solely with others of a similar social layer, whilst his schooling has for its main object the laying of that general groundwork of character peculiar to the English gentleman. No matter what natural aptitudes he may display, they must be laid aside until their possessor has been moulded into "public school form" and is thus able to meet his fellows on a sure and equal footing. This foundation once laid, he is free to go forth into the world and make his way as best he can. The natural result of this leavening process is to give our young man a comparatively late start in the race of life, and to handicap him by forcing him to carry a weight of acquired opinion which it may take him a long time to shake off. Thus retarded, the choice of a profession becomes both difficult and limited. Whilst great pains have been spent in the modelling of a certain stamp of character, but little time has been given to the development of individual taste and capacity. Theories, invaluable in themselves, have been absorbed, but practical experience of the ups and downs of life only begins with the termination of the University course. But though our Bachelor of Arts is utterly useless as a practical and efficient breadwinner, he has acquired a certain moral stamina, and his views of life are backed up by so vigorous a body of class opinion that he generally succeeds in persuading others of the superiority of his own educational equipment. "Believe in yourself and others will believe in you" was never so truly said as of the English gentleman. Convinced of the correctness of his own ideas, he feels a natural hesitation in accepting the opinions of those who have been educated on different lines. In other words, he must have outgrown his own education before he can attempt to gauge the foreign mind. If he remains in England, his point of view is not likely to change, for his early training finds a natural sequence in the social traditions of his country, where classes, professions, and clubs are still shut within the walls of convention.

The young American is brought up on very different principles. In his case, education has for its object, not culture, finish, or the attainment of a certain standard of character, but self-support and individual efficiency. Early in life his training takes a wholly practical line, his prospective sphere of usefulness being in no way limited by professional and class distinctions. Whereas with us, family tradition and, still more frequently, social considerations, play an important part in the choice of a profession, in America natural aptitude alone determines this question. Then, too, it should be remembered that the vast majority of rich Americans are self-made men; that their own careers have taught them the wisdom of letting their children make their own way in the world. We find, therefore, no such system of "boiling down" as prevails in our English public school system, and thus actual experience of life is afforded at an early age to the youth of the country. Any special taste of which early signs are given is welcomed by the American parent, who gives his son full opportunity of cultivating it in a practical if humble capacity. Should the choice be mechanics, the American boy studies them, not through the medium of a text-book in company with others of his class, but in the workshop under the actual guidance of skilled artisans. Should soldiering be his taste, he is sent to the Military College of West Point at an age when his Eton contemporaries are still growing flabby on lollipops between school hours, or muddling their heads over Greek pluperfects. At West Point the American cadet undergoes a course of the strictest training, unbroken by holidays with their usual reaction of excess. During this period he sleeps on a camp bed, eats sweets once a month, rises at six, and goes to bed at ten. And so it is *mutatis mutandis* with all the professions. Everything which is not purely practical is discarded as superfluous. The allowance given by American parents to their sons is quite in keeping with this principle. A bare sustenance, just "enough to keep their heads out of water," is among American millionaire fathers the rule, not the exception.

Hence the opposite lines on which their education is conducted tends to create marked differences of character between the young Englishman and American. Exteriorly, the latter is far more uncouth, more rough and ready in manner and speech. He is, comparatively speaking, untrained in the *leniores virtutes*, the possession of which is still considered over here a necessary finish to the education of a gentleman. To the fortune builder of the great cities of the West, European forms and traditions are cumbersome superfluities, and for him the Orient commences with the British Isles. Moreover, the young American goes to the bottom of a question more rapidly than the Englishman, not because his mind is naturally more direct, but because it has fewer conventional encumbrances to surmount. Into all he does, be it work or play, he learns to bring the zeal and energy of the professional: in his country there is no room for amateurism, and it is this absence of the dilettante spirit which most clearly marks off American from English methods. If in the present kaleidoscopic condition of society one dare hazard a prediction, it is that the stress of competition at home and abroad will, sooner or later, render "individual efficiency" with us, as it already is with the Americans, the grand objective of education. In other words, education, by ceasing to be "liberal," will become practical, and the barriers which at present separate the English from the American mind will be finally broken through. D.

REVIEWS

PHRENOLOGY REDIVIVUS *

Most of us look on phrenology as fair material for jests, and little more. Oliver Wendell Holmes spoke of the subject with his usual sound common sense. "I have rarely met a sensible

* The Mental Functions of the Brain. By Bernard Hollander, M.D., M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P. Richards. 21s. net.

man," he wrote, "who would not allow that there was something in phrenology. A broad, high forehead, it is commonly agreed, promises intellect; one that is 'villanous low,' and has a huge hind-head back of it, is wont to mark an animal nature. I have as rarely met an unbiased and sensible man who really believed in the bumps." The doctrine of the bumps, indeed, which is the one most essentially associated with phrenology, is too absurd to need refutation, though it has been worked for nearly a century by charlatans to their own profit. As Holmes—who was an anatomist as well as a jester—puts it, "When a man fumbles about my forehead and talks about the organs of individuality, size, etc., I trust him as much as I should if he felt of the outside of my strong-box and told me that there was a five-dollar or ten-dollar bill under this or that particular rivet." Now, however, we are presented with a goodly and learned volume which its author describes as "the revival of phrenology." One's first impulse is to lump it with the lucubrations of those unfortunate gentlemen who devote their lives to proving that the earth is flat, or that perpetual motion is possible, or that the circle can be squared by Euclidian geometry. Fortunately the reviewer's business is to consider books more carefully than the casual reader is apt to do, and a short examination of Dr. Hollander's volume is enough to show that it is a work of a very different class from that of the average phrenologist. Dr. Hollander is a sound and scientific student of mental physiology. He writes lucidly and well, and the only cause for hesitation in welcoming his work as one of the most important of recent contributions to the physiology of mind lies in the enthusiasm which he displays for the revival of phrenology. A careful reading soon shows, however, that he has nothing in common with the believers in "bumps," the makers of plaster casts and charts and "delineations," who have done so much to cast unmerited distrust on the work of Gall. Dr. Hollander's phrenology is a return to the teaching of Gall himself, and a bold attempt to free it from the work of the dupes or the charlatans who have brought the very name of phrenology into disrepute. Those who take the trouble to find out what Gall really taught will readily admit that he was in reality one of the most eminent of mental physiologists, and reached a point to which we are only just returning, after having neglected his work for the greater part of a century—so great is the harm which the unintelligent or dishonest hangers-on of science can do.

Dr. Hollander's book, while written in the first instance for the technical reader, is so clear and free from complexity that it presents no obstacle to the lay student who has a moderate acquaintance with the physiology of the brain. An hour spent on an elementary treatise would supply quite as much information as is necessary for the comprehension of this book; though, at the same time, a detailed criticism of Dr. Hollander's results would involve much more space and science than we can devote to them in these non-technical columns. We must confine ourselves to giving a brief summary of the chief thesis of the book, which consists in the enunciation and exposition of Gall's central phrenological theory that each part of the brain has its own particular function to fulfil. The doctrine of Flourens, that the brain-substance is homogeneous and that the whole brain is engaged in the performance of each mental function, has been finally abandoned by physiologists and psychologists. But the definite localisation of "all thoughts, all passions, all delights," is as yet in a purely tentative state, and Dr. Hollander's admirable book—though not the first of its kind—is a most useful contribution to the subject. The following summary of the results which Dr. Hollander has at present attained will show the reader how far he has travelled. His conclusions are:—

1. That the pre-frontal lobes are concerned in the purely intellectual operations.

2. That the tempero-sphenoidal lobes are in some way connected with the propensities common to man with the lower animals.

3. That the parietal lobes and the posterior part of the frontal lobes are involved in the manifestation of definite emotions: while

4. The occipital lobes bear a relation to the domestic and social affections.

It may be maintained further:—

5. That size of brain-mass bears a proportion to the power of manifestation; and that

6. Two brains or skulls differing in these regions will differ in character accordingly.

It will easily be perceived how very different is this kind of phrenology—which is an extension of Gall's original thesis—from the ordinary pseudo-science which passes from under the name. Dr. Hollander shows, by means of a large number of cases of insanity that have come under his notice or have been selected from other doctors, that lesions in the particular parts of the brain which have been associated by Gall and his successors with particular functions lead to certain well-marked forms of insanity. For instance, melancholia is often connected with lesions in the parietal lobes of the brain, homicidal mania with temporal lesions, and sexual mania with disease or injury of the cerebellum. The most interesting part of the book is that which suggests and illustrates the close connection between such lesions and insanity. Of course, it will take long years of careful study and experiment finally to establish and complete the principles which Dr. Hollander here expounds so clearly. But one is tempted to dream of a day when the brain will not only be as well understood but as amenable to the surgeon as the abdomen, which has been so miraculously treated in the last generation. Will insanity and wickedness and stupidity one day yield to the scalpel and the trepan? Possibly the first and the last may, but we are inclined to back wickedness against the surgeon's knife.

PASTEUR*

M. Vallery-Radot's book is well planned, richly furnished, and completed with energy and the finish that comes of energy. One envies the talent and the industry which have dealt fittingly with so great a subject as Pasteur's life and work; and Mrs. Devonshire's translation is a translation into English. With all this it is too probably the few and not the many, even among such as read, who will penetrate the two large volumes, and contend with the pages of technical information and the vast array of names stretching from Biot and Regnault and Velpeau to Virchow and Paget and Toussaint, and on again to Horsley and Roux—Pasteur's lieutenant, and the ingenious conceiver of intra-organic natural selection. Every great name in France almost is touched by Pasteur's fame. Sainte-Beuve is among his early teachers, and feels gratitude for the "honour of including him in his audience." Biot, as everyone knows, broke out into a kind of poetry over his early and already splendid triumphs; Regnault tries to make a physicist of him in the teeth of jealous chemists; Renan, smiling in an "undulatory" manner, welcomes him to the Academy of France; Thiers backs him in a difficulty; Simon inaugurates the Pasteur Institute; Alexandre Dumas, carrying a bunch of roses, visits him in his last illness. We are not told who made his eulogy, for the book closes with his death. "It seemed as if Pasteur already saw those dead ones who, like him, had preserved absolute faith in the Future Life." On September 27th, 1895, he could no longer take food. "His eyes looked around him with an unspeakable expression of resignation, love, and farewell. One of his hands rested in that of Madame Pasteur, the other held a crucifix." Thus surrounded by his family and disciples, in a room of almost monastic simplicity . . . very peacefully he passed away."

He was a most noble man, and his life is a great book; but a difficult one, as we said, and that leaves regrets. For if larger numbers could read it, larger numbers would gain a great access of love and respect for Pasteur, for science, and

* The Life of Pasteur. By René Vallery-Radot. Translated from the French by Mrs. R. L. Devonshire. Two vols. Constable & Co.

for France. France, indeed, is never nobler than in such a life as this, never more entirely herself. Pasteur was a Frenchman of the French—a man, that is to say, diametrically different from the thin shadow which the English too often take for the French type. The present writer (detested phrase) had in 1889 the honour and happiness of visiting M. Pasteur in Paris, introduced by a letter which, if it had not been written by Paget—M. Paget, Pasteur called him—must have been thought unjustly favourable. But Paget wrote nothing without judgment, and his letter was a title to the kindest welcome. What one felt at that time about Pasteur was just this: Here is a great Frenchman of a kind I do not know. Grave, massive, almost severe, a priest of high ministries, nobly courteous, and very much a master. There was anything in that face rather than lightness, *malice* — that *malice*, so different from our English malice, which has made Henri IV. the type of one race of Frenchmen, anything rather than a mere flexible *bonhomie*. Here was austerity, affection, faith, and a Roman virtue.

It was the Frenchman of Science, of Port Royal, of that Army which lies like a girdle close to the heart of France. One has seen the same look in generals like MacMahon, in old sergeant guardians of forgotten marbles in provincial towns. Pasteur's father must have been just such a *vieux militaire*—not "old soldier," but military old man. "He did not easily make friends." He was a sergeant-major of Napoleon's army who violently rescued and broke his sabre when he saw it handed to the police for use. Sprung of a race of peasants of Franche-Comté—a race "by special grace" enfranchised in 1763 by Messire Philippe-Marie-François, Count of Adrenier, Lord of Ecleux, Cramans and Lepuy—Jean Henri, the father of our great Louis, became sergeant-major, knight of the Legion of Honour, and tanner of Dôle. He helped to mould not only Louis the man, but Louis the *savan*. The application of his theoretic genius to practical uses—so characteristic of this life whose very distinction for vulgar minds is clouded because he saved two industries, and can take the poison from a carbuncle and a dog-bite—this charitable bent of a great light of pure science was first disclosed and may well have been determined by Pasteur's desire to lessen his father's labour in his business of tanning. An intense affection united them, an affection which, as home-sickness, threatened once to wreck Louis' education, an affection which makes the Spartan father urge the son to spend more on himself. "I should prefer a thousand times," he writes, "that this money (spent in a gift for the parents) should still be in your purse, and [pass] thence to a good restaurant, spent in some good meals that you might have enjoyed with your friends." And the mother joins in, "My darling boy, take great care of your health. Think what a worry it is to me that I cannot be with you to look after you." All this is just on the eve of the great "Researches on Dimorphism," about which, and the rest of his great work, we must make haste to speak. But let the digression be forgiven. For to those who have long reverenced Pasteur the Prometheus of pathology, it is a privilege to hear his mother speak, to know the sources of that life so sane, so humble, so strenuous, so reverent, so worthy of reverence in an age which is never so frivolous as when it forgets its own worth, its own victories.

Pasteur's scientific achievement divides itself easily under two heads—chemistry and biology. In chemistry the man who was marked "*médiocre*" at Dijon made the great discovery of the constitution of paratartaric acid. Does the name strike no thrill? Let us reduce it to terms of the *Court Circular*. He was not thirty when he did it, and Dumas (the chemist, not Alexander the Great) at once asked for him the Cross of the Legion of Honour. He became "in chemistry one of the front rank of inventors," "of science one of the firmest pillars, one of the most glorious hopes." Thus Dumas. To describe all the delights of this discovery—the hemihedral character of the tartaric acid crystals, the behaviour of their solutions to the polarised ray, the rediscovery of racemic acid, lost, like Dr. Jekyll's drug, through the excessive purity of manufacture—all this is fascinating and too long. It alone makes Biot "wish to live." When he first sees the great experimental proof, he cries, "My dear boy, I have loved science so much during my life that this touches my very heart." 'Tis a story of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm justified. Pasteur seems to have been impelled forcibly by an inward fire to wonderful discoveries of which, not blankly ignorant of their details, we can only say that they disclosed the relation between varying crystalline form, chemical or molecular dimorphism, and opposite actions in rotating the polarised ray.

Some remarks on Pasteur's more famous biological discoveries must be reserved for a second notice.

LADY SARAH LENNOX*

THE Letters of Lady Sarah Lennox, written almost exclusively to her friend Lady Susan Fox Strangeways, afterwards Lady Susan O'Brien, and edited by the Countess of Ilchester and her son Lord Stavordale, are, it is needless to say, replete with interest for all students of our social history. What is harshly termed gossip is often well worth sifting for the grains of truth which may be extracted from it, and accessible very often through no other medium.

In the volumes before us, there is, of course, one paramount topic which takes precedence of all others, and that is the history of what actually took place between Lady Sarah Lennox and George III. This is now given for the first time on authority. Lord Holland, Lady Sarah's uncle by marriage, in a memoir of the first three years of George III.'s reign, gives us his own version of the story, which is confirmed by the still stronger testimony of Lady Sarah's youngest son by her second marriage, in a paper drawn up at his mother's desire, and one may say, at her dictation. From this we learn that she received two offers of marriage from the King, who never hinted at any other connection, to the first of which she turned a deaf ear, but listened more favourably to the second. The Royal family were, not perhaps unnaturally, opposed to the match, as also Lord Bute, who feared the transfer of all his own influence to Lord Holland should his niece become Queen of England. Two such veteran intriguers as Bute and the Queen Dowager were likely to play a winning game against a youth of two-and-twenty and a girl of sixteen, though if all tales are true they were driven to employ artifices very much on the shady side of honourable.

When the King first began to make love to Lady Sarah she happened to be out of temper, having just been jilted by another lover, Lord Newbattle. With most girls this would have been a motive for instantly accepting the King's hand. But it was not so with Lady Sarah. She treated his Majesty very coldly, and he retired disconcerted. But, like Mistress Jean in the "Laird of Cockpen," as soon as she had dismissed him she reflected on what she had said, and the next time he proposed he met with a different reception. This has often been described as a romantic episode in the King's life, and certainly whatever romance there was in it was on his side. The lady respected him and liked him, but certainly was not in love with him. She gave her son to understand that she would have married him; though her heart was not touched, nor her head turned. She had accepted him without emotion, and parted from him without tears; and those who knew her well declare that she was much more affected by the death of a pet squirrel which happened about the same time, than she was by the loss of a crown. George had listened to the "little hoard of maxims" which would be poured forth for his edification on this subject, and threw over the prettiest girl in England for the German Princess who, after all, perhaps, made him a better wife. If one story is true which Lady Ilchester records, there

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* THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF LADY SARAH LENNOX, 1745—1826. Also a short political sketch of the years 1760—1763, by Henry Fox, first Lord Holland. Edited by the Countess of Leicester and Lord Stavordale, in two volumes. Murray.

was some excuse for his treachery. It is said that Bute and his confederates contrived that after Lady Sarah's engagement to the King, His Majesty should be witness to a meeting in the park between his affianced bride and her former lover, Lord Newbattle, the girl herself being wholly ignorant of the plot. She may have heard of it afterwards, for she always spoke with some bitterness both of the Princess Augusta and the Duke of York, who, if the thing really occurred, were very likely to have had a hand in it.

Lady Sarah came out of the affair heart whole, and in the following year married Mr. Bunbury, afterwards Sir Charles, a young and handsome man, heir to a moderate estate in Suffolk, to which he succeeded on the death of his father, Sir William, in 1764. He was brother to Henry Bunbury, the well-known amateur artist, who married one of the two beautiful Miss Hornecks, beloved by all of us for Goldsmith's sake. Henry's marriage, however, did not take place till 1771, by which time Lady Sarah had left Barton never to return. But she met Henry Bunbury there in 1766, when the house party acted "Rule a Wife and have a Wife," Lady Sarah playing Estifania, a part she said "she doted on." As she also chose the part of Jane Shore on another occasion she seems to have had a liking for such characters. It is quite possible that she may have met the Hornecks at Barton during the next two years. But we must never forget that she was sister-in-law to Catharine, and we wonder that the editor should have overlooked a link connecting her so closely with the pretty and kind-hearted girl who had the sweetest of our poets at her feet, the Jessamy bride.

Sir Charles and his wife seem to have lived happily together for three or four years. But Bunbury was devoted to the turf, the card table, and the hunting field, and left his wife very much to herself. Her mortification peeps out clearly enough in one of her letters to her *confidante*, Lady Susan Fox Strangeways, and the end might easily have been foreseen. She had not been courted by a king to be neglected by a baronet; and when her cousin, Lord W. Gordon, made love to her she did not repulse him. In the end, in the year 1769, when she was still only twenty-four, she ran away with him, and they lived together in Berwickshire for three months, when, owing to the urgent representations of her family, she returned to her father's house at Goodwood. Here a small house was built for her in the Park, and there she resided by herself for twelve years, till she married, in 1781, the Hon. George Napier, and became the mother of the two famous soldiers, the conqueror of Scinde and the historian of the Peninsula War. It is to be noted, however, that she long retained a tender recollection of her former lover. When the Gordon riots broke out the abuse lavished on their leader gave her great pain. He was the brother of Lord William Gordon, and she could never, she said, hear that name "mentioned with indifference." And this was only one year before her marriage with Mr. Napier.

Apart from the career of Lady Sarah, the book possesses that kind of interest which is common to all works of this description. Memoirs, diaries, and biographies, laying bare before us the life of "society" in the latter part of the eighteenth century, a period so near to us, and at the same time so far from us, exercise a fascination of their own on all who, like Sir Walter Scott or Mr. Disraeli, love to live in two worlds. It is so easy to realise to ourselves the habits and manners of Dr. Johnson's age. They are, so to speak, well within reach, and the imagination has not to make a long arm to catch hold of them. But still the number of such works published within the last thirty years is so great that we begin to find a certain degree of sameness in these records of Vanity Fair: balls and birthdays, fashions and flirtations, marriages and elopements, duels and divorces, the last great plunge at the gaming table, the last sayings of a famous wit, the last frown of a displeased sovereign. However, all such things are set before us in these volumes with all the freshness and vivacity to be expected from the writer, and will, no doubt, afford amusement to hundreds of readers for whom they may still possess the charm of novelty.

The political references scattered through Lady Sarah's later letters, when she had begun to take an interest in public affairs, throw still further light on the attitude of "the new Whigs," as Burke called them, towards our struggle with Napoleon, the Peninsula War, and the character and conduct of Wellington. It is not a very edifying chapter in our past history. But we need not enlarge upon it here.

Lord Holland's memorial with regard to the political transactions of 1760-63 certainly places the somewhat intemperate foreign policy of the elder Pitt in a very strong light. He was not satisfied with attaining all, and more than all, that England had aimed at when engaging in the Seven Years' War. Now was the time, he cried, to humble the House of Bourbon in the dust. There can be little doubt that a knowledge of this new departure drove the French government to conclude an alliance with Spain: so that in some respects the Family Compact may be considered a defensive measure. Pitt made the same mistake as was made by the Opposition in Queen Anne's reign who insisted on prolonging the war long after all its objects had been gained for the sole purpose of crushing and humiliating France. It was very doubtful whether we could have done it then. It is certain we could not have done it in 1761. We had then only one ally in Europe, Prussia, and Prussia was completely exhausted. Chatham was a great man; and if he made mistakes as a Foreign Minister he may be thought to have redeemed them, though even this has been questioned, by his conduct as a War Minister. But the author of this memoir had always chafed under Pitt's ascendancy: and, indeed, the "arrogance" of both father and son are frequent subjects of complaint with the Whig writers of the period.

ST. PETER AND ST. JUDE*

THE new volume of the *International Critical Commentary* on the New Testament is worthy of the series and of Dr. Bigg's reputation, to which, if we mistake not, it will add something. It is refreshingly unlike many commentaries of the modern school, in that the editor leaves textual criticism on one side and occupies himself almost entirely with the larger questions which a study of his authors suggests. At the beginning of the book there is an interesting dissertation on the relation between St. Peter and St. Paul, which Dr. Bigg explains somewhat differently from previous writers. He regards the two apostles as the representatives of "disciplinarian" and "mystical" theology respectively. "A Disciplinarian is one who hears God speaking to him; a Mystic is one who feels the presence of God within." Dr. Bigg takes as modern types of the two schools Hooker and Cartwright, or (in another passage) Laud and Fox, and as a special confirmation of his view he points to the fact that there is no distinct allusion in 1 Peter to Christian prophecy, which was so characteristic of St. Paul. Yet a good deal might be said on the other side. The conception of Church, it might be argued, in the Petrine Epistles, is hardly as prominent as in St. Paul's writings and speeches; nor is it possible to read Archbishop Leighton's Commentary on 1 Peter without being deeply affected by the "evangelical" or "mystical" teaching which he finds it to contain. It does not seem to us that one who laid so much stress on the prophecies of the Old Covenant as St. Peter did was at all likely to miss the significance or to depreciate the value of the prophetical gifts which were abundantly bestowed on the preachers of the New Covenant. And when Dr. Bigg says that "the Petrine theology regards God as the object of Christian thought, aspiration, worship, rather than of experience, possession, inner realisation; that it dwells on the transcendental nature and majesty of God rather than on the mystic union between God and the believer"; he answers his own argument in his next sentence, in which he admits that St. Peter "does not fail to do justice

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* A CRITICAL AND EXEGETICAL COMMENTARY ON THE EPISTLES OF ST. PETER AND ST. JUDE. By C. Bigg. T. and T. Clark, 10s. 6d.

to the experimental side of the religious life; his people have *tasted that the Lord is good.*"

Both the Petrine Epistles are regarded by Dr. Bigg as the work of the Apostle, and he has presented with much skill the arguments which convince him that the Epistle of Jude is later than 2 Peter, to which it presents so many remarkable affinities. We should have welcomed a fuller discussion of the relation of so-called *Apocalypse of Peter* to 2 Peter, for we believe that upon the decision of this the question of the genuineness of the Canonical Epistle may turn. Dr. Bigg thinks that the whole of the apocryphal Petrine literature owes its origin to 2 Pet. i. 15: "I will give diligence that at every time ye may be able after my decease to call these things to remembrance." But this does not seem to us a particulary happy suggestion; and indeed we do not know why it should be necessary to discover such an explanation of the production of the *Apocalypse of Peter*, when we remember that it is but one among several apocryphal apocalypses, all produced in accordance with the same traditions and in virtue of the same literary instinct.

In Dr. Bigg's introduction to St. Jude's Epistle he observes that the ideas and language of the writer "differ noticeably from those of St. Peter"; but he immediately adds that it would be a mistake to place him without reservations among the Paulinists: "Many writers content themselves with the rough and unintelligent distinction between Jewish and Gentile Christians, but this rests upon the mere accident of birth. The most Gentile of all teachers, St. Paul himself, was a Jew, and on either side there are endless shades and gradations. On the one extreme there are certain sects which we may call exclusively Jewish, or rather Oriental, but a Gentile Christian might be anything. Certainly there can be no greater error than that of using 'Pauline' and 'Gentile' as if these words were co-extensive." This is an excellent and suggestive observation, and well illustrates Dr. Bigg's clearness of historic vision.

The notes in this volume are full and, on the whole, satisfactory. Indeed, that is to say too little, for there is no other commentary in English on St. Peter and St. Jude of equal merit. Dr. Bigg's wide learning has enabled him to bring together illustrations of his text from many quarters. He quotes from Hilgenfeld's edition of the "Assumption of Moses," from which one gathers that he has not used Dr. Charles's more recent volume on that curious book. He adheres to the view that the "Didache" in its present form is a work of the fourth century, an opinion in which we think he will find few to follow him. The book is admirably turned out, and we have observed very few misprints or omissions. At p. 301 the chapter heading should be iii. 16, not i. 16; and when commenting on 2 Peter i. 16, it would have been worth while to add the close parallel from Philo *de exsecr*, § 8, ἀντὶ πεπλασμένων μύθων μεταδιώκοντας. But these are trifles. The book will attract attention not so much for its detailed exegesis or illustration as in virtue of its large and broad treatment of great questions.

SETTLEMENT AFTER WAR*

Politicians, journalists, and others in this country who have opportunities for influencing the terms of the coming settlement in South Africa will be the better for reading Mr. Garner's book, and laying its lessons to heart. The moral of the outcome of the reconstruction policy pursued by the Federal Government, after the Southern States had laid down their arms in 1865, is that unnecessary harshness towards the vanquished has a tendency ultimately to defeat the aims of the conquerors. In one point at least there is a curious similarity between the situation in the Confederacy upon the termination of the War of Secession and the situation with which the British Government will have to deal when hostilities eventually cease in South Africa. The Boer farmer of to-day and the Southern planter of thirty-five years ago, whatever their points of difference, resemble one another in their dread of being dominated by an inferior race. It was disregard of a feeling amounting to a passion which upset the plans formed by the Republican North for the government of the Democratic South. The Northerner had little actual experience of negro character, and had formed a mental picture of virtues which were largely non-existent. Nothing but gross ignorance of the conditions prevailing in the revolted States could have persuaded Congress that the preponderance of political power could with safety be placed in the hands of a race which had for centuries been accustomed to another's dominion, and had formed the habits peculiar to that unfortunate condition of life. Possibly there was not a definite intention to reverse the former positions of the black and white races; but a liberal enfranchisement of the negroes, combined with an extensive disfranchisement of all who had adhered to the opponents of the Union, produced that result with a variety of unfortunate consequences. In fact, almost all the evils which hampered the reconstruction of the State of Mississippi can be traced to these two causes, and would probably have been obviated if a little more leniency had been shown to the whites, and rather more circumspection exercised in the conferment of civil and political rights on the liberated slaves.

When the registration of the electorate of Mississippi was completed in 1867 it was found, to the consternation of the whites, that there were 60,000 coloured voters to 46,000 white. Of the 61 counties, 33 had negro majorities. Naturally, the negroes, led by a Republican element, which had immigrated from the Northern States and held a comparatively small stake in Mississippi, had their former masters at their mercy, and it was not long before they showed that they appreciated the position. They claimed a share of public offices and preferments proportionate to their voting power, and a reign of corruption and extravagance followed which excited the direst indignation among the property-owners who were called upon to pay for it. Officials, entirely unfit to perform the duties of their appointments, were appointed at extravagant salaries. De Soto County had in 1874 a negro circuit clerk who, it was alleged, could neither read nor write. The Sheriff of the same county was in a similar predicament. These officials were obliged by law to give bonds for the performance of their duties and for the due appropriation of the moneys passing through their hands. But since the boards of supervisors, by whom the bonds were approved, were of the same political complexion as the officials, it not infrequently happened that when an official disappeared with the cash under his control his bond was found to be worthless. In some instances every member of these boards—which had, in addition to the approval of official bonds, the duty of assessing and distributing taxes, supervising highways, awarding county contracts, and negotiating loans—was an illiterate negro. For instance, in Madison County in 1874 every member of the board was coloured, and the sum total of the board's learning was the ability of the chairman to sign his name. At the same date there was not a single literate justice of the peace in the county, and processes were issued with signatures attached in the form of a mark. In Washington County almost every official was coloured. The sheriff's office, with an income of 15,000 dols. a year, was held by a negro, and another negro was superintendent of education. General Ferguson, a prominent citizen of the county, stated before the Boutwell Commission that, as a consequence of the extravagant administration which prevailed, the tax assessment on his land was 4.15 dols. per acre, or about one-half of its value, and that nearly the entire land of the county had been sold for taxes.

The educational system imposed for the sake of the negroes was of itself a heavy drain on the resources of the impoverished South. Few Southerners could be obtained to teach in the schools, and teachers from the Northern States demanded exorbitant salaries. In a message to the Mississippi legislature in 1871 the Governor said, "While the average pay of the

* Reconstruction in Mississippi. By James Wilford Garner, Ph.M. New York and London: Macmillan. 12s. 6d. net.

teachers in the Northern schools is less than 300 dols. a year, salaries in Mississippi range from 720 dols. to 1,920 dols. a year," and he charged the school directors with presenting "an administration which threatened, by the wantonness of its extravagance, to impress the more restive of the population with a sense that they are being oppressed by taxation." That was what actually happened, and thereout grew anarchy and the Kuklux Klan, a body which terrorised the negroes and the "carpet-baggers," and finally brought about a Democratic triumph at the polls. Much disturbance and suffering would in all probability have been saved if white disabilities and negro rights had been imposed with greater moderation. There were many influential persons on the vanquished side who were prepared to accept negro suffrage if it was given at the right time, by the right men, in the right way. But it was a misconception of the feelings of the South and the power of the North which led the Radicals in Congress to suppose that a complete reversal of the positions of the two races could be sustained for any length of time, or would be desirable if it could be sustained. The British Government is not likely to commit such glaring errors as these in South Africa; but it might be a profitable employment for some of its most ardent supporters to ponder upon the faults of the actors in a somewhat similar drama.

In commenting on Mr. Wilfrid Voynich's catalogue last week, the numbers "4-6" were inadvertently printed for "4 and 5." Mr. Voynich's sixth catalogue was not then issued, but it is now ready.

NEW BOOKS

(1) The Tower of London. By Lord Ronald Sutherland Gower. Vol. I. Bell. 21s.

(2) Mediæval London. By William Benham and Charles Welch. Seeley. 7s.

(3) The Earlier Renaissance. By George Saintsbury. Blackwood. 5s.

(4) Finland as It is. By Harry de Windt. Murray. 9s.

(5) William McKinley, Private and President. By Thomas Cox Meath. Partridge. 1s. 6d.

(1) We are doing no injustice to the history of *The Tower of London* by Lord Ronald Gower (so far as it can be judged from its first volume) in welcoming it as a very handsome and indeed magnificent guide-book, rather than as a work making any claim to historical value. As a serious historian of the Tower, Lord Ronald is handicapped by an uncertainty as to quite elementary dates, which is not a little disconcerting. Thus on p. 35 he speaks of Anne Boleyn as having been executed in 1538 instead of 1536; on p. 106 the battle of St. Albans in which Somerset was slain is assigned to 1458 instead of 1455, and on the following page the battle of Hexham to 1471 instead of 1464. On p. 16 Henry VIII. is spoken of as signing a warrant which accompanied a letter dated August 22nd, 1550, and on p. 31 we are told that the sign manual of "Elizabeth's favourite, the unscrupulous Earl of Leicester," was probably cut by him "when he was in this tower in 1554," to which is immediately added the remark, "Four of his brothers were also imprisoned with him, all of whom were released on Mary's accession." Two pages later we read of John Dudley that "it was he who helped his father in his attempt to place Lady Jane Grey on the throne, and was imprisoned here until his death in 1554 in consequence." Thus we have a new date for Henry VIII.'s death, a new date for Mary's accession, and a choice of deliverances for John Dudley, who, as a matter of fact, was released ten days before his death. On p. 104 again, in narrating the murder of William de la Pole, in 1450, off the coast of Dover, Lord Ronald Gower asserts that the victim "had taken ship at Dover to cross to Calais," a most reasonable hypothesis, if we did not know as a fact that the ship had been taken at Ipswich, and that the destination it failed to reach was Flanders. Even in a sixpenny guide-book slips like these would be annoying, and the author has wronged both himself and his publishers in allowing them to disfigure a book so handsomely printed and illustrated. Such an account of the Tower and of its history to the close of the reign of Elizabeth as is here offered could not in any case have much value for students, but it is pleasantly written, and if elementary errors can be removed from it, may pass muster as an adequate accompaniment to the numerous and delightful illustrations which we may consider the main feature of the book. One of these is in colours—the picture of the Duc d'Orleans looking out of his prison window, which formed the frontispiece to M. Jusserand's "Literary History of the English People," and appears again facing the title of the book by Canon Benham and Mr. Welch noticed below. In the body of the book are upwards of forty photogravures and nearly a score of process blocks illustrating all the most picturesque parts of the Tower, and reproducing some fine portraits of its most famous occupants. A work so richly illustrated and on so interesting a subject is sure of a favourable reception in the booksellers' shops at Christmas time, and it is all the more to be regretted that its text should contain such curious slips.

(2) The "portfolio monograph" by Canon Benham and Mr. Welch on *Mediæval London* is another handsomely illustrated book, nine of the plates being reproductions of the principal parts of a large drawing of London, from Westminster to Greenwich, by Antonie van den Wyngaerde, a Flemish artist of whom very little is known, but who seems to have been in the service of Philip II. As the drawing shows St. Paul's with the spire which fell in 1561, it must have been made before that date, probably during the reign of Queen Mary. In 1849 Whittock published a much embellished engraving of it, but its reproduction in its original state is a notable addition to London cartography. Hardly less interesting are the eighteen plates from the series of drawings of Old London made by John Wykeham Archer between 1841 and 1850, while there are also four colour-plates from fifteenth century manuscripts, of no great topographical value, but very pretty to look at. The text of the book is of rather uneven quality, parts of it, notably those dealing with the City Guilds and London Bridge, showing special knowledge, while some of the rest is rather "scrappily" written, making us miss the light touch and gift of picturesque selection of Sir Walter Besant. But taking text and illustrations together, the new monograph makes an interesting book, and is a worthy addition to the fine series to which it belongs.

(3) We intend no disrespect to Professor Saintsbury's helpers in other volumes of the "Periods of European Literature" when we express our pleasure in finding him once more writing—this time on the *Earlier Renaissance*—in his own occasionally irritating, but ever buoyant and convincing style. To give a bird's-eye view in any degree worth having, of the literatures of Italy, France, England, Holland, and Germany, during a peculiarly difficult half century, needs immense width of reading, a most catholic taste, and a gift of rapid and well-proportioned narrative, such as few great readers possess. But tasks which would deter most students only exhilarate Mr. Saintsbury, and at the outset of his book he plunges happily into a hundred pages of disquisition on the Latin literature of the Renaissance, which now commands a yearly dwindling audience, but which he makes so interesting that for the next six months old booksellers will probably be surprised at the demand for the volumes they mostly find so unsaleable. From the Latinists Professor Saintsbury passes to Ariosto, thence to Rabelais and Calvin, thence again, after an attempt less successful than usual to cope with the dullness of English literature of this period, to Luther and Hans Sachs. And about all these extraordinarily diverse authors he writes with literary (as distinct from theological) sympathy and appreciation. In his treatment of the minor writers he is no less happy, and the whole book, rapid as its survey necessarily is, can hardly fail both to interest and to stimulate any reader who really cares for literature.

(4) *Finland as It is*, by Harry de Windt, is a by-product of the war in China. Military necessities caused the Russian authorities to refuse Mr. De Windt permission to take a

projected trip on the Trans-Siberian Railway, and a friendly Finn at his hotel persuaded him to come home through Finland. People and country proved so unexpectedly delightful that the fortnight's trip from St. Petersburg to Stockholm was expanded into a journalist's holiday, in the course of which Mr. De Windt visited most of the principal places in Finland, making his notes and the usual sketches and photographs. The resultant book is very good journalism, and, since it will be of use to future tourists and sportsmen (Finland is said to be the "poor angler's paradise"), quite worthy of preservation. On the Russification of Finland Mr. De Windt writes with the moderate and reticent criticism which, though its advisability is more evident to us in others than in ourselves, is at once the safest and the justest attitude for a foreigner. On the one hand he makes it clear, though by stray remarks rather than direct statement, that the Finns have been by no means careful of the feelings of the "predominant partner"; on the other he sets down plain facts which tell their own tale, and narrates, with due sympathy, the pathetic anxiety of the peasants in the Far North to add their signatures to the fruitless petition to the Tsar, though it involved travelling scores of miles over the snow at breakneck speed. Needless to say that (save for a few officers and a muddle-headed skipper) he found the Finns vehemently pro-Boer, despite their hereditary admiration for England. It is a difficult thing for a big boy to hit a little boy, though for the best reasons in the world, without a passing loss of reputation.

(5) Mr. T. C. Meath's *William McKinley* is an admirable little biography. After tracing his genealogy, the President's career is described graphically and sympathetically from the day at Antietam when, as commissary-sergeant, he gained his commission by galloping a waggon laden with hot coffee up to the firing line, to his tragic death at Buffalo. Mr. Meath now and again weakens his case by claiming admiration for very ordinary actions, as when he attributes McKinley's throwing himself into the local life of his district—the obvious thing for a young lawyer in America to do—to his "keen sense of public duty." But he brings out very well the salient features in the President's character, his promptitude, his readiness to take responsibility (a little less perceptible in the closing years of his life), and his high standard of honour. The book is well written and well arranged, and gives just the information which the average English reader will desire.

FICTION

Tales of Dunstable Weir. By "Zack." Methuen. 6s.—"Life is Life" is the inclusive criticism of all Zack's work. In these stories of the West Country it is not the dialect which lingers with us, nor the savour of the soil, neither the rustic humour nor surface idiosyncrasies, but stark human nature under shaping of the forces which make for life. Her studies are startling in their strength, from the stripping away of so many conventionalities which drape and disguise character in our more sophisticated world. In "Benjamin Parrot's Fancy" we have two men, in the narrow, arid village setting, subjected to the test of money in a vague, unformulated amount, to be won through gaining the stranger's approval. The temptation strikes at the vulnerable point in both natures. To the finer, more vibratory nature of Martin the acceptance of what he believes to be the invalid's will would bind him to the expiatory promise made above his dead, unloved wife, against the fulfilment of his duty to the loved, living woman. He dares the marriage, then grows hesitant over its concealment. The element of cunning in Zack's nature is tempted to its exercise in misleading words to the wavering Martin. In the last scene, as the life-sands of Benjamin Parrot are ebbing, tempter and tempted hear the sound which both take for the Passing Bell. It is the church clock giving the twelve strokes of midnight, but to one it sounds as the call to the judgment bar of God. Zack confesses "I drapped on my knees and hid my face afore Un." There is much quiet humour, not only in the ironic conclusion, but gathering about the group of villagers in the Red Lion Inn. At the window of the green-doored cottage over the way sits Belle Hart, patient in her denied love, proud in its delayed consummation. "I be a married woman Zack," is her statement of the straightening of all tangled threads. In "The Hall and He" the author departs from the conflict of the clinched finite will against compelling fate which made the grim tragedy of her earlier work, to give a subtle study of the influence of gentle blood on a lad alien through illegitimacy to his kindred of the Hall. The unnamed, unacknowledged child has the coarse food and rude life of a cottage home, but the brooding mother-love of its good mistress, whose heart is more tender to the estranged waif than to her own homely Jack. The boy, from his first glance at Miss Bet of the Hall, a child of his own age and sometimes his playmate, loves her with self-effacing ardour. In a midnight hour of deathly confession he learns that he is the son of Miss Elizabeth, so cousin to the little maiden of his dreams. The boy's fineness of fibre is betrayed through rough exterior, peasant ignorance, and uncouth speech. He wakens from his dreams to dare the world for his lady's sake. Beaten back again and again in abject failure, he returns at last, a wayfarer with the dust of the road upon him, to fulfil his promise of bringing her greeting on her birthday. One of his line, born in wedlock, stands at her side as her affianced husband. He—the unnamed among her guests—in his defeat of utter loss, proves his gentle blood by the grace of self-abnegation. Over the dead foster-mother, whose love had never failed, he accepts his part with her people, and nerves himself anew, this time to win only the work and wage of an honest man. The characterisation throughout is of convincing reality. Miss Bet, in her acceptance of the nameless boy's homage, is woman in her intuitive recognition of his gentle blood, but grand lady in her pitying condescension, which ignores the illusion of his impossible love. Eben, the foster-father, is a figure instinct with genius; "an aggravating, inventuous man" of simple, loving nature, but with a passion to have the handling, "if 'twas only for a moment, of the big, same maybe as fire, or water, or air"; a tinker of village clocks, who avows "There's a powerful lot of waste in the sun," and craves its management for a day. "For the land's sake don't meddle with thic," said mother, "for if so be 'twill never go regular again." Love for the lad makes the cottage house-wife clairvoyant in her knowledge of the wanderer's home-coming, and, while he is still far away, through the soundless night she hears his step and sees his face. In "The Sisters" is the baring of two woman hearts with hate between them for love of the child given and denied.

The Making of a Marchioness. By Frances Hodgson Burnet. Smith Elder. 6s.—The charming character of Emily Fox-Seton, afterwards Marchioness of Waldershurst, is a most delightful and effective answer to the plea commonly urged in defence of the modern habit of creating so many detestable characters—to wit, that the interest of virtue is played out, and only vice can supply new motives of stimulating fiction. There are some very wicked people in *The Making of a Marchioness*, but they serve merely as foils to the attractions of the unselfish Emily. And the ingenuities of the plots by which they endeavour to compass her death, are quite tedious in comparison with the delicate intricacies of Emily's pretty character and conduct. After all, Emily Fox-Seton is no romantic or out-of-the-way type of woman. One knows many women like her, only, one does not, in most cases, know the middle-aged Marquis who has the sense to recognise that they are the sort who make the best companions for a lifetime. Emily is a gentlewoman of good blood. Her friends and connections are big people with money, but she herself is quite shockingly poor. She has been a nursery-governess and a "companion," but having been left a few "hundreds," she manages to live independently in a bed-sitting-room in Mortimer Street for which she pays ten shillings a week. She ekes out her tiny means by doing odd jobs of general usefulness

for all her friends, receiving in return teas, luncheons, and sometimes clothes. Her most constant patron is Lady Maria Bayne, Lord Waldershurst's cousin. Lady Maria makes unscrupulous use of the willing Emily, and Emily only thinks Lady Maria is "so kind." But Lord Waldershurst, looking on, thinks that Lady Maria is kind only to Lady Maria. The story of the stay in the country house, where Emily organises the school feast, and especially the episode of the eight-miles walk to get fresh fruit for Lady Maria's dinner-party, are told with a fineness of feeling and touch worthy of Jane Austen. Unfortunately, there is a slight falling off in delicacy in the second part of the story. Mrs. Burnet makes the mistake of condescending occasionally to vulgarities of realism and cheap humour that go near to irreverence. And this is a pity, for the novel is so very original and so pleasantly entertaining that one would have liked it to be absolutely free from flaws.

The Black Mask. By E. W. Hornung. Grant Richards, 6s.—It would ill become a law-abiding paper to eulogise a quite unremorseful chronicle of burglary. Possibly, however. an individual critic, wearied of "subtle" and "searching" and "serious" fiction, may confess to finding an irresistible charm in these blithely irresponsible episodes of crime. A. J. Raffles is not unknown to the public, having appeared before them already as "The Amateur Cracksman," but *The Black Mask*, instead of sharing in the flatness of most sequels, is far more winning than its predecessor. Raffles and his faithful "Bunny" pass gaily through various disguises and adventures, all more or less delightful. Perhaps the least convincing story is the reminiscence of Raffles' Italian love-story, while "The Jubilee Present" is indubitably the masterpiece. That excellent bit of comedy sets us questioning whether the august lady ever received in reality an offering so brilliant as that whereby "A. J." "removed the reproach from his fraternity." There is a deeper note struck in the final sketch, "On the Knees of the Gods," but the transition from London byways to the red veldt is artistically made. And those to whom the incomparable Raffles has endeared himself will not grudge him a sigh on his gallant exit from his last part.

Edward the Exile. By Mary M. Davidson. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.—Miss Mary M. Davidson, who presents us with some really interesting historical notes, has chosen for hero Edward, one of the exiled sons of Edmund Ironsides, because, as she explains, "so little is known of his character and history that fancy could be freely exercised in inventing situations." The author has been moderate in the use of her prerogative ; we have not discovered a dramatic situation in the book. In compensation, the hero is taken to Sweden, Austria, Italy, Greece, Jerusalem, and so on, to the accompaniment of appropriate descriptions and reflections. *Edward the Exile* may in fact be commended as an excellent eleventh-century "personally-conducted" tour. We doubt whether a sense of humour is Miss Davidson's strong point : her story is dedicated to H.R.H. the Duchess of Cornwall and York, closes with a peroration on King Edward VII., and is throughout a glorification of the sacred and inalienable rights of primogeniture.

MAGAZINES

"The Government would do well to put into the hands of their friends the means of defending them, before they are once more confronted by a Liberal party under the command of a Liberal leader." This is the closing sentence of the first "editorial article" in the *Monthly Review*. It is very sound advice if the Government are able to follow it. But the *Monthly Review* itself supplies a reason for doubting whether this is the case. "The country," it says, "no longer believes that the Cabinet is a coherent body of men who know their own and each other's minds." Division in the Cabinet is so easy a way of accounting for Ministerial inaction that it is naturally a favourite piece of political diagnosis. But we are sometimes tempted to think that in this case it is something more, that the Cabinet is really pulled in different directions by its members, and that this is the explanation of its persistent silence on so many subjects on which it might reasonably have been expected to speak. Assume, for example, that Ministers are at issue upon the nature of the settlement after the war, and we can at once understand why one speaker after another so carefully limits himself to repeating that the war must be brought to an end. Mr. Garnett has an interesting paper on "The Contemporary Critic." But his argument is vitiated, to our thinking, by the theory that the function of criticism is to be simply a record of life—of its "vigorous expansion where growth is," but equally of "its decadence where decadence is." Mr. Lang maintains that crystal gazing "has yielded apparent traces of the existence of unexplored regions of human faculty." And Miss Cholmondeley in "The Pitfall" tells a striking story of the mischief that may be wrought by self-deceit.

The *Commonwealth* may justly claim to have done more than any other journal to bring out the various aspects of the controversy about the scarcity of candidates for Ordination. In the December number the symposium is brought to an end. Mr. Furse attributes the disinclination of young men to take Orders to the low estimate of the work of the Church which prevails in most English families. A boy has heard other callings habitually spoken of as "great professions, with great possibilities and great opportunities," but about Orders he has heard nothing, and so he comes to associate them "with the management of parochial teas, mothers' meetings, and bands of hope." Mr. Masterman would apply a revolutionary process to the existing severance between clerical and lay life. The clergy, he thinks, are too clerical. He would abolish the distinctive clerical dress and let daylight into many of the theological colleges. But before we do this we should like to have an explanation of why it is that the Anglican clergy "fail to command the respect for priests as priests given to the Church abroad." It is this that lies at the root of the whole matter, and till we are clear on this point all our talking about the scarcity of candidates will be wide of the mark. Is the fully ordained man a priest as the Prayer-book says, or is he only a minister, as Englishmen for the most part regard him? Mr. Marson accounts for the scarcity of candidates—as well as for every other evil—by the fact that the Church is established. We do not think this, but we do think that the parochial system has a good deal to answer for. Canon Scott Holland shows excellent reason for ceasing to embody our national ideal in the stout, elderly gentleman in a flowery waistcoat and top-boots who does historic duty as "John Bull." We should like, but for considerations of space, to quote his description of the change that has come over the appearance of Englishmen, whether in the street or in episcopal palaces since John Bull first captured the national imagination.

In the *National Review* Captain A. T. Mahan writes on the "Influence of the South African War upon the Prestige of the British Empire." A close examination of the military conduct of the campaign, as well as the political, has convinced Captain Mahan that our mistakes and mishaps have not, on the whole, been of a kind to endanger our prestige. Captain Mahan's opinion on a matter of this kind is valuable, and in this case comforting ; but to our thinking our future military prestige depends chiefly on our capacity for being instructed by success and misfortune alike, since nothing can be wholly unfortunate which supplies us with the means of reform. In an interesting article by the Hon. W. Pember Reeves the condition of the laws for excluding undesirables and aliens from Australasia is set forth and criticised. Mr. Reeves takes the common-sense view that, whilst it is cruel and unjust as well as impolitic to exclude any one race from assisting in the colonisation of a new country, it is important to exclude all immigrants, of whatever nationality, who by reason of disease or incapacity would become a danger and a burden to the country. Mr. Asquith writes on "Biography," and General Sir Charles Warren contributes some admirable notes on military discipline, in which he indicates the direction which he thinks the remodelling of our drill system should take.

M. de Bloch, who writes in the *Contemporary Review* also on the subject of military prestige, takes a different view from that of Captain Mahan. M. de Bloch thinks we have suffered seriously in this campaign, and that our only chance for the future is the entire reorganisation of the Army, and the refusal to "sacrifice Imperial interests to caste privileges." These opposite views come in the end to the simple truth that we must learn, and that we must be alert and willing to learn. Mr. F. S. A. Lowndes writes on "Journalism for University Men," and sets forth the likely stages of a journalist's career. But we doubt the wisdom of his advice, that University men should start as reporters. Few editorial posts are filled by men who have been reporters, and the value of this article is weakened by the author's failure to separate the two sharply defined departments of journalism—the reporters and sub-editors on the one hand, and the editors and critics on the other. Canon Hensley Henson makes a "plea for the recognition of non-episcopal churches," an interesting article, in which, however, the one difficulty—well-nigh insuperable—of re-ordination is not completely grappled with. The question is best illustrated in the case of Anglicans and Presbyterians, closely connected in matters of doctrine and even of Church government, but severely divided by the fact that the clergy of each communion believe absolutely in the validity of their own orders. On one side or the other an act of spiritual rejection is demanded, and we cannot see the faintest sign that it is likely to be conceded by either.

Of the interesting notes of a brief visit to America which Sir Wemyss Reid contributes to the *Nineteenth Century and After*, the most important, of course, is that "message" from an eminent member of the President's Cabinet—presumably Mr. Hay—which the *Times'* correspondent has made haste to declare to be no "message" at all. However that may be—and it is inconceivable to us, either that Sir Wemyss Reid could have violated the Secretary's confidence, or that the latter could have regarded such a statement as confidential—the message shows that the American Government has repaid the good service we did her during the war with Spain. She has been constantly invited (unofficially) to head an anti-English coalition to stop the war in South Africa, and has consistently declined to do so; but her Government deplores the loss entailed on the cause of civilisation by the temporary effacement of England, and would gladly see us make an effort to get the Boers to discuss terms. That is the "message," and a considerable section of the English people has already taken it to heart. Mr. W. H. Mallock has been converted to the new theory of the so-called "biliteral cypher" in the First Folio of Shakespeare—a cypher, be it understood, which was certainly described by Bacon, and is concerned purely with typographic, and not with literary, composition. He shows that it would be easy to print poems, from Wordsworth and Milton so as to enclose cryptograms, and sets forth the startling information about Bacon's parentage and life which Mrs. Gallup believes herself to have unravelled from its concealment in the First Folio, the "New Atlantis," and elsewhere. Finally, Sir Henry Meysey-Thompson pleads for light-weight soldiers to finish the South African War, in which the unfortunate horses of our mounted infantry have, apparently, to carry some thirty stone on an average. The number is full of interest, but space forbids us to particularise further.

In the *Fortnightly Review* Sir Charles Dilke suggests a force of "counter-guerillas" for South Africa on the model of that adopted by the French in Mexico, where it failed, not from the nature of the country—which was like South Africa in many ways, only larger and more difficult—but from want of effective support. "Calchas" tells us—what surely was clear already—that German hostility to us is deep-seated and abiding, and adds that the only way to meet it is by alliance with Russia, but that a Continental coalition against England is both probable and dangerous. We think he exaggerates the danger. "From Passau to Peking," he tells us, "the whole political world is liable to pass into a state of flux." If so, can any anti-English coalition last long? Still, modern wars are short. Mr. Sydney Brooks's attack on the Monroe doctrine is vitiated by the tacit presupposition that the Italians and Germans who will one day colonise South America will desire to retain a political tie with their respective Fatherlands. We can but mention an interesting article by Mr. Stephen Gwynn, on "The Irish Literary Theatre and its Affinities," and the conclusion of Mr. H. G. Wells's "anticipations"—this month of the future ethical and religious creed of the world.

The *New Liberal Review* is not strong at present on its political side; perhaps it has been waiting, like most of us, for the meeting of the National Liberal Federation and for Lord Rosebery's speech. Of the miscellaneous articles President Roosevelt's, which appears to be an address to a Young Men's Association, is a plain and forcible statement of the necessary elements of good citizenship. Mr. Israel Zangwill's impassioned vindication of Zionism throws light incidentally on the failure of the Hirsch colonies and on the means taken to keep those in Palestine to their agricultural function. Mr. Yoxall commends the Duke of Devonshire's attitude on the education question—with more or less of sarcasm, but the point is that the public is worse than the Duke; and Mr. Alfred Kinnear contributes an abundance of exciting stories of his journalistic experiences. The *Review* is excellent as light reading, but its political element is not at present considerable.

The *Empire Review* shines this month by its varied information rather than by any one feature of special brilliancy. There is an instructive, though elementary, article on the Indian Army, and an interesting outline of a scheme by which persons whose lives are uninsurable may legitimately get themselves insured. "As Others See Us" is a valuable account of French and American criticism on us, but German Anglophobia is strangely omitted. It is curious to learn, however, that we may expect a scramble for Liberia.

Blackwood.—Linesman's "Day" in this month's *Blackwood* is one more of the vivid scenes from the war, of which he says "its most striking feature seems to be its monotony of variety," a phrase whose truth "Linesman's" own articles amply support. The writer once again gives his testimony to the worth of the Boer, whose character, says he, "is a strangely-cut diamond, with so many facets of pure water and so many of pure dross and flaws that the expert has yet to live who can value it." The statement exhibiting "The Moral and Material Progress and Condition of India during the Years 1899-1900," recently ordered to be printed by the House of Commons, is the text of an interesting paper on the state of India. The writer indicates some of the flaws in our administration of the Empire, most of which he considers to be partly due to an insufficient regard having usually been paid to native opinion and native experience. Professor Alexander Michie contributes an able paper on Li Hung Chang as man and statesman; he reviews in it the salient features of the statesman's career, of which not the least remarkable was his indomitable industry, unparalleled by the labours of European officials. The writer of the "Musings without Method" reviews in noble words the pageants, sad and glad, which during the past two years have signified the revival in the English nation of the love of processions. The fact that we are a little out of practice is responsible for the rather obvious lack of artistic success in the display, but time may mend that. A new edition of Hazlitt has evoked a fascinating character of the essayist, and an interesting comparison between him and Johnson—both essentially English and unique in the world's literature. Upon another new edition—Mr. Murray's last volume of Byron's letters—Mr. G. S. Street comments in a delightful essay supplementary to an earlier one.

Macmillan.—The "Art of Friendship," according to J. G. L., in *Macmillan's Magazine*, is dead, or at the best decadent. True, the writer shelters his opinion behind the person of a hypothetical pessimist, but it is obvious that the two are for the moment identical. Many are the causes for the decay of the art, and chief among them as regards men, and besides the utilitarian principle which requires of the modern friend that he shall advance our prospects rather than "open our heart," as Bacon would have him do—chief among them are

the post-card, the telephone, and the telegraph, which by cutting off as it were the graces of intercourse by the necessity for brevity, reduce it to the baldest terms. The immense utility of the Ethnographical Survey, which under Lord Curzon's surveillance is for the first time about to be made of the whole of India, and the difficulties in the way of the surveillors, are dwelt upon in an able article by Mr. F. H. Brown. Mr. Minchin contributes an appreciation of Johnson as a poet and among poets, to which he prefixes a pleasant vision of the lexicographer himself.

The *Cornhill* includes a paper which must feel thoroughly at home within its covers, namely, General Grant Wilson's Recollections of Thackeray's First Visit to the United States. It is illustrated by several of Thackeray's drawings and includes some delightfully characteristic letters. Mr. C. J. Cornish contrasts the old and the new prodigal, on the whole, rather to the advantage of the former, who, beginning young, left himself time to reform, whereas the latter starts at an age when he ought to, and probably does, know better, and, until he is found out, enjoys both his extravagance and a reputation for prudence.

Longman's.—Based partly on Fielding's novels, partly on various memoirs, Mr. Paston has made a study of the lot of the felon in "the golden age of felony, the eighteenth century." Forgery, highway robbery, and shoplifting were the most prevalent crimes of the time; the two first directly traceable to the social life of the day, the latter a comparatively easy and secure way of getting a livelihood. Miss C. Fell Smith reproduces some interesting love letters from John Russell to his lady, and afterwards wife, Frances Cromwell, whose other love affairs are also told, to wit her flirtation so promptly arrested by the Lord Protector, with Jerry White and her courtship by and marriage with Robert Rich. A short paper on the "Letters of Lady Louisa Stuart to Miss Clinton" give a sketch of the writer of them sufficiently attractive to send many readers to the book.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE E.C.U. AND ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

SIR,—I have received more than one letter asking for particulars of a meeting held at Brighton last Thursday, which was imperfectly reported in the *Times*. The fact that a meeting of the English Church Union declined to adopt the resolution proposed by Mr. Holliday, which agreed in substance with one of those adopted by a Committee of Convocation, is perhaps of sufficient public interest to justify a brief re-statement of my argument.

The resolution ran :—

"That in any settlement of the education question it is necessary to make provision in every public elementary school that definite religious instruction, in accordance with the belief of the parents, be given to the children, opportunity for such instruction being secured to them by statute."

Against this I made two points, a point of fact and a point of practice.

The point of fact. Of "Public Elementary Schools," so called by law, there are two classes differing essentially in character. Those of one class, "public" in reality as well as in name, are provided and governed by a public authority, founded and maintained from public funds. They are now called Board schools, but in view of future possibilities, and to avoid certain associations, I will call them by the convenient American title of *common schools*. These schools are common, belonging to the community. All members of the community have equal rights in them. Therefore all members of the community who believe definite religious teaching of any kind to be necessary for a wholesome and complete education, have an equitable claim to use these schools for giving such instruction, so far as that use may consist with the rights of others.

Of the second class are those schools which though legally called "public," are in fact nothing of the kind. The title is in their case a misnomer. They are essentially private institutions. I believe all Roman Catholic schools are such; and, as Lady Carlisle not long since reminded us, many rural schools belong absolutely to the person on whose land they are built. Others are held in private trust. The owners of these private schools use them for purveying an article required by a Government Department, namely, secular education. When you get down to the bed-rock of fact, they are, in the present state of the law, contractors to the Board of Education. They do the work; and when it is efficiently done the Board of Education pays for it. What is paid is, in fact, rather less than cost price, so that the managers of such schools, for reasons satisfactory to themselves, carry on the business of Government purveyors at a loss. That circumstance, however, is immaterial; the essential facts of the situation would remain if the payment equalled the cost, or even if—which no one desires—it yielded a profit.

This transaction being thus completed, I maintain that no one has any equitable claim to any further use of the school-buildings; in particular, no one can claim their use for religious instruction other than that which the managers provide.

Two arguments to the contrary are alleged :—

(1) The schools are supported by grants from public funds; therefore the public has a claim on them. I reply that the payment from the public funds is for work done, and can set up no further obligation. If I pay a hatter for a hat I do not set up any further claim to use his premises. When the Admiralty pays Thorneycroft's for a destroyer it does not purchase the general run of the works.

(2) In many cases these schools are the only schools available, and parents are compelled to send their children to them. Therefore the parents have a right to secure in them such religious instruction as they desire; otherwise consciences are violated. I grant the grievance entirely; but the remedy proposed is not the right one. It does not cover the whole ground, for parents ought not to be compelled to send their children to any privately managed school at all. The true remedy is not the invasion of private schools, but the provision of common schools wherever needed.

Now for the point of practice. Is it fair, when a school has been furnished from private sources for the exclusive cultivation of a particular religious character, to compel the owners to admit religious teaching of another character? I suppose Lady Carlisle would object to the teaching of the Catechism in her school. I do not know that; but I will put an extreme case. Suppose a man who believes all teaching of Christian doctrine to be harmful; who has spent much money and pains in establishing a school after his own heart; who satisfies some parents, and satisfies the Board of Education by giving thoroughly efficient secular instruction. Is it fair to compel him to admit the teaching of the Catechism? Is it fair to make that a condition of paying him for the secular instruction given? Now apply the question to our Church schools. Mr. Wainwright says plainly that he would decline payment on such a condition. He would try to carry on the schools at London Docks without it. If that were impossible, he would rather close them than allow them to be used for the teaching of false doctrine. All would not be of his mind; but I venture to assert that the law proposed would destroy every effective motive for maintaining Church schools at all. If we secure the right of using the common schools at reasonable times for teaching Christian doctrine, what motive remains for keeping up separate Church schools? One only motive: the desire to have a school which shall not only admit the teaching of Christian doctrine, but shall be permeated through and through and exclusively with a Christian character. But that will be impossible, if we are compelled to admit the specific teaching of all kinds of doctrine. The only respectable motive for keeping up Church schools will be gone.

I have lately given in your columns a sketch of the Ontario school system. I believe we might well adopt at once, not, indeed, the finance of that system, which is unsuited to English conditions, but its essential principles. I will suppose the local education authority of the future to be the County Council. Give the Council power to establish a common school wherever there is a demand, arising from whatever cause. Give private persons equal freedom to retain or to establish private schools wherever there is any demand. Let the Board of Education pay all schools alike a reasonable price for work efficiently done, and let the standard of efficiency be set as high as possible. Let the Councils in their common schools concern themselves only with secular instruction; but enable private persons at their own cost to arrange in these schools for such religious teaching as is needed. Let the managers of private schools give at their own cost such religious teaching as they think right.

Under such conditions I should expect the conversion into common schools of many which are now nominally Church schools, but the religious character of which is minimised in order to avoid friction or to conciliate support. That would be no loss. Elsewhere the managers of private schools might by negotiation with the County Council make arrangements for supplying all needs. In other places, again, there would be Church schools of the most definite character. There would be a uniform law, but an elastic administration.

Madingley, December 2nd. T. A. LACEY.

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Heroes and Hero Worship, by Thomas Carlyle : Ginn and Co. 2s. 6d.

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King Edward's Cookery Book, by Florence A. George : Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.

Home Thoughts, by Mrs. James Early Cox : Gay and Bird.

Thoughts from the Letters of Petrarch, selected and translated by J. Lohse : Dent. 2s. 6d.

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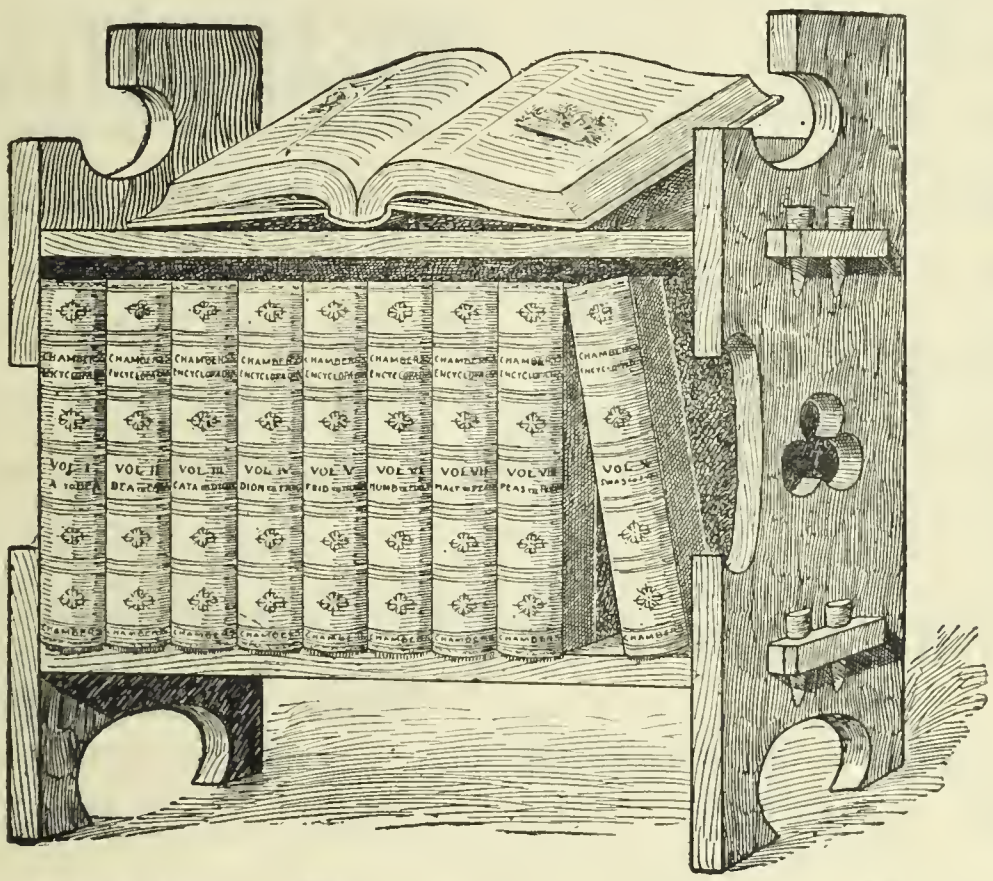

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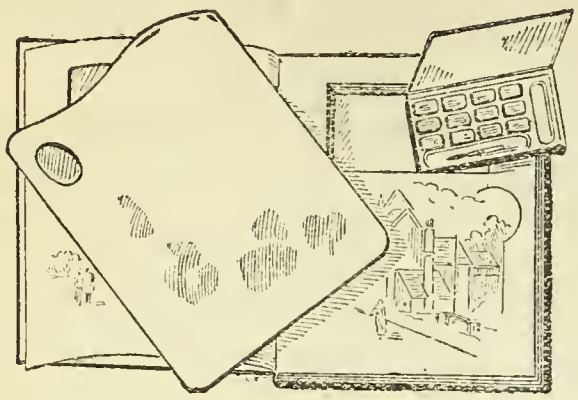

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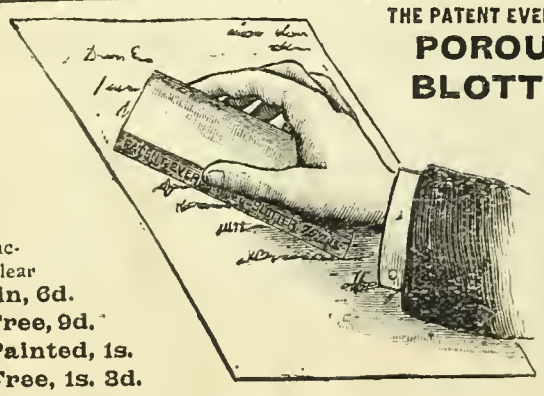

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THE WEEK

Home

Sir Edward Grey sees the difficulty that awaits us in resettling the Transvaal, but he does not as yet see the way out of it. In the Orange River Colony, he said at Bristol on Wednesday, there will be no difficulty on the score of nationality. The inhabitants are mainly Dutch, and whenever the Colony gets representative government, the legislature and the executive will be Dutch. But in the Transvaal, "when the population returns to its normal state, the Boers will undoubtedly be outvoted by the British"; and this being so, "we need not expect that the offer of Colonial self-government will act as a charm." In point of fact it will not be self-government at all, any more than there would be self-government in Canada if the French and the English provinces were lumped together. Sir Edward Grey says quite rightly that we cannot give the Boers more than their numbers entitle them to, and if the two races were inextricably mixed up as they are in Cape Colony, the problem would be insoluble. But in the Transvaal we can give Boers and British alike what their numbers entitle them to, and yet give it in a way which will ensure real self-government to each. The division of the Transvaal and the Rand into two colonies, each with its own legislature and its own executive, would put both into the position of the Orange River Colony.

Mr. Brodrick is reported by the *Daily Mail* to have said at Glasgow that "these bandits would before long arrive at a crisis when they could not be treated as belligerents." "These bandits" is unfortunately a term of doubtful meaning. It may, and we believe does, stand for those who commit, or order, or sanction, or do not do all in their power to prevent, such atrocities as those described in his speech, and, if so, everyone will agree with Mr. Brodrick. When the evildoers are caught in the act, or caught afterwards and their guilt proved, the hangman's rope is their proper portion. But some of the commentators on Mr. Brodrick's speech appear to infer that a time is coming when the Boers still in arms will no longer be treated as belligerents—a step which can only be justified on the theory that atrocities committed by a few, and not ordered or sanctioned by the recognised commanders, are sufficient to deprive the whole force of its belligerent character. We do not for a moment believe that this is what Mr. Brodrick means, or think it in the least probable that Generals De Wet or Botha, if Lord Kitchener captures them, will be either hanged or shot. But when some of the supporters of the Government in the press are ready to welcome anything in the way of greater severity in the conduct of the war, it is well for Ministers to be very careful in the choice and collocation of their words. In reference to the concentration camps, Mr. Brodrick's statement was complete and satisfactory. The camps are to be redistributed into smaller aggregations, the numbers in each camp are to be reduced, and more permanent shelters are to be established on the coast. We have never doubted that when once the Government realised the facts they would recognise the urgent need of dealing with them. Happily, those among their supporters who have maintained that the camps were a series of little heavens below have not been able to persuade Ministers that neither inquiry nor change was needed.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's chief function at present is to supply material for Ministerial attacks. At Exeter on Tuesday Mr. Wyndham considered him in three aspects—as the assailant of martial law in Cape Colony, as the inventor of the phrase "methods of barbarism," as the advocate of Lord Milner's recall and of a fresh offer of terms of peace. On the last of these points we agree with Mr. Wyndham. To recall Lord Milner now would probably "be understood

in South Africa and in Europe as the supersession of the policy of annexation." That this is true is largely the result of the want of judgment shown by some Liberal politicians. In their eyes and on their lips Lord Milner has become something more than the representative of the Imperial Government charged with carrying out their instructions, and only responsible for the fidelity with which this duty is discharged. Were he only known in this—his true—character he might be recalled like any other agent without giving rise to any misapprehensions. As it is, he has been so identified with the policy of annexation that the Government could not now recall him without giving colour to the idea that they were seeking for some way of going behind their own declarations. The same thing may be said of a fresh offer of terms of peace. The irreducible demands on each side are known. They are annexation and independence. Until we give up the one or the Boers give up the other, there is nothing for it but to go on fighting.

The proclamation of martial law in Cape Colony is open to the criticisms which Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has passed on it. What they come to, however, is little more than this—that the medicine is very nasty and, in some of its consequences, very dangerous. But all this may be admitted, and yet the medicine be the only one that can give the patient a chance of recovery. Whether it is so in this particular instance we do not know. That, with much else, will form a proper subject of inquiry when the war is over. But for the present we see no way of challenging the decision of the authorities on the spot. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had been in office, and Lord Kitchener had told him that the proclamation of martial law in Cape Colony was essential to the proper conduct of the war, he would have done what the present Government have done. Even if the step should be found to be illegal, it would only be a case for an act of indemnity. Much the same thing may be said as regards "methods of barbarism." That is essentially a question-begging phrase. Doubtless it is a barbarous thing to burn a man's farm, but if the end in view is adequate, and reasonably certain of attainment, it may also be the most merciful thing to do. The real fault of the farm-burning policy is not that it was barbarous, but that it was stupid. As in the case of the banishment proclamations, those who ordered it ought to have seen that it was far more likely to make the Boers desperate than to induce them to lay down their arms. The "landless man" has always been the natural recruit for such a warfare as that which is going on in South Africa. He has nothing to lose, and hidden in the future there may be something for him to gain. It is only one example of a mistake which the Government have committed throughout the war. They evolved an imaginary Dutchman out of their own consciousness, and then proceeded to fight him. Unfortunately, he has not corresponded in one single particular to the picture drawn of him in Downing Street or Pall Mall.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's speech on the same day at Dumferline reads like a demonstration offered to Lord Rosebery that if he hopes to lead a united Liberal party he is reckoning without one at least of his hosts. Sir Henry admitted, indeed, that "certain of the Boers had a reluctance to accept anything but the complete independence of a separate State," but he declared his firm belief that they "would be content with something very much less." That there is possible gain to be looked for from a clear declaration on the part of the Government that the settlement after the war will be one which will enable the Boers to "continue their own life in the way in which they have led it before" we have said again and again. But we cannot agree with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that this announcement ought to be embodied in a fresh offer of terms. There will be no peace until the Boers recognise that independence is a thing impossible, and the natural evidence of this recognition is a proposal of negotiation coming from their side and resting on this understanding. But the more clearly they realise that in their new position their local freedom will not be interfered with, and that they will not be forced by any Government action into local association with English settlers, the less hateful such a peace is likely to become to them. So soon, therefore, as they make the necessary advances —so soon, that is, as they admit that they are defeated—they should be given ample assurance on this head, and while awaiting such an advance on their part, every opportunity might well be taken to describe the ultimate settlement in terms which will convey this assurance to any of them that choose to listen. What all reasonable men, whether Unionists or Liberals, ought now to have chiefly in mind is the creation of a right conception of the principles on which the re-settlement of South Africa should be based.

A proclamation issued in a supplement to Tuesday's *Gazette* fixes the date of the King's Coronation for Thursday, June 26th. The details of the procession which will take place on Wednesday, June 25th, are still under consideration, but it is understood that what is known as the Holborn route to the City will be taken, and the return made through South London. In the *Daily Chronicle* of Thursday it was rumoured that a river pageant was being considered as a possible addition to the ceremonies. We hope that this rumour has some more solid foundation than the desire of the person who set it afloat, for a procession on the Thames would be a most admirable and dignified way of adding to the splendour of an historic occasion. No doubt there would be many difficulties, but the advantages of the plan are conspicuous. If a return from London Bridge to Westminster were made by the river it could be witnessed by hundreds of thousands who could only hope otherwise to have a momentary peep at the passage of a street procession. Probably no other country would think of neglecting on such an occasion the opportunities offered by the situation of its capital on a noble river, and as the Thames has had its part in so many historic scenes of the past, one would like, for sentimental as well as practical reasons, to see it again honoured at the Coronation of Edward VII.

The retirement of Sir William White from the post of Director of Naval Construction to the Admiralty on the ground of ill-health brought to its close a career of arduous and honourable service to the country. This position, although not a conspicuous one from the public point of view, is among the most important of the influences which determine or control the efficiency of our naval power, and upon the knowledge and

experience of the man who fills it depend issues of the gravest moment. It is hardly a coincidence that both Sir William White and Mr. Phillip Watts, who succeeds him, began their careers at the Admiralty, left it to fill the post of Chief Naval Architect to the Armstrong Company at Elswick, and returned to the Admiralty to take charge of naval construction. There is no better training school in naval construction than the Armstrong Company, which has probably a larger and more comprehensive experience of warship building than any other company in the world. In a matter of this kind it is of first importance that a man should have every opportunity of putting his theories to the test, and of observing the results obtained by different lines of procedure. It is true of naval constructors, as of other scientific craftsmen, that, other things being equal, the best man is he who has had the widest experience. The British fleet of to-day is a magnificent monument of Sir William White's wisdom and skill. Doubtless, if Mr. Watts's term of service extends for many years, the fleet will undergo further changes in character and principles of construction ; it is almost inevitable, because the science is yet in a state of growth. But no future developments will rob Sir William White of the credit of having kept abreast of the most enlightened practice of his own time.

The report of the Parliamentary Committee on the Employment of School Children was issued on Saturday. It is a thoroughly practical document, based on elaborate and exhaustive inquiry. The committee sat to hear evidence on twenty-seven days and examined 128 witnesses, with the result that they have come to a very decided opinion that some change is urgently needed in the conditions which at present govern the employment of school children. They recommend that County and Borough Councils shall be granted the power to make bye-laws which shall regulate the employment of children without altogether forbidding it. It is certainly better to recognise frankly that among the very poor children are often forced to earn money in one way or another, than to attempt a prohibition which would be largely and inevitably disregarded. But the Committee do recommend a general and universal prohibition against night labour and of labour manifestly injurious to health. They also make one or two suggestions of a general character, somewhat outside the formal limit of the inquiry, but still so important as to justify their being included in the report. The chief of these relates to the absence of adequate means of physical recreation for children in large towns. Local authorities too often think that when they have provided a prim "park," with notice-boards warning people to keep on hard gravel paths, or have enclosed some dark asphalted corner, erected a few gallows-like structures, and labelled it "playground," they have done their duty in this respect. The result is that children prefer the streets.

This week's news from South Africa, although not exciting, is the most satisfactory that we have had for a long time. The only unsatisfactory thing is that De Wet has succeeded in collecting a formidable force in the neighbourhood of Heilbron, where he is said to be in command of 2,000 men. He has so far, however, not succeeded in doing any damage, although we gather that Kitchener's Fighting Scouts had a narrow escape early in the week, being relieved by Colonel Rimington just in time. On the other hand, we have scored two successes, one in the Transvaal, and one in the Orange River Colony. Two commandos have been captured by General Bruce-Hamilton and Colonel Mackenzie respectively, while Lord Methuen has also made important captures. Lord Kitchener's figures for the week are larger than they have been for a long time—31 killed, 17 wounded, 352 prisoners, and 35 surrenders. Perhaps the best news of all is that the line of blockhouses has now been completed across the Free State, and Lord Kitchener reports that he is "now able for the first time to carry out systematic and continuous operations in the vicinity of Ermelo, Bethel, and Carolina." We ought now to see some solid result from the establishment of blockhouses.

Foreign

Our relations with France have been so seriously strained of late years that it is encouraging to find that a general Anglo-French treaty of arbitration can be even spoken of as possible. Such a treaty, however, has been energetically advocated by Mr. Barclay, the President of the English Chamber of Commerce in Paris, and formed the chief topic of the speech of Sir Edmund Monson at the dinner of the Chamber on Tuesday last. Of course, the British Ambassador had to say that the time was not yet ripe ; and, not unnaturally, it is maintained in Paris that the Gallophobia of England is more intense than the Anglophobia of France. Still, apart from the professional hatred of sensational journalists and enthusiasts for expansion, and the occasional misadventures of more responsible persons, the hostility does not count for much. England is France's best customer, and, as M. Seignobos, the well-known scientific historian, has just pointed out in a pamphlet, the French electorate has always been, collectively, for peace. It threw over Gambetta in 1871 because he wished to continue the struggle against Germany ; it revolted against the reactionaries of 1877 because it feared a war for the restoration of the Temporal Power (M. Seignobos must take the responsibility for this unqualified statement) ; it rebelled against Jules Ferry when there was disaster in Tonkin ; and M. Delcassé's political career continues in spite of Fashoda.

The debate on the Budget in the French Chamber has been chiefly noteworthy for the speech in which M. Caillaux, the Minister of Finance, has endeavoured to dispel the apprehension felt at the deficit and to emphasise the financial services of the present legislature. Three-fifths of the deficit, he argued, was due to the provision made for the redemption of debt ; other countries are in a worse position—even Holland has a deficit, and Italy alone shows a surplus among all the great Powers of Europe ; and deficits, generally, prove merely that taxation has been remitted—so that they can be met when they must. It is true, of course, that the present deficit is largely due to the reform of taxation on "hygienic" (but alcoholic) beverages, which previous legislatures had discussed in vain, and that it is partly the result of the sugar bounties, which are shortly to be dealt with, as M. Caillaux announced, by another international conference in Brussels. Doubtless, too, other nations are in a far worse position financially than France. Yet M. Caillaux had to conclude with an emphatic warning against

the danger of increasing expenditure in a country with a stationary population and the largest debt per head in Europe. Unfortunately, the means favoured by the Senate for stimulating population include some form of reward to fathers of families, which will involve considerable expense if undertaken on a large scale; and M. Caillaux's method of meeting deficits in the immediate future seems to be merely to issue Treasury bonds. The final form of the Budget remains obscure. The only safe prediction is that the estimates for public worship will be reinstated. But a good deal has been said by the Socialists in the Chamber as to the necessity for a general income-tax Bill—which has never yet been devised in an acceptable form in France—and the Nationalists have joined in the cry.

The German Reichstag adjourned on Thursday for the Christmas recess, after accepting, in principle, the Tariff Bill, and referring it to a Committee of twenty-eight members, which will be engaged upon it till some time next summer. Meanwhile, the usual organ of the Russian Minister of Finance has intimated that, if Germany intends to pursue a "purely egoistic" national policy—which is, admittedly, within her competence—Russia may do so likewise; in short, that if Russian cereals are shut out of Germany, German manufactures and machinery may be dispensed with in Russia. And, as one of M. Witte's chief objects is to build up great Russian industries, there can be little doubt that he will be glad of the opportunity to secure them from the competition of their most dangerous competitor. Austria and Hungary, again, are quite ready to protect their own infant (or adolescent) industries, jointly or separately, against German competition; while Italy, under her present rulers, is much less inclined to look towards Germany than towards France. It is not surprising that a prominent Viennese paper of independent views questions whether, under these circumstances, the Triple Alliance is likely to be renewed.

Meanwhile, the German Government has made itself responsible for the anti-Polish policy of Prussia. The Chancellor's reply to Prince Radziwill's interpellation in the Reichstag on Wednesday was absolutely uncompromising. The domestic policy of Prussia, he said, was purely a matter for the Prussian Government. The incident (which, according to semi-official explanations, has been very much exaggerated) had not disturbed the harmony between the German Government and its neighbours, and he himself would continue to do his duty in preventing German nationality in Prussian Poland from being "crushed." Unfortunately, the Chancellor falls into the usual mistake of thinking that popular feeling does not matter so long as statesmen agree. But the fact that a few cuts with a cane can be exaggerated by the Austrian Press into "sanguinary punishment," shows that there is plenty of anti-Prussian sentiment even among the Austrian Germans; the Austrian Poles have often been the dominant section of Ministerial majorities; the anti-German demonstrations have been repeated in Lemberg, and have found expression in substantial subscriptions for the relief of the families of the imprisoned Poles—which means a good deal in Austria. As to Russia, not merely has the Wreschen episode tended to make the Russian Poles more contented with their lot; but, as certain professions in Russia are full of Poles—notably engineering, journalism, literature, and the stage—the anti-German sentiment has efficient means of diffusion; and the soil will have been excellently prepared for it by the coming tariff dispute.

On Monday the Austrian Premier gave the Reichsrath the first clear and authoritative intimation of the fate that awaits it if the "provisional Budget" is delayed. The Czechs, he said, had charged him with partiality; but the Ministry was independent of party, and must remain so if it is to restore domestic peace. If his final appeal to the good sense of the Reichsrath was not successful he would recommend the Crown to dissolve it, and even to dissolve again and again until a satisfactory legislature was obtained. If necessary, he would not shrink from suspending the Constitution in the interest of the State: he would avoid such a step if he could, but its avoidance must depend ultimately upon the members themselves. This appeal, which made a considerable impression, came rather unexpectedly, inasmuch as the Chamber had got rid of the obstructive "motions of urgency" which have been blocking the discussion of the Budget ever since the Session began, and settled down to the discussion of the "provisional Budget," or three months' vote on account, which has been necessitated by the delay. The *Times* Vienna correspondent, indeed, says that the warning was intended to prepare the House to vote the increase in the military estimates which the War Office declares indispensable. Such an increase, however, will certainly have a reflex effect in embittering the *Ausgleich* debate. Moreover, on Friday of last week the motion demanding the establishment of a Slovene University was dealt with, and the rival nationalities worked themselves into a frenzy: what will they do when the much more exciting question of a Czech University at Brünn comes before the House? Moreover, if the vote on account is not passed by Christmas, the money must be raised by the Executive, under the "emergency clause" of the Constitution. But that can hardly be done decorously unless the Reichsrath is first prorogued *sine die* or dissolved. Repeated dissolutions, too, can only return a "satisfactory Reichsrath"—that is, a Reichsrath freed from rampant Nationalists—by some unimaginable reconstruction of the electoral law. And the suspension of the Constitution, it has been remarked with truth, would at once disintegrate the political structure called Austria.

The success of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in the United States Senate seems assured. The Pacific railway interests, of course, will do their best to hinder it; but the States through which the Southern Pacific passes expect to derive so much benefit from the canal that it may be difficult to get their representatives to fall in with the company's views. The extreme Jingoes, too, are said to hold that the provisions for the control of the canal are inadequate. But the opponents are not enough to spoil the necessary two-thirds majority. Contrary to expectation, Nicaragua has shown herself ready to come to terms, and has agreed, if the treaty is ratified, to lease a strip of land six miles wide in perpetuity to the United States for the construction of the canal. Costa Rica is said to be ready to do likewise.

The danger of a war between Chili and Argentina over the alleged encroachments by the former on the disputed territory in Patagonia has seemed to be very considerable this week; and it seems hardly likely that the petition by the English residents in Argentina—even though they represent 240 millions sterling of British capital—requesting King Edward VII. to expedite the arbitration, will reach England in time to stop the conflict, if there is to be one. In Chili there is said to be a strong Jingo feeling, but matters have reached the stage where each disputant charges the other with wanton provocation, which is always a bad sign. Chili, however, has officially given assurances of her pacific intentions; and Argentina stocks are higher than during the last war scare. Probably it is remembered that Argentina has always done her best, under great difficulties, to fulfil her obligations, and has eventually done so; and, still more, that her need for additional capital makes it absolutely imperative for her to keep faith with her present creditors if she can.

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The Pilot

Saturday, December 14, 1901

LORD ROSEBERY

(Communicated)

Lord Rosebery has had bad times; more especially, he has known what it is to have a "bad press"; but he can say that no promised speech was ever awaited in our day with a curiosity so general, so vivacious, so long-sustained, as that which he is to deliver on Monday. All parties look to it with the liveliest interest—the Liberal Imperialists because they feel the want of definitions, of boundaries; the Radicals because they would have him more clearly with them or against them; the Ministerialists because they remember that once or twice before, in confused times, Lord Rosebery came out with a high unpartisan-like speech which settled the confusion, thereby earning more credit for himself than could be claimed by anybody else. On this occasion there is a large number of men who, while they are as much concerned about the great affairs of the day as any member of the Government or the Opposition, are more or less out of tune with all the organised parties. Unequal to the impracticable virtue of the Radicals, doubtful if the Imperialist Liberals have followed their own meanings to an end, and clear that the Ministerialists are rather devotees of persons than of opinions or principles, these outsiders form a very considerable fourth party; and they, too, are curiously expectant of Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech. And it would not surprise us if this unorganised fourth party finds more satisfaction in what he has to say than any other.

As we understand the matter and him, there was truth, and truth of public importance, in Lord Rosebery's account of himself as standing alone. For aught that we know to the contrary, he has various reasons for thinking himself in that position; but supposing a dozen such, the greatest of all, we believe, is that no man in the official ranks of statesmanship takes so serious or so anxious a view of the immediate future of England as a nation among nations. Other statesmen of the highest distinction have spoken gravely of the present outlook, themselves being Ministers in office. It is a common thing to hear expressions of anxiety from naval and military personages when reforms are talked of. State Secretaries of yesterday, to-day, and to-morrow have all their word to say, when occasion arises, about the growing obligation of uniting as one man against rivalries and enmities without end. It is noticeable, however, that these utterances are usually delivered with a calmness more appropriate to the historian than the prophet. It is as if the preacher said in his heart "But after all," and, again, "Things will last our time." Lord Rosebery cannot view the future so lightly. Two of the most revolutionary events that the modern world has known—the rise of Japan and the changed course of the United States—happened well within the last decade; and it is certain in the one case, most probable in the other, that no responsible statesman in Europe saw the near approach of these events three years before their full accomplishment. The rapidity of these changes, and their great and immediate consequence, seem to have touched no imagination more closely than Lord Rosebery's; which is by no means to his discredit. For the opposite temper, the prevalent disposition which adorns itself with the name of optimist, differs in nothing substantial from the dulness of the British manufacturer; who when he hears of methods of production far superior to his own listens with incredulity sinking to indifference.

We have said "differs in nothing substantial"; but in point of fact it is the same temper working in the same field. The rising conflict of the nations—by which, it is safe to say, the whole aspect of the world will be changed in less than twenty years—is conflict for trade. But the means are not all trade means. Tariff wars will play a great part, no doubt, and yet more the industrial contention that we see at work in Germany and the United States. But unless it be no longer true that a nation's commerce can be destroyed by war, transferred by war, secured by war (as on the seas); and unless the time has gone by when such foreign possessions as our own and those of the Dutch were thought precious commercially, war will be as much an agent for trade as it was for tribute in times not wholly past. Sense enough to take this as an unalterable fact; logic enough to provide accordingly; sagacity enough to supply the wherewithal for contriving alliances and other machinery of dissuasion from attack; prevision enough to avoid spending the vital means of defence on profitless ventures—these qualities and the like of them are as indispensable for British Governments, if our commerce is to be kept up, as invigorated enterprise for British traders. That Lord Rosebery is better furnished with them than anybody else we do not say; the question does not arise in this debate. But appearances strangely favour him if he has not a more constant and acute sense of the need of these qualities than any other of our foremost statesmen of the day.

It is this that gives Lord Rosebery's Chesterfield speech a particular interest for what we have called the fourth party. It is their chief concern in politics, the

South African War being incidental to it ; and we shall have to confess ourselves rather surprised if Lord Rosebery does not address himself more to the immense and rapidly-evolving changes which threaten to reconstitute the principalities and powers of the earth than to the difficulties of the Liberal party. It is very easy to be mistaken in such matters, but we do not see how Lord Rosebery's own difficulties can be explained unless he takes this course ; neither do we understand that those difficulties have diminished since he last addressed the country on public affairs. The costly prolongation of the war, its reduction to the dullest prose, have encouraged the Radical section of the Liberal party to advance their peace-principles in the general and in the lump; whereas it is evident that the world becomes more unworthy of those principles and those principles less applicable to its condition. That does not promise to bring Lord Rosebery and the Radical Liberals, as we have hitherto known them, into greater harmony, but rather to put them farther apart. At the same time we have to ask whether the causes which have given the Radical Liberals so much more confidence are not unfavourable to the Liberal Imperialists as a distinct organisation. We do not deny that there is enough of distinctive doctrine in Liberal Imperialism to make a party, and we now speak of it only in its relation to the present state of things and especially to the war. And we cannot help thinking that it was one thing to be a Liberal Imperialist when the war was at the height of its popularity, when glory dwelt upon it, and when there seemed good promise that it would finish in half the time that it has now arrived at unfinished. Had the hopes of sixteen months since been fulfilled, the end of the war would have been hailed as glorious, and the Liberal Imperialists would have had a positive share of the triumph. By no fault of theirs, however, the war has gone on through a long year of disappointments since then. By no fault of theirs, angry doubts about South African politics, expedients, proclamations, even about adequate military provision, have accumulated together with these disappointments ; and, however unfairly, the cold shade which has descended on the Government falls in some measure on Liberal Imperialists also. The misfortunes of the one are the misfortunes of the other. What reflects upon the foresight of Ministers the Liberal Imperialists do not quite escape. There is obviously a certain awkwardness here; for on the one hand Liberal Imperialists can have no desire to risk a larger share of the cold shade, nor, on the other, to enter sharply upon the criticism of expedients and failures which are less the product of error than the inherent consequences of such a war: in short, reasons for avoiding it altogether. Agreement with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman may be expected on one point, however ; one which we can hardly think the Government itself will reject. It is that though the Boers cannot have the independence they fight for, they may count upon arrangements for allowing them a social existence of their own—"their own national habits and customs and rights, so as to enable them to continue their old life in the way they led it before." Liberals of no sort can object to that, nor, we hope, will Unionists either; and if there be any good reason for keeping this concession (though it ought not to be called so) a secret from the Boers, we are unable to discover it.

Upon other points relating to the restoration of peace and the reorganisation of South Africa Lord Rosebery may be expected to speak : for the time, the occasion, give to him an opportunity which he cannot afford to forego, even if he wished to do so. The conduct of the war is secondary matter. It is the winding-up of the war, the resettlement of South Africa, and, more than all, the changing outlook for England in the three other continents, which invite him to assert his claim to speak as her counsellor in such affairs.

RELIGION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

THE letter from Mr. Lacey which we printed last week, and the answer to it which we print to-day, as well as others which we are compelled to hold over, disclose a wide difference of opinion in a quarter where, as we hoped, substantial unanimity had been arrived at. Let us say at once that in principle we agree with Mr. Lacey. We believe that the Ontario school system described in his letter is the system that will ultimately be adopted in England, and that in a country so divided as ours upon religious questions it is by far the best system. Consequently if we thought that there were any prospect of this system being incorporated into the coming Education Bill we should agree with Mr. Lacey that any tinkering of the existing system would be useless. But we have no expectation that the Government Bill will embody so radical a change. The existing system will go on for some time longer—go on possibly until it dies a natural death by the failure of voluntary subscriptions. What we have to do, therefore, is to take care that such changes as are made in that system shall be changes in the right direction. Looked at in this light, the resolution proposed at Brighton the other day seems to us thoroughly sound. The framers of that resolution were not drafting an Education Bill; they were simply suggesting a means by which a difficulty of everyday occurrence may be met.

This difficulty takes two forms. In many districts Churchmen, and in some districts even Roman Catholics, are compelled to send their children to Board schools for the plain reason that there are no other schools for them to go to. Alike to Churchmen and to Roman Catholics, the religious teaching given in Board schools seems wrong in principle, and they consequently avail themselves of the Conscience Clause. But the Conscience Clause only protects them against having a religion which is not theirs taught to their children ; it does not secure that the children shall learn their own religion. In many districts, again, Nonconformists are in precisely the same position. There is only one school to which they can send their children, and this school belongs to the Church of England. Here, too, the Conscience Clause is a protection as regards attendance at the religious lesson. The child of a Nonconformist is not obliged to learn the Catechism. But he is not taught anything in its place, and the parent feels that whereas other children get both secular and religious instruction, his child gets only secular.

The resolution which Mr. Lacey succeeded in defeating exactly meets this difficulty. It declares in general terms that in every public elementary school statutory provision ought to be made for giving to the children "definite religious instruction in accordance with the belief of the parents." Any reasonable number of parents would be allowed to make arrangements for

having their children taught their own religion in the school buildings and at the time of the religious lesson. It is not meant, of course, that a single parent should have this right, or that where the school buildings were small, the religious teacher coming in from outside should be able to insist on giving his instruction at the time when the other children were getting theirs. Points like these would be settled on the spot by the application of a little common sense. In this way the religious difficulty would be removed in all except a few isolated cases. Churchmen and Nonconformists would enjoy the same statutory right of providing for the religious instruction of their children in the elementary school, no matter what might be the religious belief, or unbelief, of the school managers.

Mr. Lacey objects to this plan on the ground that it is not fair, "when a school has been furnished from private sources for the exclusive cultivation of a particular religious character, to compel the owners to admit religious teaching of another character." We reply that this objection comes too late in the day. If it is good at all it is equally good against the Conscience Clause. Is it fair we may ask, with quite as much reason, "when a school has been furnished from private sources for the exclusive cultivation of a particular religious character," to compel the owners to exclude children from the religious teaching which the school was expressly founded to provide? Archdeacon Denison took Mr. Lacey's view, but then Archdeacon Denison was consistent. He refused to admit a Government Inspector into his school, and did without the Government grant. The Conscience Clause is part of the agreement on which a school is recognised as a public elementary school, and we see no reason why a provision that parents taking advantage of the Conscience Clause shall be allowed to make arrangements for giving their children such religious instruction as they think fit, in the school buildings and as part of the school course, should not equally be a part of that agreement. Mr. Lacey tells us that if this were done the schools of St. Peter's, London Docks, would be closed—the managers thinking that a better course than allowing them "to be used for the teaching of false doctrine." But parents are already permitted to remove their children from the teaching of true doctrine, and Mr. Lacey will not deny, we think, that it is better that children should be taught almost any religion than none at all.

Mr. Lacey's other and more serious contention—that if this change became law, "the only respectable motive for keeping up Church schools will be gone"—must be considered at another time.

MOSQUITOS AND MALARIA

THE interest awakened during the last few years in the relationship of mosquitos to malaria grows by leaps and bounds. In September the fifth malarial expedition left England for fresh investigations into the problems of the scourge. For years the mosquito has been under suspicion—a suspicion that amounted to conviction in the minds of many—but it is only quite recently that the actual complicity of the insect in the spread of malarial fever has been scientifically demonstrated. It is now known that this disease is due to a minute organism whose life-history has two cycles, one spent in the red blood corpuscles of human beings, the other in the body of the mosquito. Many names are associated with this discovery, but it is to Major Ronald Ross that we owe the certainty of the mosquito's guilt. He investigated the malarial parasite of birds, and demonstrated the cycles of its existence in their blood and in the stomach-wall of a certain mosquito. Since the announcement of his discoveries, confirmation has poured in from all malaria-stricken countries. The work appealed to the mind of the medical officer stationed at some lonely post in India, and gave to the civilian doctor, stifling in a tropical swamp, a new and fascinating pursuit. Such labours of love have proved the correctness of what was at first a mere suspicion. The air has been cleared of the mist which had hitherto enveloped malaria; false theories have been exploded, and facts that had seemed irreconcilable have been satisfactorily explained. Best of all, the knowledge thus accumulated promises to alleviate the terrors of the disease, and to render habitable and even enjoyable places that in the past have been mere traps of pestilence and death for Europeans.

Now that the mosquito stands convicted of harbouring the murderer, the interest shifts to the methods proposed for its destruction—we turn from the criminal court to the place of execution. Instead of vague uncertain means of dealing with malaria, the administrator of a fever district now possesses new and valuable weapons wherewith he may strike. He must aim at the extermination of the malarial parasite. Its existence depends upon the presence of the mosquito. If the governor of a district can exterminate the mosquito, the ravages of fever can be checked. It is not every mosquito against which he need plot. I myself—and my experience is doubtless shared by many travellers—have been freely bitten by mosquitos in tropical countries without contracting fever, or, indeed, suffering any serious discomfort. The guilt, so far as human malaria is concerned, is brought home to a special insect. The *anopheles*, a small mosquito, with four tiny spots upon its brownish wings, is the "host" of the malarial parasite. It has peculiar habits of its own. It rests upon the wall or ceiling in a characteristic attitude. The female alone "bites"; her bite is painless, and she is said not to "sing." Like other mosquitos, the *anopheles* breeds in water. Upon the surface of still water the eggs are laid in little raft-like masses, and these hatch out into the characteristic larvæ. The larval stage is succeeded by the pupal stage, and from the pupa at the end of two days emerges the perfect mosquito. Similar proceedings may be watched upon the surface of our own ditches or sluggish rivers in the summer time; for example, on the Cam and its tributaries, where the common gnat—first cousin to the mosquito—abounds.

The *anopheles*, then, is dependent for its survival upon collections of still water—swamps, marshes, pools, ditches, canals, tanks, and cisterns; even rain-pools and gutters suffice. Moreover, it prefers the neighbourhood of human habitations, and an abundance of rank and undisturbed vegetation. Here is the opportunity of the health officer. He must destroy the breeding grounds. To this end swamps and marshes are being drained, holes and hollows filled up, tanks and cisterns covered in, and disused tins and cans destroyed in many malaria-infected districts. Even these measures, simple as they sound and practicable enough here and there, present enormous difficulties in certain localities. The vast rice fields of China, ideal breeding grounds for the mosquito, afford a case in point. At Lagos, the Governor, Sir William MacGregor, an enthusiast in the cause, is filling up the swamps near the town by means of convict labour—slow, and as he says, costly and laborious work. In Hong Kong most excellent results have already been obtained by the expedients of clearing vegetation and draining surface water. Three years ago, according to Dr. J. M. Young, 80 per cent. of two companies of soldiers, quartered in the military sanitorium, were down with malarial fever of the most malignant type. The place was therefore closed. After the clearing away of the

vegetation for a space of three hundred yards round, and the draining of the surface water, troops were again quartered there and remain in excellent health. Where drainage is impossible, larvicides are being employed. Many chemicals kill the larva, but it is obvious that poisonous chemicals cannot be indiscriminately used. But the larva is a surface feeder, and it is found that tar or kerosene floating upon the water quickly kills it. Kerosene has the best reputation for this purpose. It is cheap, easily used, and perfectly efficient, but its film does not last so long upon the surface of the water as that of tar. Kerosene and tar are supposed to kill the larvæ by clogging their respiratory apparatus. In their extermination man is ably assisted by certain humble allies. The larvæ of the dragon fly, minnows, and other small fish, and certain water-beetles, prey relentlessly upon them; it has even been proposed to stock certain pools and mosquito-breeding places with minnows, but unfortunately they cannot be relied upon to keep the numbers of the larvæ down. Drainage and the use of kerosene are, up to the present, the most effectual measures for the annihilation of the pest.

Europeans should live as far apart as possible from the natives in malarial districts. The Committee of the Royal Society stated that "malarial fever is a contagious disease contracted through the medium of the mosquito from the native child." Native children along the West Coast of Africa are almost always infected. At Accra 90 per cent. of infants whose blood was examined had the malarial parasite. As the children grow older the percentage lessens, and the adult native appears to be comparatively immune. In British Guiana, also, Dr. Daniels found malaria in a very high percentage of native children. Some observers affirm that natives attract *anopheles*, and that in Sierra Leone native dwellings swarm with them, whilst few are to be found in the houses of Europeans. On the other hand, Sir William MacGregor found mosquitos much more plentiful in the European quarters, and he ascribes their presence to the use of tanks and other water vessels. He also points out that it is impossible for Europeans and natives to live and work apart, and that it is impolitic to encourage segregation.

The extermination of the mosquito by the destruction of its breeding places and the clearing of vegetation, although it offers in many fever haunts a bright prospect of success, is practically impossible in the rice fields of China, India, and Ceylon. Probably the next best means of combating the scourge is to attack the malarial parasite itself. By the use of quinine the organism is killed in the human blood stream. Dr. Koch proposes to annihilate it by quinine alone; but the hopelessness of this method in tropical Africa is only too well known. Quinine as a preventive in any case is of supreme value; Europeans and natives alike can gain immunity by a daily dose of the drug. But Sir William MacGregor has calculated that to administer a bare grain of quinine to every one of the three millions of natives whom he governs would need seventy tons of quinine a year. And, what is more to the purpose, the great mass of uneducated natives could not be induced to take it. Their education in these all-important matters is by no means being neglected; pamphlets have been printed and distributed among them, describing Dr. Koch's success with quinine and Professor Celli's report on the value of properly used mosquito netting among the labourers on the Italian railways. Popular lectures on malaria have been given, and a league of ladies has been formed, whose self-imposed mission it is to distribute quinine to the native children, and to induce the natives to accustom themselves to its use. With these agencies at work, it is hoped that many notoriously unhealthy localities may in a few years become fairly free from malaria. And it is encouraging to remember that the former ague districts of England—the Lincolnshire and Cambridgeshire fens, the basins of the Medway and the Thames, the marshes of Kent and Essex—have by efficient drainage ceased to be malarious. It is difficult to realise to-day the extent to which marsh fever once prevailed in our own country, and that James I. and Oliver Cromwell both died of ague contracted in London. But it is perfectly clear that the methods now being pushed vigorously in the anti-malarial campaign throughout our colonies and protectorates—methods based upon knowledge gained by laborious scientific research—have abundant justification in the records of what has happened on our own English soil. J. R. J.

CONCERNING A JESUIT

NOT long ago I ventured in THE PILOT to applaud the conduct of Father Edmund Hay, S.J. After Mary Stuart married Bothwell, the Father frankly spoke of her as "that woman who is a sinner" (*peccatrix*). This was honest, but now I do not feel quite sure of the Father's exact meaning. For a Queen and a Catholic to wed a Protestant who was already a deeply married man certainly seems sinful, all question of Mary's making herself a widow being left out of view. What Father Edmund thought of her share in Darnley's murder we do not know; possibly, like her confessor, he believed that she was innocent. But she had done something else that was very naughty. This new crime of Mary's we are informed about in Father Pollen's "Papal Negotiations with Queen Mary" (Scottish History Society). It is an exemplary work of research in the Vatican and other collections of MSS. It is marked by Father Pollen's usual industry, accuracy, and impartiality, and more cannot be said. But as to Mary's new crime; let me the tale unfold.

I have long been of opinion that Mary never intended to undo the Kirk and restore the Church by any sudden and violent measures. On the other hand, I conceive that she wanted to get money out of the Pope. Just before Riccio's murder, in February, 1566, the Protestants and Randolph, the English agent, were very nervous. Emissaries from France had visited Holyrood, there was gossip about Mary's having joined a mythical "Papal League." In fact Mary was sending to Rome for money, which she always needed badly. On May 12th, 1566, the Pope promised a remittance, and the visit of a Nuncio. The intended Nuncio, who never came, was Vincenzo Laureo. He certainly, as Father Pollen remarks, does not draw to him persons "with Anglo-Saxon prepossessions." Father Edmund Hay, from Paris, on July 2nd, 1566, warned Borgia that the Pope's money was likely to "come into the hands of certain persons," while the Nuncio, the bearer of the gold, would not get nearer Scotland than the pretty town of Paris. Probably Bothwell was one of the persons apt to secure the *scudi*. The Nuncio himself discovered that Mary wanted money, but did not want a Nuncio, whose funeral expenses she would, I think, soon have been obliged to pay. It was Cardinal Guise who asked for a Nuncio to Scotland for the purpose of making the Pope pay up more freely. On August 26th, 1566, from Paris, the Nuncio wrote a letter to Rome. It shows that he was very ill-informed, and reveals the nature of Mary's hitherto unsuspected crime. In brief, *she would not massacre her Cabinet!* That she should begin by putting to death Moray, Argyle, Morton (who was safe in England), Lethington, Bellenden, and Makgill, was the worthy Nuncio's idea. How she was to do the deed we are not informed. Moray had Knox and the Kirk to back him; Argyle had the Campbells; Lethington had Atholl and his own wits. How were these nobles and the rest to be put to death? In fact, while the Nuncio was sketching his plan, Mary was reconciling Moray, Bothwell, and Lethington, and relying on their support. "Judged strictly," says Father Pollen, "Laureo's first step was in every way to be condemned." Morals apart, it was crazy. Possibly the Nuncio would have mitigated his drastic proposals; but

Mary must at least do something startling, as a sign that she would not compromise any longer with the Protestants. "No massacre, no money!" appears to me to have been the Nuncio's motto. However, he did pay up four thousand crowns. But the Pope soon let him know that he must pay no more till he reached Scotland, and not then if the first 4,000 had not "borne fruit for religion." Poor man, if he had once arrived in Edinburgh with the money, he would have been bidden to stand and deliver. However, he sent over one of the Beatons with the 4,000. Mary then appears to have been advised by Moray, Lethington, Argyle, and the other marked men, to let the Nuncio come to Scotland, when, of course, the money would be kept in the country. Mary seems to have arranged this little mouse-trap just before she rode to Jedburgh in October, 1566. Thence, we know, she galloped to see the wounded Bothwell at Hermitage, and then was very ill.

When the Nuncio came to hear of all this he wrote (November 12th) that probably God had inflicted the malady to punish Mary for her artfulness. Obviously, Puritans like Moray would never allow a Nuncio to land in Scotland, except for the precise purpose, if I may so speak, of collaring his swag, and Mary was in the plot. The Nuncio, understanding the scheme, was more than ever set on killing off Moray, Lethington, and the rest of Mary's ministers before he took himself and his ducats to Scotland. Perhaps we should not blame the holy man. If he landed at Leith with the cash while Moray and Lethington "ruled the roast," one thing was very certain. His gold would be taken, and would bear no fruit for *his* religion; while his own throat would be in the utmost peril. He, therefore, went to Cardinal Guise (it is all like a plot for Dumas) and insisted that Moray and the other heretics *must* be "punished." "The Queen should execute with a brave heart" "a few seditious wretches." These would, I think, include her brother, her brother-in-law, and the wooer of the dearest of her four Maries, Lethington. The Cardinal thought it "a good plot, good friends," but there was a trifling personal difficulty. If his hand was detected in the deed his throat would be promptly cut by the gentlemen of the Scottish Archer Guard, who entertained correct ideas about the blood feud. However, a gentleman of the Cardinal's was actually sent to Mary with the proposal, and Father Edmund thought that the "certain seditious wretches" (Moray and the rest) should be "punished." Father Pollen deems it not unlikely that Mary told Moray about the Nuncio's darling scheme for taking him off. At all events, she declined the grotesque proposal. When Father Edmund, with other envoys, did reach Mary, it was just before she went to Glasgow to nurse Darnley, her husband (January, 1567). What passed between Mary and Father Edmund at their interview we do not know, but Mary "answered to this effect, that she could not stain her hand with her subjects' blood," which was precisely what the Nuncio and the Cardinal and Father Edmund had wished her to do. As Father Pollen says, she "definitely refused those pledges of her sincerity without which Laureo thought that his mission would be fruitless." So she never got the remainder of the Papal subsidy. And this was her hitherto undiscovered crime! Mary would not take the Nuncio's advice, and the heads of Moray, Lethington, Argyle, Bellenden, Makgill, and Morton. Now, if Mary was at this moment really plotting the murder of her husband with Argyle, and Lethington, and Morton, while Moray looked on, it is almost beyond the usual irony of fate that Cardinal Guise should have been asking her for the heads of her accomplices as a pledge of her good faith to the Catholic cause! Apparently the poor Queen's friends of all parties were determined that she should shed the blood of somebody. To murder Darnley was to move on the lines of least resistance. He could be, and was dealt with, but Mary could not have "punished" Moray and the rest, except perhaps by poison. Bothwell had not assassins enough for the purpose, and trial of Moray, Argyle, and Lethington by law was absolutely beyond the range of possibility.

Meanwhile, Father Edmund stayed on in Scotland for months. He certainly disapproved highly of Mary's marriage with a married man and a Protestant (not to add a murderer) like Bothwell. In January, 1569, he begged the prayers of his Society for Mary, "that sinner," "that she may hereafter become the doer of great deeds, *who formerly would not consent to sound counsel.*" Was it for this refusal that Father Edmund calls Mary "that sinner"? Was her real crime not so much the murder of Darnley, as the neglect of the "sound counsel" that she should put to death her kinsmen, friends, and ministers? If so—I am only asking the question—I do not feel quite so friendly to Father Edmund as I did when I knew less of these extraordinary intrigues, or had read their history in a more superficial way. I doubt not that the Father disapproved of Darnley's murder, whatever he thought about Mary's hand in it. But he writes rather as if her real offence was the refusal to listen to sound counsel. He may refer to advice against wedding Bothwell, but he may also have the extraordinary counsel of the Nuncio in his mind. Unhappy Mary! ANDREW LANG

A WANDERING STAR*

THE life of a leading actor in the old days has, perhaps, never been better told than by Mr. Robert M. Sillard in his "Barry Sullivan and his Contemporaries." It was a curious life, a life well worth recording before the conditions which begat it pass out of memory. The move from big town to small, and from small back to big—from a well-appointed theatre with a competent company to a poorly-mounted stage with inefficient actors, shaky in their words and slow to take up new business but yet compelled, in spite of their shortcomings, to double or even treble the secondary characters—from an intelligent audience, quick to catch points and able to form comparisons with this or that other celebrity, to a concourse of yokels staring open-mouthed with vacant eyes—from a house representing £200 or £300 to one of a few shillings (Barry Sullivan once had a benefit at Wigan of under 12s.!). A hard life and a rough life, but it offered great compensations when compared with that which has now taken its place. To play three or four Shakespearian parts in a week is a great artistic and intellectual feat; to go on night after night in the same part is to become little better than a mechanical drudge.

Thomas Sullivan ("Barry" was not assumed till manhood) was born in 1821 or 1824—Mr. Sillard seems to be beyond doubt right in deciding on the former date. Having a great love for the stage, he found his way to Ireland in May, 1837, and tried for employment at the Theatre Royal, Cork. Fortune befriended him, an ordinary accident giving an opportunity which was eagerly, and creditably seized. He played in everything, after the custom of the day, from tragedy to Christmas pantomime, his first Shakespearian part being Rosencranz to the Hamlet of Charles Kean, who was starring there. Then he headed a strolling company for a year, performing in any building that could be turned to the purpose, and acquiring great experience, but eventually drifted back to Cork. In 1841 he went to Edinburgh under Manager Murray, and was soon promoted to "heavy man." Some idea of stage work at that time may be gathered from the fact that in a season of 150 nights there were performed 132 different plays, and that the average number of plays acted nightly was a fraction over three. In 1847 he became "leading man" at the Theatre Royal,

* BARRY SULLIVAN AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES. By R. M. Sillard Two volumes. Unwin. 21s. net.

Liverpool, on a salary of £5 a week, moving thence to Manchester in the same capacity on £6 10s. In February, 1852, he made his first appearance in London at the Haymarket, his salary being £10 a week, with the stipulation that he was not to act less than three times a week. The prices in those days make us feel envious of our forefathers. Orchestra stalls 5s., dress circle (then called boxes) the same. His Hamlet was well received, as were other parts, and from that time onwards he had many short engagements in London and established himself as a favourite, playing, among others, with Helen Faucit. (The twelve shilling house at Wigan was *after* this London success.) In 1857, when playing Richelieu in Edinburgh, there was among the cast, opposite a very small part, the name of a beginner—one Henry Irving. A visit of eighteen months to the States aroused great enthusiasm. August, 1862, found him in Melbourne, where he was so well received that he went into management. In 1866 he returned to England and was engaged at Drury Lane to play three nights a week at £60 a night. His parts on this occasion were Faulconbridge, Macbeth, Richard III., Hamlet, and Charles Surface. In 1868, after an interval of provincial triumphs, he was back at Drury Lane for five weeks on £75 a night. More of the country theatres, and then he attempted management in London at the Holborn Theatre, but gave it up after losing £8,000 in eight months. Another long spell of the provinces, and in 1875 he again visited the States, receiving 50,000 dollars for one hundred performances, but possibly this included the salaries of one or two actors whom he took about with him. When home again he was engaged at Drury Lane for thirteen weeks at a salary of £75 a night, and began (September, 1876) with *Richard III.* (Colley Cibber's version) which he played sixty consecutive nights! Both the salary and the length of the run, in a theatre the size of Drury Lane, are remarkable. Soon after this he was offered £24,000 for a ten months' tour in the States, but did not take it because of his engagements "for several seasons ahead" at provincial theatres, in the best of which he seldom made "less than £1,200 a week." His last appearance was June 4th, 1887, at Liverpool, in *Richard III.* Shortly after he was struck with paralysis of the brain, became completely bedridden, and suffered much till his release on May 3rd, 1891. He was thus on the stage just fifty years, during which he played just three hundred parts. This bare recital of his continual wanderings and various fortunes tells its own tale better than the most eloquent description.

The book is, on the whole, well written, with plenty of good stories and useful information, but is disfigured by that excessive glorification of the subject which is especially observable in biographies of actors. Mr. Sillard is perfectly entitled to his own opinion on Barry Sullivan—there is nothing in the world on which opinion is more free than on acting because it is an art which cannot be referred to any fixed standard. But he is not entitled to pronounce authoritatively that Macready's mantle descended on his hero, or that (in 1868) he was "the only capable tragedian the London stage could boast, Fechter or Phelps not excepted," because the verdict of the best judges is against that. By common consent of the critical world Phelps and Charles Kean were the two foremost actors of the big drama during the middle of the last century, though in the one character of Hamlet Fechter easily beat them both. Sullivan may fairly claim to have come next, but notwithstanding the very high salaries he received for special engagements he never obtained anything like a permanent footing in London. That does not in the least detract from the educational value of his work. An actor who for half a century could take about the world and present to millions of people the masterpieces of dramatic literature and so save them from feeding on rubbish and worse was a public benefactor of a very real and high kind.

My own recollections of Barry Sullivan are confined to the years 1866-7, when I saw his Macbeth and Faulconbridge, portions of his Hamlet, his Claude Melnotte and Falstaff—in the last of which was introduced a quaint perversion. He was fond of out-of-the-way readings, as, for example, "I know a hawk from a heron—pshaw," but that which he introduced in Act II., Scene 2., of *Henry IV.*, Part I., struck me as a supreme effort of misplaced ingenuity, fairly matching Fechter's, "It is the cause." Falstaff, badgered almost out of patience by the Prince, exclaims, "Now, cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged." Sullivan interpreted this *physically*, and after making a few more or less serious attempts to hit the Prince, which were laughingly evaded, he spoke the words in a tone of disappointment! Of these five characters Faulconbridge was far and away the best, and but for being Celtic rather than Anglo-Saxon it could scarcely have been improved upon—a really magnificent piece of acting. A masterful, unscrupulous, but thoroughly patriotic brave, overflowing with animal spirits. The scene with his mother at the end of Act I. was a revelation, the final lines conveying the idea that if the whole of Drury Lane, densely packed from orchestra to back of the gallery, had dared to question her ladyship's conduct, he was ready to fight the lot. He was on his mettle that night (the first appearance after return from Australia) for Phelps was playing King John, and their respective admirers were making things lively. His "business" when defying Austria was extraordinarily effective; and every detail of it remains clear in my memory to this day, though to describe it would take too much space. He was, without doubt, less knightly, less chivalrous, in the part than Charles Kemble, but that would not make him less true to the text. Taken generally, he was a rough, unpolished actor, relying on vigour rather than subtlety.

W. Hughes Hallett

SOUTH AFRICAN BYWAYS

THE HARVESTERS II

THEY were gathered from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south; they found no city to dwell in; hungry and thirsty—I could go on adapting a very beautiful piece of description if I did not fear to offend some who would doubtless resent a comparison between war correspondents and a certain rebellious people. Folding borrowed pinions, then, we may drop to earth with the crude statement that they were a very mixed lot. In their ranks were artists, barristers, journalists, adventurers, peers of the realm, ranchers, soldiers, clerks, honourables, dishonourables, though happily not many of the last. They had many and various reasons for being where they were; some sought adventures of the body, some of the mind; some came in search of their reputation, some to escape from it; but they were all, I think, at heart rebellious. Authority spread huge nets for them into which they were invited to step and be dealt with in bulk as a disagreeable although unavoidable element in the great game. Those who stepped smilingly into the net were exalted, or at least treated with consideration, while those who refused to be netted were wrought to confusion—sent down. The thing was to walk into the net, and then to walk out of it through one of its many wide meshes. For in this matter the Army and the Press—good friends on the field, for all that has been written and said—were at variance. The staff officer to whom was entrusted the command of a group of war correspondents saw merely an irregular squadron, to be drilled and manœuvred as a troublesome unit, but to each war correspondent there were always two units in the command—himself, and the other correspondents. What they did, he wished either to do in advance of them or not to do at all; what they failed to do was, within limits, his duty and opportunity.

This was really the right view, approved (when it succeeded) by the editor at home holding magic scales,

with a quick eye on Prestige when it sprang upward at a heavy drag from Expense. But the adoption of it created fine situations, when duty swung on a delicate pivot between friend and employer. Hence arose those painful questionings when, having strolled round the camp while your friend and stable companion, though rival in craft, superintended the ordering of dinner, you stumbled upon an interesting piece of news, and debated within yourself as to whether you ought to share it with him. The sight of him, tired but triumphant over commissariat difficulties, weakened your resolution ; the smell of soup extinguished it. To a man who sees sunrise daily from the saddle, and breathes the strenuous atmosphere of rolling table-lands, the credit of newspapers, even though they employ him, dwindles to a small thing, while the sense of comradeship and interdependence looms large and instant. Distance lends enchantment to the view even of an editor, that Autocrat of the public breakfast-table; he would not have one behave like a churl. So after an awkward silence, in which your friend's exhausted breathing blew up to white heat the coals of fire his domestic industry had heaped on your head, the secret was shared. Thus it was that you read one morning in the *Daily Flail*, under the words, "from our Special Correspondent," "A trooper who escaped from the Boer army tells me in confidence that the President was on the field during yesterday's fight, and personally led the assembled commandos in prayer—evidently an indication that their confidence in the success of their arms is waning" ; while you were told (of course you did not read) that the Special Correspondent of the *Daily Ruse* reported : "I have private and trustworthy information that the President himself was in command during the fight at Kronicfontein, and that an impressive service held just before the engagement afforded striking evidence of the increased determination of the Boers and their absolute confidence in ultimate success."

I have already referred to the collection of news on a battlefield. That is a big business, of course, but it gives little opportunity to the war correspondent to "get ahead" of his fellows ; and in South Africa after a big engagement the correspondents used to go all together to the Press Censor, hear his official version of the fight, transcribe it on a telegraph form (with any matter of individual observation added, which the Press Censor generally struck out, having a hazy idea that he was responsible for the truth of the message), and then leave it with all the other wires to take its turn at the field telegraph office. But sometimes, when there were many correspondents and only a single field telegraph line being paid out in the wake of an advancing army, words were limited. One day, I remember, we were only allowed to send ten words each. Now sometimes, when nothing has been happening for several days, the correspondent sends a wire just to show his editor that he is on the spot. On this particular day I could glean no news except that about sixty dead bodies of the Boers had been found in a cave in their laager. As it happened at a time when the public appetite for dead Boers was not being supplied fast enough, the news was thought worth sending. I had ten words. The address of my paper took up two, and I had to sign my name ; therefore only seven words remained available. I began light-heartedly. "About sixty dead Boers discovered cave laager." I was on my way to the censor when the sense of the thing struck me. It would not do, of course. My editor would either think I had gone mad, or was making an unseemly joke about an exploring party of dead Boers. I tried again. "About sixty Boers found dead in laager." No, of course not. That would mean that sixty Boers had found some dead men, nationality unknown, in a laager. Another variant gave : "Soldiers found cave laager sixty Boer dead" ; but that might be a double announcement that the British Tommy, thirsty soul, had discovered a cave full of lager beer, and that sixty Boers had been killed—as the result. It was no better to say that "we discovered sixty Boer dead in laager," or that "soldiers found in laager sixty dead Boers"; in either case the idea was equally disagreeable. Dead, and in laager ! My head whirled with ideas of flies in amber and mullet in champage. It was thirsty weather, and I daresay I laid too much stress on the possibility of confusion between "lager" and "laager" ; but, in any case, what could British soldiers be doing in a cave with sixty dead Boers ? I suppose there is some commonsense solution of it, but I have never found it, nor will I ever forget that awful afternoon, with a nightmare as of all the sixpenny telegrams I had ever tried to send in my life, concentrated in it. Fortunately, the subeditors of big daily newspapers are men of nerve, and the message duly appeared conveying the news as I intended it.

One more, and a more picturesque byway over which a message came from Africa to England. I had gone out with a flying cavalry column which had been detached from Lord Methuen's force. We had marched eastward across the flat plain that stretched from the base of Zwartkopjes to another hill nineteen miles away. We had had a slight engagement, but the enemy were still in our neighbourhood when we encamped at night on the hill, and riding back with a message was not to be thought of, especially as we expected more, and more important fighing on the next day. The weather was broken and stormy, the sun showing only at intervals, but just before he sank, heliographic communication was established with Lord Methuen's headquarters on the hill, nineteen miles away. The official message had only been half winked out when the sun went down behind Zwartkopjes in an angry blaze of purple clouds banked against a smoky sky. We went to dinner, being told that our messages (there was only two correspondents, and we were allowed many privileges) would be sent by the flash lamp after dark. The night set in wet and windy, and a thunder shower was growling up from the west. When we again clambered up the steep rocky eminence on which the signallers were established, they were trying to pick up with the telescope the answering light nineteen miles across the black void. At last Spyglass saw it and said, "Right away, Bill." The man with the lamp began to rattle and bang his shutter that flashed out the Morse code, and at the same time a blaze of lightning divided the darkness. He began again. Now the rules for signallers insist that, if a word is interrupted or not understood, it must be repeated from the beginning, and repeated again until the acknowledging flash is received. The first words of my message were, "Zwartzkopjesfontein, April 14." The signaller had got to z when the night was again flooded with lightning, thunder roared, and a whole cloudful of rain drove thickly across the veldt. Through it nothing could be seen, and Spyglass searched in vain for the distant light. When the wrath of the storm was past, summer lightning, with which the puny beams of our lamps fenced impotently, drew fairy pictures in the black sky. Seven times was the fell word begun, and seven times interrupted by the sportive elements. But "steady shakes them," as the Old Buccaneer said, and for steadiness you will not easily find the match of an army signalling sergeant. It was late that night before we left the hill, but Bill and his mate, never complaining, had flashed that message, a word edged in here, a letter there, across nineteen miles of storm and rain and thunder and lightning, so that before the sun's guileless face fronted our next day's march the talking instruments and silent wires had taken up its tale, until the sea roared over it and it had touched another continent.

It has been a custom with some correspondents in this war to find fault both with their fellow Pressmen and with the Censors. But there was marvellously little of jealousy or friction, and for my part I found friendliness and good fellowship almost unfailing ; and as for the army, a willingness to make oneself agreeable was a passport to its most generous favours.

FILSON YOUNG

AN OPERA AND A RECITAL

THE management of the Savoy has been happily inspired in reviving "Iolanthe." When one comes to think of it, nineteen years cover a good stretch of an average life, and the period which has elapsed since the first production of the work in 1882 has seen so many changes in musical taste, that it is perhaps not surprising to find the impression the earlier performances had left on one's memory needs very considerable revision. In the early eighties we musical critics who are now decidedly middle-aged were apt to take our music very seriously, and after the first charm of novelty had been exhausted by the "Sorcerer," "H.M.S. Pinafore," and "Patience," I am afraid we treated "Iolanthe" and "Princess Ida" with a certain amount of youthful superciliousness, regarding them as mere repetitions of what Sir Arthur Sullivan had done before, and as showing a decided limitation in his talent. In those days, when Carl Rosa was still alive, there seemed a chance that English opera would produce something more serious than the pretty Savoy pieces; grand opera was in the air, and one looked forward to the time when a permanent national opera would be established in London worthy to rank beside the great opera-houses of Paris, Dresden, or Vienna. The feeling, if rather priggish, was, perhaps, not inexcusable, and it accounts for the fact that, as far as I am personally concerned, "Iolanthe," as an opera, had left very little impression on my mind. The admirable performances of Mr. Grossmith as the Chancellor, of Miss Jessie Bond as Iolanthe, and Miss Alice Barnett as the Queen of the Fairies, were quite fresh in my memory, but before I heard the opera again last Monday I had no idea that the work was so full of charming and delightful music. Sullivan never gets full justice if one judges him from his pianoforte scores. The delicacy and clearness of his orchestral writing is apt to degenerate into thinness when transferred to a pianoforte, and in looking over the published scores of his operas one sometimes is inclined to believe that they have been deliberately boiled down to meet a publisher's unwillingness to print anything that a very elementary pianist cannot play. But when his music is played as it is at the Savoy under Mr. François Cellier, the effect produced is altogether different. Every note tells, every instrument is treated with the hand of a master of orchestration, and the whole is only less limpid than a symphony of Mozart or Haydn. In some of the later Savoy operas the composer's flow of inspiration occasionally ran a little dry, but "Iolanthe" is throughout Sullivan at his best, alternately dainty and humorous, and always overflowing with tunefulness and absolutely appropriate to his libretto. And what a libretto "Iolanthe" is! From the first entrance of the lightly-clad fairies of our childhood in a typically English landscape down to the last mad scene in Palace Yard. Mr. Gilbert absolutely revels in the most delightful topsey-turveydom which even he has ever produced. A Lord Chancellor married to a Fairy, their son a mortal only from his waist down, Peers who promenade the countryside in their State robes, preceded by the Guards' band, a Fairy Queen who influences parliamentary debates and ends by marrying the sentry outside Westminster Hall —the whole thing is absolutely mad in its absurdity, and yet carried out with a deliberate seriousness and method which amount to positive genius. Since the days of the early Savoy operas a good many authors have tried to follow in Mr. Gilbert's footsteps, but though we have had plenty of amusing operettas and musical pieces more or less constructed on the same lines, no one has yet succeeded in coming anywhere near the originals. Extravaganza is comparatively easy work for a practised librettist, but to write extravaganza in an absolutely serious spirit, and to keep an audience in roars of laughter without any recourse to foolery, is what no one but Mr. Gilbert has so far managed to accomplish. In this respect the present revival of "Iolanthe" is especially remarkable, and it is evident that the production has profited enormously by the librettist's personal supervision. The actors are all tremendously in earnest. Mr. Passmore's Lord Chancellor is a model of dignity; his very face, with its parchment-like colour, lit up from time to time by a slow, solemn smile, recalls memories of a whole bench of judges, and even his wild dance in Palace Yard seems only to affect his legs—the head is still that of the gravest of Lord Chancellors. Equally in earnest is Miss Rosina Brandram as the Fairy Queen, gorgeously attired like a Scandinavian Walkyr. The Iolanthe of Miss Louie Pounds is charmingly pathetic, and even such minor parts as the Private Willis of Mr. Crompton and the unnamed performer who acts as the Lord Chancellor's train-bearer, are always entirely serious, and never seem the least surprised or disconcerted at the extraordinary things they have to do. The whole performance is a lesson in stage-management. Nothing is forced, nothing —however preposterous—is unnatural. The actors go through their parts as if it were all the most natural and serious play possible, and the result is that the audience laughs from beginning to end of the evening, and never for a moment has that feeling of depression which even the most light-hearted theatre-goer sometimes experiences in listening to the musical burlesques of the present day. Not less excellent than the dramatic is the musical part of the performance. Mr. Cellier has the true Sullivan traditions, and the whole company, principals, chorus, and orchestra alike, interpret the delightful music in a way which would have gladdened the heart of the composer. The fairy choruses, worthy to rank beside those of Weber and Mendelssohn, are given with charming delicacy and tunefulness, and the *ensemble* of the Peers and admirable finale to the first act, two of the best numbers of a score which deserves to rank among Sullivan's comic masterpieces, are sung with a breadth and dramatic vigour that cannot be too highly praised. To single out individual performers for especial notice would be invidious; all are excellent, and the whole entertainment is one of the best that has been seen at the Savoy for a long time past.

W. B. S.

On Monday evening at Bechstein Hall Mr. Walter Ford gave the second of his historical recitals of German songs. Two songs by J. A. P. Schulz, written near the close of the eighteenth century, were the starting point of an admirably chosen series that led, through Mendelssohn, Franz, and Schumann, to Brahms's "Minnelied"—the culmination of purely lyrical expression in music. Programmes of this kind are exceedingly difficult to arrange, but Mr. Ford succeeded in choosing for his examples songs, nearly all perfect in their own style and scope, which were not too well known to make a grouped performance of them disturbing to the listener. Schulz's "Abendlied" is an example of that elementary expression in music, real and tender, but as yet only half-articulate, hemmed in still by an imperfectly-developed form, that corresponds to a child's cry in human expression. Weber's "Minnelied" reaches far higher; already the melodies were beginning to beat with a pulse other than that of artificial rhythms. The development to this point was all upwards, in flowering sprays of feeling; with Schumann, almost first, it began to strike roots downwards into the depths and wells of life, whence it drew up that which coloured the perfect flower of expression. Hardly before the time of Brahms was the adequate musical translation of such a word as *gedankensatt* possible. The essential quality for any singer who would interpret so wide a range of song is the sympathy that comes from perfect understanding.

Mr. Ford has that sympathy, audibly in his voice, evidently in himself. His is not a wonderful nor, to the merely physically sensitive, a thrilling voice, but he has some noble tones, and he addresses himself to a higher region in us than the pit of the stomach. In a day when musical entertainments are judged very much according to their splendour and variety we cannot be too grateful to artists like Mr. Ford, who concern themselves with the obscurer beauties of their art, and, in performance, are content to efface themselves if they can reveal some treasures hidden from most of us. Mr. Walter Ford is perhaps better known as a teacher of the highest style in singing than as a performer, but those who have listened to these two recitals of his will hope that he will not neglect this other and hardly less valuable service to music. There are so few singers who are capable of undertaking tasks of this kind that we hope Mr. Ford may be induced to give similar recitals of Russian and Hungarian music. On Monday his recital was adorned by the playing of Mdlle. Tosta de Benici—a lady who in Beethoven's F minor sonata revealed, amid many more ordinary virtues, the not ordinary one of restraint at the extreme limit of her range. In that sonata, as well as in a Liszt Rhapsodie (No. 11), while she displayed immense technical facility and a remarkably intelligent appreciation of two widely contrasted kinds of music, she also escaped a display of the feminine in masculinity—that snare of women artists who cannot quite lose themselves, even in Beethoven. Ω

COMMENTS BY THE WAY

"BISHOPS live in high places with high people, or with little people who depend upon them. They walk delicately, like Agag. They hear only one sort of conversation, and avoid bold, reckless men, as a lady veils herself from rough breezes." Lest the Bystander should be reproached with flippancy, he hastens to say that these words were written by a Canon of St. Paul's, who, in his day, was the fortunate owner of No. 1, Amen Court. To be sure, that day was not yesterday; but the testimony remains true, and "bold, reckless men," who talk of abuses and reforms, seldom have the opportunity of breathing their thoughts into episcopal ears. The present writer is known as a friend of the Inferior Clergy. In the austere refectories of Gothic clergy-houses he is a frequent guest. He shares the cold beef and pewter pot of the Curate's lodgings. Through the fumes of our after-dinner pipe we meditate upon the Church as it is and as it might be. We think how nice we should look in a purple cassock; what public-spirited use we could make of a palace, and how unselfishly we should spend £5,000 a year. We constantly study that wonderful series of papers on "Church Difficulties" published by the S.P.C.K., which seeks to persuade the London artizans that their highest interests would suffer if the Archbishop of Canterbury drew less than £15,000 a year. We shed tears of respectful sympathy over that touching tale of harsh exaction patiently endured which "A Diocesan Bishop" contributed to the series. We admire when we read that it cost his Lordship £2,500 to settle himself comfortably in his new house, and wonder if we could have done it more cheaply. We are interested to learn that the most hideous of all known garments—the episcopal "Magpie"—costs £100, and we fancy that Mrs. Bishop could have stitched together something more comely at less cost. Hospitality to the tune of £2,000 a year rather staggers us, for our modest housekeeping assures us that a great deal of bread and mutton and table-beer can be procured for a very moderate figure. About the expenses incidental to such patriarchal appendages as wives and children—ballgowns for the daughters and cigars for the boys—we do not presume to dogmatise; and we are quite prepared to believe the "Diocesan Bishop" when he assures us that "stables are almost a necessity, and in some respects a saving." So we had all schooled ourselves into a very proper state of mind; we had persuaded ourselves that things are well as they are; and that "Purple, Palaces, Patronage, Profit and Power" (as Sydney Smith enumerated them), were not only very nice for those who enjoyed them, but were, in some mysterious way never quite explained, inextricably involved in the well-being of "our pure Established Mother."

But within the last few weeks this optimistic tranquility has been broken. Strange rumours have floated from the summit to the base of the ecclesiastical pyramid. We hear disturbing stories about the new Bishop of Worcester. We are told that he is going to set his face against the solemn plausibilities which have accumulated round his office. He is going to act when a Bishop on the principles which he professed when a Priest. He is going to illustrate Christian Socialism by practical life—not merely by reading the *Commonwealth*, and voting for Tory candidates, or lamenting that there is no money for old-age pensions because it has been spent on our admirable war, or ingeminating "Temperance Reform" while we support a Government enslaved to the Liquor Trade. We are told that the new Bishop means to sell or close Hartlebury Castle, and live in a modest house in some accessible place, where he can see and be seen by his clergy and laity. There will be neither "young plants" nor "polished corners" to provide for. A couple of parlourmaids will supersede the butler, valet, and three footmen. The Tram and the Bicycle will replace that stable which the "Diocesan Bishop" found such a saving. "The stair-carpets at Farnham Castle are measured by miles," wrote Bishop Thorold. "My episcopal income goes in Pelargoniums," murmured Bishop Stubbs. "It takes five chaps to keep this garden in order," said a more vernacular prelate the other day, as he surveyed his lawns. Now, if Dr. Gore's levelling example catches, all these will be the voices of an unreturning past. Farewell to Lambeth with its guard-room, and Fulham with its pleasure-grounds, and Farnham with its deer-park, and Wells with its moated garden. We have been taught that these things endeared the Church to the toiling masses, and cheered the sallow curate in his dingy lodgings. But, if once the rash career of innovation begins, they will not long survive. And instead of them we shall see square commodious houses of red brick with "gravelled sweeps" and stunted laurels; and a buttony boy will discharge the functions of the stately gate-porter, and a neat damsel in a white cap will carve the episcopal beef and pour the foaming lemonade; and where, not many years ago, the Prince Bishop rolled from his castle to the parish church in a coach-and-four, his successor will trudge through the mud or scale the knife-board of the 'bus, and carry with his own apostolic hands the sacred appliances of Mitre or Magpie. And when these things come to pass they will be only the outward signs of more momentous changes.

Dr. Hook was neither a revolutionary nor a dreamer, and this was, sixty years ago, his remedy for the besetting weaknesses of the Church of England:—

> We want not proud Lords, haughty spiritual Peers, to be our Bishops. Offer four thousand out of their five thousand a year for the education of the people, and call upon the more wealthy of the other clergy to do the same, and a fund is at once provided. Let Farnham Castle, and Winchester House, and Ripon Palace be sold, and we shall have funds to establish other bishopries. Let the Church do something like this, and then the Church will live in the hearts of the people who now detest her. . . . You see I am almost a Radical, for I do not see why our Bishops should not become poor as Ambrose or Augustine, that they may make the people truly rich.

This letter was addressed to Bishop Wilberforce; and the admirers of that excellent prelate will not be surprised to learn that he said in reply, "To impoverish our Bishops and sell their palaces would only be the hopeless career of revolution." BYSTANDER

CORRESPONDENCE

THE "SCRUTIN DE LISTE" THE AFFAIRE

(From our French Correspondent)

Paris, *December 10th*, 1901

It may appear surprising that an assembly so sensible as the present Chamber seems to be to the drawbacks of the system under which it was elected, should wait four years to remedy them instead of endeavouring to do so while their impression was still fresh in all minds. Everybody agrees that the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is a miserable institution, but the chorus against it is not heard till three or four months before a general election, when the Budget has hardly been thought of, and yet a large deficit has made it a pressing necessity that it should be given more attention to than ever. What can the elector think? Is he to praise the willingness and genuineness of his representative, or regard himself as the dupe of a comedy, in which twelve gentlemen forming a committee go on asking the Government: Do you not think that we ought to change this and this? and the Premier answers all the time: Yes, very good, only it is too late. Whoever has followed for some time the Parliamentary process knows that there is in the Chamber, just like in each individual member, a puzzling admixture of sincerity and pretence. They often deceive themselves before deceiving the country. At all events, I can hear my Deputy, a young fellow of very ordinary virtue, confidently detailing every evening of next May what he has done for the cheese and butter trade, and against the corruption of the present *régime*. However, one cannot regret that such a vital question as that of electoral reform should be occasionally brought to light, were it by tricksters, instead of remaining buried and ignored of the mass.

It is in the north of France that it has received most attention, and generally from Catholics. The Bill on the *scrutin de liste* presently under the consideration of the Universal Suffrage Committee has been drawn up by the Deputy for Armentières, M. Dansette. The reason of this fact is probably the vicinity of Belgium, the country in the world which seems to have been the most anxious to perfect the organisation of democracy by perfecting the means of expression of the popular will. Some professors in the Catholic University at Lille have taken to heart the diffusion of the Belgian methods, and one of them, M. Eugène Duthoit, is quite a specialist on the question. One of his books, "Le Suffrage de Demain," offered last week to the Académie des Sciences Morales by M. Lefebvre-Pontalis, is a wonder of sense and clearness. The system which it recommends, and of which M. Dansette's Bill is only a part, is absolutely simple in its principle, though its working is at first sight a little complicated and has somewhat retarded the last electoral operations in Belgium. It includes multiple suffrage and proportional representation, which M. Waldeck-Rousseau declared the other day the state of parties in France precluded for the present. Our sole chance, therefore—and it is a very small one—lies in the re-establishment of the *scrutin de liste*, which the committee, by seven votes to five, has maintained against the Government. That much would certainly be a very great boon.

In England a secular training has taught the electorate to choose between two great parties representing in the gross two great political ideas; the occasional occurrence of a side question like Home Rule can generally fit into them readily enough. In this country the number of parties is so great that the majority of electors cannot draw a line between them, and their ever-changing names are a constant puzzle. What is exactly a Progressist? Fifteen years ago we could, without much difficulty, classify the Chamber under the names of Conservatives, Opportunists, and Radicals, and the elections of 1885, by *scrutin de liste*, were on the whole satisfactory, because the candidates had been intelligibly labelled. To-day an old Conservative may have become a *rallié*, or a Monarchist, or a Nationalist, or a Democrat, or a Progressist. The studied intricacy of political manifestoes in election time naturally increases the confusion, so that in most districts the electors are totally at a loss to make up their minds about the "colour" of a candidate. The immediate result is to keep the elector in a shameful political ignorance. Men even of a comparatively coarse type only take an interest in serious issues; the only working men who are politicians in earnest are the Socialists and the Christian Democrats. The moment they see only personal questions at stake they remain indifferent, or their transient excitement is not of a wholesome character. A peasant of an apathetic or satiric turn of mind despises the village politicians he sees at work on polling days, and, refusing to see further, quietly stays at home. Startling statistics prove that forty per cent. do not vote. This indifference is bad enough, but it is not so dangerous as the panics which are likely to spread like fire through such unsettled communities. Was there an idea or only a sort of fluttering of the popular mind in *Boulangism?* What was left of it six months after the disappearance of the agitator? Who in the lower classes could give something like a formula of its stunted offspring, *Nationalism?* The truth is that the common French elector with an intellect naturally clear is, by the fault of the system, in a state of bewilderment, and that, in spite of the democratic instinct gaining strength everywhere, the stability of the Republic may be at any moment impaired.

Things will remain as bad as long as the *scrutin d'arrondissement* is kept up. It lowers the general election down to the level of a municipal contest conducted by the most miserable principles. Not only the fifty or sixty parishes called upon to give their opinion on their Deputy and his opponent have the vaguest ideas about the highest interests of the country, but their acquaintance with him, from the political standpoint, is of the slightest. They know next to nothing of his votes, and if these are attacked he runs no risk in bringing forward a canal to justify his view of the Association Law. The opportunity for political education offered by the grand assizes which a general election ought to be is lost in ridiculous municipal trivialities. At one of the last elections M. Ribot, who had already been a Minister twice, was opposed by a young Monarchist of no particular abilities. They met one night before a body of electors at St. Omer, and after some parley the young Monarchist reminded the audience that he was a native of the place. "So am I," replied M. Ribot. "I was brought up here," the young Monarchist went on. "So was I," cried M. Ribot. "And," cried the Monarchist, "I never went away." At this the ex-Minister was dumfounded, for his uncommon talent had early got him called out of the quiet old place where his youthful opponent had become the cock of the roost. I daresay some of the electors then resented M. Ribot's absence, and it struck them as a piece of disdainful selfishness.

I need not enlarge on this aspect of democracy, which has furnished the playwright and the novelist with numberless comic scenes. The intimidation and corruption, the proofs of which are given in Parliament after each renewal, have a painful as well as an amusing side, and shriek for a remedy. The *scrutin de liste* would be one, and might without much difficulty bring along with it proportional representation, as advocated in M. Dansette's Bill. Gambetta championed it throughout his career, and it was partly under his influence that it was tried, only once, two years after his death. The operations took place as follows. Given a Department returning, like the Pas-de-Calais, ten Deputies, the electors were called to vote, not for one of them, as in the present system, but for ten. Of course, each elector was allowed to draw up his own list of ten, instead of choosing any of those printed. After the polling a list was written down in each parish of all the names found on the electoral *bulletins*, and the number of votes obtained by each was stated. The names and figures were telegraphed to the *chef-lieu* of the Department, where the same operation was repeated, and the ten candidates found at the top of the final list were declared elected. The results were complete everywhere the day after the election. Of course, this system

is not perfect. Yet it has the two great advantages of lessening the risks of corruption, and above all of rendering the vote really political instead of local. Ten men writing a common manifesto for ten separate districts with different interests, must seek their points of agreement in the more general issues. The discussion of those points for a few weeks previous to the election draws the elector's attention on the higher interests of the country and educates him. At the same time the comparative unity of the several lists entails the comparative homogenousness of the several parties. This superiority of the *scrutin départemental* must strike every sensible man, and M. Jules Lemaitre, who is all sense and sincerity, devoted nearly all his speech at Nancy to bring it into light. But we can hardly hope to find the same qualities in the Chamber, and Deputies willing to hazard their re-election for the good of the country will not be so many as those wanting to insure that good themselves. The net result of the discussion in the Chamber will probably be limited to the repeal of the law against multiple candidatures, which will be simply immoral.

Now, just a word on the Affaire. Let us walk warily and not commit ourselves to statements about which we are not sure. In the first place, I am quite sure that M. Labori may be a powerful advocate, but he is not a clear writer, and as an historian he is essentially disappointing. Then I am sure that the Kingdom of Israel is divided against itself. M. Reinach, for some reason, is displeased with M. Labori, from whom he has taken the *dossiers ;* M. Labori is displeased with M. Reinach, whom he accuses of considerable "inaccuracies ;" M. Picquart and M. Labori, and apparently everybody else is displeased with Alfred Dreyfus because by accepting his pardon he declined to personate the Ideal any longer, and because they soon found that he could not if he would. I am also sure that some English correspondents in Paris who, two years ago, overflowed their papers with the Affaire, are really too chary of details now. Why is that? About the rest I am not so sure. I think that the Affaire is not likely to crop up again, and that we shall not see the *chambardement* prophesied by M. Reinach; I think that M. Labori and M. Picquart look rather sincere, and I thank myself for never saying anything to the contrary; at last, I feel inclined to think that the officers at Rennes and the Ministers of War were not such rascals after all. I can say no more for the present.

THE BOGEY BILL

(From our Oxford Correspondent)

My last letter ended with the expression of an apprehension that the Government might be now preparing a measure which would effect one of the most important steps taken in English education in recent years. I read not long afterwards in a daily contemporary words to the effect that "no one outside an Oxford study" expected a serious step in education to be taken by the present Government. No doubt I write from inside an Oxford study, but Dr. Macnamara does not; and his article in the *Fortnightly Review* anticipates a step which I must regard as serious, and advocates active agitation to make it more serious. May I draw your readers' attention briefly to the seriousness of these anticipations and proposals?

"This much is certain," writes Dr. Macnamara, "from Sir John Gorst's previous policy. Next Session's Education Bill will seek to extend still further the principle of municipalisation of the local control of education—to the detriment, of course, of the *ad hoc* idea. Further, if the Government can, it will confine its efforts—against Sir John Gorst's advice, no doubt—to creating Municipal Council Education Committees *for the purposes of Secondary Education only.*" (The italics are Dr. Macnamara's.) Now, I am not a politician. I do not know the quality of Dr. Macnamara's inspiration. A famous Oxford professor once made a remark about uninspired prophets, which prudence bids those remember whom courtesy forbids to repeat. But I beg to be allowed, as one employed in education, to protest that in discussion of this question the points usually raised are not the most vital points. For old Parliamentary hands the points worth raising may be whether the bodies who are to control new developments in education are to be specially elected for that duty, or to be bodies already elected for other functions, or, again, whether the coming Bill is to be confined to Secondary or to include Primary Education. For men interested in education the importance of these issues is as nothing compared to the importance of the prior question whether such devolution and decentralisation will procure the teaching of the right things in the right way. It is high time that there should be some discussion of this question. For the sake of brevity, let me confine myself to Secondary Education. What is the position? There are no ideals of Secondary Education in existence in England which are held with any degree of consent and intelligence. What will guide the local education authorities (if such come to be constituted) in their determination of subjects to be taught and the proportions and methods in which they are to be taught in the schools under their jurisdiction? It will not be ideas, but men with definite interests. Those will guide who can say what they want. There are two classes of men who know this. First, the teachers in the Primary Schools know what they want, and they have very considerable powers of influencing votes. Now, the leaders among these teachers want the "Education Ladder." So do all of us who have education at heart. But this ladder they naturally contemplate from the bottom. "New separate authorities for Secondary Education will mean," writes Dr. Macnamara, "the failure to secure that linkage of schools without which the educational ladder must remain a very frail and shaky medium for the passage of lads of parts from one grade of education to another." The teachers of our national schools render daily and hourly a great and difficult service to this country. One would willingly refrain from any reflection adverse to them. But it is unfortunately true and relevant that through the fault of the system under which they were trained, they have in many cases not received a liberal education. It is not therefore any reproach to them to say that they are not likely to be the best counsellors on the question of an education such as they have not received and do not give. But they are in earnest about education, and earnestness often produces more self-taught wisdom than the best of systems. What then is the actual demand of this interest in the matter of Secondary Education? Just what Dr. Macnamara states, "a linkage of schools." The danger is that this linkage may be held to involve that the new Secondary Schools must fit into the scheme of Primary Education, so that a "lad of parts" may step out of a certain standard in his Primary School into a certain form in the neighbouring Secondary School without such inconveniences as buying new books or adapting himself to a new intellectual atmosphere. This is obviously absurd. But I wish I could think that the danger does not exist. Obviously, whoever recreates or develops Secondary Education must make it as good as it can be made as Secondary Education, and, if need be, the Primary Schools must alter their end of the ladder. It can be no kindness to the "lad of parts" to make his first steps easier and his last attainment lower. There is another class of advisers whom I fear still more. They are the local magnates of manufacturing districts. One could name districts where much might be hoped from them. But on the other hand, what they *may* want in education has been shown in some parts of England by the technical and modern schools which have been founded lately, or into which older grammar schools have been transmogrified. Now these aim at teaching facts which will pay. In them languages and natural science are studied as it is conceived to be commercially useful to study them. This is not a liberal education. It is refreshing to read in Dr. Macnamara's article a quotation from a consular report of 1898 which insists that the success of German trade "is due to *the high state of general education that Germany has enjoyed many years.*" Education is

not a trick or a series of tricks, neither is commercial success attained by a trick or a series of tricks. It is attained, as success in modern warfare, by individual intelligence. Nor is it commercial success alone that is attained by this, but that sanity and capacity for rational enjoyment which is the opposite of the morbid craving for excitement which characterises industrial centres to-day.

To decentralise Secondary Education means to subordinate it to two interests, that of the teachers of the present (not ideal) Primary Schools, and that of the devotees of commerce. To the first, education is a profession; to the second, a trick. The first may warp Secondary Education, of which they are not trained to be judges, to fit that education which they know. The second may give as education, what will not educate but stultify. I call for a central authority if we are going to make any new beginning in Secondary Education. It is quite possible to give a liberal education in "modern subjects." But the ideals of such an education must be framed by men who believe in a liberal education, and by men who have had successful experience of the liberal education of the past, either as pupils or as teachers of it. There is not enough public understanding or interest abroad to make it safe to leave the matter to local bodies. We must proceed as we proceeded with Primary Education. While it was the few who valued it, the few directed it. Now that the many value it, the many (that is, the localities) might conceivably direct it. At present only the few value Secondary Education. Let them make, if they can, its destinies; if they cannot, no one else can.

MICHAELMAS TERM AT CAMBRIDGE

(From a Correspondent)

The only question which has ruffled the academic calm of the Senate during the Michaelmas Term is that of roofing-in the eastern court of the library to provide on the ground floor a store for books which are seldom used, and on the first floor a reading-room, lighted from above.

The advocates of the scheme dwelt at length on the fact that the space in the existing building is limited, whilst of the making of books there is no end. Thus, unless some means be found to increase the available space, the library must in course of time burst. Their opponents rejoined that this increase of space will shortly be supplied by the incorporation within the library of the Woodwardian Museum, whose gloomy recesses are admirably adapted for the storage of unused books, and they urged that this space could be much increased by stopping the use of the Arts Schools as an examination and lecture-room, and by the eviction of the Council of the Senate and all its works from the rooms on the ground floor of Scott's Buildings. They further dwelt on the antiquarian and archæological interest of the site, the oldest piece of land belonging to the University, and stated that the covering in of the quadrangle by a huge skylight would destroy, so to speak, its "courtliness." The advocates of the scheme replied that no one ever went to see the archæological features of the court, and that the best method of preserving anything is to put a glass cover over it. Thus criticism of the plan and the retort courteous has been bandied to and fro in the discussion and by fly-sheet, and finally on November 21st the plan of the syndicate was thrown out by 177 votes to 158.

The librarian has taken the somewhat unusual course of circulating a list of the voters. From this it appears that with hardly an exception those responsible for the management of the library voted in favour of the scheme, as did the majority of the professors, and those engaged in actual teaching within the University. The list is further interesting in as much as shows a curious unity in College feeling. Trinity, King's, Christ's, and to a lesser degree Emmanuel, and Sidney Sussex Colleges, were strongly in favonr of the proposed change; Jesus, St. Catharine's, and Magdalene were to a man against it. The remaining Colleges were divided, but on the whole gave a *nonplacet*.

The dispute about the library has a much wider issue than the roofing-in of a small courtyard. The whole question of University Government is involved. Cambridge has the most democratic constitution in the world. It is a case of one member of the Senate one vote. The vote of a non-resident who has not been near the University for years has the same value as that of a professor, or of one who has given much time and thought to the elaboration of some reform. There is no method of amendment provided in the constitution. You must adopt a measure or throw it out. And in the older Universities there is a curious habit of looking at the men who advocate a measure rather than at the measure itself. Many reforms are postponed because residents dislike the cut of the reformer's trousers, or mistrust his method of eating cherry-tart.

Amongst the other events of the term the election of Dr. Chase to the Norrisian Professorship of Divinity must be recorded. This is the one theological professorship which can be held by a layman, and in these days when, as is especially the case at Cambridge, so much theological learning is wrapt up in the brains of laymen, it was thought that one of the brilliant younger theologians not in Orders might be be selected, but the Heads of Houses, at what the late Dr. Thompson used rather maliciously to characterise as "An Exhibition of the Old Masters," thought otherwise, and elected the President of Queens' College. The election is understood to have been desired by the Faculty of Divinity, and to be eminently safe. It will give pleasure to all Dr. Chase's numerous friends.

Some years ago the University purchased from Downing College the northern end of their paddock which stretches from Downing Street to the College buildings. On this site the new Geological Museum by Mr. Jackson is already roofed in, whilst the Botanical Laboratory by Mr. W. Marshall, and on the other side of the street, the new Medical Schools, whose architect is Mr. Prior, are both rising rapidly. There has been some talk of the University buying a further portion of the Downing land, and negotiations are proceeding. As it is the last piece of open ground in the centre of the town, near many of the colleges, the museums, the registry and other university buildings, it is much to be hoped that the University may acquire it, though it is difficult to see how the money will be found for the purchase.

Professor Somerville is leaving Cambridge to become Assistant Secretary to the Board of Agriculture. During his short tenure of the Chair of Agriculture he has done much both with regard to establishing a school of scientific agriculturalists and in disarming the criticism of some of the older members of the University who mistrusted the movement. At the present time there is a real demand for teachers and organisers in scientific agriculture and the profession can offer a good career to far more men than seem at present available.

The election of Mr. R. P. Paranjpye, who was bracketed senior wrangler in 1899 and placed in the first division of the first class in Part II. of the Mathematical Tripos the following year, to a Fellowship at St. John's College, is, we believe, the first occasion on which a native-born Indian has obtained a Fellowship at Cambridge. Mr. Paranjpye has returned to India, and we trust he will do something to forward the proposed institution of a scientific and learned library in that Empire. Nothing retards research more completely than difficulty in consulting current literature, and no more worthy memorial to Queen Victoria could be established in our Indian Empire than a really efficient library of modern scientific books and periodicals.

REVIEWS

LEARNING IN THE FOURTH CENTURY*

We may say at starting that this is a very charming and to a great extent original book. It is rare that we now find an

* Life and Letters in the Fourth Century. By Terrot Reaveley Glover, M.A., Classical Lecturer and formerly Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, late Professor of Latin in Queen's University, Canada. Cambridge University Press.

English scholar, at once with a wide classical culture and an intelligent interest in theology, willing to descend into the centuries when true classical literature had passed away and Christian influence was powerful yet turbid. Mr. Glover has done this, and he has done it with an infectious enthusiasm. He has shown how much better an Englishman can write on the subjects he has chosen for illustration than can a German —if only he will try. He has found an extensive literature waiting to be read intelligently. He has read it with zest, and he has written on it with brilliancy.

To those who know anything of the fourth century it will be obvious that a reviewer can only glance cursorily at some of the points raised in a very comprehensive book. Ammianus Marcellinus, Julian, Synesius, Claudian, Prudentius, St. Augustine, are to some extent, indeed, known; but how little modern students, with some conspicuous exceptions, care for Quintus of Smyrna, Symmachus, Macrobius, Sulpicius Severus, or Palladas. And, again, with conspicuous exceptions, such as the notable work of Mr. C. Raymond Beazley, how little is known in England of the early Christian pilgrimages, or, again, of Greek and early Christian novels! On all these subjects Mr. Glover writes, and he writes at first hand, and with the freshness of a vivid personal interest. It is comparatively rarely that he brings himself into comparison with modern English work. The interesting biography of Synesius by Mr. W. S. Crawford has attracted deserved attention, and Professor Dell's learned and interesting study of "Roman Society in the Fourth Century" has obtained a success that is rarely the lot of studies on such subjects. Miss Alice Gardner's sketch of Julian in the Heroes of the Nations series was also a praiseworthy book. When we have said this we have noted almost all that has been written at any serious length on subjects touched by Mr. Glover of recent years in England. With any of these books Mr. Glover's will bear comparison. It is lucid, graphic, bright, and never superfluously clever. If the account of St. Augustine's Confessions, for example, has not the brilliancy of Dr. Bigg's Introduction to his new translation, and never touches quite so deep a note, it is still worth reading for its width and freshness. Side by side with it is a bright and happy critical sketch of Claudian. Has any Englishman written of him so well—if we omit some passages of Dr. Hodgkin's—since Sir Herbert Maxwell so cleverly if bitterly characterised him in "A Duke of Britain"?

In fact, at every point Mr. Glover is abreast of recent work, and places himself in the front rank of scholars in the study of a difficult age. His introduction is an admirable piece of lucidity. He sketches in broad lines and general statements, with an assured knowledge behind him, the Empire, its power and weakness, the condition of art, education, and literature, history, philosophy, and last of all, the Church. We are far from always agreeing with him—indeed, we can point out several places in which we think his statements loose if not erroneous—as in his reference to the origin of the episcopate, his disparagement of Antony (where the best German scholars have recently taken quite a different view, followed by Völter in Holland), and his utterly unhistorical statement, "Ignatius, to correct the disorder of Docetism, laid stress on episcopal order, and thence came the Catholic Church"—but we have always read him with interest and frequently with illumination. Personally we have found most pleasure in his very full and very well written reviews of Ammianus Marcellinus, of Julian, and of Quintus "Calaber," or, more correctly, of Smyrna. In each of these he writes like a man of letters as well as a scholar, often with happy use of wise saws and modern instances, though sometimes with a touch of questionable taste, as in his parallel to Maura, the grandmother of Ausonius. Now and then, we must admit, there is a little touch of the superior airs of the don. One can hardly refrain, indeed, from a smile when he speaks of Julian as he would of an undergraduate preparing for the Classical Tripos: "His style is fairly good." But the blots are all on the surface. The book is a good and thorough piece of work, which we hope will win wide recognition for its author.

LORD RUSSELL OF KILLOWEN*

Even in an age that might reasonably be expected to be growing weary of biographies, no apology is needed for a life of Lord Russell of Killowen. Mr. Barry O'Brien's reputation as a biographer, already high by reason of his life of Charles Stewart Parnell, will be raised still higher by this book. He has told the story of a great career with eloquence, knowledge, and insight. And yet we can hardly help wishing that the biographer of Parnell had not also written Lord Russell's life. Parnell and Lord Russell were the two most distinguished Irishmen who played a part in British politics during the last half century. They were both of them great, principally by force of character and strength of will; enemies would call both of them domineering. But there the resemblance ends. Between Parnell, cold, impassive, selfish, and Russell, warm-hearted, sympathetic, self-sacrificing, a great gulf is fixed, too wide to be bridged by a biographer.

Charles Russell was a Roman Catholic Ulsterman. He came of the county which, as his biographer reminds us, gave to English law the cool, clear intellect of Lord Chancellor Cairns, and to Irish law the distinguished abilities of the Irish Lord Chancellor, Thomas O'Hagan. It was the same stock that gave to the Empire John Nicholson, who, indeed, in some ways, seems nearer to Lord Russell than either of his great lawyer compatriots. For all through what is usually—though perhaps untruly—reckoned a sedentary career, Lord Russell was a man of action. He impressed all who came in contact with him with the same sense of a forcible personality and of a great power of command with which Nicholson impressed his contemporaries. It is not easy to measure the loss to the community of those ten years at least of vigorous life that Lord Russell seemed to have before him shortly before he died. Ten years of Lord Russell in the great position that he held would assuredly not have been barren. In particular, we should have had earlier than we are now likely to get it a system of legal education worthy of the most legal country, except possibly the United States, in the world, and there would have been a greater driving force behind the proposals still pending for stamping out the vice of secret commission from the practice of British trade.

As an advocate Lord Russell was not, perhaps, a perfect master of words—his early training, the training of an Irish provincial solicitor, prevented that—and consequently he was never eloquent in the sense in which Cockburn or Coleridge was eloquent; but he had a persuasive force such as no other man of his time possessed. He was always thorough, always in earnest, and, above all things, always clear. Of what passes for wit among the orators who address common juries he had absolutely none. Litigation, especially litigation where character is at stake, is a serious matter. Humour is usually an impertinence. And impertinence in an advocate, a solicitor, or a client was to Russell the most deadly sin.

As a judge it would be hard to overpraise his work. His besetting sin was his impatience. And his reputation for impatience made timid juniors nervous, their nervousness begat hesitation, which in turn begat the judge's impatience, and so the reputation justified itself. But a man who really knew his work, and did it in a simple, straightforward manner, no matter how little known he was, got nothing but courtesy and consideration from Lord Russell. His merits as a judge were the same qualities that made him great at the Bar. He was clear, thorough, and painstaking; by sheer force of character Russell made the most casual observer feel that his was a court of justice as well as a court of law. His knowledge of law was thorough and sound, far sounder than superficial critics may have thought when he was at the Bar; but he was never a pedantic or an over-learned lawyer. His share in the development of law in which all our judges take a part, was always to make it accord with the higher interests of the community—witness his conduct of many newspaper libel actions and company cases. Indeed, his relation to the Press were very characteristic of the man. No judge was

* The Life of Lord Russell of Killowen. By R. Barry O'Brien. Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.

more strong for the right of public criticism. No judge of our day ever asserted so strongly the rights of the Bench, and through the Bench of the public, against the press. The case in which a Birmingham journalist was punished for a scandalous and abusive attack on a judge is not mentioned by Mr. O'Brien, but it was very characteristic of Lord Russell.

Apart from his great services as a judge, the country owes to Lord Russell a special debt for his conduct in the Behring Sea and Venezuelan arbitrations. In the former he was counsel for this country, and in the latter he was one of the British arbitrators. Both arbitrations resulted practically in favour of Great Britain—a result in each case the more gratifying as our experience in international arbitrations had not up to that point been encouraging.

Of all the "might-have-beens" of history, perhaps one of the most fascinating speculations is what would have been the course of Irish politics had Lord Russell stood in Parnell's shoes. Lord Russell believed in conciliating English opinion; he regretted the aggressive disloyalty of the Irish party; he did not accept the doctrine that England's weakness is Ireland's opportunity. Suppose he had been at the head of the Irish party, would not their attitude have been different over the Boer war? And would not a different attitude have advanced Home Rule more than a Galway Election? But if we may read between the lines of this biography, Mr. O'Brien plainly would not agree with this view, and would prefer the attitude of Mr. Parnell. And it is this anti-British bias that keeps the biographer a little out of sympathy with his subject, and with a very large body of the English and Irish admirers of Lord Russell.

A NEW GUIDE-BOOK*

THE appearance of the first volume of an entirely new series of guide-books is a considerable event, and for this reason we give more space than usual to the "Guide to Italy," recently published by Messrs. Macmillan. The book begins with the usual practical hints with regard to luggage, Custom houses, gratuities, and so on—hints from which many an experienced traveller may learn something. We miss a table of weights. There is a good little vocabulary of useful Italian words, to which might be added "where is," "bring quickly," "more," "another"—phrases which, once learned, will be often used; and the tender-hearted visitor might like to know how to tell the driver not to flog his horse. Then follow three essays by well-known authorities. Mr. Oscar Browning writes twelve pages on "Some Aspects of Modern Italy"; Mr. Roger Fry deals with "Italian Art" in forty-six pages; and Mr. Paul Waterhouse contributes twelve on "The Architecture of Italy." Mr. Fry's essay is alone worth the price of the book. It is a thorough and luminous review of Italian art from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, including each important school and every prominent artist. Wide in knowledge and sound in judgment, it will interest the expert and enlighten the novice. Mr. Waterhouse also gives us just what is wanted. Proper stress is laid by these authorities upon the historic significance of old work. The average tourist is apt to think that his taste is all wrong when he finds himself unable to take pleasure in a celebrated picture, statue, or church. He becomes disheartened, and perhaps abandons the study of "old masters." He will learn in these pages that many a famous work of art derives its value chiefly from its position as a step in progress; and that he need not be ashamed of his failure to enjoy an early and feeble attempt at perspective or the nude. But the historical aspect may be over-emphasised. Mr. Waterhouse, for instance, apologises for mentioning Milan Cathedral. Its "*motif* is Cisalpine"; it "has no place in Italy's architectural history"; and "its merits are far removed from architectural value." We find, however, in the detailed description of the Cathedral in a later part of the book, that it is "one of the most impressive ecclesiastical edifices of the world." "The effect of the interior," we are here told, "is very fine," and Street is quoted as saying: "Absolutely, and without doubt, the grandest interior in the world. . . . . Not even in Cologne or in Amiens, is there any effect so magnificent." Mr. Waterhouse would have done well to explain that a building may have no place in architectural history, and no architectural value—as Street says, it may "teach little"—and yet have qualities which render it worthy of profound admiration.

Next comes a hotel list—a list that is little more than a catalogue of names. The hotels at Rome are described and their prices given, and this should be done also for every town. Even if there be but one hotel in a town the traveller should be told of what sort it is. The importance of the hotel information in a guide-book can scarcely be exaggerated. To many travellers the enjoyment of a holiday largely depends upon the hotel. Opinions differ, of course, greatly, as to the desiderata. But a guide-book should in every case give some assistance in the work of selection.

After the hotels we have what the editors may justly claim as an innovation, though it is to be found in Mrs. Starke's "Travels in Europe," published more than seventy years ago. "The arrangement of the work," they say, "is novel, the journey by rail or steamboat being separated from the sight-seeing." In the space of some fifty pages all the likely routes of travel are indicated, and the towns passed are mentioned, but not described. Those which are considered worthy of detailed notice are separately treated in Part II., where they appear in alphabetical order. Rome there occupies nearly one hundred pages, and has seventeen maps; Naples with five maps, Florence with four, and Venice with one, cover about twenty pages each; Bologna, Genoa, Perugia, Pisa, Verona, Siena, each have a map and four or five pages; Assisi, Padua, and Ravenna a map and two pages. A large number of other towns are shortly noticed. It is a question whether too many have not been included. When Mr. Murray began publishing handbooks, the traveller by road was compelled to make frequent stoppages at comparatively uninteresting spots, for the sake of the night's rest. The number of places visited was, in proportion to the total ground covered, much greater than is now the case. A satisfactory handbook had to include practically every stopping place which had even an apology for an inn. Railways have entirely changed the traveller's wants. If statistics were available, it would probably be found that 90 per cent. of the total number of nights spent by English visitors in Italy were allotted to, at the most, some twenty towns. A general guide-book, embracing the whole of Italy, might perhaps confine itself to these. Much that is interesting would be omitted, but even as it is the effort to be all-inclusive in the number of towns noticed has starved the important towns. Florence gets only twenty pages and Assisi but two, so that pictures by great artists and other sights of fame and interest have inevitably passed unnoticed. Our editors claim that their book, "while omitting no really important sights, gives the tourist only a reasonable amount to see." They have, however, been obliged to omit many interesting sights in the important towns. The visitor to Rome may not intend to inspect all the one hundred churches which are worth visiting, but he wants some account of any one of them that he may chance to enter. The experiment of devoting the whole space to a full account of the chief tourist resorts should be well worth making. The handbook of the future will perhaps consist of a collection of monographs of the important towns, attached to a general introduction, and for sale as separate units.

A strong feature of this book is its archæology. The recent excavations at Rome and Pompeii are adequately noticed, and they are interpreted with a cautious moderation which is not always found in antiquarian dissertations. Explanations are modestly suggested where formerly dogmatic assertions would have been made. It is realised that the evidence in support of any opinion is generally slight, and that while excavation is still being actively pursued the spade may at any time provide material for reversing a too hastily formed judgment. Alternative views are given. It is noted, for instance,

* MACMILLAN'S GUIDES: ITALY. Macmillan. 10s. 6d.

that some authorities consider the stadium of Domitian on the Palatine to have been in reality a garden attached to the palace of Augustus; and we are reminded that the house of Germanicus has been attributed to Livia. Tradition is not despised. The curious reservoir on the north-west of the Palatine is described as "the supposed site of the grotto sacred to Lupercus, and the den of the she-wolf which suckled Romulus and Remus"; and Nero "is said to have burnt down a great part of Rome" to make space for his Golden House. These are examples of the reaction against the over-precise professors—the agnostics of archæology—who refused to pay any attention either to unproved theories or to the evidence of tradition. We think, however, that the modern spirit of tolerance is extended too far when it admits, as a quotation from the picturesque pages of Story's "Roba di Roma," a description of the Ara Coeli which was written at a time when that church was believed to stand on the site of the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus—a view which has for some time been generally discarded.

In general appearance the book reminds us of our well-loved Murray. It follows that great pioneer in a habit which we have never been able to appreciate, the insertion of anonymous quotations. The name of the authority should always be given. The book is an improvement on Murray in its sparing use of abbreviations. Few as they are, however, a list of interpretations is needed. The maps are of the best. Those of the Forum, the Palatine, and Pompeii contain the latest information, and are especially admirable. We have a great admiration for the first of "Macmillan's Guides," which worthily upholds the best English traditions. The book is throughout, whether in its practical hints, its introductory essays, its maps, its general scheme of arrangement, its selection of subjects for notice, or its comments upon those subjects, a specimen of the highest standard of work. Though it necessarily follows in the steps of Murray, it is the most modern, and also the best, handbook with which we are acquainted; and though it necessarily omits much that is included in Murray's five volumes, it is a distinct gain to have the whole of Italy (except Sicily) under one cover.

TIBET *

This is a very notable addition to missionary literature. Merely as a book of travel it takes high rank, for Mrs. Rijnhart and her husband during their four years' work gained a much closer intimacy with the people than is possible for scientific or sporting explorers, and Mrs. Rijnhart fills her narrative with an abundance of small details for which women have far keener eyes than men. Moreover, the experiences of the two missionaries were in many respects unique, and the tragic end of the expedition in which Mrs. Rijnhart lost her husband and her baby and barely escaped with her own life invests the simply-told story with a great pathos. With a reticence which we respect, Mrs. Rijnhart tells us nothing about her husband's early life, but we learn that he had conceived the idea that it would be possible to enter Tibet from the side of China with less certainty of being turned back than travellers from India have experienced, and had partly proved this in 1892, when he had reached Lusar, and resided there without interference for ten months. To Lusar accordingly husband and wife made their way in 1895, and rented a house there in the hope that their medical skill would pave the way for missionary work, and even gain them access to the great Lamasery of Kumbum, to which Lusar owes its importance. The hope was more than fulfilled, for hardly had they settled down in their home and begun learning Tibetan from a young lama, when the Mohammedan rising broke out, and only too great scope was offered for the exercise of their skill in medicine and surgery. On his previous visit Mr. Rijnhart had effected a wonderful cure on a musical box belonging to one of the lamas, and this now stood him in quite as good stead as if it had been wrought on a human body. The lama, one of the "living buddhas," was now Abbot of Kumbum, and on learning that the mender of his musical box was returned, took a lively interest in his safety. Thus when the storm broke Mr. and Mrs. Rijnhart were safely lodged within the Lamasery itself, and instead of having to fly for their lives witnessed all the crowded scenes of which it was the centre, while their surgical skill was daily bestowed on the wounded who were brought there. When they could do so with any approach to safety they rode from Kumbum to the scenes of skirmishes, and at the end of the war worked also among the wounded Mohammedans. The goodwill they gained in this way greatly increased their influence when they were able once more to resume their peaceful life; but husband and wife were both convinced that the task laid upon them was to act as pioneers to win the goodwill of the people for future workers, rather than themselves to remain as permanent missionaries in any one place. Accordingly they first removed to Tankar (where they were visited by Captain Wellby and Dr. Sven Hedin), and after gaining some experience in tent life, made the perilous attempt to settle a third time as near as they could get to the "forbidden city" of Lhasa. On this journey through the desert and over bleak passes, where the trail was strewn with dead yak, they had to take their baby, who died as they neared the Dang La, and was buried by the mountain side. From this point the difficulties of the journey increased, and soon, as they approached within a hundred and fifty miles of Lhasa, the travellers were peremptorily ordered to turn aside. Then their packhorses were stampeded by robbers, and the final blow came when Mr. Rijnhart perished in some unknown manner when he had started off by himself to obtain aid. How Mrs. Rijnhart, thus destitute and bereaved, made her way back to China must be read in her own narrative, a narrative all the more pathetic because written with unaffected simplicity. The book is indeed one which it would be an impertinence to praise. But alike in its picture of the busy, successful life at Lusar and Kumbum, the story of this tragic journey and the atmosphere of tranquil faith which pervades it from first to last, it can be ranked only among the best records of missionary work, and is emphatically good to read, both for old and young.

* With the Tibetans in Tent and Temple. By Susie Carson Rijnhart, M.D. Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier. 6s.

NORTHCOTE AND WARD

Readers of Hazlitt will remember very well the old painter with whom the essayist held so many conversations, which he afterwards recorded. Northcote he considered, as he tells us, the best conversationalist he had known; and this further instalment of the opinions and convictions of the early Academician is really interesting from the portrait it presents to us of an old man of frail physique, with a keen, ascetic face, luminous in the twilight gloom of his painting-room, talking, after the day's work was over, to his friends with an incisive, emphatic manner, vehement when his strong prejudices were aroused, but never with the passion that springs from envy or disappointment or a nature mean in grain. One would fain hear more of his contemporaries, so vivid are the glimpses we get of them in these pages. Lawrence, self-satisfied, prosperous beyond measure, bending his wonderful natural gifts to serve the whim of fashion (though he sometimes fears that the latest mode in hats will be more than even he can put on canvas); Jackson, bound to get on because so still and gentle, who nevertheless offended his simpler senior by the airs he gave himself before an obscure painter when lately elected to the Academy; Owen, who rashly established himself at the height of his vogue in a great house in Bruton Street, fell sick, came to the end of his resources, and was driven to appeal to the King for assistance. Of Gainsborough, of West, of Romney,

* Conversations of James Northcote, R.A., with James Ward. Edited by Ernest Fletcher. Methuen. 10s. 6d.

we get glimpses, and ever like a refrain we hear the great Sir Joshua's name and listen to his sayings and learn his ways and methods. Very touching is this devotion of the pupil to the shade of his famous master, and since Northcote was a man of great candour and perspicacity, and most impatient of cant, he paints us in a few strokes a portrait of Reynolds, all his own, and obviously, so far as it goes, the real man.

Eloquent in its brevity is the story of Opie's domestic misfortune. "Opie ought never to have married," says his friend and critic, and goes on to relate how he called by appointment at his brother painter's house to take him for a walk. Opie came down the stairs with a very serious face and said: "'A sad misfortune has happened to me—my wife has run off!' 'Oh!' said I, 'that is nothing more than what I have long expected,' and then we took our stroll." Of Northcote's disquisitions on Titian, Vandyke, and other great masters there is no room to speak, but all his opinions are expressed with reverence and generally with sympathy. The book leaves an impression of a character deeply sincere, enthusiastic in study, of a caustic, but not malicious temper, altogether a very loveable and humble man. Of his humility take this anecdote as an example. Northcote was physically insignificant, a fact less easily concealed from, and more constantly present to, the mind of a painter than to that of any other man. On one occasion he had a commission for an equestrian portrait of the King. He engaged a soldier to sit for the figure, and "Oh!" he says, "he was a very handsome and grand-looking figure, and he sat with such a quiet and patient dignity that I shall never forget it. . . . Had I been a louse I could not have thought more meanly of myself than I did at that moment." Length of days was granted him in abundance; he was a pupil of Sir Joshua's when that great man was at the zenith of his fame, and he lived to criticise Sir Edwin Landseer. His interlocutor here is not the James Ward whose picture of the bulls fighting hangs in the National Gallery, who died a nonogenarian, but a North Countryman who was born some years later, and died many years earlier. The volume includes several interesting reproductions from paintings, including a fine portrait of Benjamin West by his fellow-countryman, Gilbert Stuart, as well as the picture of Northcote himself by Jackson, and the latter's beautiful study of himself—one of the treasures of the British school of painting.

WHAT'S WHAT?*

WHAT, indeed? Avowedly, a "guide for to-day to life as it is and things as they are"; actually, a collection of articles (paragrams, the editor calls them) which are chiefly concerned with life as Mr. Harry Quilter knows it and things as he sees them. Ostensibly, a work of reference; really, a work of humour, a human book, half autobiography, half philosophical medley. For Mr. Harry Quilter has skimmed the whole dish of life, and this is the cream. On the very first page Mr. Quilter takes the reader into his confidence. In a "Bibliographical note" we are introduced to the mysteries of this book's conception. On Sunday, September 2nd, 1900, at Mullion, in Cornwall (in such obscure places epochs are ushered in), the editor's mind was first illuminated with the idea of this work, and we are led through a maze of dates until, breathless, we learn that the last copy was "sent to press on Thursday, October 10th, 1901, at six p.m." The whole is crowned by a water colour drawing of Mullion, with the thrilling legend "Where I started What's What." As for the riches of the book itself, we do not know how to reveal them. It is a mine of delight and humour. All the editor's life passes like a panorama before us, whether we read of art or dining, of gambling or Manchester, of furniture or a week in London. Would we furnish our dining-room? Mr. Quilter bids us "take" a heavy mahogany sideboard, bronze ornaments, morocco-seated chairs, and "make of them an historic early Victorian dining-room, which shall be interesting, comfortable, and even in a measure beautiful." Of wall papers he says "avoid neutral tints therein," and himself recommends a good "strong green." Would we dine? First let us learn that "a dinner is not like a series of bangs on a big drum." Our dinner must "work up to its special dish, and thence descend gently into the *néant*." We must not eat "thick luscious soups"; they "strike a deadly blow at the appetite," and "make the final achievement difficult, if not impossible." "An elaborate fish is desirable"; he strikes no blows. There is a last word addressed to a man "who is dining alone with, say, a mouthful of Roquefort cheese." In such grim companionship, Mr. Quilter's words cannot but be helpful, if only as a preparation for that mysterious "descent into the *néant*." Mr. Quilter's experience of life embraces a wide field. Art, literature, science, society—all come within his view. Of Mr. Meredith's novels we learn that "people admire them frantically, but love them not at all"; of liqueurs, that "no doubt we are all better without liqueurs, but still they add to the gaiety of individuals, if not of nations." Of course there is some useful information in the book, but it were sacrilege to speak of mere utility in connection with so admirable an entertainment. Need we say that there is a portrait of the editor on the first page? Or that, in accordance with the scheme of "things as they are" it is described as "a print from an untouched negative?"

* WHAT'S WHAT? 1902. By Harry Quilter. Sonnenschein. 6s. net.

NEW BOOKS

(1) NEWMAN: AN APPRECIATION. With the choicest passages of his writings selected and arranged. By Alexander Whyte, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier. 3s. 6d.

(2) THE SAINTS IN CHRISTIAN ART: APOSTLES, EVANGELISTS, AND EARLY SAINTS. By Mrs. Arthur Bell. George Bell and Sons. 14s.

(3) THE CONTROL OF TRUSTS. An argument in favour of curbing the power of monopoly by a natural method. By John Bates Clark. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

(4) INDUCTIVE SOCIOLOGY. A syllabus of methods, analyses and classifications, and provisionally formulated laws. By Franklin Henry Gibbings, Ph.D. Macmillan. 8s. 6d.

(5) MARYLAND AS A PROPRIETARY PROVINCE. By Newton D. Mereness. Macmillan. 12s. 6d.

(6) A RIBBON OF IRON. By Annette M. B. Meakin. Constable. 6s.

(1) Dr. Alexander Whyte's *Newman: An Appreciation*, combines much obviously sincere eulogy with denunciations at least equally whole-hearted. If Dr. Whyte is able to "appreciate" (we are bound to use the quotation marks) the Cardinal, why was not the Cardinal able to appreciate Calvin and Knox? That is the question the book seems to ask, and it may be sufficient to suggest that if Newman had thought his work lay in that direction he would have had no difficulty in appreciating such antagonists, and shows quite as much readiness to recognise their gifts of style and what was good in their teaching, as Dr. Whyte displays in his own case. But though it is pleasant to play the umpire it is sometimes more necessary to fight, and the man who tries to combine the two parts will seldom win his battle. Nevertheless we welcome Dr. Whyte's lectures as likely to introduce Newman to new readers, and also for the six previously unpublished letters of the Cardinal's printed in the appendix. Written between December 15th, 1883, and January 2nd, 1884, these relate to the correction of a phrase in which Dr. Whyte had accused Catholics of teaching "that we *physically* eat our Lord's flesh and drink His blood in the Holy Eucharist." When the change to "substantially" had been made, Newman's scrupulous fairness caused him to write a last letter which is worth quoting in full.

Birmingham, January 2nd, 1884.

DEAR DR. WHYTE,—Since I sent to you my letter agreeing to your printing "substance," etc., in inverted commas, I have been teased with the thought I have not been fair to you, as I will explain.

You say "this is directed against the Popish doctrine." I am right in saying that the "Popish doctrine" is *not* what you have

stated it to be, but I am *not* fair to yourself when I allow you to propose to say that "the Shorter Catechism" directs its words against the doctrine (really ours) of "the change of *substance*." Is it not more likely that its writers knew little, or thought little, of the decrees of the Council of Trent, and were aiming at the extreme notions of the *multitude*, who were in many places superstitious, and sadly in want of instruction?

This doubt has made me quite miserable, since you have been so very kind to me; and I so confide in that kindness that I would rather put the matter entirely into your hands without me.

Excuse this bad writing, but the power to hold a pen is going from me.—Very sincerely yours,

JOHN H., CARD. NEWMAN.

Dr. Whyte has modestly refrained from printing his own letters, but their tenour can be gathered from Newman's replies, and we are tempted to ask whether it is not by such scrupulously fair discussions of differences rather than by attempted "appreciations" that Christians of opposite schools of thought are likely to get closest to each other's point of view.

(2) Mrs. Arthur Bell's book has two titles, that on the title-page reading, *Lives and Legends of the Evangelists, Apostles, and other Early Saints*, that on the half-title, *The Saints in Christian Art: the Evangelists, Apostles, and other Early Saints*. The difference may merely be due to the fact that a second volume, dealing with the later saints, is in preparation, but throughout the text, and also the illustrations to it, both Mrs. Bell and her publishers seem to have wavered between two different enterprises, the telling of the lives of the saints for their own sake, and the telling and illustrating them with strict reference to the needs of students of art. References to pictures abound throughout the book, but much space is occupied with summarising the lives of the Apostles from the New Testament, a task in which Mrs. Bell shows no exceptional skill. Of the forty-eight illustrations all but nine represent New Testament characters, and of these nine three are devoted to St. Lawrence alone, leaving only six to throw light on the emblems by which art students may identify other saints in pictures. The publishers' liberality is thus a good deal less than it seems, for we think we are not wrong in suggesting that many, perhaps most, of the pictures have already appeared in other books they have issued, and students who purchase Mrs. Bell's work in the hope of finding an illustrated English equivalent to Cahier's "Caractéristiques des Saints" are doomed to disappointment. Having given this warning, we have only to say that Mrs. Bell has gone to the best sources of information, and has done her work carefully, while the illustrations are in themselves excellent and from pictures of far higher artistic merit than would have been the case if they had been chosen solely to throw light on the emblems with which the obscurer saints are represented. But the book seems to us to be addressed to two different classes of readers, and will probably be found too learned by the one and too popular by the other.

(3) As its sub-title sets forth, Professor J. B. Clark's *The Control of Trusts* is an "argument in favour of curbing the power of monopoly by a natural method." Writing exclusively from an American standpoint, Professor Clark regards Trusts with no unfriendly eyes, and thinks that all that is needed for the protection of the consumer is to keep alive the potentiality of competition. In a paragraph on p. 63 he summarises very neatly the dangers which have to be met:—

> There are three ways in which a trust can crush an efficient competitor. The rival may be producing goods cheaply, and he may be the man who normally ought to survive; and yet the trust may ruin him. It may make use of the "factors' agreement," by which it gives a special rebate to those merchants who handle only its own goods. It may resort, secondly, to the local cutting of prices, whereby the trust enters its rival's special territory and sells goods there below the cost of producing them, while sustaining itself by means of higher prices charged in other portions of its field. Again, the trust may depend on the cutting of the price of some one variety of goods which a rival producer makes, in order to ruin him, while it sustains itself by means of the high prices which it gets for goods of other kinds.

As Professor Clark remarks, the mere threat by a powerful corporation that it will resort to any one of these weapons obliges established manufacturers to accept any terms that may be vouchsafed them, and prevents new competition from coming into play. But monopolies being forbidden by American common law, if the use of any one of these weapons were made legal evidence of the existence of a monopoly, the threat would fall harmless and the potentiality of competition be restored. Add to this a permission to railways to pool their earnings, thereby removing the temptation to grant preferential rates, and the trusts, in Professor Clark's opinion, would become beneficent centralising agencies, by whose aid America may gain a legitimate commercial primacy. The programme is simple, and, as far as it goes, eminently sound, but is Professor Clark sure that if the law were altered as he desires, local courts could be trusted to protect the small manufacturer against a wire-pulling trust, or that railways, however much their earnings might be pooled, would never be "controlled"? All that he proposes is in the right direction, but it may be doubted if it would suffice, unless strongly backed up by public opinion.

(4) The object of Professor Giddings' *Inductive Sociology* is stated as the presentation of "a scheme of inductive method, a somewhat detailed analysis and classification of social facts, and a tentative formulation of the more obvious laws of social activity—all as a basis for further inductive studies." The book suggests and explains a highly technical terminology for workers engaged in social research, arranged according to an elaborate classification of problems. Used in classrooms it seems to us a very difficult and even dangerous book, likely to lead students to think themselves possessed of foot-rules which they can apply to any conceivable set of circumstances. But to actual workers, if sufficiently hard-headed, it will suggest points they might otherwise overlook, and may be really useful so long as they keep its terminology out of their reports. A book which is one long series of classifications and definitions naturally teems with disputable points, as, when we are told that the four great types of character, produced by different degrees of motive and of method, are the Forceful, the Convivial, the Austere, and the Rationally Conscientious. A map of the United States, shaded to show the distribution of these characteristics, is given in an appendix, but the inclusion of Forcefulness surely introduces a cross division, while we should be sorry to have to distribute our acquaintances among the remaining three classes.

(5) *Maryland as a Proprietary Province*, by Dr. Newton Mereness, is a better book than we were led to expect by its opening sentence, which informs us that "Since the founding of Maryland, science has given man a wonderful mastery over the forces of nature, has so penetrated the crusts enveloping the religious thought of sects and nations, that man has been found to be the maker even of Bibles; and while thus causing him to see himself as the centre of the universe, man has demanded the right to govern himself." Having blown off this ungrammatical grandiloquence, Dr. Mereness settled down to write a useful constitutional history of Maryland, which may claim the attention of students from the curious problem which its charter set the lord proprietor and his colonists to work out. For, on the one hand, Lord Baltimore was granted in his new American palatinate "as ample rights, liberties, immunities, and temporal franchises, as any Bishop of Durham had ever had, exercised, used, and enjoyed," and on the other, the people of Maryland were guaranteed "all the privileges, franchises, and liberties enjoyed by other English subjects." By 1623, when this charter was granted, some of the feudal rights of the Bishops of Durham were already obsolete, and the proprietor and colonists had to fight out the question as to which section of the charter should override the other. This they did through a century and a half in the familiar English way, working through the problem in detail, with much controversy over money matters and a slow transfer of authority from the governor to the assembly. The struggle was carried on good-temperedly enough, and perhaps for this

reason is rather curious than exciting, producing few or no men of any real note on the popular side, and with no opportunities for heroism. Curious, however, it certainly is, and this not only on its political but also on its ecclesiastical side, for the Baltimores being Roman Catholics, their Jesuit advisers boldly claimed all the exemptions from lay jurisdiction that had ever been enjoyed anywhere by the Church of Rome, and, in fact, tried to go behind the Constitutions of Clarendon. On the other hand, the repeated but fruitless prayer of the Church of England settlers that they might be allowed a Bishop, illustrates the mismanagement in the ecclesiastical affairs of the Colonies, the effect of which has never been recovered. English readers will probably think that Dr. Mereness has rather overcrowded his book with detail, but the appetite of the Marylanders, for whom the book is primarily written, will naturally be more robust, and Dr. Mereness has done his work well.

(6) In *A Ribbon of Iron* we follow the journey of two Englishwomen, the first to travel by the Great Siberian Railway. The book is a chatty chronicle of personal experience, giving glimpses of the country through which they pass, towns, villages, and remote stations, with most friendly impressions of the Russian officials, whose courtesy made smooth the rough road of these dauntless pilgrims. There are passing views of convict settlements and Chinese gold-mines; sketches of Cossacks, Circassians, and Servian gipsies, with studies of fellow-travellers, aristocrats, emigrants, and lady doctors. No startling adventures befel, though the tourists reached the bank of the Amur but little in advance of the Chinese Boxers. The interest of the book lies in the cheery optimism of the travellers, the good comradeship of mother and daughter through all the worries and wearinesses which Russian travel offers by railroad and river.

FICTION

A Friend with the Countersign. By B. K. Benson. Macmillan and Co. 6s.—In *A Friend with the Countersign* we have a singular contrast to Stephen Crane's study of the American Civil War which has had so strong an influence on the work of many succeeding writers. "The Red Badge of Courage" was compact of moods and glimpses; no understanding of the great issues of the war disengaged itself from that astounding *mêlée* of impressions, but how vivid was the appeal to nerves and senses. The reader not only saw the intolerable haphazard carnage, but heard its many-keyed discord, smelt the fumes of powder, and felt the pulse of courage and the deadening chill of panic. Here, on the contrary, we have a work of detail and research, accurate to the point of pedantry, a sustained record of the perilous exploits of a spy and soldier, without one picture of battle, imprisonment, or flight which bites into the imagination. The abstention from such effects would almost seem to be deliberate, it is, at any rate, absolute; there is no more light and shade in the book than in the war-map which it so closely resembles. There is, nevertheless, a certain power and reality in the work, but to find it the reader needs to be almost as painstaking as the writer has been. Not content with presenting an oppressively long and close narrative, Mr. Benson assumes the reader's acquaintance with his earlier novel "Who Goes There?" which explains the curious loss and recovery of memory in consequence of which the hero has innocently fought on both sides. In the present story Jones Berwick has recovered, and is serving as scout under Meade, the Northern general, at a risk terribly increased by the chance of recognition from his Southern comrades. His various exploits and their relations to the movements of the army are given with convincing closeness, his adventures before the battle of the Wilderness being specially good, but all are described in the manner of technical reports rather than romance. His final trial by the Confederates on the false charge of being a deserter, then on the true one of being a spy, is strongly given, and is the one point where the personal characterisation and interest stand clearly forth. There is true nobility in Berwick's gallant fight for life against a false accusation, his stoical acceptance of death, when the accusation is true, as a penalty long risked and deserved. The necessary reprieve and happy ending are less inevitable, but skilfully managed. The rest of the book is hopelessly overweighted by unending accounts of the positions, plans, and marches of the two armies. Those interested in the subject will find *A Friend with the Countersign* a store-house of martial and topographical information, but the patient and thorough study it requires might, we feel, be more fitly applied to getting our military history at first hand.

Flower and Thorn. By Beatrice Whitby. Hurst and Blackett. 6s.—*Flower and Thorn* unmistakably attains the true end of all imaginative literature—"increase of delight" in the reader. It refreshes the mind by its quiet tranquillity and practised ease, and if at first the stream may run a little shallow, a deep undercurrent of feeling and reflection soon makes itself felt. Miss Whitby again writes of married life and its pitfalls. Captain Guthrie's wife is the outcome of a worldly upbringing—a spoilt beauty, extravagant, fond of dress, self-centred, but very charming withal. Failing to secure a rich *parti*, she has married "a poor man in an expensive profession"—grave, stern, strongwilled, but extraordinarily lovable. Guthrie's personality attracts on every page. She gets into debt, and the shoe pinches increasingly, when Jane Mallam, Guthrie's plain, practical, kind-hearted cousin, comes forward with money and good advice. The two women are admirably contrasted. Valerie grows irritable and foolishly jealous, and the rift in the *ménage* is yawning ominously, when war summons the husband to South Africa, and all jars and misunderstandings shrivel up for ever in the fierce, cleansing fires of separation and suspense. The black winter of 1899-1900 is touched upon with great pathos, and the ennobling influence of the war, in teaching patience, fortitude, and self-effacement at home as on the battlefield, is strenuously upheld. The book is full of human sympathy and seasoned wisdom.

A Man of Devon. By John Sinjohn. Blackwood. 6s.—Of the four short stories which compose this volume, "A Man of Devon" reads most pleasantly. Devonshire must always form a delightful background; and Pasiance Voysey's secret marriage with a ne'er-do-well adventurer, who deserts her in a fortnight to roam the high seas, and the consequent death of the little half-Pagan wife, are cleverly described. But "The Salvation of Swithin Forsyte" is a disagreeable episode in the life of a soulless, mindless, middle-class Englishman; and its jerkiness is redoubled in "The Silence"—a tangle of foreign mines, obstinate directors, and heroic experts, to which the clue is entirely lacking. The interest of "The Knight" also is lost in a mass of confused detail. We cannot predict any success to this ill-assorted collection.

The Bellaley Jewels. By E. Balfour Browne. Arnold.—Miss Balfour Browne has invented a somewhat ingenious plot in which the loss and recovery of a string of jewels affect the fortunes of more than its immediate possessors. She tells her story rather brightly, the opening scene in Ferramere Market is especially good, and her descriptive passages are often effective. The plot is better than the character-drawing We confess to being moved to no great belief in Mrs. Girling, who takes some very strong measures to increase her income; in Lady Castle, with her plots to revenge herself, or those whom she has injured; or in the morose Kirby. The author should in the future do much better; but, in the meanwhile, she has written a decidedly readable story.

Reversed on Appeal. John Ross. Kegan Paul, Trench.—Mr. Ross's "modern Scotch novel" is not very entertaining reading. The heroine is born in the colonies, and on her parents' death goes to live with an uncle in Cape Colony. On the outbreak of the war she is sent to another uncle in Scotland. The first uncle dies and leaves her a considerable fortune. A somewhat rascally lawyer draws two labouring men and

distant relatives to dispute the will on the ground that Belle's mother was sister to her father's first wife. They win the case, which is afterwards "Reversed on Appeal." The discussions on both sides and a little lighter matter, such as the description of a game of curling, and of course Belle's love affairs, make up the volume.

My Island. By G. Hughes. J. M. Dent.—*My Island* is a dainty little volume, which has the advantage of illustrations by Lady Stanley—charming little sketches of children gay, glad, and shy. The paper which gives the name to the book is rather obscurely sentimental, and we prefer the tales which follow it. Of these, one or two about children succeed in suggesting real children instead of the usual book child. The best is, perhaps, "A Large Room," which includes some original Welsh peasants and a ghost story.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY QUESTION

SIR,—One great difficulty in the attempts to solve the claims of Irish Catholics to a separate home of higher learning arises from the fact that Ireland is the only country in Europe where the majority of the people had been permanently placed outside the law and cut off from trade, from property, and from education, while a highly organised minority in possession of property and State support worked out a perfectly homogeneous system of education rooted in the religion of the minority, and spreading over all departments of secular and ecclesiastical life. We speak of Trinity College as a University, but in truth it is merely the principal ganglion of Protestantism in Ireland. One has only to think for a moment of the interdependence of the University, Freemasonry, the Castle, the Bench, the landlords, and the Protestant Synod to see at once that Trinity College is the focus of the minority in Ireland. The other day at the University Club there was a banquet presided over by a distinguished Protestant judge in honour of three distinguished Protestant lawyers who had just been promoted, one to the bench, one to the law office, and one to the chief prosecutorship in Ireland. The banquet was symptomatic of many things. It showed the great cohesiveness of the minority who have clutched all the organs of the State and enjoyed all rewards incident to that seizure. Trinity College is also the home and headquarters of the Protestant clergy. When the Synod meets, Trinity College sends its professors and its *alumni* to swell the ranks of the Synodsmen, and one judge or another (always a Trinity man) sits as assessor to the bishops, themselves Trinity graduates. Naturally, all Catholics who wish to "get on" see the advantages of entering the college portals, within which they never hear or see anything which suggests that such a thing as a Catholic Church exists. This they describe by saying that "they never saw or heard anything offensive to Catholics," and in this they rejoice greatly. They come out "enlightened" and at once set up as "nice" people who have no sympathy with vulgar aims and objects like the preservation of the Irish language or (more vulgar still) the preservation of the Irish people. They are ahead of such obscurantist aims. Trinity College has taught them that all outside its guiding light are mere Irish savages. Those who are not Trinity men have no right whatever to talk about Universities. Dr. Starkie is the leading sample of this intellectual article. Men like Dr. O'Dwyer, the O'Conor Don, and Mr. John Dillon know nothing about Universities because they are not Trinity men. The conception of a University which this unnatural condition of things tends to evolve is a very simple one. It is a place where "nice" people are trained for "getting on" in life. Trinity College in actual fact has become a great professional training school for law, medicine, the Protestant Church, and the higher Civil Service. The apotheosis of gentility and the contempt for mere manual crafts or commercial activity (the glorification of the so-called learned professions) touches a point in Ireland of which no one outside Ireland can form any idea. All the occupations from which Papists had been excluded by law remain substantially in the hands of Trinity College, and the hungry Catholic office-seeker has to come in and be kempt if he is to share the fleshpots. The result is that there is a lower and more mercenary tone in Trinity College than in any other kindred institution in the world. How to get posts and place is the one great art, and as posts and places are bestowed by England, the aim must be to turn out imitation Englishmen. Accordingly, if honours are to be conferred on outsiders, an English general, an English politician, an English actor is chosen, never a great Irish scholar or Irish artist, still less an Irish political leader.

And yet one would think that Daniel O'Connell, or Cardinal Moran, or Eugene O'Curry deserved academic recognition as fully as Henry Irving or Joseph Chamberlain. One might multiply names. Were Trinity College steeped in Irish feeling as Scotch Universities are in Scotch feeling and Welsh Universities in Welsh feeling, even the accursed legacy of penal days might be borne. But Trinity College looks upon itself as an outpost of England quite as much as any of the thousand block-houses (called police barracks) by which the blessings of English rule are brought home to the most distant country villages.

Now in direct opposition to all this stands the Catholic Church. The priests are officers of an empire wider than that of Britain, but they are "kindly Irish of the Irish," and are no more Italian than English. They are by historical causes made into the sole permanent organisation of the Irish Catholics. Up to the violation of the Treaty of Limerick Irish Catholic laymen, although debarred from learning at home, had the great establishments on the Continent open to them, where men like Keating, the famous Irish historian, was a student among hundreds more of Irish pilgrims to the shrines of knowledge. After the confiscations and proscriptions there was no longer a leisured class of Irish Catholics, and the priests *ex necessitate* became the leaders of the people.

O'Connell, trained abroad, despised Irish Protestantism, with its upstart airs. He saw that it was not so much a creed as a social and political organisation, and he mobilised the priesthood to the attack on the citadel of greed and intolerance. Since then the priests have grown enormously in material advantages without corresponding intellectual advance. A highly-educated priesthood would be one of the greatest blessings which any man could wish for in Ireland. With that, or next to that, or failing that, we need an instructed Catholic laity. Priests who know history, and especially the history of the Latin nations in the eighteenth century, can hardly think that ecclesiastical surveillance of teaching is, even from their special standpoint, wise or salutary. They seem on the whole to have learned that lesson. Traditional learning did not save France from the materialistic outburst which preceded the Revolution. Coddling does not make strong athletes. An inrush of new knowledge into the unfortified mind means death and destruction, as the mind cannot assimilate the strange food. The evidence of those who spoke with authority for the Irish Catholic Bishops, as well as of those who can speak with the authority of experience for the Catholic University College and the Catholic Medical School, shows clearly that we are in no danger of intellectual repression in a Catholic University on the lines suggested. But really these speculative questions which disturb Churchmen can have little bearing on the mass of knowledge imparted to students. Trinity College is not exactly the home of audacious research and probing inquiries. It has its limits as rigidly set (as its very name imports), and its fundamental beliefs as deep rooted as those of any Catholic University can be.

The speculative thinker will find a way; but he cannot think at all if he is condemned to mental famine. But the ordinary student is not a man of obstinate questionings. He takes the world as it comes. And here lies the value of a sympathetic University, one with its eye fixed on Ireland, with its affections rooted in Ireland, and all things thought of in relation to Ireland. Empires spiritual and temporal are too wide for human affections, and character is mainly built on the affections. The Protestant ideal of prosperity and physical comfort will never deeply move the Irishman. Chicago, Liverpool, and Hamburg will not appeal to him or stir ambition. Give him a centre of Irish mental activity where those who feel that they have a country to love may come together as the minority can come now, and there, at any rate, are the rudiments of a home for Irish intellectual life. Trinity College has no more hold upon Ireland than if it were in the moon; it is aggressively an official college, and when it becomes, as rumour says it soon will, a rival of Sandhurst and Woolwich, its official nature will be still more marked. Officialism is Ireland's curse, and without officialism Trinity College could not go on for ten years. Church and State, State and Church; that is the law and the prophets in Trinity.

Dr. Starkie (I was going to say with "child-like innocence," but that would vex him) asks why a rush of Catholics should not take place. The atmosphere of the place depends on the undergraduates, he says. Of course, all control is to be Protestant, and good, well-behaved Papists ought to be quite content to be ruled and judged, as their fathers before them were, by benevolent Protestants, contemptuously tolerant of them and their idolatries. If Catholics had all along been on

equal terms, or if a new start were made on equal terms all round, then, indeed, the talk about an "open" University would have a meaning. At present Trinity College is open in the sense in which Percival declared that all the churches taken over from Catholics were still open to them, as no one would prevent them from coming in; on the contrary, they would be warmly welcomed. If the friends of mental liberty in England, in their horror of priests, prefer an uneducated Catholic population in Ireland, well and good; but let them not deceive themselves by fine phrases; they are wilfully keeping out the light of knowledge in the interest of a cruel and hateful bigotry. JOHN F. TAYLOR

PUBLIC-HOUSE REFORM

SIR,—As many still seem to think that Public-house Reform in England is quite new and untried, I shall be very grateful if you will allow me to make mention of our work. The People's Refreshment House Association, started by the Bishop of Chester and Major H. J. Craufurd, took over its first house in October, 1897, and is now managing twenty-one houses in various counties (nineteen of its own, and two on behalf of other bodies). The experience of the Association has shown that, though the carrying on of the liquor trade is by no means easy, satisfactory results can be obtained by careful supervision. The managers of our houses make no profit out of alcohol, but are allowed a large share of the profits on mineral waters, and all profit on tea, coffee, cocoa, and food—cutlery, linen, and crockery being supplied by the Association. It is a pleasure to report that no manager has been convicted of any offence as yet, and that the only house which has been taken into private hands again is a beerhouse, which the local Bench somewhat tardily discovered not to be tenable by a mere manager.

The new Public-house Trusts, which owe their existence to the energetic action of Lord Grey, are to carry the movement still further, and, though quite independent of the older Association, are working in cordial co-operation with it.

The advantages claimed by reformers are: (1) good and strict management; (2) the giving of facilities for refreshment of all kinds without any pushing of the alcoholic trade; (3) carefully chosen and wholesome liquor; (4) a limitation of shareholders' dividend; (5) the participation of the public in the resultant surplus profits.

The system is adapted for the strict regulation of drinking, not for its prohibition, but supporters of it are not debarred from pressing for a statutory reduction of licenses in accordance with the reasonable needs of town and country districts; nor will they be found to oppose other truly temperate measures of reform dealing with the shortening of hours, the prohibition of sale to children, etc.

Thanking you in anticipation for inserting this letter.

I am, yours faithfully,
R. CRIPPS, Secretary,
P.R.H. Association

Broadway Chambers, Westminster, S.W.

THE E.C.U. AND ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

SIR,—Although no significance as regards the general position of the E.C.U. on this subject can be attached to the afternoon meeting at Brighton (composed chiefly of ladies who do not vote), to which Mr. Lacey alludes in last week's PILOT, yet his letter on the subject seems to challenge some reply from me.

In introducing the resolution to which he refers, I said that if, after muddling through with great questions, as we do in England, we reached at length a satisfactory conclusion, it was largely because, when the time came, men of goodwill endeavoured "to clear their minds of cant" and to deal with facts as they are.

I, of course, used the word in its strictly "parliamentary" sense—viz., that of cherishing ideas, and using words and phrases to express them, which do not correspond with the facts, but appeal to the fancies, the wishes, or the prejudices of speaker and hearers.

I am sure Mr. Lacey is a man of goodwill, but if he has endeavoured to clear his mind of cant in this sense, I can only conclude that he has signally failed.

He starts with the fatal mistake of endeavouring to discuss one subject in terms of another. He is enamoured of the Ontario school system, and he proceeds to discuss the English education question in Ontario terminology, dividing the schools into "common" or *public* and "essentially *private*," the former being the Board, the latter the Denominational schools.

Faced by the objection that both classes of schools are defined by Act of Parliament as "*Public* Elementary Schools," he boldly says that, as regards the latter class, this is a misnomer.

To support this contention he falls into the further fatal mistake of first using in one sense, and then applying in another, a word which bears two meanings. The word "school" is used sometimes of the institution, sometimes of the building in which the institution is held, and he thinks he has proved that a "public elementary school," governed by the same code as the Board schools, compelled by law to receive every child of school age who claims admission, and which, in half the parishes in England, is the school, and the only school, which every child is compelled by law to attend, is "an essentially private institution," because the school *building* in which it is held is vested in an individual, or in trustees. If Mr. Lacey will accompany me, I will take him a round of Board schools held in buildings which are private property. The definition clause of the Act of 1870 makes the matter quite plain when it speaks of the persons who have the management of any elementary school," whether the legal interest in the *schoolhouse* is, or is not, vested in them.

But he says that the owners of these private schools (meaning *buildings*) use them as a private firm for purveying an article required by the Government, viz., secular education, and that when you "get down to the bed-rock of facts," they are merely "Contractors to the Board of Education."

Here he falls into the further fatal mistake of pressing what, at best, is (or rather *was*, when grants were largely proportioned by results) a loose analogy, as if it were a statement of fact.

It is just when you get down to the bed-rock of fact that the looseness of the analogy is made plain, and the adoption of the fee grant, the special aid grant, and of the block grant in lieu of payment by results have robbed the analogy of most of the colour which it possessed.

The *fact* is that the Denominational schools have never had any commercial character of this sort. They were originally charities (when the State did not trouble itself about education) the value of which to the State being, however, recognised they were after a time assisted from public funds until in 1870 they were practically incorporated in the national system of elementary education, then for the first time set up by the State, and this incorporation was fully recognised by the Education Act of 1897.

The *grievance* is that, being so incorporated, they have not been fairly treated, but have been made the cause of an unequal fiscal burden and a violation of religious liberty.

It is the full significance of this fact and of this grievance that we have to press on the reason and conscience of Parliament.

We Churchmen have to claim our full share in the national system which we have done so much to build up. There is no reason why a dual system as regards the provision and management of schools, under one strong local education authority, and subject to one supreme State control, equitably administered in regard to finance, and with due respect for consciences, should not result in a healthy variety of type and that efficiency which is bred of a wholesome competition. A dual system worked as it has been can result in nothing but bitter rivalry, waste, inefficiency, friction and religious wrangling.

Where the sense of justice to which we appeal is weak we may well press our claim by the leverage of the splendid asset we possess in the school buildings and machinery which it would cost the nation some £100,000,000 to replace. That asset is, however, being whittled away. Whilst every man hath his educational psalm, his doctrine, his *tongue*, his revelation, his interpretation, which he wants us to stop and discuss, school after school is being lost, and in each case it is replaced, not by one of Mr. Lacey's "essentially private schools, permeated through and through and exclusively with a Christian character," nor even by one of his "common" secular schools, in which Christian doctrines might, perhaps, be taught out of school hours, but by an ordinary Board school with its Cowper-Temple Clause, and thus that moral monster, as Mr. Gladstone called it, a sort of Municipal Religion to be squeezed into all consciences and paid for out of the pockets of those who detest it, is being steadily established amongst us.

It is, under these circumstances, that Mr. Lacey thought it fitting to move the previous question to a resolution simply affirming that in a country deeply divided in regard to religious opinions, the Denominational principle should prevail in public elementary schools. FRED. C. HOLIDAY

[We are compelled by want of space to hold over a letter on this same subject from Mr. Denny.—ED.]

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION

SIR,—Your correspondent, "A. C.," would appear to have misread my letter. I would suggest that his remarks are hardly relevant, since I in no way proposed a revision of the existing Prayer-book *de novo*, but urged the adoption of a Prayer-book now being used by millions of enlightened people belonging to the Anglican Church. I can only repeat that it is a poor compliment to British methods to acknowledge that the machinery of British civilisation will not admit of our doing now that which the Americans were able to do a hundred years ago. Naturally I should have preferred the adoption of such a course as common sense would dictate for the attainment of uniformity of liturgy throughout the Anglican Church, but I am aware of the present practical impossibility of a meeting of delegates from England, Scotland, Ireland, America, Canada, South Africa, and Australia, for the purpose of enlarging and revising the Prayer-book. Therefore I have suggested a progressive step which, in making for subsequent progress towards uniformity and harmony, should be free from such disadvantages as would attach to any attempt to remodel our present Prayer-book, and again to produce something to be the exclusive property of the Established Church. At the same time, I cannot but remark upon the pitiable condition of things prevailing which binds us so securely hand and foot with red tape, that the Establishment becomes the bar to the present possibility of our agreeing with all other Anglican peoples of the world might be disposed to agree to were a scheme for the attainment of uniformity seriously set on foot. Your correspondent does not commit himself to an opinion on any portion of our liturgy beyond championing the literary value of the prayers therein. I should like to ask how far he would be inclined to champion the retention of the Commination Service and the Athanasian Creed, more especially the opening portion of the former. May I venture to call your correspondent's attention to what appears to me a particularly unfortunate illustration on his part. The riots in Athens may surely be referred, by a careful student of the press, to political rather than ecclesiastical grounds. The fact of English and American churches existing side by side in Continental cities, and the consequent waste of expenditure thus arising from the difference between the liturgies of these Anglican communities, is a minor but not unconvincing point of testimony as to the advantage of any progress towards final uniformity in the Anglican Church.

Buckminster Park, Grantham, DYSART
December 6th, 1901.

A CORRECTION

SIR,—Our attention has been called to the article in your issue of November 30th, p. 614, in which reference is made to "Mrs. Mellin's Patent Food."

We presume this Company's preparation was the article which the writer had in mind, and think he may be interested to learn that Mellin's Food has been used with great benefit for animals and birds (from elephants to canaries). Moreover, our preparations were found of considerable service for administration to several lions in a menagerie which was in London some time since. MELLIN'S FOOD, LTD.

[It may be remembered that we said that "War cannot thrive on emolliencies any more than the lion, which is its symbol, could thrive on Mrs. Mellin's food." We are deeply grateful to our correspondent for pointing out our curious mistake.—ED. PILOT.]

NOTES

ST. ANDREW'S DAY, the anniversary of the Royal Society, is the occasion for the President of taking stock of the most important discoveries during the year. Nobody was more fit than Sir William Huggins to pronounce judgment on the phenomenon of the new star which last February heralded the new century with a burst of blazing light. But Sir William, instead of pledging himself to an explanation, remarked that "the stellar drama is not yet over." Within a few days the star appeared in the constellation of Perseus, and attained the splendour of a star of the first magnitude. Soon after, this blaze of white light began to wane, changed to red, and, by the end of March, was only just visible to the naked eye. It has afforded one of the few opportunities of obtaining the spectrum of a new celestial body in its infancy—at any rate, in a stage when it burst into light. It is surrounded with a halo of luminous matter which seems to be expanding in irregular spirals, with several brighter spots, as if this unknown matter were dispersed from the central body. The photographic spectrum, studied attentively by Sir Norman Lockyer, indicates "possible rotation of spiral movements of two distinct sets of particles with velocities of 500 and 100 miles per second." Sir Norman has suggested long ago that new stars are produced by the clash of meteor swarms, and he is inclined to think that in the case of this present new star, "the very violent intrusion of the denser swarm has been followed by its dissipation, and that its passage has produced movements in the sparser swarm which may eventuate in a subsequent condensation." Newton thought that these sudden blazes were the result of planets falling into their central sun; others have mitigated this view by substituting enormous swarms of meteors; while others, again, favour the idea that we have here an instance of the condensation or concentration of nebulous matter—in other words, the birth of a new world. It is a fascinating thought that what we see happening now in the heavens has, according to the enormous distances, been really taking place many, perhaps thousands of years ago. Instances of "new stars" and of stars which have vanished are not so very rare. The older catalogues contain not a few which are no longer in evidence, and *vice versa*, but some of these discrepancies may be due to deficient observation in comparison with the new photographic, infinitely more exact methods of cataloguing the heavens. On the other hand, well authenticated instances of new and very bright stars are far and wide between. The present Nova of Perseus ranks in suddenness and brightness with that which the Danish astronomer, Tycho Brahé, discovered one November evening of 1572, when he crossed from his chemical laboratory to the observatory. This star lasted for about sixteen months, gradually changing from white and bright light through yellow and red of Mars to the leaden dullness of Saturn.

THE famous Russian savant, Elias Metchnikoff, of the Institut Pasteur in Paris, has for many years been devoting his abundant energy to the study of the processes involved in atrophy and senile decay of human and other animal tissues. Not so very long ago he startled the scientific world with his discovery of the phagocytes, peculiar amœboid cells which are distributed normally in many parts of our body and eat up other cells, maybe such as are weak, aged, or unhealthy, Perhaps there are many kinds of such phagocytes or voracious eating cells. They are by no means all necessarily harmful. On the contrary, he found that swarms of them are established upon the tonsils, where they lie in wait for various kinds of foreign organisms, bacteria, and other cells which, during their passage through our mouth and pharynx, might become harmful. By thus doing a kind of patrol or sentinel duty these phagocytes would be eminently deserving of the welfare of their host. But recently Metchnikoff has discovered phagocytes whose activity is not so desirable. They establish themselves in the inner or medullary, softer part of our hair, and by sending out amœboid prolongations of their protoplasm into the harder or cortical layer of the hair, where the colouring matter is stored, they get hold of, and gorge themselves with the pigment granules. The result is that the hair turns grey, ultimately white, especially when, as Metchnikoff seems to think, the phagocytes withdraw with their pigment food elsewhere. Anyhow, this whitening phenomenon begins near the root of the hair, and when this is stripped of its colouring matter, the robbers leave the hair, and, maybe, turn their attention to other tissues of the body. There are well authenticated cases of the hair turning white in a single night, or at least within a few days, due to excessive grief, shock, suspense, or similar strains producing nervous exhaustion. Do these little voracious cells take advantage of the lowered state of resistance of our organism, and make a sudden raid upon the pigment, which, although it is not at all necessary to the welfare of our hair, we do not like to lose?

ERRATAUM

We regret that in THE PILOT of November 16th and 30th the name of the author of "*Mary Rich, Countess of Warwick*," was wrongly given as Mrs. Fell Smith instead of Miss Charlotte Fell Smith.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE Gresham Publishing Co. send us the first six volumes of their *Imperial Dickens*. This seems to be an honest attempt, not to dish up an old work in the guise of a new edition which really has nothing new about it but the paper and binding, but to issue an edition that is really new. The work is to be issued in fifteen volumes, of which the last is to be devoted to a critical study of Dickens by Mr. George Gissing. Type, paper, and binding have been carefully chosen for their suitability to the purpose, and the result, we think, will be the production of a really worthy library edition of Dickens's works. The publishers have wisely decided not to attempt one more of the many unsatisfactory reproductions of the old illustrations, but have entrusted an entirely new scheme of illustration to a group of eminent artists in black and white, among them Messrs. Shepperson, Brock, Rainey, Pegram, Bacon, and Cowper. The illustrations in the first six volumes, which are already published, are admirable, drawings of the real surroundings having been in many cases introduced into the composition of the pictures. The books are large and handsome in appearance, and are thoroughly well turned out by printer and binder. They are issued only by subscription, one volume, costing 4s. 6d. net, being published monthly.

An Album of Adventures which Happened to us in Our Holidays. By Ascott R. Hope. A. and C. Black. 5s.—Boys will vote this "not half a bad book," and as it is very similar in style to Mr. Hope's former volumes, their parents need have no hesitation in giving it to them.

We have received from Messrs. Mowbray a *Christmas Card*, which will be specially welcome to readers of THE PILOT. The verses are by Michael Fairless, and are allotted to the Angels, Joseph, Mary, and the First, Second, and Third Kings. They have all the charm which so many have recognised in Michael Fairless's writing, and give a distinctive character to the "card" in which they appear.

Messrs. Dean and Son have sent us their invaluable *Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage* for 1902. The volume is increased in size this year owing to the great number of additions in the Knightage and Companionage. This is the 189th year of this excellent publication, which, besides being a valuable work of reference, is also a history of the chief families of England.

Whitaker's Almanac is also one of the books of which it may honestly be said that "no office or library should be without it." It contains more useful information than ever, and is in every way a model of what an Almanac should be. The price is 2s. 6d. net.

We have also received :—

The Church Directory and Almanack: James Nisbet and Co. 2s. net.

King Edward's Cookery Book, by Florence A. George : Edward Arnold. 3s. 6d.

The Book of Bulbs, by S. Arnot : John Lane. 2s. 6d.

Love, Courtship, and Marriage, by the author "How to be Happy though Married" : Chatto and Windus. 3s. 6d.

Love Poems of Sir John Suckling, The Lover's Library : John Lane. 2s. 6d.

Northanger Abbey, by Jane Austen : Methuen. 1s. 6d. net.

The Book of Proverbs, by Gay and Bird, 1s. net; *Westminster Abbey*, by the Very Rev. Dean Farrar; *On Friendship*, by Anthony Thorold, D.D. : Isbister and Co., Ltd. 1s. each.

Dan Leno, Hys Booke: Greening and Co. 6d.

Phil May's Illustrated Annual: Thacker and Co. 1s.

The Twentieth Century Citizen's Atlas, Parts V. and VI. : George Newnes, Ltd. 6d. each.

Lives of the Illustrious, edited by Sidney Stephen and Leslie Lee : Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. 1s.

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PART III.—Alphabetical List of Benefices in the United Kingdom, together with the name of the Incumbent and the name of the Patron.

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The Pilot

LITERARY SUPPLEMENT

DECEMBER 14, 1901

MODERN FRENCH FICTION

A STUDY of the predominant and popular characteristics of the latest French novels is not calculated to render anyone conversant with classic French fiction hopeful of its immediate future. Roughly, ninety-nine out of a hundred works of fiction are exclusively concerned with the world of Paris, or, more precisely, with the narrowest section of that world, rich, idle, select, perverse. How narrowed is the field of this literature, is the involuntary reflection; how monotonous, with its minute study of artificial and corrupt manners, its fatiguing analysis of false, morbid, abnormal sentiment, its pre-occupation with the *bizarre*, the *maladive*; and how little resemblance it bears to the life of the French people. Yet it is this class of French fiction, which, almost to the exclusion of any other, finds a vast sale in this highly moral country; and is read, not by *mauvais sujets*, but by highly educated men and women, whose familiar acquaintance with some of the exponents of what may be called the *genre vie Parisienne*—for the most part inconceivably worthless even from an artistic point of view—has long been a matter for amazed comment on the part of distinguished French critics, and of pained regret that this tainted literature should be accepted as representative of modern French society. A statistical account of the perusal of this class of French novels by the educated classes of this country, would, I am convinced, be a somewhat startling revelation, and in support of this view I give here an instance that occurred the other day. The French correspondent of one of the most widely read of our literary journals, a gifted Irishwoman, whose articles are highly esteemed in French critical circles, warned her readers against a notorious novelist, whose works are not reviewed even by so catholic a critic as M. René Doumic. Thereupon, incredible as it may seem, an unabashed protest from an English reader appeared in the same journal, one particular novel of this author, an unnameable example of the "physiologically erotic" school, being singled out for admiration and praise, and the critic, who did no more than her plain duty, being called upon to make her defence against the charge of limitation and Philistinism!

It must be conceded that this school of novelists—if one may apply the word school to a body of writers who possess apparently no qualities in common, but a preference for the *bizarre*, violent, morbid, brutal, and a method of art that is wanting in every French tradition of form and style—includes a larger number of writers than any other discernible at the present moment. Owing to this numerical strength, and the influence and following of these writers, we are in danger of forgetting the existence in contemporary French fiction, of another class of novelists deeply impressed with the value of sanity in art, and of the material for artistic purposes that is supplied by ordinary, honest, untainted, human nature. Thanks to the predominating elements which combine to form the major part of present-day fiction, it is almost impossible to discern any general tendency, or any movement of a decisive character, that can be correctly described as romantic or realistic in its earlier sense, or even as a continuation of the somewhat artificial and rhetorical methods of the genuine school of naturalists. What one notes with dismay, on the contrary, is the diminution of the sentiment of form, the loss of that classical French, with its exquisite lucidity, proportion and choice, which would almost be a bygone tradition amongst the latter day writers, were it not for M. Anatole France, whose novels, characterised by perfection of craftsmanship, are too well known in this country to need any detailed reference here. M. France's undoubted gifts, his simple, limpid, polished style, his subtle irony, his mocking raillery, constantly veiling acute and even profound truths, dispose his contemporaries to give him a place in French letters that might not be his at any other period, and that in all probability he will not permanently retain. It is just these classical qualities that are, as I have said, so strikingly absent in the latest fiction, and notably in the productions of younger men, who seem to compete with one another in the introduction of profuse details, unnecessary digressions, paradox, episodes developed without reason, order, or taste, and minute laborious analysis, that, far from having the accumulated effect of a Balzac or Richardson, serve only to intensify the general impression of formlessness and incoherence. Examine the works of Huysmans, of Bourget—who at his best, however, exhibits more sane and scrupulous methods than most of his contemporaries—of MM. Paul Hervieu, Léon Daudet, Rodenbach, Montesquiou, and a host of others, whose common distinction is the cold, ferocious delight with which they paint moral ruin, and you will see these characteristics in a greater or less degree exemplified. They revealing, indeed, the writers as men of ability and intelligence, but wholly lacking in the large-hearted, sanative imagination of the true artist, to whom the broad field of human life presents some other material than that which is stupid, base, and brutal.

Some of the writers I have named, and others who cannot be named in these columns, have faculties of so high an order, that it is impossible not to regret their concentration upon themes that can only appeal to sickly and sensualised minds. Only last year, indeed, M. Marcel Prévost, after having long exercised his talents in most unworthy fashion, exhibited his capacity for representing phases of human life and character with the subtlest strength and insight. The striking presentation of the "Woman Question," treated for the first time, in my experience, from the philosophical standpoint, gives his two novels—"Frédérique" and "Léa"—a peculiar significance. In these books, with the exception of one brutal and disfiguring episode, powerful human emotions of the deepest interest to mature minds are handled with great force, poetic fervour, and intellectual energy, though the books are not dedicated *virginibus puerisque*, nor need all literature be, so long as the treatment of human emotion is neither weak, morbid, nor vulgar.

Enough has been said in this key to explain the nature of much present-day French fiction. Happily there are not a few French men of letters who take no such narrow view of life as that described above. They have instead that broad sympathy with human action and human feeling in their manifold completeness, which gives to art a range as wide as life itself, and stamps fiction with that *comprehensive* character which is the distinguishing test of high art, marking it out from mere eclecticism. Concerned with something more dignified than painting the pleasures and passions of an idle society, and throwing a consecrating beauty over the humblest lives and affections, they make us live in the lives of other types of national character than our own. In mirroring a nation of workers, they show us a people whose family hearth is as dear and sacred as our own; whose women, in place of passing their lives in dress, intriguing, and deceiving their husbands, are fully conscious of their serious and high duties, and—almost more than the women of any other nation—of their part in directly contributing to the welfare of their country; and whose lower classes are sober, laborious, and intelligent. At least half a dozen volumes reaching the high-water mark of art have been produced in France within the last few years, which are hardly familiar even in name to the English public in this country which reads French fiction; whilst lesser novels of minor artistic distinction and of high ethical purity are by no means so infrequent in their appearance as is commonly supposed.

M. René Bazin in "La Terre qui Meurt," a story of peasant life, steeped in noble, austere, but most touching pathos; M. Le Roy in the delightful adventures of "Jacquou le Croquant," also simple and feeling, yet informed with wit and philosophy of a genuine, native order, for Jacquou, whose life is delineated, is a true vagabond; M. Edouard Rod, in the restrained poignant tragedy of "Le Silence," laid in a conventional Society *milieu*; M. Pierre Coulevain, the author of "Eve Victorieuse"; M. le Braz in his charming poetical story "Le Sang de la Sirène"; and, going a little further back, M. Loti, for once, in his exquisite idyll "Ramuntcho," have vindicated ethics in imaginative art and the noble office of fiction, as well as poetry, though in a lesser degree, of course, than the latter, of cultivating the heart, and enlarging the range of the inner life. I say M. Loti once only, though many will, no doubt, disagree with my judgment, because, whilst admitting, what is not to be questioned, the exquisite charm and grace of his prose, and the dreamy beauty of his moods and scenes, their general tendencies of over-sensibility, a refined sensuousness bordering closely upon voluptuousness, and a vague unreality almost amounting to insincerity, have a debilitating effect on the mind, and leave the impression of an effeminate art. Of "Ramuntcho" I shall have something to say in a future article, as well as of the books and writers I have briefly referred to above.

F. H. L.

REVIEWS

REPRINTS AND TRANSLATIONS OF POETRY

It may be fairly held that a volume of verse which has achieved a second edition has been successful beyond common measure: while to be translated is the hall mark of fame, since posterity begins at the frontier. The first of the three books on our list is a piece of work for which the numerous lovers of literature in England who know little or no Italian have good cause to thank Mr. Arthur Symons. To many of them it will have a special interest, since *Gioconda* * is the play of all others most especially associated with Signora Duse, and they will read it with her unforgettable presence and personality fresh in their minds, while the very inadequate lady who was set up to represent the sculptor's inspiration will be replaced, no doubt, by something more like what D'Annunzio has described. Whether the composition is or is not a good play may be argued, but this is not the place for any general criticism. One may remark, however, that probably never before has the case for the artist's right to override the common laws of conduct been put with such eloquence as in the scene between Silvia Settala and the woman who is the mistress and the model of Silvia's husband. The sculptor, recovered from his self-inflicted wound, knows that while Silvia tended him, the Gioconda watched over his unfinished statue and kept the clay moist and fit to work; knows that day by day she sits in the studio waiting for him to return to her and to the work that is inseparably bound up with her. And the place draws him like a magnet; he cannot conceal his restlessness, and the wife takes the battle on herself, goes to the studio and comforts the other woman. "One of us two is the intruder here," cries the wife, strong in her conviction. But the other woman, respectful at first, rises into a strain of triumph as she recounts her claim:—

> This is not a house. Household affections have no place here; domestic virtues have no sanctuary here. This is a place outside laws and beyond common rights. Here a sculptor makes his statues. He is alone here with the instruments of his art. I am nothing but an instrument of his art.

Unhappily, neither Mr. Symonds nor anyone else—and, indeed, there is no one more competent—can give to English that marmoreal character of the Italian. "Qui uno scultore fa le sue statue"—the central phrase of all that speech—is strictly untranslatable. Mr. Symons has rendered it by a phrase that no man writing in English would use. "This is a place where a sculptor works" would be the idiomatic equivalent, and it was wisely done to avoid it. On the ethical problem we do not enter. Sympathy is thrown entirely on the side of the wife; but old Lorenzo Gaddi, who in the play stands for such a spokesman of the higher wisdom as Maeterlinck loves to introduce—has to speak of the Gioconda after she has triumphed and after her rival has been maimed. He has seen Lucio at work again, feverishly, and the woman there with him:—

> She was there silent. When one looks at her and thinks that she is the cause of so much evil, truly one cannot curse her in his heart; no one when one looks at her. I have never seen so great a mystery in mortal flesh.

So the Trojan elders spoke of Helen when she passed them on the wall in the tenth year of their city's siege. Lucio's description to a brother artist of this mysterious beauty and its special appeal to him—as if every line of her body had the eloquence and significance of an eye—is perhaps the finest of many fine things in the play that are poetic rather than strictly dramatic.

Mr. Bridges has his circle of admirers, of disciples even, and we welcome for their sakes this beautifully printed edition of his collected works. For his talent we have the greatest respect, but not for his dramatic talent. The story of Nero drags laggingly through a number of short and broken scenes, none of which seems to exhaust the content of the emotional situation. *Achilles in Scyros* * shows us Mr. Bridges working on the Greek, not the Shakespearian model, and we prefer him so, yet even here the verse lacks melody, lacks freshness. Let us admit at once that Mr. Bridges is as accomplished as possible, and has a fine sense of beauty; but if we desired to discuss his poetic claims seriously, we should count it an injustice to base the discussion on this volume.

Nor do we propose to enquire into the reasons why Mr. Hacon's volume † should have received the meed of a reprint. That is, we shall not discuss its matter, its treatment of an august and sacred theme. The manner is openly Tennysonian, and while admitting the difficulties that beset the poet in didactic or argumentative verse, we cannot allow that this commentary on the word "evolution" is anything like poetry:—

> "Literally, it merely means the outrolling of an entity
> In its primal form containing all that it shall ever be.
> Now, the term includes the idea of elements that coalesce
> And forces adequate to make dormant inertia progress."

Mr. Hacon's skill in exposition must be great to reconcile readers to such a versification.

THE BODY OF CHRIST ‡

In the preface to this second edition, Canon Gore takes occasion to correct some of the misrepresentations of which "The Body of Christ" has been the object. "I cannot understand," he writes, "how anyone, after reading what I have said about the adoration of Christ in the Sacrament or about 'non-communicating attendance' could think of me as condemning either practice. Indeed, to do this would be to condemn my own religious habits." A still more important passage in this preface is a comment upon a comment. Mr. J. G. Simpson has said, in a pamphlet entitled "The Thing Signified," that "to reopen the question [of the presence in the elements] is to swerve from the Anglican method, to depart from the Anglican spirit." To Canon Gore this seems "a signal instance" of what he rightly calls "the fatal tendency to refuse to go behind the Anglican divines—to make of them a practically final court of appeal. . . . The only hopeful method of inquiry on this or almost any other theological subject is to go back behind the Reformation, whether

* Gioconda. By Gabriele D'Annunzio. Translated by Arthur Symons. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

* Poetical Works of Robert Bridges. Vol. III. Containing the First Part of Nero and Achilles in Scyros. Smith, Elder.

† The Incarnation, and other Poems. By the Rev. Henry Hacon. 2nd Edition. Kegan Paul. 3s. 6d.

‡ The Body of Christ. By Charles Gore, M.A., D.D. Second edition. Murray. 5s. net.

Anglican or Continental, and behind the Middle Ages, and restudy the original doctrine." This is the vital difference between the two schools of High Churchmen. The one holds that what the Church of England did at the Reformation was done once for all. The Reformers dared to appeal to antiquity, but what was courage in them would be presumption in their descendants. They rejected this or that doctrine or practice because they could not find it in antiquity. It may be that they did not know where to look, or that they drew wrong inferences from the facts they discovered. But though the evidence of antiquity may make unmistakeably against their conclusions, we must not say so—except under our breath. To utter such a heresy aloud would be to "depart from the Anglican spirit." It is in vain that we press upon reasoners like Mr. Simpson that in going back to antiquity we are only doing what the Reformers did. The Anglican method is to accept all the Reformers' conclusions while piously abstaining from examining the authorities on which they are founded. Mr. Simpson, it is clear, would never have allowed us a Revised Version. The translators of 1611 have given us the text about the Three Witnesses, and to reopen the question of its authenticity would be to "depart from the Anglican spirit." The other school of High Churchmen take the Reformers as examples, not as guides. They work on the same principle as they worked on, instead of resting satisfied with the results obtained 350 years ago from a first and possibly partial and imperfect application of that principle. The appeal of the Church of England to antiquity is a continuing appeal. It may be a mistake to make such; that is what Protestants and Romans alike hold, though not in an equal degree. But if so, the whole Anglican position is a mistake, and the only choice before the Church of England is between going back to Rome and setting out in frank pursuit of the latest critical will-o'-the-wisp.

A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE*

THAT a book of this size and technical character should have gone through four editions in the course of a few years, for more than one of which it has been out of print, is the best testimony to its value. Alike in text and in its 1,300 illustrations it is excellent. The most important buildings of the world are analysed, and the plates enable the reader to compare their exteriors and interiors, their ground plans and details. Let us take French Gothic, by way of example. There are 14 plates, giving plans to scale of the Cathedrals of Rheims, Chartres, Rouen, Beauvais and Evreux; of Amiens and Salisbury, as the most characteristic types of the Gothic of the two countries; and of Notre Dame at Paris; sections of the buildings and examples of their ornament; and photographs of Notre Dame, Amiens, Rheims, and Constance. In the text we have the dates of their erection, the special features of each, and a valuable parallel statement of the difference between French and English Gothic in plan, construction of walls, doors and windows, roofs, columns, mouldings, and ornament. This takes only just over three pages, but anyone acquainted with English cathedrals and going for the first time to Northern France would learn from them exactly what differences to look out for. The fourth edition makes this book a complete history of architecture, since a description of the Indian, Chinese, Japanese, and Saracenic styles is now added. Besides, a large part of the text has been rewritten, and chapters on the Religious Orders in their relation to architecture, on Gothic vaulting, and timber roofs have been added. Altogether the book exactly meets the wants alike of the student and the amateur, and were it not that it is too large for the portmanteau we should say of the traveller also. But if he cannot conveniently take it with him he will do well to study it before he starts, and to read once more the pages that deal with the country he has been travelling in when he comes home.

* A HISTORY OF ARCHITECTURE ON THE COMPARATIVE METHOD. By Professor Banister Fletcher and Banister F. Fletcher. Fourth edition revised and enlarged. Batsford. 21s. net.

THE PHYSICK GARDEN

Lo! in the Shade of these grey Walls
The Flow'rs prepare their Funerals;
And when Death cometh He shall find
Each hath a Headline to her mind.
For who shall call a Pedant's Whim
These little Gravestones straight and trim?
Do we not see a Blossom lie
More smiling on the earth, to die,
With Less of Sorrow be Expell'd
From this old Garden where she Dwell'd,
That her fair Body, when she's gone,
This Monument shall rest upon?

Brown Autumn Walks and Smiles on them;
With Ling'ring Hand by Leaf and Stem
Caresses on their Petals lays,
And Brightens, while he Clips, their Days.
They know Him well; his Touch is Death,
His Smile Decay, a Swoon his Breath:
Bold Marigolds hang down their Heads,
Tall Phloxes kiss the Leaf-strewn Beds,
The Rose her outer Garb lays by,
—More Seemly in her Tomb to lie—
The Proudest Sunflower bends the Knee
And owns the Slayer's Suz'rainty.

In Vain to plead for Breathing Space,
To beg a little Hour of Grace!
Only the Vine her dusty Red,
The Fig untarnish'd Green, can Spread;
Windshaken Creepers, stript and torn
(Autumn's own Courtiers), can but Warn;
And their last Rites the Flow'rs prepare,
—No longer Young, scarce longer Fair—
Nor, Wearied, look with great Regret
To Sleep beneath their Tombstones, set
Each with *Hic Jacet* (that Men know
What Kind of Beauty lies below).

A little While, and you shall Pace,
With Bended Head, a Burial-Place,
A Solemn Graveyard, Dedicate
To what of Life has bowed to Fate;
While in the Midst the Dial spare,
A Steeple Mute, might call to Prayer.
Yet is there little Cause to Mourn,
—So Short the Parting—near the Dawn
When the Dead Waken, and afresh
Take on (as We shall) Robes of Flesh;
Though now in Order'd Rows they wait
Till Spring come through the Meadow-Gate.

Oxford. D. K. BROSTER

ADVICE TO AUNTS

THERE are persons abroad who are occupied, archæologically, in excavating what they term the Mind of the Child. On the other hand, we see a crowd of bookmongers offering their wares, like any hawker of sweet edibles, to the child (with a small c). These latter study, for the most part, the succulent and, perhaps, spurious attractiveness of their goods, with little regard to infantile psychology. The kind, conscientious aunt, considering Christmas presents, between these two streams of influence, stands bewildered. Now the child is mother of the aunt, and *vice versâ*, every aunt, without being, perhaps, aware of it, is a microcosm. She has within her a stratum of Kate, aged sixteen, and of Mary, aged nine, and chemical compounds of Harold and Tommy (fourteen and four respectively) in proportions represented perhaps by the figures H, 2 T. If the grown-up person would become, like Mr. Balfour, "a child in these matters," her success as a gift-giver would be tenfold increased. An ounce of experience is worth a pound of research. Let the aunt then—for like all well-disposed persons she must enjoy a seasonable rejuvenescence at this time of year—enter the shop of the Christma

bookseller with the idea of choosing what she would like for herself, and she will not go far wrong. Giving away what we should prefer to keep puts a seal of sacrifice upon the gift, and makes it acceptable. In this spirit of youthful maturity we comment on the batch of books that lies before us.

Some of these are fairy tales told anew, of which the best are in a volume—*Goody Two Shoes*, etc. (Lane), pictured by Mr. Walter Crane. The richness of Mr. Crane's colour retains its appeal, though numerous imitators have made us a little weary of his manner. In *Pillow Stories* (Richards), and a more childish *Bedtime Book* (Richards), the old nursery rhymes are hashed into a sort of *pot-pourri*, part of nonsense, part of reminiscences of the Folk-lore Society. One is reminded of some continental hotels where the traveller is offered on the same plate fish, meat, and jam, in inextricable confusion. The *Bedtime* pictures, however, are charming, bright in colour, and simple in design. Miss Evelyn Sharp has invented some really new fairy stories in *Round the World to Wympland* (Lane). One of these, "The Spell of the Magician's Daughter," has quite an "Arabian Nights'" flavour, and Miss Alice Woodward's illustrations are good as usual. One need not search long for the original which inspired *Wonders in Monsterland* (Allen). "When you are very tired and go to bed, what do you do?" "I go fast asleep," said Jenny. "Just so," replied the elephant. "Well, as I am not at all tired, I go slow asleep." Not a bad imitation though. *Little Black Mingo* (Nisbet) is a delightful booklet, containing such mysterious and fascinating words as "chatty" (big-pot) and "dhobi," etc. The pictures are gaily coloured and amusing. Children who have just learnt to read to themselves will like it.

Of Nonsense Verses, set to pictures, there seems to be no end. The pictures are for the most part superior to the verse. notably, those made by Mr. Charles Robinson to Mr. W Jerrold's *Nonsense* (Blackie). A really beautiful book, in the bibliographical sense, is *Gammon and Spinach* (Blackie). The printing is a joy to behold, and Mr. Stewart Orr's pictures are delightfully decorative, with broad and simple colour schemes and outlines. The dampness and distance in the sea pictures are very cleverly rendered. A nice present for a grown-up person. Somewhat in the same category comes *Little People: An Alphabet* (Richards). Mr. Crosland's verses are as good as one would expect from his reputation; unless we are much mistaken, the following will be widely quoted before long:—

> Here is your little brother Boer,
> Of course you've heard of him before;
> He has a naughty Uncle Paul,
> Who used to want to eat us all.

Mr. Mayer's pictures to these are very pleasing.

We all like to be instructed (though we may deny the soft impeachment), but not after the fashion of *Flower Legends for Children* (Longmans), wherein Apollo, very much out of drawing, pursues Daphne, in pink hair and cloak to match. The letterpress is not bad, but the illustrations are of the worst style of early Victorian. On somewhat the same lines, but better executed, is *Holidays and Happy Days* (Richards), one of the Larger Dumpy Books, a series to be generally recommended. Here we have an explanation of such festivals as All Fools' Day, suitable to sixteen-year-old intelligence. *Santa Claus' Partner* (Richards) and *The Man Who Knew Better* (Constable), both containing reminiscences of our old friend Serooge, but none the worse on that account, will appeal to the same age. In this connection may be mentioned *Wise Saws and Modern Instances* (S.P.C.K.), a book which stands rather by itself. Miss Jane Craven gives affectionate advice to a young girl who is just beginning to face the problems of life. Many thoughtful girls will find help for their difficulties herein. That marvellous association, the S.P.C.K., is also responsible for another large batch of volumes, nearly all to be recommended in their various kinds. For instance, a wonderfully well got-up 4d. series of "Tales for the Nursery and the Young" (reprints), including *Nursery Rhymes* in an unadulterated form, the ever-vital *Little Goody Two Shoes*, the not-to-be-bettered *Eyes and No Eyes*, and, best of all, *The Adventures of Ulysses*, as told by the beloved Charles Lamb, a classic as indispensable to every well-regulated family as the *Tales from Shakespeare*.

Of Messrs. Dean's publications, the picture-books *Soldiers (and Sailors) of the Century*, are crude and ugly, as are *Great Powers of the World* and *Advance Australia*. The note Imperial, however, is struck in them for those who love the sound. The same firm offer (for 1s.) reading-books of mingled poetry and prose, *Jack's Return* and *The Top of the Morning to You*, and (for 6d.) *The Little Boy in Brown* and *Come and see the Pictures*. Tastelessness is the characteristic of all these, the letterpress, however, being superior to the decorations. Neither are good in *Jingles* (Dean). The largest class of all the writings under notice—those, namely, which relate the trivial lives and misfortunes of actual, or rather fictitious children, have such a strong family likeness, that they may be shortly disposed of. No doubt, there is a satisfaction in tales of ourselves, in which the least imaginative can conceive himself the hero. It cannot be said that imagination is a strong point in stories of child life. *Those Twins* (Blackie) is gay and amusing, and *Four Little Folk* (Elliot Stock) has a certain naturalness. The S.P.C.K. is again well to the fore, with *Told by the Twins*, who are really dear children, and many others—*Jim's Temptation, Father's Man, Nine Days*, and *Roses, Sweet Roses*, and for rather older readers *Roses of Red House*, all on about the same level of fairly skilful narrative and pointed morality. We decline to look further than the title-page of *Blue Dragons*, by R. L. S. Those precious initials are not for common use. The *Little Clown* (Richards) is the usual runaway-and-caught. by-circus-people story, of which the least sophisticated will guess the conclusion. Mrs. Molesworth's *Blue Baby* (Unwin) will please her *clientele* as well as ever. Cat and dog stories are conspicuous by their absence, but *Gwyn, Dee, Pero, and Co.* (Peartree Press) are nice animals, and so are those in the pleasantly childish, "Bairn's Books Series" (Dent), (1) *The Farm-book*, in which, and in (2) *A Book of Days*, Mr. Charles Robinson again shews his illustrative skill.

A LITERARY DIALOGUE

[*The World and Winstow*, E. H. Fowler, Hodder and Stoughton, 6s.; *The New Mrs. Lascelles*, Mrs. Mead, Clarke, 5s.; *Valour for Victoria*, J. A. Manson, Newnes, 1s. 6d.; *A Stumble by the Way*, Mrs. Meade, Chatto and Windus, 6s.; *The Doctor's Niece*, E. F. Pollard, Blackie, 3s. 6d.; *Noble Women of Our Time*, F. D. How, Isbister, 5s.; *Beautiful Birds*, E. Selous; *Saints of Italy*, E. and D. Noyes, Dent, 4s. 6d.; *A Nest of Girls*, E. W. Timlow, *A Popular Girl*, May Baldwin, Chambers, 6s. and 3s. 6d.; *Lem, Noah Brooks, Tales of Greyhouse*, Warren Bell, Newnes, 5s.; *Terries Travels*, J. Chappell, Blackie, 2s.; *The Forbidden Room*, P. Allen, Gardner, Darton, 2s. 6d.; *The Air Gun*, T. Hilbert, Methuen, 3s. 6d.; *The Stars in Song and Legend*, J. C. Porter, Athenæum Press, 2s.; *The Elf Errant*, Moira O'Neill, Bullen, 3s. 6d.]

A Critical Dialogue between Madge, a Small Girl, and Gertrude, a Girl not quite so Small.

Gertrude: Have you read all your books?

Madge: Yes, and some of yours. My half wasn't so big as yours.

Gertrude: Halves must be just alike.

Madge: Only in arithmetic books. Anyhow, I only had eight, and you had nine, 'cos you're older; and father said we might do as we liked with them, and cut the leaves if we wanted, because he'd done reviewing them.

Gertrude: I thought uncle meant them all to go back. I heard him say he would give it to the editor for sending him such stuff.

Madge: Oh, no; he said it was just the sort of senseless thing you'd expect of an editor, and we could have the books and give them for Christmas presents if we knew any idiots. Father talks that way when he's been reviewing.

Gertrude: Mine are very nice stories, mostly. *The World and Winstow* is a real novel, and interesting, and tells how Merton Wainwright began by being a clever boy, and was made somebody's private secretary. He fell in love with his daughter because she was fashionable and beautifully

dressed, and forgot Ursula, who was very brave and sweet and lonely. Then Violet jilted him for not shooting, and not being fashionable enough, and he went back to Ursula; but she was happy with David Carpenter, who had always loved her. And it shows that Winstow is just as good as the world.

MADGE: You might as well be grown up as read that kind of thing, only you want to be. Any more of it, Trudie?

GERTRUDE: I wish you would call me Gertrude. Yes, *The New Mrs. Lascelles* is a young stepmother, very beautiful and good—stepmothers used always to be hateful—and the girls detest her and have love affairs of their own. And one of them loses a diamond brooch and their father thinks his wife took it.

MADGE: Would he, though?

GERTRUDE: It's only a book, you know.

MADGE: I think book people ought to be like real people, only more; and a man wouldn't be so silly.

GERTRUDE: Well, it ends all right and everybody gets punished and rewarded.

MADGE: I call it stuff. I don't like lovering and morals. Why isn't there something interesting, like Shakespeare and Marmion and "The Little Duke"?

GERTRUDE: But, Madge, books must have morals. We read them for the story; but, of course, they are written for the moral.

MADGE (ungrammatically, and feeling after the doctrine of "art for art's sake"): They shouldn't, then. A book ought to make you see things and feel big, and sorry, and glad. Now, here's *Valour for Victoria*, all about the Light Brigade, and Piper Findlater, and things, but it doesn't make me feel shivery like "the stubborn spear-men still made good" when I say it over to myself.

GERTRUDE: It's foolish feeling shivery; stories are only stories. Here's another Mrs. Meade, so fat and awfully thrilling. It is called *A Stumble by the Way*, and the heroine will not stay married because her sister is mad. It "curdles her up into herself," but she tears herself away, dyes her hair—she is fair as a lily—and turns nurse. Then she is killed, and her husband loves her distractedly, and marries someone else.

MADGE: It wouldn't thrill me. Oh, dear, I can't find any "What ho, varlet! Prythee, fair sir!" stories at all, and they are so much better. But *The Doctor's Niece* is pretty—all about the peasants in the Vendée fighting for the Royalists. Rosette, the doctor's niece, who is splendid, is really Camille de Ste. Croix, hidden away to save her life, while the Countess, who has gone mad, seeks her at night in the old Castle, till the people take her for a ghost. There are plenty of fights and adventures, and Rosette finds her mother, who gets well, and Napoleon puts things right. It's all very old-worldy.

GERTRUDE: What are those two books—brown and green?

MADGE: The brown is *Noble Women of Our Time;* they church-worked and were very good, and got in the "Sunday Magazine." And the green is *Beautiful Birds;* it tells how lovely birds are, and how cruel it is to kill them, so it must be good, only it's so funnily written I can't read it. And I don't need a book to teach me it's wrong to wear wings.

GERTRUDE: This is better—*Saints of Italy*. Madge, look here at the beautiful saints and angels. They are taken from Italian pictures, and all their stories told.

MADGE: Oh, Trudie—Gertrude—let me have it and I'll give you *A Nest of Girls*; its bigger and the kind you love. You know, a lot of girls at an American school with friendships and ideals and all their futures told at the end. And a teacher tells one of the girls she has a gift of fascination; people never talk to *me* like that. But it's pretty, rather.

GERTRUDE: It must be a little like *A Popular Girl*.

MADGE: Oh, but I know what that must be like because of its wonderful cover with a gold-haired maiden with a golden book all alone in an enchanted wood. See the soft blue evening and the *farness* of it all; of course, the Fairy Prince or the Knight Errant is seeking her just outside, and she is dreaming all to herself of the country beyond——

GERTRUDE: But it's nothing of the sort. It is a story of school life in Germany and very nice. There is such a plucky, generous American girl, who talks slang and gets into mischief and makes friends with Royalties in the drollest way. The popular girl herself is rather mean, really.

MADGE: I like my make-believe story better, and it fits the cover. There's nothing to think about when you've read that girl's stuff.

GERTRUDE: Oh, you ought to have boys' books. Here's *Lem*, the tale of a New England village boy, with clam-digging and I don't know what.

MADGE: Pretty pictures, but it looks dull. *Tales of Greyhouse* is much livelier; has fights and fags and real adventures, and is rather Tom Browny. *Terrie's Travels* is about two little boys, just alike, and very silly.

GERTRUDE: The boys?

MADGE: The book. *The Forbidden Room* is a good deal nicer, because the children play at being Knights of the Round Table; but it's too morally.

GERTRUDE: There's not much moral to *The Air Gun*—and isn't it a pretty little blue book? But then there's not much story nor anything else. Dobson Major is a jolly girl, though, and the boys aren't bad. Oh, Madge, isn't it a shame, here's a school book, I do declare.

MADGE: Indeed, it's nothing of the kind. *Stars in Song and Legend* is almost the best of the lot. Those queer mappy pictures are to show you where the stars come in the sky pictures: the Great Bear, which is Charles' Wain, and Hercules and Andromeda and the ship Argo. I can't quite understand it all; but it is full of the loveliest bits of poems and wonderful stories, and makes you feel as if you had been reading "The Heroes" at night, when all the stars are out, and you ought to be in bed.

GERTRUDE: Well, it looks like a school book. What's that tucked under your arm?

MADGE: It's the only *real* story, all about fairies, and it's called *The Elf Errant*.

GERTRUDE: How can it be real if it's about fairies, and you know there aren't any?

MADGE: It feels real, anyhow. There's an English Elf, Rose-Red, who goes over to Ireland and tries to set things right, and scolds the daisies because they're rosier on one side than the other. He is very brave, and fights the bees to help the fox-glove fairies; but he and the Irish elves don't understand each other, because he likes a reason, and they chase thistle-down and catch the dewdrops just for fun. It's all so odd and sweet, like Ariel and Titania, and you know they are real. That and the *Saints* and the starry-book are the only ones I want.

GERTRUDE: I can do with any of them. Stories are just stories.

MADGE: I don't know. Please let me get at my *Prince and Pauper*, or the *Morte d'Arthur*, or *Mopsa*, or *Knight Azrael*. *I* want something to read. D. G. McC.

GIFT BOOKS.

Stories of the Tuscan Artists. By Albinia Wherry. With fifty-three illustrations from their works. Dent.—This is a delightful book to put into the hands of any intelligent boy or girl who is spending the winter at Florence, while those who have to stay in London will find a chapter at the end which tells of the Tuscan painters and sculptors who can be studied in the National Gallery or at South Kensington. The lives of the artists are cleverly interwoven with descriptions of the cities and churches in which they worked, and of the surroundings in which they lived, and the excellent illustrations in photogravure and in half-tone make the reader's task easy and delightful. We hope that Miss Wherry will next year give us a companion volume on the Venetian artists.

The Olde Irishe Rimes of Brian O'Linn. By S. Rosamond Praeger. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.—Miss Praeger here deserts the dragon-peopled regions in which she has latterly found material for her pencil and has given us some delightful sketches to illustrate Brian O'Linn. They are full of Irish humour, and the

unfailing good temper of Brian, in circumstances which, were they not of his own making, would have excused some irritation, is quite catching. All the drawings are good, but the two which depict the hero in his new sheepskin breeches and in his borrowed tinpot hat are perhaps the best.

All About All of Us. By M. C. E. W. Dent.—How children will like this delightful volume we will not undertake to say, but it makes charming reading for grown-up people. A child's own view of things has never been more charmingly rendered. M. C. E. W. has a real genius for a very rare kind of writing.

A Cathedral Courtship, by Kate Douglas Wiggin (Gay and Bird, 3s. 6d.), is a little gem. Appearing originally in 1893, it went out of print, and has now been revised, enlarged, and republished with delightful illustrations by Charles E. Brock. The story is conveyed in extracts from the diaries of the hero and heroine; he is a handsome and audacious young architect, and she an exquisitely fresh and pretty American, making the round of the English cathedrals in company with a grim aunt. Their courtship is painted with all Mrs. Wiggin's dainty humour, the colours being as bright and delicate as those of a miniature.

In *Cynthia's Way*, by Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick (Edward Arnold, 6s.), there is a very pretty and independent heroine, who throws up her country house and her thousands, for a year, and goes to Germany as governess. Her experiences of provincial life and manners in the Von Reinmar family are amusingly told, and before long an elder brother, Adrian, appears, who wins the heart of this masquerading Portia. The book is over-long, and is spoiled by the introduction of two extraordinarily silly and sentimental German lovers, who talk a great deal of mawkish rubbish, and belong more properly to the servants' hall.

An Original Girl, by Ethel F. Heddle (Blackie and Son, 6s.), is sure to be popular among girls. Christobel Beauchamp, who is engaged to a journalist, earns her living by type-writing and supports her father, a broken-down actor. She is suddenly adopted by a rich grandmother, but returns to play the part of an angel of mercy to her old friends in East Commercial Road. Christobel is rather too "bright and good for human nature's daily food," while the selfish Rafella is drawn with a relentlessly black and heavy pen. But in spite of some amateurishness, the book is distinctly spirited.

From Stage to Cross, by F. C. Vernon Harcourt (Partridge and Co., 2s. 6d.), is a book of adventure, written with a good object, but rather overdone. Is it a genuine autobiography? The hero is quite exceptionally bad; he meets with enough adventures to fill ten ordinary lives, and his conversion reminds us of the inimitable cartoon by F. C. G. of the Political Salvation Army, which appeared at the beginning of the war: "Look at me and my friend the Dook. We wus 'orrible sinners once; our wickedness was downright orful."

Old Blackfriars, by Beatrice Marshall (Seeley and Co., 5s.), gives an interesting picture of England in 1620, introducing many episodes in the world of art and literature. The illustrations include photographs of four famous portraits by Van Dyck, and the artist himself is a striking element in the story.

Younger children will be delighted with *A Little Irish Girl*, by J. M. Callwell (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.). The orphaned O'Briens inherit a small property on the coast of Clare, close to the home of an unknown uncle. The younger members of the family, Norah and Manus, meet with exciting adventures among seals, distillers of "potheen," and rebellious miners, and eventually succeed in softening the heart of their hostile relative.

Less attractive is the companion-volume, *Three Girls on a Ranch*, by Bessie Marchant (Blackie and Son, 2s. 6d.). The escapades of the young Lovells are not set forth with any charm of style, but the girls are themselves unconventional, healthy, and vigorous creatures, and the imprisonment of Georgina and Henrietta in the mountain-cave, when a huge boulder had fallen and blocked the exit, is well told.

The ideal is painfully lacking in *Mrs. Hammond's Children*, by Mary Strafford (Brimley Johnson, 3s. 6d.) The little Hammonds are at all times deficient in the grace and charm of childhood, and in their naughty moods are extremely unpleasant and ill-mannered.

Goldenhearted, by M. Bramston (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), which is the translation of a bygone German story, gives an account of the lives of two friends. Lottie Goldhart, who had devoted the greater part of her girlhood to exacting relations, finds happiness at last in a home of her own; and Helen Winter's loveless marriage is expiated in her unselfish widowhood, which concludes with her union with an old lover. It is an excellent story for village libraries.

The Children's Campaign, by the author of "Peter the Peacemaker" (S.P.C.K., 1s. 6d.), is prettily written, but the plot is too thin to be stretched over 154 pages. Two little children try to frighten away some relations who have taken possession of their home by personating a family spectre. Needless to say the scheme is immediately detected, but the would-be spectre escapes punishment by nearly dying of a chill. From the S.P.C.K. comes also a reprint of the well-known *Tales of Christian Endurance*, by the Rev. J. M. Neale, D.D. They range from A.D. 176 to 1837.

Mother Holda Stories, by Edith M. Scott (George Allen), is a pretty little volume of fanciful stories, in which Mother Holda, the great Earth Mother of Norse legend, is a recurring figure.

Laura Richmond, by Jean Ingelow (Wells, Gardner), is written in a curiously prim and old-fashioned style. It opens with "The New Philanthropic School" for the training of young servants, and wanders off into the home life of the Richmond sisters. We cannot imagine for what class of readers it is intended.

Ching the Chinaman. By G. Manville Fenn. S.P.C.K.—Mr. Manville Fenn takes his readers to China and allows them to share in the thrilling adventures of two midshipmen, who assist in storming a fort, who are taken prisoners and make their escape, and who are instrumental in rescuing twenty other unfortunate captives. Most of these things they do with the aid of Ching the Chinaman, a fascinating person who falls under the suspicion of treachery, but triumphantly vindicates his character. The two middies are real boys, not paragons, but plucky, cheerful fellows, who are sure to be popular.

With Roberts to Pretoria (Blackie, 5s.) gives a lively account of the second phase of the war, and young Yorke Harberton, the hero, succeeds in playing as prominent and exciting a part as usually falls to the boys whose history Mr. Henty is wont to chronicle. *To Herat and Cabul* (Blackie, 5s.) has Afghanistan of the thirties and forties as background, and the incidents of the first Afghan war, interwoven with much personal adventure, after Mr. Henty's best manner, for immediate subject.

God Save King Alfred. By Rev. E. Gilliat (Macmillan, 6s.), is a picturesque story of the King's later days. The courtship by Edward the Atheling of Egwina—who, according to Mr. Gilliat, was the adopted daughter of a Saxon farmer, but the actual daughter of a Danish jarl of high rank, and who, moreover, was a gentle-natured, highly bred maiden, with the gift of dreaming dreams—is one of the main threads in the story. Another is the Lady of Exe's recovery of her son, stolen in infancy by the Danes and bred up by them in ignorance of his real parentage. It would be difficult for an intelligent boy or girl to read the story without gaining a definite idea of Alfred the parfit gentle knight, and father of his people, of the scholars whom he gathered round him, and of the life that was led when the Dane was an ever-threatening, if not constantly present danger. The book is well illustrated by Gutzon Borglum.

In the Days of St. Anselm. By Gertrude Hollis. S.P.C.K.—Miss Hollis tells the story of the troubles in the Church during the period when William Rufus insisted on himself acting as Archbishop, in so far, at least, as the office consisted in

receiving the revenues of the See. William's sick-bed repentance, and the consequent election of Anselm are well told, and there is a sufficiency of incident in the book.

The Chronicles of Durnford. John Cartwright. S.P.C.K.—*Out of the Depths.* Rev. J. Kinchin Smith. S.P.C.K.—*Acton's Feud.* Frederick Swainson. George Newnes.—*The Chronicles of Durnford* (S.P.C.K.) is a capital story of public school life, which seems to us a good deal nearer to the real thing than is common with such stories. *Out of the Depths* (S.P.C.K.) is also good ; in it there is a species of town and gown riot in which the whole lower school is concerned. *Acton's Feud* opens with the description of a "Socker" match in which Acton, having lost his temper, is guilty of unfair play, is detected by the captain of the eleven, of which Acton is not yet a member, and is in consequence refused his cap. Acton is regarded by the school generally as an injured person, and he, himself disguising his chagrin, sets himself secretly to make the captain repent his action. All three stories have at least one moral—the possibility of the black sheep's becoming white. But we are bound to say that, excellent as *Acton's Feud* quâ story is, we doubt the subsequent heroism of a boy who, to avenge himself for a punishment he knows to be just, tries to ruin a third innocent person.

In the Days of the Dragons. Rev. E. Dawson. Seeley. 1s. 6d.—The dragons of which Mr. Dawson tells in his little volume are the tangible ones of everyday life, and which are apt to mark youth as their especial prey. In the talks, which are pleasant, sensible, and homely, some of the species are described, and the best methods of attacking them are indicated. As especially good among the chapters we note "Monplaisir," "The fellow who never does," and "Pegging away."

Lord Roberts. Brooke Hunt. Nesbit. 6s.—Boys will probably welcome the life of Lord Roberts which has been written for them by Miss Brooke Hunt, and which necessarily includes the story of the most stirring events in the Empire's history from the Mutiny to the present war. The narrative is on the whole well done, though here and there the desire to point the moral has resulted in a sentence of gush which, we fancy, the modest author of "Forty-one Years in India" would find a little trying, but the flaw will not be perceptible to boyish eyes.

With the Flag at Sea. Walter Wood. Constable. 6s.—Mr. Wood's *With the Flag at Sea* is a capital volume, admirably illustrated by Mr. Leppings Wright. Beginning with the days of the Armada, and going on to our long struggles with the Dutch, he gradually brings the story of the naval history of England down to the present day. The book is provided with an appendix, which includes short biographical notices of seamen and a list of warships' battle honours.

Place aux Guerriers! It is only natural that the majority of the season's "books for boys" should deal with war. That veteran and popular writer, Mr. Henty, leads the way, and gives us *At the Point of the Bayonet* (Blackie, 6s.), "a tale of the Mahratta war." Mr. Henty has availed himself of Grant Duff's history of the Mahrattas, which he characterises as "one long record of perfidy, murder, and crime of all sorts." Besides the historical folk, Mr. Henty introduces us to many men of his own invention, and notably to one Harry Lindsay, a valiant English lad who by peculiar good luck can masquerade as a Mahratta and beat the wily warrior with his own weapons.

In the Dictator's Grip, a Story of Adventure in the Pampas and Paraguay, by John Samson (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) deals with a little-known period of South American history. Mr. Samson has made a study of his subject, and is himself familiar with the wild and fascinating country which he describes. The hero, a daring English boy, takes part in Whitelocke's disastrous expedition.

With Wellington to Waterloo, by Harold Avery (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.), is an attractive little volume containing a sketch of the experiences of a recruit during the famous Waterloo campaign. Martin Storey's home was by the sea, and as his sympathies were "more with the 'Free-Traders' than with the excisemen," we hear of wild work on dark nights before the lad goes a-soldiering.

Captain Brereton gives us an excellent chronicle of the Crimean War in *A Gallant Grenadier* (Blackie, 5s.).—The hero fights in every battle that he can manage to attend, takes part in the famous charge of the Light Brigade, is captured more than once, and escapes with much skill.

From East to Far East is an easy step for Captain Brereton, who tells in *The Dragon of Pekin* (Blackie, 5s.) a grim story of the Boxer Revolt. Fact and fiction are skilfully intermingled in his tale ; his heroes have a private feud with a fiendish yellow man, who is among the leaders of the revolt. They carry despatches from their beleaguered countrymen in Pekin, they see heavy fighting at Tientsin, and they are present at the relief of the Legations.

Carbineer and Scout, by Mr. Harcourt Burrage (Blackie, 2s. 6d.), "a Story of the great Boer War," records the fortunes of another pair of English boys of sixteen, who, being "old enough to fight," joined the Natal Carbineers and were a part of the campaign that we know so well. Mr. Burrage finishes his chronicle by leaving his heroes comfortably established as settlers in South Africa, and saying, that "things look so promising that, leaving out barely possible accidents, the future prosperity and happiness of Cyril and Hugh, no longer Natal Carbineers, are assured." It is only due to Mr. Burrage to say that he acknowledges that he writes in a somewhat prophetic spirit.

The "Young England Library" (Grant Allen, 6s. each volume) promises to bring much profit and not a little pleasure to English lads, if we may judge from the first two volumes of the series, *The Open-Air Boy,* and *Sea Fights and Adventures. The Open-Air Boy,* by the Rev. G. M. A. Hewitt (Grant Allen, 6s.), contains a Preface written in straight and simple language by the editor, Mr. George A. B. Dewar. "My faith in the open-air boy," he says, "is large. Out of him are made many of the biggest and best Englishmen." Mr. Hewitt's book, which treats of "fishing, bird-nesting, butterfly-hunting, caterpillar-rearing, ferreting, and fun in the fields and woods generally," is full of interest, and will be "a real treat" to active and intelligent schoolboys. Professor Laughton's name is a guarantee for the excellence of the second volume of the Young England Library, *Sea-Fights and Adventures,* described by John Knox Laughton. Beginning with the loss of the Revenge in 1591, Professor Laughton carries his noble tale down to the fight of the Shannon and the Chesapeake in 1813. The illustrations, mostly from contemporary prints in the British Museum, are many and interesting.

Peter the Whaler: His Early Life and Adventures in the Arctic Regions, by William H. G. Kingston (Blackie, 1s.), has been a joy to many generations of English boys and girls, and the edition which now appears in Messrs. Blackie's School and Home Library is sure of a hearty welcome.

Two of the most thrilling tales of the season are *Longfeather the Peacemaker* and *The Heart of the Prairie.* Each is adorned on the outside with an awe-inspiring picture of an Indian brave, but there the resemblance ends. *Longfeather the Peacemaker ; or, the Belt of Seven Totems,* by Kirk Munroe (Newnes, 3s. 6d.), has an historical interest, although it is not, says the author, intended as a history but merely as "an effort to reconcile certain apparently conflicting facts and to explain an otherwise inexplicable situation." The mystery is of ancient date, and concerns the great chief Massassoit, the friend of the Pilgrim Fathers. No one will ever know whether Mr. Munroe has arrived at the truth of the matter, but he has made a right good story for which we are thankful. In *The Heart of the Prairie,* by John Mackie (Newnes, 3s. 6d.), is a very modern story, and the gruesome warrior who stares at us from the cover is the only red man who figures in the romance, which deals with cowboys, smugglers, and other

wild folk. The writer knows the North-West Territory well, having had rule, as a mounted police officer, over a part of the frontier of that lonely land, and his descriptions of frontier life and adventure are vivid and spirited.

In *The Great Khan's Treasure* and *In Quest of the Giant Sloth* we have two more capital books of adventure. We are irresistibly reminded of "King Solomon's Mines" as we read *The Great Khan's Treasure*, by Charles Squire (Blackie, 3s. 6d.), but it is difficult to vary the framework of tales about treasure and treasure-seekers, and we are not the less interested in Mr. Squire's romance because we have known an older variant. *In Quest of the Giant Sloth* (Blackie, 3s. 6d.) is by Dr. Gordon Stables. Everyone knows the cheery style of this popular writer, and the present work, which is "a tale of adventure in South America," is a good example of his work; the heroes, the heroines, and, above all, the dogs, are all old friends.

It is not at all an easy thing to write about school life. *For the Old School*, by Florence Combe (Blackie, 2s.), and *Leo, a Muff*, by Julia Hack (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co., 1s. 6d.), deal with life at a boys' school from a lady's point of view. We cannot pretend to think that they have succeeded in their difficult endeavour, and we shall be surprised if their books are very popular with schoolboys.

In the Days of Prince Hal, by H. Elrington (Blackie, 1s. 6d.), is a pretty little tale of the New Forest and of the King's foresters in the olden time. Prince Hal is, of course, the wild lad who became King Henry V.

"The Navy," said the present First Lord of the Admiralty, "is all one." No better illustration of the truth of this saying can be found than in *Britannia's Bulwarks* (George Newnes, Ltd.), edited by Commander Charles N. Robinson, R.N., who by linking together great and well-known ships of the modern navy with their famous namesakes of the olden time, shows in a very remarkable manner the unity and continuity of the Royal Navy. The name of Commander Robinson is a guarantee of excellence, and we have only to read the spirited and inspiring story of "The Achievements of our Sailors, the Honours of our Ships," to enable us to agree with the editor that the writer is "deeply versed in our naval history, and not less well acquainted with the ships of the present day." The illustrations are numerous and of a high order, being very successful reproductions of Mr. Charles Dixon's beautiful water colour pictures and Mr. C. T. Staniland's monochrome drawings. Both letterpress and illustrations are worthy of their noble subject, and *Britannia's Bulwarks* ought to enlighten and delight thousands of the King's subjects.

In *The Pirate Island*, *The Argonauts of the Amazon*, *Bears and Dacoits*, and *Crusoes of the Frozen North*, we have four more or less attractive books of adventure. *The Pirate Island* (Blackie and Son, 3s.) is by Harry Collingwood, whose *Log of the "Flying Fish"* was, in its day, a delight to many schoolboys and their sisters. Mr. Collingwood's hand has not lost its cunning, and *The Pirate Island* is quite as engrossing as its predecessors. The brave company who sail in the *Galatea* encounter more enemies than we care to count, and the tale of their wrestle with storm, with fire, and with the pirate chief and his ferocious band is told in vivid and stirring styles, and is very good reading. *The Argonauts of the Amazon*, by C. R. Kenyon (W. and R. Chambers, 3s. 6d.), is packed full of adventures of every kind. The heroes charter a steam launch, the *Argo*, and sail up the Amazon in search of "the Inca's ransom." Readers of Christmas books often go a treasure-hunting, and they know many treasure-houses, but it seldom falls to their lot to enter such a treasure-chamber as that to which Mr. Kenyon introduces them. The Argonauts of the Amazon are lucky enough to meet with the beautiful and dusky princess who is so often to be found by adventurers, and they avail themselves to the full of her kindly help. The fair Unini is left behind when the adventurers set their faces homewards, but Mr. Kenyon hints that a second expedition is not improbable, and the descendant of the Incas seems disposed to wait for the return of "Mac" and his friends, who do not forget to send her as "Collins." "To Unini," says the chronicler, "we send a beautiful little clock, which chimed the hours and half-hours, together with our photographs and a neat little note in Spanish." *The Argonauts of the Amazon* is not conspicuous for literary merit, but it will serve to while away a holiday half-hour. Under the title of *Bears and Dacoits* (Blackie and Son, 1s.) Mr. Henty gives us a little volume containing three short and stirring stories of adventure; while Dr. Gordon Stables's *Crusoes of the Frozen North* (same publishers and price) is a curious tale of Arctic exploration—curious in that three of the explorers are little children who seem to get on in "the seas of ice and isles of gold" quite as well as their grown-up colleagues. Both these little volumes are meant for children under twelve years of age.

Three school stories worth reading are *Derrick Vaughan's First Term*, by R. W. K. Edwards (Wells Gardner, Darton and Co.), *Jerry Dodds, Millionaire*, by H. Barrow North (W. and R. Chambers), and *Hammond's Hard Lines*, by Skelton Ruppord (Blackie and Son, 1s. 6d.). *Jerry Dodds*, for all its fun and frolic, is not without a note of tragedy, but *Hammond's Hard Lines* is one delightful joke from beginning to end.

In *Grettie the Outlaw* (Blackie and Son, 3s.) the Rev. S. Baring-Gould gives boy readers a version of the noble old Icelander, Saga. Mr. Baring-Gould is an old love of Saga's. We all know that he is a born story-teller, and it is certain that not only boys and girls but children of older growth will delight in *Grettie the Outlaw*.

Miss Christabel Coleridge has done better work than *The Real Thing* (S.P.C.K.), the tale of a young missionary who was not sure of his vocation. Ronald Mannering is a somewhat wooden hero; South Africa, as we might expect, is the scene of his ordeal, and the sketch of life at the lonely mission station is the most interesting part of the book.

Athirl the Downs: A Tale of Church Folk, by A. J. Davies (Skeffington and Son, 2s. 6d.), is artificial in structure and in tone. It consists of scenes from peasant life designed to illustrate the doctrines and ceremonies of the Church. There is something to be said for Mrs. Davies' picture of the Sussex downs, and of the ways of the homely country folk, but we cannot help feeling that the theological matter is dragged in.

Professor Ainsworth Davy has done a good work in revising and editing Pouchet's well-known book on Natural Science, which bears the high-sounding name of *The Universe, or The Infinitely Great and the Infinitely Little* (Blackie, 7s. 6d.). It is, perhaps, unavoidable, but it is a pity that *The Universe* is too heavy to hold in one hand.

The World of Animal Life, edited by Fred Smith (Blackie, 5s.), is a real treasure-house of accurate information, imparted in a clear and pleasant manner. The illustrations are numerous and admirable, and the book ought to be in every schoolroom. It is so fascinating that, though it is heavy to hold, it is sure to be in request during holiday hours.

All animal-lovers, old and young, will hail *Secrets of the Woods*, by William J. Long (Ginn and Co.), a charming little Transatlantic book, the third of the "Wood Folk Series." Mr. Long, who is free of "the shy wild life of the fields and woods," has a real literary gift, and his stories of the woods-people are full of fascination. "Following the Deer" is a very striking chapter. A glossary of Judean names is appended to this attractive volume, which we heartily commend.

NOTICE.

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THE WEEK

Home

The excitement—great even beyond expectation—of the week has been Lord Rosebery's re-appearance on Monday. Of the political significance of his speech we speak at length further on, but we may say here that it was addressed throughout to that fourth party which was described in these columns last week. That party is necessarily unorganised, because as yet its members must be sought among all the other three. They differ widely among themselves as to the origin and history of the war. There are those who think it just and necessary, and those who think that it might have been avoided by the exercise of the commonest prudence. There are those who see in the action of the Transvaal Government a determined attempt to make British South Africa part of a great Dutch Republic, and those who see in the suspicions created by the Raid an adequate explanation of all the Boer preparations. But however much they may be at variance on these and similar controversies, they are united on two vital points—in willingness to leave all these questions to history, and in anxiety to welcome any overtures that may be made from the Boer side, and to deal generously with the Dutch race in every part of South Africa. It is this party that has found a mouthpiece and a leader in Lord Rosebery. How great his influence will be may be inferred from Mr. Asquith's speech at Bilston. There was in it a new courage, a new readiness to let bygones be bygones, a new anxiety to concentrate his thoughts and those of his audience on the principles which should govern the resettlement of South Africa rather than on the causes which have led to its unsettlement. This, we believe, will in the near future be the really dividing line between English parties, and Lord Rosebery has done incalculable service to his country in being the first to mark it out.

There was hardly, however, a sentence in it that had not an interest of its own. The reference to the Irish Alliance has been interpreted as meaning the abandonment of Home Rule. What may lie behind the phrase in Lord Rosebery's speech it is impossible to say, but there is no need to take it in this sense. History seldom repeats itself in form, and if Home Rule is ever replaced in the Liberal programme it will probably be as part of some general scheme of devolution of Parliamentary work. The description of the Queen's Speech of 1893, with its promise of a new Statutory Parliament for Ireland, the disestablishment of two churches, and three first-class measures, "any one of which would be sufficient to tax the endurance of an entire session," is a useful warning to the enthusiasts who think that a Government has only to will legislation and Parliament will submissively carry it out. The "clean slate" which the Liberal party now has must not be scribbled over with promises which it has no chance of making good. Lord Rosebery was very happy in his definition of Empire, and in his description of Mr. Brodrick's Army Reform as the creation of four or five generals "looking hungrily about to find where their armies may be."

On one point Lord Rosebery was unjust to the Cabinet. We have no doubt that but for the war we should have had from them as many proposals of social reform as any Liberal Government could suggest. He mistakes Mr. Chamberlain if he thinks that, when it comes to bidding for the popular vote, the Opposition leaders will have it all their own way. But until the war is over nobody will concern themselves with social reforms, and until the war has been paid for there will be no money to meet the cost of them. This is a state of things that we cannot greatly regret. We have no great faith in legislative experiments. They mostly end in crowding the Statute Book with laws that are never put in force. Before anything more is done in this direction we should like to see the energies of social reformers applied to stimulating the executive action and encouraging private enterprise. It is constantly said that this or that law has proved ineffectual, but on inquiry it commonly appears that it has never been thoroughly carried out. A comparative list of the powers that the existing laws give and of the instances in which these laws have been applied would be very instructive reading.

The quotation from Bishop Wilberforce which a correspondent gives in another column has lost some of its force. Whether bishops would be better without their palaces is a point which is not quite settled by "Bystander's" humorous idealism. But however it may be decided, it is no longer true that to "sell their palaces" would be to "impoverish our bishops." Farnham and Auckland Castles can hardly be set down as assets in an episcopal balance-sheet. The truth is that the question ought to be decided in view of the special circumstances of each case. It can hardly be doubted that the sale of Addington was a gain to the Church, since it made the Archbishop of Canterbury a familiar figure in his own Cathedral. The same thing may be said of Hartlebury, which is in a singularly inconvenient position, and would remove its unwilling occupant alike from Worcester and Birmingham, the two chief centres of his work. But when we come to Farnham, which has belonged to the See of Winchester since the Conquest, and still more to Lambeth, which embodies the long and intimate association of the Archbishops of Canterbury with English history, a wholly different set of considerations come into play. For the picture of episcopal life set forth so amusingly in "Comments by the Way" we have neither sympathy nor admiration. Bikes and 'buses have not in our eyes the almost sacramental virtue that "Bystander" attributes to them. A bishop ought to keep some state; what has yet to be decided—and decided, let us hope, on different lines from those which were so long followed—is what kind of state it ought to be.

The Blue-book on the Concentration Camps shows that by November 8th Mr. Chamberlain had realised that the aggregation of large numbers was the main cause of a death-rate which had steadily risen from 170 per 1,000 in June to 339 per 1,000 in October. His telegram of that date was followed by another a week later in which he gave detailed instructions to Lord Milner not to accept the present situation "if forethought or science can suggest any expedients for curing or preventing it." Lord Milner's reply shows traces of overwork in a certain impatience of suggestion, but he gives details of the new camps he proposes to establish, and explains that, while the inmates whose husbands or relatives are still on commando will be removed without their own consent, the rest will be given the option of going or staying, in accordance with Lord Kitchener's promise. This distinction has been strangely misrepresented as being to the disadvantage of the relatives of the Boers still in the field. Mr. Chamberlain's latest telegram enjoins Lord Milner not to hesitate about incurring any necessary expense, and to arrange for the daily visitation of every tent, and the provision of sufficient nurses and doctors to allow a margin for sudden pressure. In short, all that is possible is now being done. We only wish that it could have been done at least two months earlier.

The Pall Mall Gazette gives some weighty reasons for thinking that the Education Bill cannot be introduced till after Whitsuntide, which is tantamount to saying that it may as well not be introduced at all. The Address, the Supplementary Estimates, and the Votes on Account will, it is calculated, take up the weeks before Easter, while the interval between Easter and Whitsuntide will be devoted to the new Rules of Procedure. The postponement of a large and hotly-contested measure till the latter part of the session makes it the inevitable victim of whatever form of obstruction happens to be in vogue for the moment. Would it not be well then for the Government to proceed by way of resolution? The main principles of the Bill might thus be thoroughly threshed out, without the opportunities for delay that are afforded by discussion in Committee, and the ground be cleared for the introduction of the Bill itself in 1903.

We do not know that the people of Birmingham lost much by their determination not to listen to Mr. Lloyd-George's exposition of his substantial agreement with Lord Rosebery. Nor are we very much surprised at the fact that his appearance in the Town Hall was the cause of a rather serious riot. When political passion runs high it commonly shows itself in this form, and whether the objects of their denunciations are the enemies of a Reform Bill or the supposed friends of the Boers, the feelings of a Birmingham mob alike find expression in brickbats and broken glass. What is of real and grave moment is that these demonstrations should be favoured by the local newspapers, and the praise of them find an echo even in the London press. Though the right of free speech may now and again take an unlovely form, that is no reason for treating the right itself as extinct.

In his answer to a deputation from the Westminster City Council the Home Secretary enumerated the obstacles which stand in the way of making any real change in the condition of certain streets at night. But Mr. Ritchie's argument points, as it seems to us, to a different conclusion from that which he himself founds on it. "The present law," he says, "must be put in force" before any fresh law can be enacted. But he himself gives excellent reasons why the present law is never likely to be put in force, and we have not the least expectation of any improvement in this particular. If the streets in question are to be cleansed it can only be by giving greater powers to the police, though it is but too probable that, if this were done, some of the very persons who now untruly complain that the police do nothing, would then, with equal want of truth, complain that they did too much. In this as in all similar cases Society has no choice but to trust its police or to leave many things that ought to be stopped to go on without hindrance. No doubt the temptations to which the police would be exposed in the effective discharge of this particular duty are exceptional. But a process of very careful selection would reduce this obstacle to the smallest possible dimensions, and the gain to the decency of London would be worth the almost infinitesimal risk.

On Saturday last Mr. Marconi established telegraphic communication across the Atlantic Ocean without wires, and thus achieved another and immensely significant success in the career which, so far as the world at large is concerned, began in 1896 with wireless messages transmitted across two miles of land. At the Lizard and St. John's, Newfoundland, places some 1,750 miles apart, balloons and kites bearing Mr. Marconi's simple apparatus were stationed, and in spite of stormy weather, which interfered with the stability of the receiving and transmitting machines,

messages according to a pre-arranged code were read and despatched. The first proof of success was, of course, the receipt of the messages themselves; the second and hardly less convincing proof has been that the Anglo-American Telegraph Company, which owns most of the trans-Atlantic cables, has threatened Mr. Marconi with proceedings on the strength of its monopoly until 1904 of telegraphic messages across the Atlantic. A matter of this kind, which is bound up with almost infinite possibilities as to the extension of telegraphic communication, cannot, of course, be interfered with on account of injury it may threaten to private vested interests, though we can have a good deal of sympathy with the shareholders of cable companies who begin to quake in their shoes. But they may be pretty sure that as soon as Mr. Marconi's method emerges from a scientific into the region of a commercial possibility it will be able to compensate them for any depreciation in the value of their property.

The news from the seat of war throughout the week has been the most completely satisfactory that we have been able to record for many months. No very great engagements have taken place, but there has been a combination of small successes and a steady activity among our troops that does far more to discourage the enemy than any single spectacular success, however great. Early in the week General Bruce Hamilton, operating in the neighbourhood of Ermelo, made a magnificent night march of twenty-five miles, and surprised Piet Viljoen's laager at dawn at Wit Kraans. Sixteen of the enemy were killed and seventy taken prisoners, while a gun which the Boers had captured from Colonel Benson was retaken and used against the enemy in the engagement. In the north of the Orange River Colony Colonel Rimington attacked the combined commandoes of Smit and Taljaard, taking 22 Boers and 300 head of cattle. The most important capture of the week, however, was that of Commandant Kritzinger, who, in attempting to cross with a small force the line of blockhouses near Hanover Road, was attacked and defeated, the commandant himself being wounded and taken prisoner. He was one of the ablest and most influential of the Boer officers still in the field; and it is said that the Boers regard his capture as their most serious loss since the surrender of Cronje. General French has been pushing his campaign in Cape Colony with such vigour that the midland district is now quite clear, the enemy being confined to the eastern and western borders. Altogether, the prospect is much brighter than it has been for a long time. Lord Kitchener's figures for the week are 31 Boers killed, 7 wounded, 372 prisoners, and 48 surrenders—a total of 458, as against 435, 320, and 277 for the three previous weeks.

Foreign

The Nicaragua Canal Treaty was ratified by the United States Senate on Monday afternoon by 72 votes to 6, with three pairs. The dissentients seem to be all Southern and Western men; it might be added that they represent States of relatively minor importance, only the remark runs counter to that recognition of the equality of all States as such which is a fundamental principle of the American Constitution. Judging from Senator Teller's speech, they seem to have thought that better terms might have been obtained; but practically America has got all she wanted without any sacrifice of international courtesy, and the British readiness to abandon claims which were of no practical value to the Empire has set up a new bond of amity between the two great English-speaking nations of the world. Undoubtedly the result must tend to strengthen President Roosevelt's administration, which already represented all that is most friendly to England in American life.

The debate in the French Chamber on the relations of Church and State, set up by the proposal of the Budget Committee to strike out the Public Worship Estimates, and so save forty million francs, closed on Tuesday with the virtual rejection of the proposal by 350 votes to 187. M. Camille Pelletan, the veteran Radical, had argued that all the advantages of the Concordat fell to the Church, which had gradually captured the "privileged classes"—the phrase is his own, though he is not a Socialist, and denotes Society, the army, the navy, and the bourgeoisie. He declared that whereas fifty years ago fifty-three naval officers holding important positions held "Liberal"—which presumably means anti-Clerical—opinions, last year there were only three, and this year there is not one; and that the Church, having captured the bourgeoisie half a century ago (presumably when both they and the clergy accepted the Second Empire), was steadily "infiltrating" all the branches of the public service, though it was clearly not a power among the electorate, or more Deputies would be avowed Catholics. The Church was eloquently defended by the Abbé Gayraud, a Liberal Catholic, and other speakers, and finally, on Tuesday, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, in a powerful speech, put the common-sense view of ordinary Continental publicists, that a "free Church in a free State" might be too powerful for the Government. At present, he argued, the Church could be controlled by disciplinary measures, and was much more under control than ten years ago, inasmuch as only sixteen prelates out of eighty-seven had protested against the treatment of the religious Orders, and only six strongly. Moreover, any unexpected difficulty arising during the work of separation would be attended with extreme danger to the Republic. No doubt the advanced spirits in the Church will use these arguments in their own way. But the mass of French ecclesiastics has always been only too ready to lean on the State and distrust voluntary effort and independence.

As between Italy and France, the Mediterranean question has ceased to exist. This is the outcome of the declarations made by the Italian Foreign Minister, Signor Prinetti, in answer to a friendly interpellation last Saturday, and of the inspired comments on them in the French Press. Signor Prinetti was asked as to recent disturbances in Tripoli, in which, of course, certain inheritors of Signor Crispi's theories had seen the finger of France. He declared that they were due to the efforts of the Porte to impose compulsory military service, and to the imposition of new taxes; and added that France had given a special proof of her friendliness to Italy by notifying her that, according to the Anglo-French agreement of March 11th, 1899, Tripoli is outside the sphere of French influence. Now as that agreement related solely to the relative spheres of English and French influence in Northern Africa, and as we have no claims on Tripoli, the notification means "Settle yourselves in Tripoli whenever you think proper, and we shall be very glad to have you as neighbours to our people in Tunis." And French papers

emphasise the invitation. Of course, the time is not ripe, and the German Emperor may have something to say as to the dismemberment of the territory of the *protégé* whom he has done his best to galvanise into life. That, no doubt, may be another reason affecting the stability of the Triple Alliance. But what a change from the mutual suspicions set up by the Tunis affair of 1882!

The most notable result of the debate on the condition of the Southern provinces, which occupied the Italian Chamber throughout last week, is not the absurd scenes over the suspension of Signor Ferri—even though they tend to split the Socialist wing of the supporters of the Ministry—but the announcement made by the Premier on Saturday of the Ministerial programme of economic development for the South. Rome is to be brought within two and a half hours of Naples by a direct railway, with trains at sixty miles an hour; and the plan will be laid before Parliament after the recess. Subsequently, another direct line between Bologna, Florence, and Rome will bring Milan within nine hours of Naples, and "the St. Gothard and the Simplon will rank among the great highways of the world." This, no doubt, is interesting to foreigners, but it will not help the malaria-ridden villagers of Apulia or the slum-dwellers of Naples much. But the Premier also promised to produce, after the recess, the plan of the new Pugliese Aqueduct (in the district behind Bari)—to pay for which Signor Ferri has already proposed to reduce the Civil List from sixteen million francs annually to six—to construct branch railways in the South, and to help the city of Naples out of the difficulties in which her late municipal government has landed her. Moreover, he expressed his readiness to do something for Sicily—which needs a comprehensive reform of its land system. A vote of confidence in the willingness and ability of the Ministry to promote national unity by relieving the economic distress of Naples, the Southern provinces, and the islands, was carried unanimously.

The debate had been diversified by two scenes. Signor Ferri, the *enfant terrible* of the Extreme Left, had remarked that "In Northern Italy oases of infection and criminality are the exception; but in the South the exceptions are the oases of honesty." For this he was suspended after an apparently rather informal division. Subsequently his friends moved that the suspension be rescinded. The motion was rejected, and Signor Ferri, who was observing the proceedings through a glass door, smashed the glass, told the Chamber that the Parliamentary Camorra continued, and fled. But Italian opinion has always regarded such eccentricities with a certain tolerance.

The Polish children at Wreschen have won. Wreschen, it may be noted, is the suburb of Posen where the school-children were caned, in May last, for refusing to receive religious instruction in German. This had been imposed upon them because the suburbs had been incorporated with the city, where German-speaking children predominate, and it seemed desirable to make the school rules uniform. But even their canings, and the imprisonment of their relatives, have not had the expected results. The school prayers were formerly in German, though the religious teaching was in Polish. But after the disturbance, the children refused to join in the German prayer, or even to cross themselves before it began. The head-master then ordered a German-speaking child to repeat the prayer, expecting the rest to be silent, but they joined in audibly in Polish. They wished to pray, they said, but in their own language. The religious instruction had to be given solely to those who would condescend to answer, the rest ignored it. So the authorities are trying another way. They have refused leave to a parent to remove his daughter unless she will conform to the school rules, and have even threatened that if she does not she may be kept at school for another year. This we state on the authority of the *Cologne Gazette*, but it seems an expensive method of effecting precisely the opposite to what is desired. Meanwhile German papers are likening the treatment of Prussian Poland to that which they suppose us to be giving the Boers; German goods and newspapers are boycotted in Austrian Poland, and two thousand pounds sterling have been subscribed for the imprisoned relatives of the children. But it is even more notable that the steady resistance of a few children should have defeated the Prussian educational authorities, who have hitherto been counted as the most authoritative of their kind.

Bulgaria is in serious difficulties again. It was supposed that certain bye-elections some time ago had secured the position of the Ministry, and accordingly it proceeded to negotiate a new loan, based on a proposed tobacco monopoly, with a group of Parisian financiers. They appear, however, to have insisted, first, that the Loan Bill should be passed by a certain date, and next, that they, and not the Bulgarian Government, should have the sole right of nomination to the *bureause de tabac*—so that, as certain Bulgarian patriots naïvely complained, party politics would almost disappear in Bulgaria. M. Karaveloff, the Premier, is said to have told the Sobranje frankly that Bulgaria had never yet paid interest on any loan except out of borrowed money, that it would never get another loan unless it pawned something, and that national dependence was better than national bankruptcy. But the rival parties made adverse demonstrations, and the Ministry abandoned the attempt to pass the Bill, and resigned. Prince Ferdinand is naturally very angry, and is said to intend to ask M. Karaveloff to get the Chamber to accept the loan, or to try again with new colleagues; and it seems not unlikely that an attempt will be made to find the money in Vienna under conditions less humiliating for Bulgaria. So Austria will compensate herself for the decline of her influence at Belgrade. Otherwise the Near East is much as usual, except that the arrests of Young Turks at Constantinople seem to be multiplying, and that a final attempt is being made, as we write, to ransom Miss Stone and her companion.

The situation in South America has looked less warlike this week. Assurances of a peaceful settlement have been received both from Santiago and from Buenos Ayres, and a demonstration to celebrate its consummation was held—perhaps a little prematurely—at the latter capital on Saturday last. The difficulty is not so much that the disputed territory has been violated by the construction of roads, but that the construction has turned to the military advantage of Chili, and that Argentina has retaliated by occupying an indisputably Chilian post. But neither party can afford to fight, and Chili, which is most hostile, can afford it least. In the north, Germany threatens to enforce her claims on Venezuela by seizing a port—which the American Government will not regard as an infringement of the Monroe doctrine, so long as the occupation is not permanent; but as Venezuela has no money it is hard to see how Germany can get satisfaction otherwise; and, as President Castro threatens sanguinary reprisals, the situation may easily become very grave indeed. Finally, the report that the Pan-American Congress had broken down has been contradicted. The United States, it was stated, declined to support universal compulsory arbitration in all international disputes in South America, and Argentina and other States favoured it, inasmuch as it would both handicap Chili in her frontier dispute and probably compel her to restore the districts won in 1884 from Bolivia and Peru; and so the Congress was to break up. Unfortunately, no information as to the Congress has reached Europe recently beyond this statement and an imperfect contradiction.

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The Pilot

Saturday, December 21, 1901

LORD ROSEBERY AT CHESTERFIELD

THE many commentators on Lord Rosebery's speech have for the most part taken the passages which interested them most, and apportioned their praise or blame as though this were all that he had said. We shall not pretend to be more comprehensive than others in this respect. Lord Rosebery touched on a great number of subjects, and on all of them he was always interesting and often enlightening. His analysis of the recent history of the Liberal party, his recommendation of the clean slate, his proclamation of "efficiency" as the one thing needful in the politics of the moment, his censure of the Government for their treatment of Army reform, his references to education, housing, and temperance, even his condemnation of the mischievous dissolution of last year, and of the false conception of the war which it originated and fostered, are but the ordinary matter of an Opposition speech. What Lord Rosebery said in reference to all these things was true and telling, but it referred to a past which is best employed in burying its dead. What the Liberal Opposition wants, if it is to be of any use to the country, is a South African policy—a policy to be impressed upon the Government if they will consent to take account of it, and, if Ministers will have none of it, then to be impressed upon the nation. Lord Rosebery's speech must be judged by the degree in which it gives such a policy to the Opposition. Does it go beyond what other Liberal speakers have done in this way? Does it fill up gaps which Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith have left unfilled? Hitherto the Liberal Opposition has done but little towards the creation of a sound public opinion in regard to South African problems. One section of it has been more Dutch than English; the other section has urged the prosecution of the war, but has contributed nothing to such questions as what can be done to bring peace nearer, and in what temper the subsequent settlement should be approached. Has Lord Rosebery said anything on these points which has not been said by the front bench politicians who have spoken before him?

Beyond doubt he has. He has thrown aside generalities and come to particulars. He has told us what he would do if he were in office, and what, in his judgment, any Government, whether Liberal or Conservative, ought to do. It is by this part of his speech, and by the action he takes in the direction of this speech, that Lord Rosebery will eventually be judged. We do not think, we may say in passing, that the construction he places on Lord Milner's words at Durban is that which they necessarily bear. It seems to us more probable that the High Commissioner was merely referring to the want of an organised Boer Government with which to make peace, and to the consequent possibility that isolated resistance might go on after the recognised commanders had laid down their arms. But though Lord Rosebery may be wrong in his interpretation of Lord Milner's words, he is entirely right in his depreciation of the policy he attributes to him. The well-being of South Africa demands that peace shall be "signed at the end of the war"; that we shall not ignore the Boer leaders whether military or civil, and so leave them to be "cherished for ever as heroes, martyrs, and saints by the Boer population"; that we do not adopt a policy like that of Lord North "against the descendants of the people who held the United Netherlands against Spain." Bring the war to its natural end, and leave nothing undone that can minister to that result. But do not forget that this natural end is "a regular peace and a regular settlement."

Of course, Lord Rosebery is quite alive to the obstacles that stand in the way of a regular peace. He does not indeed, as he might well have done, blame the Government for creating these obstacles by annexing the Republics before the end of the war, and so leaving themselves without a Government with which to negotiate. Probably if Mr. Kruger were now a prisoner at Pretoria he would take a juster view of the prospects of resistance. But Lord Rosebery urges the consideration of any overtures of peace that may come from the former government of the Transvaal which now exists "somewhere in the Low Countries." He would not have England herself make such overtures. That he rightly thinks would be taken as an evidence of weakness by the Boers, and so prolong not close the war. He would have the Government wait for the Boers to say the first word, but be very ready to give that word a favourable hearing from whatever quarter it might come. Further, Lord Rosebery would address all his energies to the pacification of South Africa after the war. He would not recall Lord Milner, even if it were possible to do so, since that would be "held throughout South Africa as a lowering of the flag, as a change of policy in regard to the policy of the war." But he would send out a commission of administrators "of the Indian type" to deal with the problems which will crop up at every step until Englishmen and Boers have settled down to live side by side. The two main features of our policy after the war should be clemency and generosity. The banishment proclamation—"a proclamation which has done unmixed harm in prolonging the war and driving the Boers to desperation"—should be annulled; there should be as large and liberal an amnesty as it is possible to give; and whatever money is needed for the re-settlement of the farms, the re-stocking of the farms, the rebuilding of the farms should be spent "with lavish generosity."

And what is to come of this speech? The policy it

describes is admirable: "It is to restore efficiency to our Parliament, our administration, and our people; to dispel the atmosphere of suspicion and hatred which has grown up around us; and as regards the war, to pursue it with vigour and efficiency, to be prepared to listen to overtures for peace, and then to grant just and most liberal terms, always excepting the closed and sealed question of incorporation." But how far has Lord Rosebery helped on the realisation of this policy? We hope and believe that he has helped it on a very great deal. He has raised a flag under which the Liberal party can gather, without surrendering their opinions about the origin and prosecution of the war, but fixing their whole mind on the present and the future to the exclusion of the past. How far the party now so divided will avail itself of this chance it is impossible to say. But it is much that an opportunity should be given to men of both sections to join hands on these terms, and this, at all events, Lord Rosebery has achieved. The concentration of the Opposition, if it comes to pass, will not only contribute to the provision of that alternative government of which we hear so often, it will do what is of greater because of more immediate importance, and help to shape the action of the Government that now is and that is likely long to remain. If the principles expressed in the Chesterfield speech are pressed upon the House of Lords and upon the country as Lord Rosebery so well knows how to do, they will, we think, gain a great and increasing body of supporters, many of whom are in no way unfriendly to the present Cabinet, though they would sacrifice any Cabinet whatever if it stood in the way of the restoration of peace and goodwill in South Africa.

SOLDIER SETTLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

The most fascinating suggestion for re-ordering South Africa was also one of the earliest. The war was still at its beginnings, and the hope of a speedy termination by collapse was still general, when the proposal to plant the country with military colonies drawn from our victorious soldiery was launched. It was a well-founded idea adorned with a touch of the romantic; and was so cordially accepted by the public that the Government was compelled to take it up, though it could only do so in a tentative inquiring way. The idea was well grounded, because the Dutch population of the various South African States and colonies was in the first place predominant in point of numbers, in the next more settled, and for the rest supplied a larger proportion of men who, from their training, traditions, avocations, and knowledge of the country, were apt at rough and ready soldiering. The great disadvantage of the Government in South Africa when the war broke out was the inferior number of Britons, in the country districts especially; and nothing would strengthen our hold upon the country so much when open hostilities come to an end as a large and immediate addition to the settled British population out of the sea-board towns. The Government made its inquiries, the main outcome of which appeared to be that a good start could hardly be made till certain schemes of irrigation had been carried out; and there the matter dropped and was buried out of sight in the turmoil of a conflict unexpectedly prolonged.

Now, however, when the war seems once more nearing its end, the proposal is renewed; and since Mr. Cecil Rhodes is among the revivalists, and since the Loyalists of South Africa have more than one or two importunate reasons for desiring the experiment, the colonisation of our new territory by the State will no doubt be a lively question again before long. That is to be expected and even welcomed; for, as we have said, the purpose aimed at is so important that it ought not to be given up unless upon good cause shown. It is not likely to prosper, however, if taken up where and as it dropped, without regard to what has happened since. In one respect, luckily, it cannot be so taken up. The romance which clothed the idea of so many military colonies, gathered round the Imperial standard here and there throughout the conquered land, has taken flight. It had its beauties, that romance; in conditions a little different it might have been actually and highly serviceable; and even for the sake of the first consideration alone we can regret its departure. The truth is, however, that it stood in the way of just and clear perceptions in what is a great and serious matter of business, best seen through no sort of glamour by those who have to settle it.

What first demands recognition is that since the military-colony idea was broached all the conditions have changed; in point not of character but of magnitude. Since that time, the need of a larger British "garrison" (to use the word as it used to be applied to the loyalists in Ireland) has been enormously increased; in one way by the spread of disaffection throughout the whole Dutch population of South Africa, and in another way by an intensity of rancour which came into existence with the farm-burning and is not likely to diminish with the obligation to submit. "We must bear in mind," says Mr. Rhodes, "that the prisoners will return with most embittered feelings." It is also a matter of business to bear in mind that there are forty thousand of these men, and that the feelings they will return with have not yet reached the climax of their bitterness: that will happen when they see what they return to—or do not return to—and when they hear the tales that will be poured into their ears.

But, it may be said, these are arguments for planting South Africa with military colonies, not against doing so. To which we shall only answer that they are arguments for planting such colonies in much greater force than was thought of at first, or if not in greater magnitude then in an entirely different way. The original idea was, and in Mr. Rhodes's mind insistently is, that these military and other State colonists shall be scattered over the country, so as to mix in with the Dutch population. "The settlement of our people on the land," he writes, "is the only method by which an assured and lasting peace can be secured to South Africa. The only hope for a change of feeling is in the intermixture of the two races on the soil, following the same occupation, having the same interests, and daily exchanging social intercourse." Thinking mostly of the Transvaal, Mr. Rhodes argues that the portion of that country which is habitable all the year round "consists, roughly, of four or five thousand farms, the balance of the country being only suitable for occupation during the winter"; and therefore that if the comparatively small number of two or three thousand "Regulars, Yeomanry, Volunteers, Colonists, and others of a similar class," are provided with Transvaal farms, the trick will be done. And taking Mr. Rhodes's statement as it stands, one grave difficulty would certainly seem to disappear—in the Transvaal. The Government colonists would be

proportionately numerous enough to support each other among bitterly hostile neighbours. But though Mr. Rhodes is mainly concerned about the Transvaal, the Government will have all South Africa to think of with the return of the forty thousand; and if there is one province which would be more promisingly and profitably supplied with soldier settlers and the like than another, it is not the Transvaal. For obvious reasons, such immigrants would be most serviceable—we mean to the State that paid for their farms—in the country districts of Cape Colony; and while they would probably think these districts more attractive, there they would be under less temptation and less pressure to throw up the game. However, the point is that with all Dutch South Africa disaffected and re-infected by the return of the exiles and the distribution of the women from the camps, the plan of scattering soldier settlers in groups about the country becomes impossible for one of two reasons: either these groups must be very close and consequently very numerous (like Lord Kitchener's improved block-houses), or else they would be exposed to an insulting, injurious, and intolerable "boycott."

It is therefore necessary to think of the expense of equipping and maintaining a large number of such colonists; two or three thousand for the Transvaal alone, says Mr. Rhodes—twenty thousand altogether says the *Spectator*. Almost to a man, the soldier settlers would start without capital. Everything would have to be provided for them—these things principally: land, a dwelling-house and its furniture, stock, seed, draught horses, carts, sheds or out-houses, all manner of implements and tools—the whole to be supplied on terms approaching gift, or the temptation to be a soldier settler in such a country disappears. In addition, the settler's wife must be sent out to him; for without wife and children he would be of little profit as a Government colonist, and would live in but very loose bonds as such. In further addition, his whole expenses for food, wages, and other outgoings would have to be supplied till his farm began to pay, subsequent deficiencies being made good till it paid completely. It is evident that we must reckon by many hundreds of pounds in every individual case. Mr. Rhodes runs his provincial estimate into millions; by which we see how great should be the likelihood of success if the number of colonists to be provided for approaches Mr. Rhodes's scale, or, indeed, is large enough to achieve a result worthy of the attempt.

And so, disagreeable as it may be, the question of success must also be considered. Mr. Rhodes has no doubt of it on any score; but then he has shown himself capable of making great mistakes where the common instincts of human nature come in. On this occasion he professes to believe that when two or three thousand Transvaal farms are re-occupied by Transvaalers now in in the field or in exile, and when they find themselves mixed up with two or three thousand soldier settlers placed on the other farms, partly to watch them and put them down if necessary, a better feeling will take possession of these Boers; and that thenceforth this feeling will be nourished *nolens volens* by the unavoidable amenities of social intercourse. We have said "professes to believe" because it would really be less friendly to think he means it than that he disguises a politic stroke for determining all the Transvaal Boers to abandon their farms (as many will in any case, he calculates) and trek quite out of the way. It seems to us unimaginable that the introduction of soldier settlers into the Boer communities, for the acknowledged purpose of overseeing and coercing, should be sincerely thought a short cut to "a union of the two races in South Africa." It would have other advantages, no doubt; but against them must be weighed the disadvantage of perpetuating resentful memories in a singularly irritating way. So far, an enormous expenditure would have no success, but the contrary; and it is not certainly secure in other particulars. If the Dutch farmers amongst whom the military colonists were mixed found their presence detestable, the military colonist and his good lady would probably find their situation made equally so by the Dutch farmers; and that is to say nothing of a life of solitude and monotony which, at its best, is incomparably more afflicting than that which is emptying our own country districts at home. It is extremely doubtful whether an effective number of British-born, British-bred men and women will knowingly take up such a life for its rewards; and again doubtful that they would be able to endure it long on trial; and yet more doubtful on account of the temptations to the livelier career which is about to open to tens of thousands of newcomers (it is said) in the South African towns.

These considerations should be well pondered. When they are duly weighed we believe that less will be heard of such plans as Mr. Rhodes advocates, though not to the abandonment of all idea of fostering emigration to pastoral and agricultural South Africa. It would be wise to spend generously upon such competent adventurers from these islands as have the wherewithal to take some risk themselves, and are willing to hazard what cash they have. Some millions, even, might be profitably spent in that way, and the more profitably if the notion of military service disappeared from the arrangement altogether.

RELIGION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

We said last week that if Churchmen and Nonconformists enjoyed the same statutory right of providing for the religious instruction of their children in Elementary schools, the religious difficulty would be at an end. Every child would receive instruction in the creed professed by its parents or guardians. The parents benefiting by this measure would be Nonconformists in Church schools, and Church people in Board schools, but the process would be the same in the two cases. The obvious way of carrying out this plan would be to establish a register in which the religion of each child should be entered, and to make it the business of the managers to see that all children not of their religion were withdrawn from the religious lesson. The duty of providing that the children thus withdrawn should be taught their own religion would devolve upon their parents or upon the denomination. In the case of Board schools it would devolve upon the clergy of the parish, and so far the Church would be more favourably situated than the Nonconformists. We imagine, however, that even if the Nonconformist children in a Church school were distributed among several denominations, there would seldom be any difficulty in their agreeing upon a common teacher.

We have already dealt with the objection taken by Mr. Lacey to this plan on the ground of justice. We can understand the managers of a Church school refusing to admit any children to whom they are forbidden to

teach religion. But we fail to understand how, when they have accepted this prohibition, they can wish that the children affected by it shall learn no religion at all. We do not doubt that Mr. Lacey would rather see one of his parishioners going to a dissenting chapel than absenting himself from religious worship altogether. On the same principle, surely he would rather see this same parishioner's children taught their father's religion than left without religious instruction of any kind. But Mr. Lacey has another objection. If, he asks, the clergy are given the right of using Board schools at reasonable times for giving religious instruction to the children of Church people, "what motive remains for keeping up separate Church schools?" Only one—the desire to have a school which "shall be permeated through and through and exclusively" with a particular religious character. But if the specific teaching of all kinds of doctrine is admitted this will be impossible, and "the only respectable motive for keeping up Church schools will be gone." But does not Mr. Lacey forget that what has to be considered at this moment, with a new Education Bill on the horizon and Voluntary schools dying for want of support in all directions, is not what is ideally best but what is best in the circumstances? Mr. Lacey wishes the clergyman to have free entrance into Board schools, but he objects to a similar right being conferred on the Nonconformist minister, even in a parish where the only school to which Noncomformist children can be sent is a Church school. Mr. Lacey may, if he pleases, call the owners of Church schools "contractors to the Board of Education." We do not quarrel with the description; we only say that these contractors will very soon have to decide what place they shall hold in the new system which, by their own admission, must be substituted for the present system, if Church schools are to live.

Mr. Lacey's own plan is that Churchmen should be admitted to give religious instruction in Board schools; and that the right of Nonconformist parents to have their children taught their own religion—a right which he fully acknowledges—should be met by the erection of a Board school by the side of every Church school wherever there were Nonconformist children in the parish.

Mr. Lacey has, we suppose, convinced himself that there is a reasonable probability that the Government, if pressed, will include these provisions in their next Education Bill, and that there is, at least, a chance that they will be accepted by Parliament. We are wholly unable to share his confidence. To us it seems absolutely certain that no such measure will be introduced, and that if introduced no such measure could possibly pass. It would at once set up an apparent inequality between Churchmen and Nonconformists. Churchmen would have a right to teach their religion in all elementary schools—in their own and in Board schools. Nonconformists would have a right to teach their religion in Board schools only. Moreover, as a result of this apparent inequality, it would be necessary to set up a Board school in numberless parishes where the Church school is amply sufficient to take in all the children that are of school age. You give, it would be said, substantially the same rights to Churchmen and to Nonconformists, but you throw upon Nonconformists the odium of asserting their right at the cost of the ratepayers. In some 8,000 parishes—we borrow the figure from Mr. Denny's excellent letter, which will be found elsewhere—the school accommodation would have to be doubled, though it is at present amply sufficient for the educational needs of the population. We think with Mr. Denny that "no Government would be in office a month" which committed itself to so wild a scheme. In to-day's letter Mr. Lacey pleads for the creation of a new class of schools—"Declared schools"—which are to be "strictly and exclusively denominational." They would, he thinks, only have to forfeit some "doubtful privileges." We do not know whether Mr. Lacey reckons a share of the Government grant a doubtful privilege. They would certainly forfeit that.

The actual outcome of Mr. Lacey's proposal, supposing that it were adopted by Churchmen, would be the perpetuation of the existing system. Nonconformist ministers would remain shut out from Church schools and the clergy would remain shut out from Board schools. We cannot believe that Mr. Lacey thinks the *status quo* preferable to the change which he deprecates. For the *status quo* simply means that vast numbers of children who, if the clergy had access to them, would be brought up, with their parents' full consent, in the faith of the Church of England, are brought up in a faith which is not that of the Church of England. The parish priest has precisely the same responsibility for these children that he has for the children in his own school. The law as it stands prevents him from discharging that responsibility in the natural and obvious way. The only practicable means of removing the obstacle thus interposed between him and his duty is to give the parent in all schools alike the right to have his children taught the religion which he himself professes.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY PROBLEM

THE Commissioners appointed by the Crown to inquire into University Education in Ireland have now issued the first instalment of the evidence which has been given at their sittings in Dublin. Together with some appended documents this evidence fills a portly Blue Book of some 400 pages of double columns; and one wonders as one tries to read it through how long the inquiry is going to last. For if the witnesses at future sittings speak at the same length as some of the gentlemen who have already been examined, and if the Commissioners still deem it necessary to put their questions in the form of speeches, we may expect to see several more Blue Books before the report is ready. But, though voluminous, some of the evidence is highly interesting. It is quite plain from the progress of the inquiry that there is a general feeling in Ireland of dissatisfaction with the Royal University, which is a mere examining body and occupies itself with the testing of knowledge rather than with its acquisition or distribution. And it is also plain that there is a desire on the part of the Commissioners to allay the discontent felt by Roman Catholics with the existing state of things, if in any way they can do so without creating evils worse than those which they remove. The principal Roman Catholic witness was Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, who gave his evidence with conspicuous ability. He put the case of his co-religionists as strongly as it can be put, and it was generally reported in Dublin that he had made a considerable impression on the Commissioners. That, of course, may be mere gossip; but, at any rate, his statement shows a remarkable knowledge of his subject, together with a power of presenting his argument which, as Professor Butcher remarked, would be very telling on a public platform.

It must be remembered that this inquiry was invited by a number of gentlemen representing the Royal University, who expressly stated that they did not desire that Trinity College, Dublin, should be made the subject of investigation. Hence it has come about that the affairs of Trinity College are not within the purview of the Commission, and can only be referred to by way of illustration and as affording precedents for educational policy. Nevertheless, a good deal turns on the present constitution of the College. If it were true, as several witnesses suggested, that it was necessarily a "Protestant" institution, then, no doubt, there would be something in the plea for the establishment of a corresponding Roman Catholic college on the score of equality. But it came out clearly enough in the course of the evidence that the reason why Trinity College has a "Protestant atmosphere" (for such is the phrase used) is that Roman Catholics do not take advantage of its privileges. It is open to all the world; degrees, prizes, Fellowships, seats on the governing body, are open to all comers. It is true that Trinity College has a Chapel and a Divinity School in connexion with the Church of Ireland. But the reason why no such privileges are provided for Presbyterians and Roman Catholics is that they have not asked for them, and (apparently) do not desire them. There is really nothing to prevent Roman Catholics from coming to us, as they go to Oxford and Cambridge, save the fact that their bishops forbid them. Dr. O'Dwyer was pressed to explain why it is more dangerous for a Roman Catholic undergraduate to be in residence at Trinity, Dublin, than at Trinity, Cambridge, or at Trinity, Oxford; and he was reduced to the answer that the better social position of English Romanists rendered them less likely to be drawn away from their faith than their poorer and less educated co-religionists in Ireland. The answer does not seem very convincing; but apart from that it is highly important to notice that the protest against "mixed education," which has been made so loudly in Ireland by the Roman bishops for many years, now turns out to be based not on grounds of principle but of circumstance merely. This seriously lessens the force of their plea for privilege in view of religious scruple. If no principle is violated by a Roman Catholic undergraduate in going to an Oxford College and living within hearing of the chapel bell, no principle is violated by the man's brother if he goes to Trinity, Dublin. Whether the latter course is more dangerous to "faith and morals" than the former is a mere matter of fact, which experience alone can determine. I may mention one circumstance which is not without its bearing on the controversy in this aspect. I have been associated with the life of Trinity College for more than a quarter of a century, and I have known many Roman Catholics there. I never knew *one* who while he was at the University abandoned his hereditary creed; while, on the other hand, I have known several Protestants of various "denominations" who entered the Roman Church in undergraduate days. No doubt the Protestants are more numerous, and there is, therefore, among them a greater possibility of such lapses being observed; but, nevertheless, I think the fact that I have mentioned is not without weight.

The most remarkable outcome of the inquiry so far has been, I believe, that it is now apparent that the Roman Catholic hierarchy have shifted their ground. Some years ago they took up the position that they were debarred by conscience from using the existing institution. They desired to educate their own youth in their own way, and they objected to the "mixed" system as dangerous to faith and morals. That is a quite intelligible position. I regret it, because I happen to be one of those people who believe that it would be better for Ireland in the long run if all her sons grew up side by side and learnt to respect each other's political and religious opinions. That was the idea when the Queen's Colleges were started, and that, again, was the idea when tests were abolished in Trinity College by Mr. Fawcett's Act of 1873. The governing body being open to capture by men of every religious denomination alike, it was supposed that all would alike take advantage of the common privileges which the University of Dublin offered. But the experiment did not succeed, because the Roman Catholics were not allowed by their bishops to take part in it. I say that I regret the decision, but I understand it; and, as a taxpayer, I am quite willing to pay my share of taxes in order that my Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen shall be able to educate their youth in any kind of University that pleases them. They will not have anything to do with the "mixed" system, where students of all kinds mingle freely, and where there is no guarantee that the courses of study and the teaching of the professors will be strictly orthodox. Right or wrong, that is quite consistent; and I feel that it is not for Churchmen to object to the claim made by Romanists to have their sons brought up in their own faith. But it now appears that what the Roman Catholics are claiming is something very much more than this. They claim that they shall have permanent control of a State endowed University which shall be intended for, and open to, students of every denomination. That is a remarkable change of front. It now appears that they do not object at all to the "mixed" system, so far as the undergraduates are concerned, provided that they keep the reins in their own hands and have complete control over the teaching staff. And I say to such a proposal, that while many of us Irish Churchmen have no objection to pay taxes that Romanists may educate their own youth, we have the very strongest objection to paying taxes in order that Romanists may educate *our* youth. This new demand is not only inconsistent on the part of the hierarchy, because they propose to set up the very same "mixed" system of common education which they have repeatedly anathematised during the last fifty years; but it is a claim for privilege such as no other religious body in the United Kingdom enjoys. The attempt to put forward Trinity College as a parallel to what they desire is not likely to deceive anybody. So far as its constitution is concerned, Trinity College is not under any kind of ecclesiastical control. Only three of its fellows have taken holy orders since 1866; and it is plain to everyone who knows anything about it that not only in theory, but in fact, it is rapidly becoming as unecclesiastical a place as could be imagined. Nor is there any guarantee that the members of the governing body in the future will belong to any particular religious denomination. Of course, so long as Roman Catholics are not allowed to come, so long will the majority be Protestant; and so long as the Presbyterians of the North prefer their own Belfast institutions, so long will the majority be members of the Church of Ireland. But the State is not responsible for that, and the State provides no assurance that the "colour" of the teaching shall be of any particular shade. Now the University, sketched by Bishop O'Dwyer, would be quite different. The claim put forward by him and by the Rev. Dr. Delany, S.J., was for an institution, the essentially Roman character of which should be guaranteed, so far as the governing body are concerned. They do not ask for an exclusively clerical governing body, nor (if I understand aright certain phrases that were used) a governing body that shall be *exclusively* Roman. But they do ask for a governing body which shall be, from its constitution, *predominantly* Roman. This is pure denominationalism, and the fact ought to be faced.

What I desire to point out, in short, is that there is no use in trying to mask the denominational character of the new proposals. I do not know why we should be afraid of the word "denominationalism." It is an ugly word, but the thing which it represents is not necessarily evil, and may be very beneficial (I do not know) in a country like Ireland. But if we are going to support a denominational scheme let us do the thing thoroughly and openly. It would not be unjust, so far as I can see,

to endow one denomination (the Romanists) so as to enable them to provide University education for their own people, provided that sufficient funds were available to provide for the education of the other inhabitants of the country on the "mixed" principle, which they declare that they prefer. But it would be grossly unjust to endow one denomination so as to enable it to undertake the University education of the whole country, or even so far as to enable it to hold out inducements to students of other denominations to come within its "sphere of influence." I suggested, in my evidence before the Commission, that the precedent of Maynooth should be followed, and that the new institution should be expressly restricted, as Maynooth is restricted by its charter, to Roman Catholic students. I am told by political prophets that Parliament will not consent to any proposal of so "retrograde" a character. I am not a politician, and I do not know what Parliament is likely to do; least of all should I care to predict what Irish measures will be carried through at Westminster. But I think it ought to be clearly understood that to give the Roman Catholics permanent and predominant control over a University or college open to all the world is to give them a privilege (1) which no other religious body in Ireland enjoys or is ever likely to enjoy, and (2) to which the Roman Catholics have absolutely no claim on the score of conscience. It is to give them a great deal more, not a great deal less (as some people imagine), than to give them endowments which shall be used exclusively for themselves. I would give them with a liberal hand all that they can lay claim to for conscience sake; I have always been anxious that they should have greater facilities than at present for educating their young men. Those who think with me have never taken the line of *non possumus*, nor do we believe in beating the Protestant drum. But if Parliament is going to undertake to legislate on "denominational" lines, let it be done openly and without injustice. No University or college will satisfy the Roman Catholic hierarchy which is not ultimately controlled by the authorities of the Church. That is manifest from the evidence that has been given before the Commission. And thus the parallel with the University of Dublin breaks down hopelessly. We Churchmen in Ireland have had privilege after privilege taken away, until now we are on terms of equality with everyone else. And we do not complain of that at all. But we should have just cause to complain if a college were now set up as essentially "denominational" in constitution as Trinity College was in the old days of Protestant ascendancy, before the Act of 1873, which abolished all tests save those of competitive examination. There are really only two alternatives, (1) absolute equality and freedom as regards courses of study, prizes, degrees, fellowships, and seats on the governing body; or (2) pure denominationalism. I do not see why Parliament should be afraid to try the second alternative; and, speaking for myself only, I should be glad if a teaching university (or at least a college) were established for Roman Catholics. But it is an entirely different thing to use imperial funds to found an institution whose avowed object is to educate, under permanently Roman Catholic auspices, not merely members of the Roman Church, but members of other communions as well.

J. H. Bernard

A SEVEN DAYS' MARCH

II

THAT next morning they woke us all before dawn: long before dawn. The sky was still keen, and there was not even a promise of morning in the air, nor the least faintness in the eastern stars. They twinkled right on the edges of the world over the far woods of Lorraine, beyond the hollow wherein lay the town. It was even cold like winter, as we harnessed; and I remember the night air catching me in the face as I staggered from the harness-room, with my campaign saddle and the traces and the girths and the saddle-cloth, and all the great weight that I had to put upon my horses. We stood in the long stable altogether, very hurriedly saddling and bridling and knotting up the traces behind. A few lanterns gave us an imperfect light. We hurried because it was a pride to be the first battery, and in the French service, rightly or wrongly, everything in the artillery is made for speed, and to speed everything is sacrificed. So we made ready in the stable and brought our horses out in order before the guns in the open square of quarters.

The high plateau on which the barracks stood was touched with a last late frost, and the horses coming out of the warm stables bore the change ill, lifting their heads and stamping. A man could not leave the leaders for a moment, and while the chains were hooked on even my middle horses were restive and had to be held. My hands stiffened at the reins, and I tried to soothe both my beasts, as the lantern went up and down wherever the work was being done. They quieted when the light was taken round behind by the limber, where two men were tying on the great sack of oats exactly as though we were going on campaign. These two horses of mine were called Pacte and Basilique. Basilique was saddled: a slow beast, full of strength and sympathy, but stupid and given to sudden fears. Pacte was the led horse, and had never heard guns. It was prophesied that when first I should have to hold him in camp when we were practising he would break everything near him and either kill me or get me cells. But I did not believe these prophecies, having found my Ancient and all third-year men too often liars, fond of frightening the younger recruits. Meanwhile Pacte stood in the sharp night, impatient, and shook his harness. Everything had been quickly ordered. We filed out of quarters, passed the lamp of the guard, and saw huddled there the dozen or so that were left behind while we were off to better things. Then a drawn-out cry at the head of the column was caught up all along its length and we trotted, the metal of shoes and wheel-rims ringing on the road; and I felt as a man feels on a ship when it leaves harbour for great discoveries.

We had climbed the steep bank above St. Martin, and were on the highest ridge of land dominating the plain when the sky first felt the approach of the sun. Our backs were to the east, but the horizon before us caught a reflection of the dawn; the woods lost their mystery, and one found oneself marching in a partly cultivated open space with a forest all round; the road ran straight for miles like an arrow and all along it was the interminable line of guns. But with the full daylight, and after the sun had risen in a mist, they deployed us out of column into a wide front on a great heath in the forest and we halted. There we brewed coffee, not by batteries, but gun by gun. Warmed by this little meal, mere coffee without sugar or milk and a hunk left over from yesterday's bread drawn from one's haversack (the armies of the Republic and of Napoleon often fought all day upon such sustenance, and even now, as you will see, we do not really eat till a march is over, and this may be a great advantage in warfare)—warmed, I say, by this little meal, and very much refreshed by the sun and the increasing merriment of morning, we heard first the call and then the order to mount. But we did not form column again. We went off at intervals by batteries, and the reason of this was soon clear, for on getting to a place where four roads met, some took one and some took another, the object being to split up the unwieldy train of thirty-six guns, with all their waggons and forges, into a number of smaller groups, marching by ways more or less parallel towards the same goal; and my battery was left separate, and went at last along a lane that ran through pasture land in a valley.

The villages were already awake, and the mist was all but lifted from the meadows when we heard men singing in chorus in front of us some way off. These were

the gunners that had left long before us and had gone on forward a-foot. For in the French artillery it is a maxim (for all I know common to all others) that you should weight your limber (and therefore your horses) with useful things alone, and as gunners are useful only to fire guns they are not carried, save into action or when some great rapidity of movement is desired. I do indeed remember one case when it was thought necessary to send a group of batteries during the manœuvres right over from the left to the right of a very long position which our division was occupying on the crest of the Argonne. There was the greatest need for haste, and we packed the gunners on to the limber (there were no seats on the gun in the old type—there are now) and galloped all the way down the road and put the guns in action with the horses still panting and exhausted by that extra weight carried at such a speed and for such a distance. But on the march, I say again, we send the gunners forward, and not only the gunners, but, as you shall hear when we come to Commercy, a reserve of drivers also. We send them forward an hour or two before the guns start; we catch them up with the guns on the road; they file up to let us pass, and commonly salute us by way of formality and ceremony. Then they come into the town, where we halt an hour or two afterwards.

So here in this silent and delightful valley, through which ran a river, which may have been the Meuse or may have been a tributary only, we caught up our gunners. Their song ceased, they were lined up along the road, and not till we were passed were they given a little halt and repose. But when we had gone past with a huge clattering and dust, the bombardier of my piece, who was a very kindly man, a young farmer, and who happened to be riding abreast of my horses, pointed them out to me behind us at a turning in the road. They were taking that five minutes' rest which the French have borrowed from the Germans, and which comes at the end of every hour on the march. They had thrown down their knapsacks and were lying flat taking their ease. I could not long look backwards, but a very little time after, when we had already gained nearly half-a-mile upon them, we again heard the noise of their singing, and knew that they had re-shouldered the heavy packs. And this pack is the same in every unmounted branch of the service, and is the heaviest thing I believe that has been carried by infantry since the Romans.

It was not yet noon, and extremely hot for the time of the year and for the coldness of the preceding night, when they halted us at a place where the road bent round in a curve and went down a little hollow. There we dismounted and cleaned things up a little before getting into the town where we were to find what the French call an *étape;* that is, the town at which one halts at the end of one's march, and the word is also used for the length of a march itself. It is a work of supererogation to clean up in this way before coming in, and there were some commanders who were never more pleased than when they could bring their battery into a town covered with dust and the horses steaming and the men haggard, for this they thought to be evidence of a workmanlike spirit. But our colonel had given very contrary orders, to the annoyance of our captain, a man risen from the ranks who loved the guns and hated finery.

Then we went at a walk, the two trumpets of the battery sounding the call which is known among French gunners as "the eighty hunters," because the words to it are "*quatre-vingt, quatre-vingt, quatre-vingt, quatre-vingt, quatre-vingt, quatre-vingt, quatre-vingt, chasseurs,*" which words, by their metallic noise and monotony, exactly express the long call that announces the approach of guns. We went right through the town, the name of which is Commercy, and the boys looked at us with pride, not knowing how hateful they would find the service when once they were in for its grind and hopelessness. But then, for that matter, I did not know myself with what great pleasure I should look back upon it ten years after. Moreover, nobody knows beforehand whether he will like a thing or not; and there is the end of it. We formed a park in the principal place of the town, we appointed two sentinels to do duty until the arrival of the gunners who should relieve them and mount a proper guard, and then we were marched off to be shown our various quarters. For before a French regiment arrives at a town others have ridden forward and have marked in chalk upon the doors how many men and how many horses are to be quartered here or there' and my quarters were in a great barn with a very high roof, but my Ancient, upon whom I depended for advice, was quartered in a house and I was therefore lonely. We groomed our horses, ate our great mid-day meal, and were free for a couple of hours to wander about the place. It is a garrison; and, at that time, it was full of cavalry, with whom we fraternised; but the experiment was a trifle dangerous, for there is always a risk of a quarrel when regiments meet as there is with two dogs, or two of any other kind of lively things.

Then came the evening, and very early, before it was dark, I was asleep in my clothes in some straw, very warm; but I was so lazy that I had not even taken off my belt or sword.

H. Belloc.

A RHAPSODY IN A SUBURB

I WILL not maintain that were the choice made possible I would antedate the hour of my birth. To resign all the treasures that the last hundred years, even the last fifty years, have laid up for us would be too great a sacrifice to make, too much to give in exchange for what the age has taken from us. But while that is admitted, it remains true that often and often a vast regret overwhelms the mind, and I would occupy myself awhile in a lament for what has passed away, what the years will never bring back. Villages not bereft of their sturdy young men and their comely maidens; a London, which though vast, knew limits that the traveller on foot could reach and pass; compact little cities clustering round their minster; the unspoiled country, the undesecrated coast. One might admire the translation of the capital from homeliness to splendour, and endure with moderate equanimity its expansion outwards at a rate reasonable and not convulsive, but the grief that cannot be stifled is that one must travel so far to find a countryside that is rural, and a seashore still left to nature and the kindly toil of men. It is not so long ago that only at one or two places along the coast did the common crowd foregather with their city baggage. How sweet it must have been then to the town-dweller to escape from his confinement to some fishing village that huddled down a grassy combe to the sea. A few old boats past service, or nearly so, lay on their sides, "careless of winds and waves," drawn up beyond the reach of the tide, and a modest jetty ventured but a few yards into the water, bearing at the furthest end a crazy wooden light-house that gave what help it could to passing trader or home-bound smack. At a little distance along the lonely shore, the simple artist of the old days, before the coming of the photograph, bent over his work lovingly. On the high ground that stretched east and west above the cleft where the village hid, only the bleating of sheep and the tinkle of the bell-wether made themselves heard in the stillness that was not quite silence, for the whispering of the million spear heads of grass that glittered as the wind stirred them. Now, for a mile on either side, the stuccoed lodging-houses, with their florid names, and the monster caravanseries, behind a narrow strip of sandy grass, stare brazenly at sea and sky. You must go far enough now to find what I have been regretting, and as you rest your eyes on some such relic of the old time, you will remember with a sigh that at the railway station, your eyes beheld, but now, what "Cliff's-End" is to be like soon, explained to demonstration

by the coloured plan of the estate that does not forget a little space reserved for "recreation ground."

Thus it is with our coast line. Britannia is girt along the steep with bulwarks of eligible apartments and first-class hotels, to be stormed not from the front but from behind. And inland, too, how many a country side cannot memory bring back, lonely and untouched, all heather and copse and pinewood, that now is a populous neighbourhood, lighted with gas, it may be, and proud with steam laundries and red pillar boxes, while every hill top is crowned with the scarlet gables of those who with the spoil of the town have come to spoil the country. Look out of your carriage window, at some station that you had long counted as your first rural stopping place. A scout habited in our English red is visible through the trees; a few weeks later you will find that the supports have arrived, and a Union Jack flaunting from a roof just finished proclaims the position secured. And lo! there on the horizon, forcing back a thin green line of hedge and tree that heroically maintains an unequal struggle, you detect the serried battalions of artisans' dwellings. The invincible *grande armée* of houses is advancing, and has made good its footing so far. Nor is this all. As the triumphant shouts of the conquerors begin to be heard, every quiet old town rises in insurrection against the old *régime*, and sends forth its volunteers to meet the invaders half way.

Once, along many a road, as a man escaped from town, the denser crowd of houses in the city's heart left behind, he would be escorted on his way by a friendly company of dwellings that grew thinner with every few yards till, at the very gates of the unknown, one last companion peering white through its green defences smiled him farewell, and he was left to thread his way by the dusty riband of road through the leafy wilderness. For the city's robe was bordered by a rich hem, and before he reached the open fields with their sweet rural sounds and ancient industries, he passed beneath high garden walls over which a ragged cloak of ivy was loosely thrown, and between the high gate-posts crowned with dragons or cannon balls half creeper-hid, he caught a glimpse of some old Georgian mansion. Stately timber stood in front and on each side of it, beech and elm, cypress and sycamore. And then some fragment of old village street was reached where the tavern stood back with signboard detached towards the edge of the road. Little houses with verandahs hid shyly behind a broken wooden fence backed by laurels, homes that spoke of the early days of a man's career when he was poor and struggling and had married for love, such a home as he would outgrow but never forget with its memories of a five year's honeymoon. And another would be eloquent of no prosperous future or innocence of joy, some Rosamund's bower, haunted by tragic suggestions. These things must be sought further out now, and then they belong rather to some town you are approaching than to the London from which you come.

Recall the Hampstead of twenty years ago, and compare the Kensington of that date with the Kensington of to-day. The time has been when to reach its High Street after a day spent in central London, was to be persuaded of having arrived at a separate town, as one may feel who, having left the train, mounts the High Street of Guildford. In those days, when the strayed reveller was so far on his homeward way, he found the dawn loud with defiant cock crows and the sweet din of waking birds. Many a back window then looked out in spring on a foaming lake of blossom, apple and pear and cherry. We were separated even at that date from the nearest country by a broad belt of brickish overflow, but a moderate effort brought one to where the town was making a pioneer advance, and soon the market gardens and orchards and open fields appeared. Now, only on wheels can you outstrip the surging disarray of westward-hurrying houses. Like a child who wanders over the wide wet sands till he reaches the waves, and intent on his occupation forgets to raise his eyes or raises them only to the horizon where the great ships go, and, turning at last, finds between him and the shore a swirling waste of waters, so he feels who has not travelled for a few years the roads that lead out into the country.

I remember a bedroom at the top of a house at Hampstead that stood high and looked to the west. Gently sloping fields sank from it to the lowlands. At night an occasional twinkle betrayed where one of the main lines ran, and by craning your neck to the left you could see where the lights clustered thick—that was London. But before I bade good-bye to that room the lights were in hundreds straight in front beneath me, and what the outlook is now in the daytime I dare not even imagine. I cannot but wonder that people clung so little to their pleasant homes, surrendered them with so slight a pang. A London garden is a small thing, but twenty of them together make a brave show, and they are all gone or going, and where they smiled now frown the towering prisons of our new fashion. I never leave London by train but it seems to drag the town after and with it, cleaving its way, as a boat does the water, the track of its desolation growing wider and wider behind it as it drives a wedge of red or yellow into the green. Even so, when lately we essayed to escape from our prison-house, it seemed we should never reach the limit, the city clung to our pedals like tattered rags that had wound themselves round our feet. But when at length we came to our desired haven, we rested long and talked of many things and drank deeply of the silence and the peace. And looking out as we returned by train, we noted how a countless host, clad in green, surged onwards to the assault of the city. We were generals galloping forward to see how it fared with our van; we saw how bravely our banners were planted on the enemy's ramparts, how our forces, irresistible in their primæval strength, stormed every wall and overflowed every back yard to reach their captive brethren of the parks. Thus, we remembered, far down our western coast the tide comes flooding up lagoon and estuary, and, piercing deep inland amid the quiet pastures and the woods, fills a thousand little creeks and pools up to the brim and links them with the ends of the world. So Hesperus, that bringeth all good things, solaced our spirit and filled us with content.

E. H.

THE CULT OF CARICATURE

At Messrs. Carfax's Galleries, in Ryder Street, St. James's, there is now on view an entertaining collection of caricatures by Mr. Max Beerbohm. These drawings are chiefly of politicians, with a few painters, writers, actors, and musicians interspersed among them. Every master of caricature has a tendency to see mankind through some particular lens of his own. In the case of Mr. Beerbohm we find a draughtsman who leans towards the presentation of his sitters in the shape of roots—some of them bulbous and some of them forked—also, occasionally, in the shape of tea-pots. In one case a male hour-glass is neatly depicted. The masculine beauties of the day seen here look rather like a flight of scarecrows, or like birds that have been immersed in water, and then hung up, looking very limp and depressed, to dry; but then, beautiful people are scarcely fit material for a bitter pencil. Perhaps that is why Mr. Max Beerbohm's portfolio is devoid of women—he spares them from that thin biting glance of his. (His "Ireland," "Glory," "The Drama," and company can scarcely be called women at all—and we may add, by the way, that they are not even types). Tenniel saw his women gracefully and charmingly; while Hogarth's younger women are some of the prettiest things possible—crisp, delicate, and feminine; most bewitching of all when they are wearing their clusters of curl-papers as haloes. But we are sure that Mr. Max Beerbohm regards the ladies with too much chivalry to wish to make use of them, even as foils to his men.

The place of honour is given at this exhibition to a drawing (89) called "Out, out, brief Candle!" in which is seen Robert Louis Stevenson as a brilliantly burning candle, beside which is a small, truculent critic, who is vainly endeavouring, as he stretches up on tip-toe, to put it out by the aid of a huge extinguisher. It is effective and sympathetic; but we wonder why Stevenson's ironically smiling features should be sketched on the side of the candle, instead of burning with radiating beams upon us from the brightness of the flame itself? Mr. George Moore (44) appears here as a fine, but closed, white cuttle-fish; while Mr. Hall Caine (59)—"One before whom even Professor Munyon is as a crushed worm"—is seen as a very wide-awake inflamed octopus, with golden streamers. Mr. Dolmetsch's head (62) is like a finely-drawn Japanese study of a water-sprite: the network of wire-like straight hairs, with a gleaming eye peeping through them, the only touch of colour being the red lips, is a fine study. Mr. Whistler (81) is also treated as a spirit—of a very different kind. No. 30 is a strong drawing of Lord Kitchener, with brick-red face and the now famous china-blue eyes. He also, in this presentment of him, has an affinity to an Eastern emblem; he is like the conventional Japanese embodiment of Fortune, the head of which—in Japan, at least—must be always carved out of jasper or agate or other hard red stone. No. 83 is a likeness of a famous artist, not recognisable except for its well-known blue tie; while No. 76 represents its subject as a love-bird. Nos. 94 and 68 belong to the root style of family pieces of which we have already spoken. Mr. Andrew Lang (56) appears here as a double self-acting corkscrew; Mr. Balfour (2) as a bangle serpent-bracelet, and Lord Lansdowne (5) as a harp-shaped jumping-Jack. Mr. Maurice Hewlett riding off, on a rampant white charger, over a daisy-spangled meadow, with his Heroine seated behind him, is a bold, but unconvincing feat; someone, surely, has played a trick upon the romancer; who, in place of one of his own very much flesh-and-blood and blonde-haired damsels seated behind him, has only a wooden Dutch doll, with the daisy eyes and face of a favourite actress of to-day, perched there above the tail of his dappled steed.

On the whole, this audacious collection of contemporary satires, which spares no vanity and bends to no convention, will give immense offence, will gratify a hundred forms of ill-nature, and may probably escape the definite praise that it deserves for what appears to us to be the remarkable clairvoyance with which the artist, by no means invariably, but in a large number of instances, seizes on the secret spring of character which lends its impress to the physical and outward appearance. S. S.

FOGS AND PLANTS

AMID streets, houses, and frequent lamps, a man may make shift to steer through a London fog, but let him try a short cut across a park, and all sense of direction will desert him. The tree trunks, pillars without capitals, seem to step forward with smooth suddenness as if to threaten him. The angles of the branching paths alter their due degrees, and memory itself is clogged by the obsession of the atmosphere. In such a tangle of strange appearances more than one journeyer has turned by inadvertence down the little path in Battersea Park which leads to the chrysanthemum house, and some perhaps have been wise enough to use the mischance. The house is warm; the great bank of flowers, if you look close, conquers the colour of the fog, except for some slight infusion of an ochre shade. The great white curly-haired Mr. Weeks is still stiff in the back and jolly. The strange double-tinted Molyneux show their green lining, and the Australia defies an exotic clime. You would hardly suspect that they hated the unusual warmth; and yet a week of warmth will destroy the jollity of the greatest Tapley of them all, Mr. Weeks himself.

What happens to the shrubs and trees and plants of all sorts which have no artificial warmth to tide them over the black days, and no policeman standing sentinel over them? If fogs increase the tale of pulmonary diseases in men, what chance have plants whose lungs are their leaves? The light and the air are their life in a larger sense than with men. If we except the fungi which live, roughly speaking, on the same bare principle as men, plants are separated from man by their power to change what is dead into what is alive—the inorganic into the organic, the precisians would say. We reverse the process and subsist by breaking down the cells which the plants had built up from sun-made, air-made bricks. As such is their task, how the machines must be strained when they are put to work on the substance of a London fog. Making bricks without straw were a joke to it. Not only is the material in the sunshine absent, but the wheels are clogged with rubble of all sorts. By a sort of irony of circumstance, the many mouths (the stomata) on the leaves are stopped up with solid carbon in the form of soot when they wish to take in for sustenance the carbon dioxide of the air. But in spite of all, the plants, for the most part, fight a good fight. The evergreens, like the oak of the fable, suffer most. Their tough spirit will not yield, and before the date of its fall the leaf is clogged with dirt that no acquired skill can overcome. Other trees stoop to conquer. They shed their leaves a little earlier than in purer airs, and the coming buds, hermetically sealed against the attacks of insects, find the same defence effective against less natural foes. One tree, the plane, seems prepared by anticipation for warfare against London airs. Almost alone among plants, the new bud, instead of nestling in the axil of the old, comes out along the old passage, so that, until the fall, the old leaf acts as a perfect sheath of the new, preventing the possibility of rust. Like the lizard, it sloughs off its old skin in the course of growth. The trunks swell rapidly, and the then brittle bark, having no power to crumple up into thickening ridges, breaks off in layers, leaving clean patches of sallow green colour beneath. So against both trunk and leaves the poisons of the urban airs are altogether powerless. But the plane has no exclusive right to congratulation. Poplars and alders and limes and many other "common" trees enjoy life. Catalpas and Paulonias have leaves as broad and flowers pure in London as in the country, and the ailanthus will grow a shoot of eight feet in a year, a record that would not be despised in its first home in the Moluccas.

A casual observer might be led to think that London airs were particularly beneficial to plants; and even among careful admirers of the Parks, how small a percentage could tell on what great class of plants banishment has been passed. Who has noticed that in all the Parks of London proper there are no traces of lichens? In all London there is only one variety, and that appears as a small round blackish speck on the stucco of houses. It was thought that the lichens were slowly disappearing even from Epping Forest, but the last scientific expedition made there found the largest number in the records of late years, a fact due, perhaps, to the superior intelligence and zeal of the botanists. The existing, even the common lichens, are counted by their thousands in England; there is no other class so baffling in its size; they are such hardy plants that no botanist has yet discovered the possible length of individual lives. Some are suspected of retaining life since a glacial epoch, and individual plants have been found not yet fully developed after fifty years. Lichens will dry up almost to a dust and so remain for years, still keeping a living protoplasm ready to revive on the application of water. But though they have watched the glacial period dissolve into the diluvian, a London fog was more than they could endure; and we need not expand in wonder. The plant is a type of hardy endurance—part alga, part fungus—but it takes its nourishment from the air, and when the air is vitiated

the sources of its life are poisoned. It could "rough it" on a barren stone on a frozen mountain, but languishes into quick extinction in the brightest corner of a London Park. The black specks on the stuccoes are the botanist's sole compensation. W. B. T.

COMMENTS BY THE WAY

"PARTURIENT mountains," says the wise man, "have ere now produced muscipular abortions"; and a typical specimen of the brood was exhibited last Monday at Chesterfield. Surely never, since orators first stumped and henchmen first applauded, was a speech so laboriously boomed.

> Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the calls
> Ye to each other make.

Of course, the Liberal Imperialists were quite sure that the oration at Chesterfield would be a trumpet-tongued pronouncement, pitched in the most Imperial key of Sir Henry Fowler and Mr. Perks. "I hear he is coming right over to us," said a frequenter of Hatfield. "He is going to declare himself a pro-Boer after all," gasped a crystal-souled young patriot from the National Liberal Club. "He will throw over Milner," cried one prophet. "He will have his knife into Chamberlain," replied his rival. Another section, more philosophically minded, felt sure that an ex-Premier, who had retired from business, could do nothing to inflame partisan feeling, but would utter statesmanlike counsels of moderation and healing. Others, again, who seemed to know their man, declared that he himself had not the least notion what he was going to say, and would wait till the last moment to see which way the cat jumped. Well, to all things on earth there sooner or later comes an end—even, as the saying is, to Gower Street—and to the Puffs Preliminary of the Liberal Imperialist League. At length the fateful day arrived, and public curiosity reached an even hysterical pitch. The whole business was admirably staged. There was the special train, and the demonstration at the station, and the retinue of tame peers and dependent M.P.'s, and the mounted police and the brass band. Nothing was wanting which could mark the occasion as epoch-making, and impress the imagination of the world. But the speech? Well, it took two hours in delivery—that in itself is great—and it was declaimed with animated gestures, and was loudly applauded, and was followed by an overflow meeting and another speech. And some of us have read it, and all of us have read summaries of it, and every newspaper in the land has commented on it. But it is a "muscipular abortion," after all.

The ghost of Mr. Brooke in *Middlemarch* must have stood at Lord Rosebery's elbow when he was preparing for Chesterfield. Every sentence breathed the spirit of that patriotic but not foolhardy politician. Everywhere we hear the note of that wise caution which drew back when it saw that it might be carried too far—"over the hedge, in fact." Thus we may criticise the Government in detail, but must not condemn it in the mass. We are to have war, but not too much war. It must not be allowed to become "chronic"; and certainly Lord Milner was very foolish to use that phrase; but though he may be censured, he must on no account be recalled. We may listen to overtures which the Boer Government make to us, but we must by no means make overtures to them. To be sure, martial law is a very disagreeable thing to live under, but it would not do to abolish it; and Concentration Camps are, no doubt, productive of a high mortality, but they were inevitable results of farm-burning; and, though no one would wish to be cruel, still we must be very careful not to say that such methods are barbarous. Surrender is the consummation which must at all costs be attained, but it must be rendered as palatable as possible to the people who have to undergo it; and, when they have been robbed of their nationality, they ought to be made comfortable in their farms.

Such is the Brookian policy for South Africa, and when we turn to domestic politics it is much the same. "Home Rule, now. Well, I went a good deal into Home Rule at one time. That was when Mr. Gladstone was alive, and we depended on the Irish vote. But I saw where it was leading me to, and I drew back in time." Temperance, again. An excellent thing, Temperance; but the present Government is enslaved to the Liquor Trade, and we haven't a chance of turning them out, so Temperance must wait. The Housing of the Poor—well, that is a scandal; but schemes of re-housing cost a good deal of money, and our fiscal resources are taxed to the uttermost by the South African campaign.

And Mr. Chamberlain is very vulgar, and Lord Kitchener very rude, and we haven't a friend in Europe, and there isn't an ounce of profit or glory to be got out of the war; and therefore it is obviously our duty and our wisdom to persevere with it for ever. It is a great shame to say that England (and Scotland) can't produce an alternative Government. We know some very patriotic Liberals who would make an excellent Cabinet. But Lord Salisbury and his family and friends are in power for six years; and it was shocking of them to win the Election and renew their lease, though, to be sure, I did nothing to hinder them. The country got tired of my Government in fifteen months, and yet it seems inclined to give Lord Salisbury fifteen years; and I turn "acid" when I think of it, and can only relieve my feelings by nagging at the men with whom I formerly worked and the policy to which I swore my allegiance.

Such, if I rightly interpret it, is the drift of the oration at Chesterfield. We can breathe again. Nothing stupendous has happened after all. It is not by these nicely balanced alternations of praise and blame that Governments are upset or policies moulded or political parties reconstituted. Again and again Lord Rosebery's trumpeters have proclaimed that he was going to say the decisive word which would rally us all; terminate the barren strife of kites and crows; and lead a united, a triumphant, and a truly national party into the Promised Land of power. Again and again the credulous crowd has believed the trumpeters, and again and again it has been promptly disillusioned. Surely the performance at Chesterfield must crown the climax of disillusionment. Henceforward Lord Rosebery's truest friends will leave him unmolested in his lonely furrow. BYSTANDER

CORRESPONDENCE

M. SULLY-PRUDHOMME

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

PARIS, *December 17th*, 1901

IT is not mere Chauvinism if I rejoice that the Nobel Poetry Prize for two hundred thousand francs has just been awarded to M. Sully-Prudhomme. Had he belonged to any other nation and missed the prize I should have been sorry. Besides, his poetry makes him essentially a citizen of the world, and it is pleasant to know that he is thankful to his country for that feeling.

> Je tiens de ma patrie un cœur qui la déborde,
> Et plus je suis Français, plus je me sens humain.

He has been in competition for this prize with men like Ibsen, Tolstoi, d'Annunzio, who may, on several points, considerably exceed him. But his work and his life, and his spirit taken as a whole, his thought and his art, his sensitiveness and his wisdom, give him a rank by himself. All those who place the individuality of a poet before his verse, who think that it is better to have been than to have said, to have been Laura rather that Petrarch—if Laura really was what Petrarch said she was—who hold that life is given us to

think, and love, and act—not to scribble—will like Sully-Prudhomme. He puts one in mind of some ideally fascinating boy, some highly-strung being with a tinge of almost excessive, almost girlish delicacy, and yet the ideal, if not the energies of a man, the inquiringness of a philosopher, the sympathies of a poet. There is no man who, in spite of the vague apprehension one always feels in the presence of an ultra-refined analyst, would not wish to have lived in his intimacy. On the other hand, no man who is fond of verse and enjoys a profound thought or a deep sentiment the more when it is set in a full and finished, and yet delicate line, will not be glad of any opportunity of reverting, as I have done to-day, to his books.

Sully-Prudhomme will have been a poet of the nineteenth century—he has all its melancholy—but a poet of the end of that age. His sadness is no longer the vague and eloquent feeling of Chateaubriand and Lamartine, even of Musset, whose fibre, however, is already growing more easily divisible. The looming problems of the heart and the mind which haunted René, without letting him even grasp them, have been gradually approached not only by poets but by philosophers, even politicians, and are now clearly put to every reflective mind. The sadness of Sully is made up of numberless precise notations, crystallised experiences, intellectual as well as sentimental. His poetry does not lull, like that of his *romantique* ancestors ; it penetrates and thrills.

One ought not, however, to expect an autobiography from his poems. We gather that he once loved, and his love was not requited ; that his circumstances did not at first favour his calling ; that he lived a solitary and intimately sorrowful life : that is about all. The experiences I mean are those to be met in the intellectual and moral life of a modern man—

> Peut-être un de mes vers est-il venu vous rendre
> Dans un éclair brulant vos chagrins tout entiers.

Herein lies his poetical virtue. He excels in fixing the most fugitive impressions which three or four generations of analysts have taught us to derive from the manifold contact of the world, and he fixes them, not always without some *préciosité*, in the most discreet half-tints. The heart-breaking feeling expressed in modern literature, from "Adolphe" to the novels of Bourget, that love does not repay, that its satisfaction is a dream and the ever-repeated experiment an ever-repeated failure, is there in a thousand forms, from the unseizable sentiment of a boy under the first magnetism of a girl older than himself to the sad tenderness of a man who has loved and lost, but still loves, and in thinking of another does not know whether he is jealous or only anxious for the happiness he has not been fortunate enough to give. The least defined moods of the child, of the dreamer, of the man under the influence of hope or depression, up and down a chromatic scale of hardly perceptible shades, those confused or vivid of the dying man, are all there. And though the themes, like the form, may look far-fetched, you never come to the end of the piece without feeling that the sentiment was manly.

This Sully-Prudhomme, the poet of the "Vase Brisé," perhaps the only popular piece in his seven or eight volumes, is the best known, and his glory is limited to a narrow circle. Many who have on their shelves the "Epreuves," the "Solitudes," and the "Vaines Tendresses," are incapable of relishing their acute sensitiveness. And yet these volumes appeal to many more than the later ones, in which we shall find the purely intellectual inspiration of our sole poet philosopher. M. Sully-Prudhomme has written many verses, but he said the other day that he would not write any more. In fact, he has all his life been a professional philosopher, contributing to special reviews papers which might appear above the signature of Herbert Spencer ; and he is now at work on a book on Pascal. Even in his first volumes you find occasional pieces reminding one that he had a scientific training, and started in life as an engineer. He speaks of iron, of the wheel like a Lubbock, who was at the same time an inventor, a prophet of machinery yet to come. As he grows more mature the riddle of the universe is as present to his mind as that of the human heart. He traces back the mysterious affinities of his soul to the no less mysterious energies with which the primary nebula was big millions of centuries ago. He follows the atom in its incomprehensible race from the ether to the human brain. He loses himself in the abyss of time and space, thinking of the wonders which have taken place in apparently resplendent but really long-extinguished stars. He ponders on the mystery of his own personality, the strange unity of a being made of dust, and wonders if the particles of the cosmos will not some day become also conscious that they are one whole.

> "Que l'Univers, le tout, est Dieu sans le savoir."

And all the time he views those oppressive mysteries with the same keen sensitiveness that he used to feel for the miserable loves of men. Whereas Larmartine rants about the spheres for hundreds of lines, he can address the stars in a few couplets of a subdued tone and move us. He takes real interest in every fugitive form that ever was floated down the eternal stream, they are brothers and sisters to him. This sympathy gains strength from the idea that they have passed and not been happy. His poem "Justice" faces the problem of evil in every possible form. But when he thinks of the nearer history of this globe, he realises more fully the miseries he describes and his accent becomes poignant. There is nothing like eloquence, only the truest human feeling, when he echoes the cry of a neighbour of the Pyramids, a Hebrew slave more forgotten than the most deeply-hidden brick in the enormous mass. He sees no justice in the species, in the city, in the State, and when he hopes that it may dawn he cannot forgive destiny for the injustice inflicted on the "anciens malheureux."

> Nous prospérons ! qu'importe aux anciens malheureux,
> Aux hommes nés trop tôt : à qui le sort fut traître !

This perpetual blending of emotion with science and metaphysics is the great originality of these poems. Voltaire has versified philosophy. Sully-Prudhomme has not had to make it practical : his philosophy was his poetry. He is the direct descendant of the old gnomic poets and of Lucretius, whom he has translated. His language is as clear as theirs. He can treat of natural philosophy, occasionally of algebra in his verse, without ceasing to be both precise and poetic : for then his poetry is merely the poetry of science, and all his effort is toward absolute accuracy. He may be indebted for this love of the accurate and the clean cut to the *parnassiens*. They could teach the value of a well-placed and well-weighed epithet, of a rare rhyme, of a pruned and vigorous period, and he has all that. But they were antiquarians, mythologists, explorers, which he seldom is, and hardly even human, which he is essentially. They also were carvers in rhymes rather than musicians—an indispensable quality of the poet, though. Sully is a master of the most subtle modulations. When the names of schools are forgotten, he will be one of the few that are remembered as poets and nothing else.

ANOTHER VIEW OF WERNLE'S "ANFANGE"

I CAN understand something, at least, of the enthusiasm of your correspondent a fortnight ago (November 30th) for Wernle's "Anfänge Unserer Religion." It is a book at once of conspicuous merits and conspicuous defects ; and it seems to me, if I may say so, that the merits have so caught your correspondent's eye, and taken such a hold of his mind, that, although he is evidently not unaware of the defects, they are yet thrown almost entirely into the shade, and the result is, I must needs think, a quite one-sided presentation.

I will say a few words first about the merits.

In the first place, the book is remarkably well written. It is a curious thing that the German theological writers who from the point of view of style commend themselves most to an English taste should be all on one side. I am thinking of Strauss, of Wellhausen, of Harnack's recent lectures, and now of Wernle. Not that there are not others (*e.g.*, Hase and

Weitzsäcker) whom a German would consider good writers. But for directness, lucidity, ease, and rapidity of movement, and for just the right shade of colour—enough to give point and brightness, and yet never in excess—the writers I have named stand out rather pre-eminently; and Wernle certainly, not least among them.

Another striking characteristic of his book is, as your correspondent remarks, "its breadth of view." The writer wears his learning lightly, and is never overpowered by it. His book in all its divisions and sub-divisions is very happily proportioned. He has great power of gathering up his thoughts into paragraphs, and presenting them almost as so many successive pictures to the reader. The effect is vivid and impressive in a high degree. But when your correspondent combines the words "breadth and sanity," I should be obliged to put a large query to the "sanity." I do not, of course, wish to suggest that Wernle is not perfectly aware what he is saying, or that his ideas have not complete cohesion in his own mind. But we usually associate with "sanity" judicial qualities which I should hardly think that the writer would even claim for himself. He is a free lance, and one who thoroughly enjoys his trade. But any idea of the wig and ermine must be, I should think, very remote from him.

A third characteristic which, perhaps, influenced your correspondent more than either of the other two, but which, indeed, gains its full effect from its combination with them, is an almost evangelical earnestness. I call it "almost evangelical," though your correspondent frequently uses the epithet without any qualification, and it is one of which the writer himself is fond. But it must be always understood that the gospel which he preaches is a very reduced *evangelium*. He has a keen interest in religion; but the interest is strictly confined to his own conception of religion, which excludes a great deal that is generally understood by that name. We are, indeed, at many points strongly reminded of Harnack's lectures, now so well known in England under the title "What is Christianity?" Wernle is the younger writer. His book was produced quite independently. And on several points of detail he differs from Harnack. But they both represent the same fundamental tendency; and of the two Wernle represents it in the more extreme and uncompromising form. Anything in the nature of compromise is wholly alien to him. Part of the impression which his book makes is due to its absolute frankness—and I am afraid I must add to its absolute self-confidence. No shade of misgiving ever crosses his mind. No regard for consequences of any kind ever tempers his expression. He certainly cannot be accused of not following the logic of his thought wherever it leads.

In saying this I must not be supposed to allow that the book is really logical. The writer is evidently unconscious of the fact, but he certainly does not make the two ends really meet. There are passages in his book of great beauty; there are passages that breathe on certain sides a truly Christian spirit; he uses language in regard to our Lord at times, one might think, of full recognition. Just one small corner of the supernatural he seems to reserve. But he has nowhere shown, and it is indeed impossible for him to show, that this reservation is consistent with the main tenor of his book.

It has a strange effect to see a professor of theology (Dr. Wernle is an extraordinary professor in the Theological Faculty at Basel) with so strong an animus against all theology and theologians. He does not in the least exempt the New Testament writers from his strictures. He has much to say that is appreciative, much that shows real insight and that is expressed with warmth and enthusiasm, of S. Paul and S. John. But they too have the vice of theologising; and, as we are warned in the preface, they cannot be spared.

Your correspondent quotes a sentence which might serve as a motto for the whole book, "Christ was before all things our emancipator from the yoke of theologians; we theologians, then, are his followers in so far as we continue his liberating work." It will be seen that the theologians included under "we" are a very select group; and the reader may make a shrewd guess for himself of the kind of crusade in which they are engaged. The fact is that the writer reaches, *per saltum*, a conception of what is really the heart of religion; and then he uses this conception as a touchstone for all the rest. It hardly needs to be pointed out what a large subjective element enters into this judgment. The same strong subjectivity runs all through the book. It contains many brilliant hypotheses, all more or less inspired by the same motive. But it is a very common experience that hypotheses may be brilliant and yet quite wrong. I confess that it was a surprise to me to see this particular book introduced as an example of the "scientific" character of German theology. No doubt "scientific" is a word to conjure with, and it is often used in connection with theology in a sense that it does not bear anywhere else. A scientific theology often only means a theology dominated by Naturalistic assumptions.

But I think that we ought to vindicate for the phrase another meaning than this. Science ought to be circumspect and it ought to be patient. It ought to look all round the course it is taking, and to make good one step before it goes on to another. Now, I do not wish to say that Dr. Wernle is incapable of work such as this. His last book but one was on the Synoptic Problem, and it contains a great deal that is good. Indeed, I incline to think it (but for the part at the end relating to the Fourth Gospel, which I must needs except) the best treatise written upon the subject in Germany in recent years. I am also aware that the plan of the present book excluded—and rightly excluded—any elaborate exhibition of processes. Still, I must needs think that to give it any such epithets as "circumspect" or "patient" would be a great straining of words.

W. SANDAY

REVIEWS

MR. BIRRELL'S ESSAYS*

MR. AUGUSTINE BIRRELL's chief merit as a man of letters is that he is enamoured of the truth. He writes not so much to impress his own point of view upon the reader as to use his advocate's faculty of sifting and arranging evidence for the purpose of dispelling clouds of enthusiasm or doubt, and of enabling his reader to get a clear sight of the facts of the case. He has a true sense of proportion, and therefore the things of which he writes remain in their essential relationships to each other, not magnified or diminished by his likes or dislikes. The custom of essayists is too often to mould their subject to a shape accordant with their idea of the reader's expectations; then, of course, the reader sees clearly, and thinks that he sees the truth. Mr. Birrell's method is the exact opposite. It is the reader's faculties that he seeks to marshal and adjust, leaving the subject in a state of naked fact; he merely arranges, and then assists the reader to focus his mental vision so that a clear view is obtained. And that is the way in which facts are made plain. In this volume of speeches and essays (many of them reprinted from magazines and reviews) the subjects, while they are various enough to display the breadth of Mr. Birrell's interests, are serious enough to demand a certain depth of treatment which is not always to be discovered in these pages. But, Mr. Birrell's view is essentially that of the man of the world, aiming, as we have said, at a partial presentation of the truth at least. A subject that is worth considering at all is worth considering from every point of view, and we have been particularly struck by the worth of Mr. Birrell's thoughts on the subject treated in the two essays entitled "What, then, did happen at the Reformation?" and "The Christian Evidences." Mr. Birrell writes of these things frankly from the outside, avowing neither belief nor disbelief; a position that makes rather for an impression of unreality, as though he had taken up a

* MISCELLANIES. By Augustine Birrell. Elliott Stock. 2s. 6d.

fascinating theme of controversy for the sheer intellectual delight of dazzling and bewildering himself and his readers. The first of these essays is almost entirely taken up with the question of the Mass in the English Church. First he plays with the historical question; was it or was it not essentially abandoned at the Reformation? He finds the Anglican view unsatisfactory for plain men who desire great questions to be plainly and boldly decided for them: "Protestants we know, and Papists we know, but who are you?" He admits the enormous difficulty that lies in the way of ordinary men who would like to sift the Reformation puzzle for themselves, and hints at the unprofitableness of individual research in that direction. Men believe what they wish to believe. He returns again to the Mass, half-attracted, half repelled; but on the whole his attitude seems to be—if you could boldly restore the Mass, not regarding historical quibbles, you would restore respect for the Church as a power and a unity in many minds where it is now regarded as a kind of yea-and-nay. "Christianity without dogmas," he says, "precise and well-defined, is more like a nervous complaint than a positive religion." His position—or rather his statement of the question—is summed up thus:—

> If the inquiry, What happened at the Reformation? were to establish the belief that the English Church did then in mind and will cut herself off from further participation in the Mass as a sacrifice, it will be difficult for most people to resist the conclusion that a change so great broke the continuity of English Church history, effected a transfer of Church property from one body to another, and that from henceforth the new Church of England has been exposed to influences, and has been required to submit to conditions of existence totally incompatible with any working definition of either church authority or church discipline.

It will be seen that this essay is to be read rather than criticised. It is in any case a stimulating lay contribution to a matter upon which the ordinary man thinks far too little.

The essay on John Wesley is perhaps the most satisfactory and charming thing in the book. In it Mr. Birrell's clear-sightedness and lucidity help us to a sympathetic view of a character which, however admirable, is not very attractive to readers who have only hitherto known it in the pages of Southey's "Life." He recommends a reading of Wesley's "Journal" as one of the best studies of eighteenth-century life.

> If you want to get into the last century, to feel its pulses throb beneath your fingers, be content sometimes to leave the pages of Horace Walpole unturned, resist the drowsy temptation to waste your time over the learned triflers who sleep in the seventeen volumes of Nichols—nay, even deny yourself your annual reading of Boswell or your biennial retreat with Sterne, and ride up and down the country with the greatest force of the eighteenth century in England.

Mr. Birrell is not exactly a stylist—by which we do not merely mean that he is wonderfully free from affectation—and he is sometimes a little careless about words, and such a carelessness does his brilliantly lucid and consequent train of thought less than justice. Some of these essays, too, seem to have been composed as addresses or orations; they are rhetorical; there is too much of the rise and fall of the voice, and not always enough of the long, even, sustained method which makes the most direct appeal to the intelligence from a printed page. But this defect, and we think it is a slight defect, has the compensation that it makes the book easier to read, and perhaps accounts for its air of lightness and simplicity, On Walter Bagehot he is very much to the point, and gives an attractive—and again wonderfully true—picture of the man of affairs as literary critic. Some of the other essays—that on Robert Browning for example—are very slight, but they are all thoroughly interesting, and in the slightest of them there is always a thought or two that is new and suggestive. Like all Mr. Birrell's books this is a companionable book, genial in tone and full of valuable suggestion and illuminating thought. Even where he is adversely critical, as he is on many points in Froude's work, his criticism has the quality of throwing into prominence the best side of his subject; and that, after all, is the best and most valuable kind of criticism.

LILIES IN ENGLISH GARDENS*

Lilies, for the most part, are the despair of the gardener. A few indeed, such as *Testaceum*, *Speciosum*, *Tigrinum*, and the varieties of *Umbellatum* are in most places quite easily grown, but there the list pretty well ends. *Candidum*, which once had some claim to be included in it, is now among the most uncertain. In too many cases it is a race between the bloom and the disease. The leaves are abundant, the stem grows tall and looks healthy, the buds are plump and promising. And then one day in early summer the leaves begin to grow brown, the stem looks as if it had been "subjected to a jet of scalding steam," and the only hope left is that the flowers will open before the fungus has mounted high enough to get hold of them. *Lilium auratum* is less troublesome in this way, but the percentage of the bulbs that survive the first season is usually small, and the orders to the sale rooms are much the same year after year. With the others the labels are too often little more than a record of the gardener's occupation in the last planting time. Yet in spite of recurrent disappointments he who has once grown lilies will go on growing them. As at the tables at Monte Carlo, the beginner is often more fortunate than he is likely to be again, but to the lily lover as to the gambler an occasional triumph makes up for many defeats, and the next best thing to winning is losing. Still, uncertain as the fortunes of the lily lover are, it is well for him to have the experience of others to glean from as well as his own, and Miss Jekyll's beautiful volume puts at his disposal the result of inquiries sent out last year to "some thirty growers of lilies in order to ascertain, firstly, what lilies were the easiest of general culture, and, secondly, in what circumstances various other lilies might be considered successful in different parts of the United Kingdom." Miss Jekyll's first chapter gives the distinctive features of the five subgenera of lilies proper, with woodcuts showing the characteristic form of each; a description of the leading varieties in each subgenus comes next; and this is followed by chapters on various ways of growing lilies, and on the lilies best suited to different soils. The information gathered from different parts of the United Kingdom is then tabulated—with singular variety of results—and the book ends with advice on methods of planting and protecting from spring frosts, and on the lily disease. When we add that the volume is illustrated by about sixty excellent photographs of lilies and the ways of growing them, we shall have said enough to show how invaluable a service Miss Jekyll has rendered to pretty well every gardener. We have only noticed two omissions. The first is that there is no mention of the very great use for garden decoration in early summer of the varieties of *Lilium umbellatum*. Some of them give the nearest approach to crimson to be found in lilies, while all of them are bright, healthy, and free flowering. As regards the second omission it is quite possible that we are wrong, but we have always understood that *Lilium Batemanniæ*, of which Miss Jekyll only says "possibly a hybrid," was raised by the lady whose name it bears in a garden in Hyde Park Gate.

LETTERS ON LIFE†

Putting aside the first two essays, which are a little obvious, "Letters on Life," by "Claudius Clear" offer very entertaining and useful reading. Perhaps it is the fact that he preaches—for he undoubtedly does preach—that has made the author write under what we take to be a pseudonym. We do not always care to publish our ideals under our own name, if only because we might be expected to live up to them. But Mr. Clear's preaching is justified by its honest helpfulness. He talks of such everyday subjects as the duty of spending one's income wisely, on

* Lilies for English Gardens. A Guide for Amateurs. By Gertrude Jekyll. Newnes.

† Letters on Life. By Claudius Clear. Hodder and Stoughton. 3s. 6d.

holidays, handwriting, good manners, and growing old; he tells good stories, old and new; he says a great deal that we have all thought and many of us have tried to express, but he is never wearisome, and his easy style carries us along so rapidly that we find ourselves at the end of the twenty-seven essays almost too quickly for their due digestion. On a mental review of the book three chapters stand out clearly in our impressions. The first is a plea for the right to seek for happiness with the pretty title, "When three stars come out."

"Lyman Beecher's family," Mr. Clear tells us, "observed the Sabbath in the New England fashion; that is, it lasted from Saturday night to Sunday night. On Sunday night the children were allowed to begin playing 'when three stars come out.' I am going to draw a moral from this permission. It is this: We should begin to be happy as soon as we can, not waiting for a great noontide, not waiting even for a heaven crowded with stars. Let us make the most of the little we have, be happy as some, as much, and as long as possible. Let us begin to play when the stars come out."

This essay really gives the keynote to Mr. Clear's philosophy, a thoroughly sane and refreshing optimism. Live simply, work hard, play reasonably, love God, honour your home, be happy. This philosophy it is which makes him enthusiastic for success, sympathetic with failure, full of an appreciative understanding of "The Man in the Street," about whom, by the way, he writes another very good essay. The title, "Firing out the Fools" is again brought from America, and the gist of the chapter is contained in the following extract:—

By the end of the century there will be no such thing as appointments for life. People will keep their places just as long as they deserve to keep them, and not a minute longer. As things are we have every kind of abuse. We have in our colleges professors who teach nothing, who have no influence over their students, and who live to abnormal ages simply because they have never known what it is to work. And, as I have said, we have in almost every business establishment men who exist in the business for no useful end; who draw their money, but fail to do their duty.

The third chapter which lingers in our minds is of a lighter nature, although as we have said, Mr. Clear's ethical studies are never heavy, for he throws into them a well-proportioned personality which prevents him from being too serious even over serious subjects. When, however, he writes on "Samuel," he throws seriousness to the winds, for Samuel is the author's cat. Mr. Clear's sympathy with cats is equal to that of Mrs. Marriott Watson, whose "Little Lion" all cat-lovers know. "Samuel" was a half-Persian, that best of all varieties of cat. He was handsome, domesticated, affectionate—indeed, an exponent of all cat-virtues; but he had his likes and dislikes. Notably, he disliked the sound of the moving of books in a study, but of his most curious trait we leave his owner to tell in his own words:—

"It is a fact that, on reading certain minor poets to Samuel, I have found the intelligent creature show distinct signs of amusement. In one case, after hearing two stanzas, he deliberately left the room."

Our own belief in the intelligence of cats is great, but we think Mr. Clear was wise when he decided not to send that story to the *Spectator*.

SOCIAL ENGLAND*

This illustrated re-issue of "Social England" is, if we may judge from the first volume now before us, a really remarkable undertaking. Those who were not special students might well have thought that recent books had practically exhausted the field of contemporary illustration for mediæval English history. Mrs. Green and Miss Norgate, in their work for the illustrated edition of the "Short History of the English People," for example, might well have been thought to have chosen so well that there was little else to choose. We can quite imagine that this may have been the feeling of Mr. Mann and Professor Medley when they began their search for a new series of contemporary illustrations. But those who thought in this way may now be seen to have been completely deceived. Few, if any, of the admirable illustrations which have now been printed have appeared before: and at the same time they are thoroughly and delightfully characteristic. They are, indeed, in themselves an education in mediæval life. The illustrations of Roman antiquities are especially good. The architectural examples are well chosen, and the maps are excellent.

Admirably though this new edition is produced, it by no means relies for its attraction entirely on its illustrations. The first volume was admittedly the weakest in the book as it originally appeared. The social chapters have now been entirely re-written, and sections on the Romans by Mr. Haverfield, and on the Jews by Mr. Joseph Jacobs, have been added. These changes greatly increase the value of the book. The Celtic sections, which caused some comment at the time of the original issue, have been left practically unchanged. The author still asserts that the purest descendants of the Iberians may be seen among the miners of the Rhondda Valley or in the quadrangles of Jesus College, at Oxford. An illustration of the Iberian and Celtic types to-day is added.

* Social England. A Record of the Progress of the People in Religion, Laws, Learning, Arts, Industry, Commerce, Literature, and Manners, from the earliest times to the present day. By various writers. Edited by the late H. D. Traill, D.C.L., sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Oxford, and J. S. Mann, M.A., sometime Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Vol. I. Cassell's. 12s.

NEW BOOKS

(1) The Foundation of British East Africa. By J. W. Gregory. Horace Marshall. 6s.

(2) The West Indies and the Empire. Study and travel in the winter of 1900-1901. By H. de R. Walker. Fisher Unwin. 7s. 6d.

(3) Hall Caine: the Man and the Novelist. By C. Fred Kenyon. Greening. 3s. 6d.

(4) A Medley Book. By George Frost. Longmans. 3s. 6d.

(5) Walt Whitman's Poetry. A study and a selection. By Edmund Holmes. Lane. 3s. 6d.

(6) Tales of the Spanish Main. By Mowbray Morris. Macmillan. 6s.

(7) Old Ballads in Prose. By Eva March Tappan. Longmans. 4s. 6d.

(1) Professor Gregory's *The Foundation of British East Africa* opens with an account of the geography and ethnography of the country, which the author, as his book on "The Great Rift Valley" testified, has studied at first hand. For a while his narrative is pleasant and peaceful enough, as he tells of the mistaken scepticism with which, in the first half of the last century, the statements of earlier geographers were regarded, and of the labours of the indomitable and single-hearted Ludwig Krapf and his fellow-worker, Rebmann, the two great missionary pioneers of Eastern Africa. Despite the ridicule with which some of their statements were received, these two men laid the foundation of the new knowledge of East African geography, and their missionary work, though its success was limited, was all pure gain. Burton, Speke, Grant and Baker, carried on the quest for the sources of the Nile, and made some important discoveries in African ethnography, but the modern history of Equatorial East Africa begins on the day in 1875 when Sir Henry Stanley was welcomed to Uganda by Mtesa and was fired with its possibilities. From this point Professor Gregory's narrative is one long tragedy, a tragedy all the more overwhelming because of the excellent intentions of all the chief actors in it. When Mtesa welcomed Stanley, he was no longer the blood-thirsty tyrant who had horrified Speke, despite the hospitable treatment he gave him. A Moslem missionary had raised him to as high a level, perhaps, as he was capable of reaching. The daily executions had ceased, and a feudal system with a strong administration had placed Uganda in a position of "advanced civilisation" as compared with that of the surrounding tribes. It may be hoped that the first quarter of the twentieth century will more than atone for the disasters which the last

of the nineteenth brought upon this unhappy country in the name of Christianity. In its broad outlines the story of these disasters and of the misfortunes of the opening years of British rule is only too well known. The arrival of French Roman Catholic missionaries on the heels of English Protestant ones, the flagrantly political attitude which both parties took up, the rush of Germany to share in the much overrated commercial possibilities of the country, the struggle over Witu which ended in the bartering of Heligoland for a possession which proved absolutely worthless, the internecine strife at Uganda between Romanists and Protestants, by which the population has been reduced to less than a half ; finally, the mismanagement and consequent mutiny of the Soudanese levies—the man in the street has heard of all these things, and does not feel proud of them. Professor Gregory's clear, impartial narrative fills in the details, and makes the story at once more intelligible and more tragic. His book contains little comfort for Englishmen, least of all for any who cling to the hope that the Uganda railway will prove a profitable investment. But if our Imperialism is to bring any good to ourselves or to others, it must be an instructed Imperialism, and of instruction his book is full. One lesson at least which it preaches deserves thoroughly to be taken to heart. Since 1893 Uganda has had ten different governors, and the sudden reversals of policy have been disastrous. Its crying need, as Professor Gregory writes, is for consistent administration by men who know the country, and the only way to secure this is to organise an African Civil Service on the lines of that which has done such splendid work in India. We cannot hope for even moderate success under a system by which as soon as a man has learnt the language and is beginning to do useful work he may be transferred to Consular duties somewhere else. This deprives Africa of the men she wants, and sends them to places where their African experience may be absolutely harmful. British India was not built up on this system, and if we want a prosperous British Africa the sooner a more business-like service is arranged the more hope shall we have of getting and keeping the right men.

(2) In his *The West Indies and the Empire* Mr. H. de R. Walker is a good deal more technical than Professor Gregory, and writes for readers specially interested in the West Indies rather than for the British citizen at large. Mr. Walker's subject also has a melancholy side, for the West Indies are in the position of a well-to-do family slowly reduced to poverty and the problems of how expenditure can be reduced and new ways found of earning an income are difficult and even distressing. Fortunately the situation is already being faced in an energetic spirit, and the general impression left by Mr. Walker's book is fairly encouraging. But of how difficult it is to interfere successfully in commercial matters we have an instance in the fact that the new subsidised service of fruit-carrying steamers seems likely to prove a doubtful blessing. The new service is only fortnightly, and a steamer can earn its subsidy by carrying only 20,000 bunches of bananas. Since, however, the new line began working, the Boston United Fruit Company, which used to run six to eight steamers a week, appears inclined to restrict its operations in view of this subsidised competition. If this proves to be the case, the increased trade with England may be more than counterbalanced by a diminution in that with the United States, and the net result of the subsidy may be a loss. The chief remedy which Mr. Walker would himself propose for West Indian distress is the old one of English countervailing duties to balance the bounties paid by most European countries on exports of sugar. Of the prospects of the conference now beieg held to consider the abolition of the bounties he says nothing. Of the present condition of the sugar industry Mr. Walker gives a detailed account, as also of the recent developments of the fruit trade and other resources. He devotes a long chapter to the condition of the negroes, and also of the indentured East Indians, whose importation he considers, despite the possibility of a percentage of hard cases, equally good for themselves and for the colonies. If it be true that the physique of the children of East Indian immigrants is superior to that of their parents, this is certainly an important point. In the chapter on administration Mr. Walker urges strongly that the attempt to preserve in some cases a semblance, in others a reality, of elective government has broken down, and that it would be better that the Crown should in every case take full power and full responsibility. The worst bureaucracy conceivable under British rule is probably better than an elective system in which the voters take so little interest that only about twenty in a hundred go to the poll. Mr. Walker thinks also that economies might be effected, and in some cases better officials obtained, if the number of separate governments were reduced by a system of grouping. His book is full of useful suggestions of various sorts, and is thus a real contribution to the West Indian question. It is worth noting that the author is convinced that the islanders (though feeling sore at the withholding of countervailing sugar duties) are firmly attached to British rule, and have no desire to be annexed to the United States. The magnifying of such feeling as there may be on the other side he attributes to the fact that the telegraphic news which forms the only source of information until the arrival of the mails, is prepared in New York, and is thus necessarily coloured by American prepossessions.

(3) There are several good remarks in Mr. Kenyon's *Hall Caine: the Man and the Novelist*, but those we like best are not made by Mr. Kenyon. One of them comes from Mr. Caine himself, who, in answer to a request that he would revise his biographer's statements of fact and contribute a preface, replied, "Perhaps I feel that much of a book of this intimate nature might be deferred until the subject of it is gone." It would be an injustice to Mr. Kenyon not to acknowledge that he has written his biography, from his own standpoint, inoffensively enough, but to draw on schoolfellows of a living writer for their reminiscences of his boyhood seems to us unsportsmanlike, and one of the things which might well "be deferred." The bulk of the book is occupied with summaries of Mr. Caine's novels and enthusiastic panegyric. But in letters to Mr. Caine from Wilkie Collins and T. E. Brown, which Mr. Kenyon has obtained leave to print, there are two interesting bits of criticism which are worth quoting. When consulted as to how the plot of "The Deemster" could be fitted to the known facts of life in the Isle of Man in the eighteenth century, Mr. Brown wrote, "Yours is a romance—not an unconditional romance, though, I suppose?" In acknowledging a copy of the book Wilkie Collins asked, "When you next take up your pen, will you consider a little whether your tendency to dwell on what is grotesque and violent in human character does not require some discipline?" If Mr. Caine had borne these two suggestions in mind he would hardly have alienated so many of his once friendly critics.

(4) A second volume of essays, *A Medley Book*, by "George Frost," opens with a story on an unpleasant subject—the haunting of a wife by a dead husband she did not love, to prevent her remarriage with an old lover. In this "George Frost" is but moderately successful; but she is happier in two other stories, and the essays on "Shopping," "Wooing," "Bedtime," and similar subjects are marked by the same homely good sense which marked the "Brown Studies" she published a few months ago.

(5) Mr. Edmond Holmes, whose "Silence of Love" and "What is Poetry" have given him the right to speak both as a poet and a critic, has done Walt Whitman the service of selecting some of his finer pieces and prefacing them with a discriminating study. The key-note to this study lies in a very apt analogy. The perfect tree, says Mr. Holmes, should grow both upwards by means of its "leader," and outwards by means of its branches. Plant trees too close together and you get abnormal growth of the "leader" and very little of the branches. "Pollard" the leader and the result is great energy of lateral growth. The growth of the soul should resemble that of a perfect tree, neither having its energy concentrated in its "leader" alone nor thrown too entirely into its branches. The "leader" of the soul is represented

by "aspiration," the branches by "sympathy" and "comradeship." The whole tenor of Whitman's teaching, his political, moral and religious prejudices, forbid aspiration; therefore his leader has been cropped, and in consequence he put forth a luxuriant growth of branches, leaves and twigs. To him all things are equal, all things are divine: he does not see "one imperfection in the Universe," he seeks to identify himself with all things in Time and Space. Hence his passionate appeals:—

> Give me to hold all sounds (I madly struggling cry).
> Fill me with all the voices of the Universe,
> Endow me with their throbbings, Nature's also,
> The tempests, waters, winds, operas and chants, marches and dances,
> Utter, pour in, for I would take them all!

It is this passionate sympathy with Nature and with his fellow men which attracts the larger part of his admirers. As a contrast to Whitman's one-sided outward growth Mr. Holmes sets the "Imitation of Christ"—a book typical of the soul whose aspiration is everything—the solitary, sublime struggle inward and upward toward spiritual perfection. "Not a single branch is put forth but the few that cluster round the 'leader' as it struggles upward towards the sky; with sympathy, comradeship, natural affection, it has no concern; aspiration, hunger and thirst after righteousness, is the beginning and end of its desire." The contrast between these two conceptions of life is a striking one, and Mr. Holmes states it vividly. Nevertheless he leaves us with the conviction that to understand the one is to have a truer sympathy with the other, and his book thus illuminates more than its immediate subject.

(6) In his *Tales of the Spanish Main* Mr. Mowbray Morris writes of Columbus and Balboa, of Raleigh and Sir Richard Grenville, and it would be difficult to find better subjects. The earlier tales are admirably told, Mr. Morris here following picturesque authorities and giving himself ample space. The story of the later history of the Spanish main, though it may appeal to the piratical instincts latent in most boys, is in itself less stirring, and has perforce to be told in a historical summary rather than with the detailed vividness of the earlier sketches. But the whole book is good reading, and few boys will fail to enjoy it. In a needless little bibliographical excursus Mr. Morris states that no English edition of Marco Polo's travels "seems to have been issued before 1818." We think he will find that a moderately good translation by J. Frampton was published in 1579, and that the first book appears also in the 1625 edition of "Purchas's Pilgrims."

(7) We have no affection for the easy kind of book-making which takes the freshness off masterpieces of literature in order to extract stories from them for children. We are bound, however, to say that it is only exceptional children who are not daunted by the difficulties of old ballads in the unsatisfactory form in which they have come down to us, and on the other hand, in her *Old Ballads in Prose*, Miss Eva March Tappan has made a capital book for children of from ten to twelve years old. She tells her stories briskly, with plenty of humour and pretty feeling, and taken on their own merits, apart from literary considerations, these tales of Robin Hood and Wallace, and King John and the Abbot, make an excellent gift-book, though we do not love it the better for its American spelling.

FICTION

The Alien. By F. F. Montresor. Methuen. 6s.—The most interesting form of imaginative art is still portrait painting. In a master's divination and delineation of an actual, recognizable man, the illimitable possibilities of human nature may be suggested through the temperamental limitations of the individual. Miss Montresor in *The Alien* has given us a study of heredity, environment, and the clashing play of circumstance which make and mar our finite fate, yet has not propounded a psychological problem but drawn for us the portrait of a living, erring man. There is a flash of genius in the name which so interprets the nature. Jasper Iredale is the illegitimate son of Mrs. Mordaunt, a proud and passionate woman, in whom the denied joy of youth found outlet in one flame of illicit love. The boy, in the guise of a cousin's child, was often at Applehurst, the home of his mother. There in his strong, defiant youth he suffered much from the overbearing insolence of Gatton, the weak and feebly-dowered heir to the estate. During an illness in his boyhood, Mrs. Mordaunt confessed herself his mother, so Jasper early knew himself an alien to the structure of society and the sanctity of home. A strong, warm nature, he rejoiced in his mother's love and ignored the wrong suffered through her sin; but finding himself, with his enmity to Gatton, an element of unrest in her life, he disappeared after a letter of farewell. Soon after, Gatton was drowned in the Bay of Naples, and Mrs. Mordaunt settled down to grey years of widowhood in the grim Georgian house. Her fierce nature, with its strain of gipsy wildness, has had the long discipline of faithful wifehood and of motherhood to the dearly loved son of her passion and the unloved son of her marriage vows. So at last she sits in the dimly-lighted room by the ill-fed fire, while ghostly winds creep down the chimney of the childless home. Her companion is Esther Mordaunt, a gentle, bright cousin of a younger generation, of the fine, flexible type of woman, with power of rebound from the weight of monotonous years and the early grief of a lover's death in action. This solitude *à deux* of the erratic and irritable "Cousin Becky," with her frank habit of swearing, and Esther, with her brave spirit under hair grey in the thirties, has revealed to each the worth of the other. In the elder woman's narrow and penurious nature Esther divines generous traits, and Cousin Becky's winter-bound heart thaws to Esther's summer warmth. The heir of Applehurst, inherited from Mrs. Mordaunt's father, is Major Curtis Iredale, a distant cousin, a man of inflexible standards, antipathetic to the mistress of Applehurst, and who has won no response to his stiff, sincere wooing of Esther. Suddenly the Alien appears, a man of foreign, swarthy aspect, with, behind him, years of fevered life in one of the South American republics. There he had achieved a career in the tumultuous unrest of the country's politics, and been swept by a tornado of passion for the undefiled wife of a base mongrel, whom he bought and enshrined in the love and honour of wifehood. When Maravilla, that child of purity, had learned that the love which made her heaven on earth was sin, she had renounced it in the convent for sake of a heaven for their love which should be eternal. Then Jasper, in recklessness or the resurgence of his old love for his mother, returns to England, his only thought being to claim her in the old hidden relation. The mother in her exaltation would recognise him as her disowned son, but a chance word of the guileless Esther suggests the plan of putting him in Gatton's place. Jasper yields to his mother's passion of desire to give him the inheritance as restitution for the wrong of his birth. But the claimant is no base adventurer; he plays the game for the game's sake and for the mother in whose life the flame leaps again from the grey embers of the years. But the flame is over fierce, and the mother dies, after confessing the truth to Esther under pledge of inviolable silence. The story of the conflict between the stern, upright soldier and the alien, in his defiance of the established order in which he has no part, is full of incident and charm, and told with rare, restrained beauty of style. But the power of the book is in the spiritual drama and the interacting influence of their entangled lives.

Penance. By Leslie Keith. Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.—The author is bold in claiming credence for the spiritual regeneration of a woman who, in peril of sudden death, remembers her jewel-case and forgets her child. Lilith Shore is this absent-hearted mother. We are introduced to her on board the S.S. *St. George*, on its passage from Australia to England. Her shallow fairness attracts a circle of admirers about her deck-chair, while her three-year-old child Lilla is eft below to the womanly kindness of the stewardess. Two withhold themselves from her group: Mary Skelton, a warm-

hearted, sharp-tongued spinster, whose gibes we enjoy and in whose goodness we instinctively believe, and John Darnaway, a reticent recluse, returning from his sheep-ranch to Scotland. Near the home shores, in a heavy storm, the vessel strikes on hidden reefs; the boats are lowered and all believed to be safe, when Mrs. Shore is discovered to be carrying beneath her cloak not her child but her jewel-case. Her admirers shrink from her in abhorrence, and only her two critics show human kindliness. In the lonely Essex vicarage there are stirrings of unrest over the desertion of her child, a deed unknown to the old clergyman and his saintly daughter. To avoid meeting the neighbouring bishop, one of the passengers on the steamship, Lilith takes flight to Germany. There the *dramatis personæ* meet; Darnaway visiting his ward, Hēla Carmichael, at the schloss of her grandmother, Frau von Glumer; Miss Skelton on her travels; Lilith in retreat in an old castle near; and "Tosh," a young Australian, Darnaway's friend and Lilith's latest victim. A summer of out-of-door life in the woodland country ends with a furious storm and the flooding of the Isar. On its bank in the loneliness of the night and with the encroaching of the rising water Lilith saves her soul alive by refusing to desert Tosh and dying to save him. Mary Skelton, softened and deepened by her unrequited love for Darnaway, goes bravely on her way, while her unconscious friend finds his happiness in wedding Hēla. We are disappointed in Darnaway, but we generally are disappointed in a man when the choice lies between a strongly-dowered mature woman and an unschooled slip of a girl. *Penance* justifies its title and wins the reader to a sympathetic belief in the birth of a soul in Lilith.

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. Methuen. 6s.—Humour of the kind that we find in Mr. Jacobs's books is too rare a thing for us not to welcome it cordially when we find it. We confess to some feeling of surprise that Mr. Jacobs's fifth book should reveal no sign of the fountain's drying up; on the contrary, the fun flows as steadily as ever through these delightful pages. Of the sixteen stories that are included under the title *Light Freights*, nearly all are concerned with the simple doings of shoal-water sailors. Mr. Jacobs's ships are never at sea for more than a day or two, and thus his tales (which really are land tales) are never seriously endangered by these short absences; on the slightest sign of a storm that might swamp the human interest of his stories Mr. Jacobs puts back at once into port, and the narrative becomes current again amid coal wharves and riverside inns. Mr. Jacobs has really studied this one type of human being; other types too, no doubt, but this one deeply; and the result is one more proof that any type of man that exists in fairly natural conditions repays a thousandfold the outlay of time and experience that puts us in touch with him. In addition to his remarkable knowledge (from within) of his type, Mr. Jacobs can invent little tales, and continue little situations that display his subject to the advantage of absolute truth. He never strains to make a situation funny; but he has an eye beforehand for the particular chain of circumstances that, like a row of bricks on end, will, when once they are started, knock each other down throughout the line with a laugh for each downfall. The first story, in which are related the adventures of some penniless seamen who tried to pass off a comrade as a wild man of Borneo, is an admirable example of Mr. Jacobs's happiest vein. The stories will not stand quotation, for they are pure narrative, and hang together like a well woven cable; but for readers who care to be amused and to dip for refreshment into the broad wholesome humour of their fellow men this book will repay richly the time spent in reading it.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL NOTES

In the current *Proceedings* of the Society of Biblical Archæology is an interesting article by Mr. A. J. Butler upon the "Mukaukis" or mysterious Coptic ruler who has been made responsible for the treacherous surrender of Egypt to the Mahommedans during Amrou's invasion. He will have nothing to do with the theory lately put forward by Professor Bury in his notes to Gibbon that this Mukaukis was George, son of Menas Partabios and Pagarch of Alexandria. This legend, which is put forward on the faith of Professor Karabecek, has been adopted by Dean Butcher in his novel of "Armenosa," so familiar to most visitors to Egypt, and would make the traitor to Christendom a Copt and a Monophysite. It is now knocked on the head by Mr. Butler, who shows—to my mind conclusively—that the real betrayer of Egypt was Cyrus, a Greek by origin, who had ruled Egypt for Heraclius for ten years before the invasion, uniting in his own person the offices of Patriarch of Alexandria, Governor of Egypt, and Controller of the Finances. This is supported by a contemporary Coptic fragment discovered by M. Amélineau at the Bodleian and an Ethiopic MS. translated by Senor Pereira of Lisbon. As to the name itself, Mr. Butler thinks it *may* be a corruption of "the Colchian," or inhabitant of Colchis, whence Cyrus was translated to Alexandria, but is more likely to refer to a vice of which the persecuted Copts were very likely to accuse their persecutors.

M. Paul Foucart is continuing his researches into the Eleusinian Mysteries. In his last memoir, read before the Académie des Inscriptions, he follows up the theory which he has before ventilated to the effect that the Mysteries were but a Greek form of the worship of Isis, which he supposes to have been introduced into the Argolid and Attica by persons flying from Egypt in the sixteenth or fifteenth century B.C. He now produces documentary evidence of this in the shape of discoveries made by the Archæological Society of Athens on the site of the temple of Eleusis, where scarabæi and other relics of Egyptian worship have been excavated. Curiously enough, these scarabæi appear to be of Phœnician rather than of Egyptian workmanship, and to be copies of those made under the eighteenth dynasty, although they were certainly buried much later. Freedom of intercourse between the Ægean populations and the Egyptians so far back as the twelfth dynasty he holds to be established by Professor Petrie's and Mr. Arthur Evans's late explorations. The question is not yet finally decided, but it is deeply interesting. Not only did the Eleusinian, according to all Greek writers, supply the purifying and ethical element which would otherwise seem to have been absent from the Greek worship, but the readiness with which the Greek population of Alexandria accepted the worship of Isis under the early Ptolemies has hitherto lacked the explanation which it now receives from M. Foucart's theory.

The *Revue de l'Historie des Religions*, which has just appeared, contains a touching reference to the sad death of its late editor, Léon Marillier, who died from a pleurisy caught in a yachting accident off the coast of Brittany, in which his wife and family were drowned. The *Revue* continues to publish the most noteworthy of the papers presented to the Congress of the History of Religions held at Paris during the late Exhibition. Among them may be commended the instalment in this number of M. Piepenbring's "Principes Fondamentaux de l'Enseiguement de Jesus," in which he defends the authenticity of the messianic and eschatological side of His teaching as recorded in the Gospels. There is also a clear summary by M. Bonet-Maury of the little-known facts attending the introduction of Christianity into Russia, an event which he fixes at about the year 850.

The account of M. Stein's discoveries in Seistan given by Dr. Rapsou at the November meeting of the Royal Asiatic Society proved rather dissappointing, the unknown script of which one had heard so much proving to be in Kharosti characters. The wooden tablets on which it appears are still untranslated, but seem to be some sort of royal accounts, and the lecturer thought that the untranslatable ones might turn out to be forgeries. One had hoped from the nearness of the find-spot to Samarkand, one of the high places of the sect, that they might possibly be the Manichæan secret writing mentioned by the Arab writers. On the other hand, one hears from a French source of a whole town buried beneath the sand near Aleppo which is said to be a "second Pompeii."

F. L.

Dr. M. A. Stein, of the Indian Educational Service, who returned in July last from an expedition to Chinese Turkestan, has just published a brief account of his archæological discoveries in the form of a preliminary report (Eyre and Spottiswoode). The region which Dr. Stein visited (Khotan, or Ilchi) lies on what was in ancient times the main trade route between the Oxus and China, and was evidently the home of a fairly advanced civilisation. We have some account of it in the fifth and seventh centuries A.D. in the writings of Fa-hien and Hiuen-Tsiang respectively, both of whom visited it; but about two centuries after the visit of the latter the gradual encroachment of the desert must have banished human habitations, and finally buried all traces of the past under shifting sand dunes, from which some of them have slowly emerged again in the process of erosion which is constantly going on under the force of the desert wind. Dr. Stein's discoveries are of the highest interest. The *stupas* which he found all over the country "show a very close relation to the similar monuments extant in Afghanistan and on the Indian north-west frontier." Some really remarkable relievo carvings in stone were found at Yotkan and Rawak, all showing "so close a relation to the Græco-Buddhist sculptures of Gandhara as to suggest direct importation from the Indo-Afghan frontier region." Still more remarkable were the clay seals discovered among some ruins on the Niya river, one of which represents a Pallas Athene, with shield and ægis, and another a figure which Dr. Stein believes to be Eros. Unfortunately, there are no data for determining whether these were imported or engraved in Khotan; but the balance of probability is perhaps in favour of the latter hypothesis, for other facts make it plain that there was a lively traffic between Khotan and Central Asia and North-West India. For example, the legendary immigration of tribes from Taxila at an early date is confirmed by the MSS. found at the Niya river, which were almost all in the Kharoshthi script; this script is peculiar to the neighbourhood of Taxila (N.W. Punjab), and the palæographical resemblances between the specimens of it found there and in Khotan lead Dr. Stein to assign the Niya documents to the first two centuries A.D. Many other documents, on paper, leather, and stone, were discovered by Dr. Stein, and are awaiting decipherment; but it is remarkable that none of them are in a script not previously known, and this fact, combined with others which came to Dr. Stein's knowledge, make it certain that the MSS. in unknown scripts brought back from Turkestan by Dr. Hoernle and others are forgeries; indeed, Dr. Stein obtained the confession of one enterprising gentleman who had done a large trade in "old books." Attention must be called to the frescoes and painted tablets found at Dandan-Uilig, which in many respects resemble the later Ajanta frescoes, and thus are of peculiar interest in view of the few specimens of old Indian painting which have been preserved.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE E.C.U. AND ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

SIR,—My friend Mr. Lacey defends his action at the Brighton E.C.U. meeting by restating his argument, on which I will, with your permission, make a few remarks.

1. Mr. Lacey contends that Denominational schools as at present existing are "private schools"; the following facts seem to me to overthrow his contention:—

(1) Many of these schools have been assisted by building grants and have in many, if not all cases, been largely repaired and "done up" by means of money from public funds.

(2) A considerable portion of the apparatus now used in the said schools has been paid for from the same source.

(3) To these schools parents are compelled by law to send their children in, I believe, some 8,000 parishes wherein the sole school recognised by the State for the purposes of elementary education is a Denominational school.

(4) The Trust Deeds of these schools have been broken by the compulsory admission of children whose parents have the legal right to refuse to allow them to receive instruction in the tenets of the denomination to which the school belongs as required by the said deeds, accepting as the managers thereof do, grants from the State made subject to the recognition by the managers of this legal right.

The truth is Mr. Lacey and Mr. Wainwright adopt the late Archdeacon Denison's position without at the same time recognising as he did, the fact that the placing of Church schools on the grant list of the Board of Education is incompatible with any claim that they should be regarded as "private schools."

2. Mr. Lacey opposes the admission of teachers of other religions into Denominational schools as destructive of their distinctive character. But already children who are not permitted to receive any religious instruction must by law be admitted into such schools. This appears to me to be more opposed to the Denominational principle than the proposal Mr. Lacey resents, as it forces upon the children the idea that *no* religion whatever is necessary for them.

3. Mr. Lacey admits that Nonconformists have a legitimate grievance in those cases in which a Church school is the sole school recognised by the State in a parish as a Public Elementary school, and therefore the one to which they are forced under legal penalties to send their children, so that they must either permit them to receive instruction in doctrines which they conscientiously repudiate, or withdraw them, so that they receive no religious instruction at all. Mr. Lacey cannot surely be so aloof from the practical politics of the day as to imagine that the State would start "common schools" in such parishes. In the true interests of education itself the State would be bound to reject any proposal to that end. Rural schools are far too small, as it is, in many cases; to multiply them would be to increase the difficulties already experienced in making such schools efficient. Further, does Mr. Lacey really suppose that the "local authority," which will probably be constituted under any new Education Act, would build such schools? I wonder what the ratepayers of Madingley would say to a proposal to enact a law by which they would be compelled to build, or contribute towards the building of, a "common school" in their parish in which there is already a Church school. No Government would be in office a month which committed itself to Mr. Lacey's proposal.

4. I much regret the line taken by Mr. Lacey and Mr. Wainwright at the Brighton E.C.U. meeting. Our Bishops have at last agreed upon a policy. They have dropped all that talk about the necessity of maintaining "voluntary subscriptions" which appeared to many to indicate a lamentable ignorance of the difficulties which those engaged in parochial work have to face in this matter. This policy, which has received the approval of several representative bodies of Churchmen, the Bishops are prepared to press upon the Government. Could anything be more suicidal than for Churchmen to show now a divided front? This Government cares no more for Denominational schools than any of its predecessors. Indeed a considerable number of its supporters are opposed to such schools. The Government would far sooner leave the question of their future maintenance entirely alone. Only "a moving and potent force" will compel it to do justice to our conscientious grievances. The appearance of divisions amongst us would afford an excuse which the Government would gladly seize with the result that nothing would be done. What would be the consequences? Simply that numbers of Church schools must close in two years at the outside. It is quite certain that should the concession (embodied in the E.C.U. Council's resolution), which is an essential part of the proposals now before us, be refused, this "not very brave Government" will not venture to do anything in the direction of those proposals—in fact, they would be defeated if they did attempt any such course. I do not believe that Churchmen are prepared to accept the inevitable closing of their schools rather than make the concession opposed by Mr. Lacey.

Further, does anyone really think that it could be possible to obtain from Parliament relief of our own conscientious grievances by statutory permission to give instruction in the doctrines of the Church in Board schools, and, at the same time, for us to refuse to do our part in remedying the like conscientious grievance felt by Nonconformists in those parishes to which I have already referred? If there be such a person, I can only say that he can have no knowledge of the composition of the House of Commons. Do let us Churchmen be united in support of our leaders in this matter. It is a case of "now or never, mend or end," as a distinguished ecclesiastic, who has for years taken a prominent part in educational matters, said to me the other day. The situation is far too serious a one to be treated from a doctrinaire point of view. Let us see to it that no action on our part is the means of doing anything towards wrecking the reasonable

scheme now commended to us by those competent to know what is feasible, and thus of permanently fastening upon the necks of Churchmen the iniquitous Cowper-Temple clause.

EDWARD DENNY

St. Peter's Vicarage, Vauxhall, S.E.,
December 7th, 1901.

SIR,—May I correct you in one particular? I did not "succeed in defeating" the resolution proposed to the English Church Union at Brighton. I could have done so, for the meeting was altogether with me; but that was not my object. With the principle of the resolution I entirely agree. My contention is that Church schools are, by a legal fiction, falsely placed in the category of "public elementary schools," and ought to be distinguished. I did not see my way at the time to moving an amendment, and I therefore asked the meeting, which was, moreover, too small for a decisive vote, to suspend judgment on the previous question. This was done.

In one thing I have succeeded. I have shown that we are not as nearly unanimous on this subject as was supposed. You say that you have letters proving this. My own postbag tells the same tale. I have letters from all parts of the country—may I here protest, with due apologies, the impossibility of replying to all individually?—approving my action. I find, without any surprise, that some people, ignorant of legal terms, understood by a "public elementary school" a Board school only, and therefore approved the proposal in debate. Others, better informed, were silent only for want of someone to start a protest. I was myself seeking an opportunity for doing this, and the meeting of the English Church Union presented itself. The thing is done; and I think that even those who do not agree with me will admit that a false appearance of unanimity had better be broken up now than later. It is not yet too late to revise our policy in search of a real agreement. This will not be attained, if Mr. Holiday will let me say so, by shouting down the individual doctrine, or tongue, or interpretation, but by combining all tongues into harmony. It is every man's duty to point out any way that seems to him to be open, and I will do so. I know exactly what I want, and I observe that you agree with me; but we cannot get all our own way by clamouring for it; we must get as much as we can by combining as far as possible with other people. I shall, therefore, throw my proposal into the form of an amendment, as small as possible, of the proposal which already holds the field.

But first, I should like to correct a mistake of Mr. Holiday's. When I speak of "private" schools, I am thinking chiefly of the *school*, to follow his distinction, and not of the *building*. I mean schools managed by private persons on their own responsibility, and not by a public body. I did not notice the distinction, for it seems to me unimportant, because the ownership of the building usually determines the nature of the management, while in the exceptional cases noted by Mr. Holiday the managers are tenants of the building, and so, for the term of their tenancy, practically the owners. But I see that by passing over the distinction I laid myself open to misunderstanding. I mean, then, schools in *private management*. This point is not unimportant. Mr. Holiday writes as if the public had acquired some permanent rights in these schools. But whatever rights the public has in them are conferred only from year to year, and are terminable at the will of the managers. I speak of ordinary cases; there are, no doubt, exceptional trust deeds. The rights of the public depend on the undertaking made by the managers in Form 9, to carry on the school during the ensuing year as a "public elementary school" within the meaning of the Act of 1870. The grants from the Treasury, however made up, are a consideration for the due execution of that undertaking; and therefore I contend that, on a strict analysis of realities, the managers are private contractors to the Education Department, and that this is the true strength of their position.

The suggestion for agreement which I make, with much diffidence but with some hope of concord, is this: taking the Convocations' resolution as a basis, I would insert after the words "every public elementary school," the words "*excepting such as are declared by the managers to be intended exclusively for children of a particular denomination.*" I do not say "*religious* denomination," in order to cover the case of any who may wish to set up an exclusively *secular* school.

The result would be the distinction of three kinds of school, instead of two:—

1. Declared schools, strictly and exclusively denominational.
2. Quasi-common schools, under private management, with facilities for religious teaching of all kinds.
3. Genuine common schools, under public management, affording like facilities.

I shall not disguise my conviction that the second class would soon disappear, for I cannot conceive what sufficient motive there would be for maintaining such schools, nor how money would be found for their buildings. Schools of the first class would, no doubt, forfeit some of the privileges which they now enjoy; but these are mostly doubtful privileges. Not being intended for all children, they could not monopolise the accommodation of any district. No children could be compelled to attend them. In reckoning the accommodation needed and supplied, the Board of Education could not count the "places" afforded by such a school as generally available, but would probably note the number of the children actually on the books as definitely provided for. It follows that such a school could not exist alone in any place and so be entitled to the small population grants unless all the children of the place were freely sent to it by their parents. With these drawbacks there would remain schools of a distinctive religious character, and possibilities for the future on which I will not now dwell.

T. A. LACEY

Madingley, December 16th.

THE IRISH UNIVERSITY PROBLEM

SIR,—All good Protestants will endorse Mr. Taylor's appeal for a Catholic University in Ireland. If half of what he tells us about Trinity College, Dublin, be true, they must feel an honest shame at such an institution being dubbed Protestant, and long for an honourable rivalry in that "sweet reasonableness" to which all educated men strive to attain. . . . . An illiterate priesthood is a curse to any nation, and quick-witted folk like the Irish must feel keenly such an infliction.

"The friends of mental liberty" in England have no horror of priests, as priests, but only of priests to whom the advantages of a liberal education has been denied. Where ideas are given a free course and are not dammed or diverted, there the stream of progress will be sweet and wholesome. An open mind and freedom to develop is all that is needed.

There is, however, a widespread feeling that the Catholic faith is a hindrance to such development, and while the Roman Curia is a close corporation, and all the Popes are Italian, the Protestant mind will be incurably suspicious, and feel very much as Mr. Taylor feels towards the bigotry of Trinity College.

The election of an Irish Pope might work wonders, and all lovers of Christianity who yet feel that the "Catholic" formulæ are not co-extensive with the Faith should welcome the chance of an educated Irish priesthood which might tend to upset the present centre of gravity. There are signs of national movements everywhere; why not in Ireland?

All Protestants, except perhaps Mr. Kensit and his followers, admire heartily the splendid heroism of Catholics. They ascribe it, however, not to the distinctive doctrines of the Catholic Church, but to the spirit of Christ which animates them. They regret that the term Catholic has been made to exclude themselves, and that what should mean universal has been assumed by those Christians who are in Communion with the See of Rome. But all they protest against is finality, the assumption of absolute knowledge on points which they believe have been set by divine authority beyond human ken, and at the disunion of Christendom caused by the insistence on doctrines which barely touch on human life and human fellowship.

They believe in Truth, not Protestant Truth, for it is non-existent, but in that absolute spiritual candour which approaches all subjects that interest humanity with as little bias as is consistent with human nature. Convinced that truth has nothing to fear from increased intelligence, they would hold themselves untrue to their principles if they withheld from Ireland the beneficent influences which flow from the clash of minds.

AN ENGLISH PROTESTANT

CANDIDATES FOR HOLY ORDERS

SIR,—Mr. Masterman, in the December number of the *Commonwealth*, after seriously misquoting me, dismisses the point I raised in a letter in your columns of November 2nd as irrelevant. He is very inaccurate in his statement; I said nothing about "thousands."

His scepticism in this matter, like so much scepticism, seems to rest on his failure to take the necessary steps to be informed, and personal inexperience seems a very unreasonable ground for a sceptical attitude. As his words on the subject may do harm to the cause I have at heart, I hope you will allow me to state the grounds on which I formed the opinion expressed in that letter;—

1. I knew that a friend who offered free education to those

who felt called to Holy Orders had had 400 or 500 applications in five or six years from every class in life.

2. One letter on the subject to the *Church Times* brought forty-seven applications.

3. In ten days I had ten cases brought to my notice before I had taken any steps in this matter, in the course of my ordinary duties.

4. I knew what a great number of applications were received by the Ordination Candidates Exhibition Fund Committee (150 to 200 per annum).

5. Many clergy in the North tell me of the eager longing, true vocation, and hopeless struggles of lads and young men to correspond to God's call.

6. Of course I can "personally testify personal knowledge" of several to any one who desires to help them.

7. I give the occupation of candidates, or their fathers, of some cases in which I am interested :—

Two tailors (Leeds), driver (Newcastle), billposter (Jarrow), bootmaker (Wolverhampton), compositor (Leeds), canal keeper (Oxfordshire), tailor (Halifax), mill hand (Huddersfield).

This last is now ordained after a course in a theological college, where he beat all the Oxford and Cambridge graduates of various standing in the examination, each term being first from start to finish.

I think these facts are sufficient to justify my former letter. The inference is very strong. If these facts have come to my knowledge without any special opportunities of investigating the matter, what a vast wealth of spiritual force might be brought to light if the Bishops of the Church would overcome their strong prejudices and investigate the matter themselves. Oxford and Cambridge can be left to themselves to recover from their spiritual paralysis in this matter and from that vague scepticism which is probably largely the outcome of an easy-going, self-indulgent life. But steps ought to be at once taken to offer the strong, vigorous, intellectual, and spirital life which throbs in our Church and Board and Grammar schools an opportunity to dedicate itself to God's service. A seven years' course would enable a process of testing and elimination of those unfit for higher education to take place—and those who proved unfit for the priesthood might yet be called to serve the Church as Evangelists, or Subdeacons, or Readers. And the Church might demand of those she had freely educated, what I believe the Wesleyans demand, seven years' service, unmarried, and obliged to go where they are sent. Vast forces of conservatism and prejudice have to be overcome, but I believe God demands this reform and that is the only way in which we can obtain a body of Priests which can truly represent a Church which is National and Catholic. PAUL B. BULL

Community of the Resurrection, Mirfield.

BISHOPS AND PALACES

SIR,—It is a pity that "Bystander" did not give the context of Samuel Wilberforce's answer to Dr. Hook, "I see no reason why the Bishops' palaces should be sold, which would not equally apply to the halls of our squires and the palaces of our princes. It seems to me that your instances of rich men making *themselves* poor, living in *self* denial for others, giving up well nigh all for their brethren, as God gives them grace and opportunity—that these are the instruments by which to effect what you desire ; but that to strip a class, to impoverish our Bishops and sell their palaces, would only be the hopeless career of revolution." The *whole* letter is well worth reading. It was written in 1843, when Samuel Wilberforce was *not* a Bishop, but was Archdeacon of Surrey. Two years before, on his appointment to the Diocese of Oxford, he added to the old house at Cuddesdon, rooms in which to lodge the Ordination candidates, instead of their living in the village inns.

He was indeed, in the truest sense of the word, "an excellent prelate."

LONG AN ASSOCIATE OF E.C.U.

BOOKS RECEIVED

In 1896 the Cambridge University Press Warehouse issued a new and notable edition of the Book of Common Prayer. It had been prepared under the direction of a Committee appointed by the Syndics of the University Press, and was the result of a careful collation of the standard used up to that time with the *facsimile* of the book annexed to the Act of Uniformity. Archbishop Benson took great interest in the scheme, and the book was submitted to him before publication and received his general approval. It has now been re-issued with the latest alterations in the Royal names and with the New Accession Service. It is a very handsome volume in super-royal octavo, printed in great primer type, with the rubrics in red, and it is likely long to remain the standard edition of the Prayer-book as regards accuracy of text. It is specially suitable for use in choir as care has been taken to "keep the beginning and ending of prayers in one opening, and so to avoid the necessity of turning over a leaf."

Messrs. Macmillan send us several volumes of their *Modern Manuals of Commerce*, with specimen forms, etc., by Messrs. Hooper and Graham, and Part I. of Mr. Wm. Adgie's *Modern Bookkeeping and Accounts*. We can thoroughly recommend this series to all who are entering on a business career. The volumes should be included in the library of every commercial house, for principals and heads of departments will find them useful, while to ambitious juniors they will provide stepping-stones to promotion and "increases."

We have received *The Financial Half-year*, vol. 2, which covers the six months from April 1st to September 30th, 1901. This work, which is published by the *Times*, is a model of efficient editing. It contains a complete review of finance during the period with which it deals, and includes reports of the Money Market, Stock Exchange, Corporations, Home and Colonial Government Securities, Gas, Insurance, Railways, Mines, Telegraphs, Waterworks, Tramways, and many other public companies. The price is 15s.

Harmsworth Brothers, Ltd., have sent the *Daily Mail Year Book* for 1902. This little book, which is edited by Percy L. Parker, is an excellent work of reference, and is happily described as the "Little Red Book." It is a kind of condensed Whitaker, but it devotes some seventy pages to brief biographies of notable people. There are, of course, many omissions in this list, but they are of the kind that will be noticed chiefly by the persons omitted. At its low price of 1s. this is as good as any almanac that we have seen.

We have also received :—

The Royal Guide to the London Charities, edited by John Lane 38th year : Chatto and Windus. 1s. 6d.

Daniel Deronda, Library Edition. 10s. 6d.

Poems and Essays, Warwick Edition. 2s. each. By George Eliot : W. Blackwood and Sons.

The Newcomes, by W. M. Thackeray : Macmillan. 3s. 6d.

The Hampstead Annual : Hampstead, Sydney C. Moyle. 2s. 6d.

Life's Silence, by J. A. B. Mace : Bath, George Gregory. 1s.

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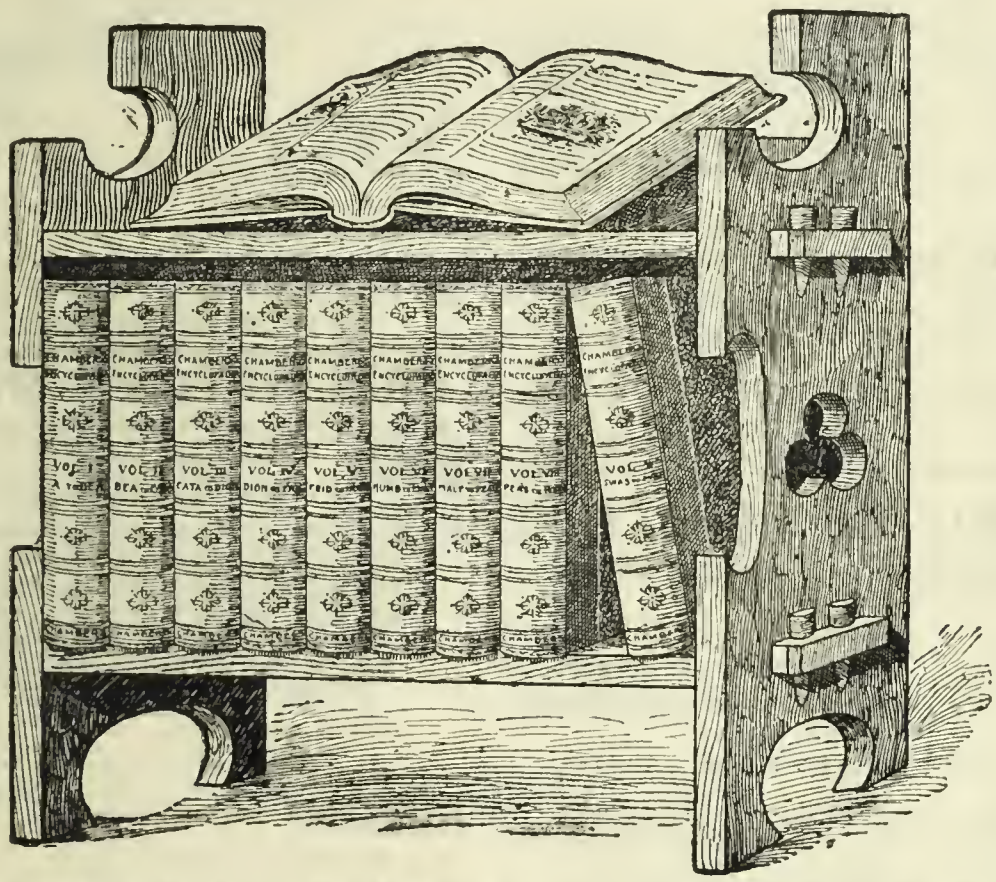

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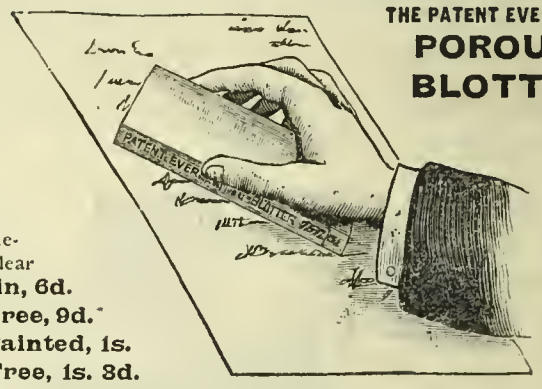

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THE WEEK

Home

Christmas finds us little changed from last year except in one respect. The war is still going on, the threatened decline of trade is only in sight, the education problem is no nearer a solution than it was last year, our theological controversies are still outside the field of public discussion, and are likely to remain so if the Bishops show the wise forbearance which has often characterised the English Episcopate. In one thing there is a change, and a bad change. There are 4,300 more paupers in London this Christmas than there were last Christmas. In the second week of the present month there were 68,130 in the London workhouses, against 66,309 a twelvemonth ago. As regards outdoor relief, the figures are 39,409 for 1901, and 36,840 for 1900. And this, as the *Times* annual review says, from which we borrow this comparative statement, "with favourable weather for outdoor employment, with a demand for labour with good wages, and at a period of general commercial prosperity." We ought not to sit down quietly in presence of an increase of pauperism in circumstances seemingly calculated to have the opposite effect. There is a coincidence, to say the least, between this increase and certain recent orders of the Local Government Board. No doubt, even if it can be shown to be more than a coincidence, it does not follow that the policy embodied in these orders is wrong. But it does follow that this policy ought to receive far more careful consideration than has yet been given to it. If the orders had been headed, "Directions for Increasing the Number of Indoor and Outdoor Paupers," they would have attracted a great deal of attention, and they ought to come in for some of that attention now that they have apparently led to this result.

Those of us who were unable to see that any good would follow from the action of the Powers at Pekin, will be confirmed in their sophism by the state of affairs in the Yang-tsze Valley. The *Times* Pekin correspondent tells us that the indemnity is being paid mainly out of taxes levied on the provinces which took no part in the Boxer outbreak; that the punishments inflicted on the chief offenders are penalties only in name; that the prohibition of the importation of arms has given an enormous stimulus to their manufacture at home. In spite of these drawbacks, British trade on the Yang-tsze now flourishes greatly. The efforts of diplomacy may have scotched, but they have not killed it. But the review of what these efforts have done for us suggests the hope that in future traders may be left to reap the fruit of their own energy without being hampered by the injudicious efforts of the great Powers.

Lord Rosebery's speech at Swansea seems to show that in his opinion municipalities as well as parties will do well to clean their slate. Too many of them have fallen into a way of applying to every proposed new outlay the single test of utility, and leaving out of sight the equally important consideration, Can we afford it? Lord Rosebery would have every municipal body "lay very clearly before the community how they stand with regard to their accounts and with regard to their pockets." Expenditure on objects of utility and even of ornament is an excellent thing if the people who are going to spend the money have got it to spend. But if they have not—if there are half a dozen good objects soliciting money, and only money enough to supply one of them—it is important that the municipality should make their constituents understand what they must forego if they determine to do this or that. It is on this ground that we advocate making County Councils the supreme local authority in education. As it is, the School Boards simply issue their precept to the County Councils, and they have to furnish whatever is asked for. We would have the whole expenditure of the county laid out before the Council, and the decision where a larger outlay is wanted and where retrenchment is possible, left to those who are in a position to take a comprehensive view of the position.

The award of Sir Edward Fry as arbitrator in the Grimsby fishing dispute, although we should be sorry to regard it as a justification of the action which produced so great an amount of suffering and loss, is at least a

sign that, from the men's point of view, the suffering was not endured in vain. Sir Edward Fry has inquired very completely into the questions in dispute, and his award is in favour of the men on all the most serious points at issue. The men's claim to "sign on" at the Board of Trade offices instead of at the offices of the Owners' Federation has been allowed, and any grievances that may arise are to be dealt with by a Board of Trade officer. The arbitrator has also given the men an increase on the compromised wages, with a small poundage on the catch—or, in case the men do not work out the period of contract, a small additional wage in lieu of poundage. In the matter of salvage, the crews are to receive 33 per cent. and the owners 67 per cent., no deduction being allowed from the men's salvage money. As to the wages, only an exhaustive inquiry into the dispute, such as Sir Edward Fry has held, justifies an opinion, but we are quite prepared to believe in the wisdom of his decision. It is a matter for congratulation, both with owners and men, that the award is really a decision, and not a compromise. Compromises are seldom satisfactory to either party, and do nothing to prevent a return to the disastrous methods of strikes and lock-outs. In this case there is a moral—both for masters and men—that arbitration may be resorted to as easily in the first place as in the last, and that it is cheaper than a campaign of starvation and loss.

How we are to get food in war time is a question of too much interest not to present itself again and again. The answers given to it are in substance two. It is admitted on both sides that as things stand any serious interruption of our food imports would be equivalent to total and speedy defeat, and further that this interruption presupposes that the seas are closed. So long as they remain open the commercial instinct of the food-growing countries may be trusted to send us their produce. According to one view, the contingency of the seas being closed must be guarded against by collecting a reserve supply of food either by State granaries or by an import duty which will make it worth the English farmer's while to grow corn. According to the other, our proper business is to keep the seas open, and so have substantially the same imports in time of war that we have in time of peace. In our judgment the weight of argument lies wholly with the latter. To store up food, or, in defiance of natural forces, to increase the growth of corn at home by a protective duty, would be both useless and mischievous—useless because if we lost the command of the sea we should be ruined any way; mischievous because it would divert our minds from the paramount duty of taking care that we have a navy strong enough to keep the seas open and the supply of food from abroad sure. As "Civis" says in an admirable letter in the *Times* of Tuesday, "It is no use considering what we should do if we could not keep the seas open. We might as well consider what a man would do if air were denied him. He would struggle, but in the end he would die." The seas must be kept open no matter what may be the cost, and the only way to keep them open is to see that our Navy is strong enough to meet every demand that can possibly be made on it.

The Secretary of State for War has ordered the enlistment of two thousand more Imperial Yeomanry and the embodiment of six additional battalions of Militia. In so far as the effect of the former order will be to put additional men at the disposal of Lord Kitchener it deserves all the welcome that can be given it. But in so far as it indicates perseverance in what we believe to be the mistaken policy of supplying our needs in South Africa by volunteers rather than by regular troops it is greatly to be regretted. The employment of volunteers on the scale and on the terms which have been customary in the present war is calculated to have at least one very unfortunate consequence. It is not in human nature that the regular troops in the field should see without dissatisfaction a volunteer private just joined, and with all his business to learn, drawing double the pay of the non-commissioned officer who is employed to make a soldier of him. We do not mean that this dissatisfaction influences the behaviour of the men in the field. Happily, English soldiers may be trusted to fight whether they have a grievance or not. But it will, we fear, affect, and affect very injuriously, the progress of recruiting after the war, and possibly during the later stages of the war. When one man has been fighting through the whole war on a shilling a day, and another man for only a part of the war at five shillings a day, it is inconceivable that the supply of men at a shilling a day should not run short. If the Government had given the same care to the enlistment of regular soldiers that they have given to the enlistment of volunteers whose service ends with the war, we should by this time have had an army adequate to all our reasonable wants. As it is, the problem of recruiting will be invested with new difficulties the moment that the war is over.

Our recent successes in the war have been followed by some very severe fighting in which heavy losses have been both inflicted and suffered by the enemy. At dawn on Friday, December 20th, Colonel Damant was attacked by Botha with 800 men. He was marching on Maggiesdeel in the Orange River Colony, and had reached Tafelkop, when he was surprised by a determined rush of the enemy, who captured a kopje held by our men. They were afterwards dislodged by Captain Scott, but not until we had lost 22 killed and 20 wounded. This engagement seems to have had some curious features. In the first place, Colonel Damant was supposed to be in touch with Colonel Rimington, who was marching his column in a parallel line three miles away; but Rimington lost touch, and did not appear on the scene until the mischief had been done. In the second place, Colonel Damant was deceived by the formation of Botha's force into "never doubting" that they were a force of Yeomanry under General E. O. Hamilton. He admits that "he took them to be" Hamilton's men. We have no evidence to justify us in blaming Colonel Damant, who was, unhappily, very severely wounded; but it is obvious that someone was responsible for a very unfortunate piece of laxity. It seems to have been one more case of inefficient scouting; an efficient protection by screens of scouts does not admit of a colonel's mistaking the enemy for his own men. Meanwhile, De Wet's sudden re-appearance, with the results that are feared, at such a season is like the grim fancy of some savage caricaturist.

Foreign

THE French Nationalists have had another rebuff. The celebration of the jubilee of the martyrdom of Baudin, the honest French Republican Deputy who

lost his life on the barricades in 1851, had been deferred for a fortnight because the Nationalist Municipal Council of Paris had proposed to take a conspicuous part in it, and an anti-Ministerial demonstration, followed by a riot, would have almost certainly been the result. On Sunday morning, however, the celebration took place before Baudin's statue, just erected at the intersection of the Avenue Ledru-Rollin and the Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine, and, incidentally, inaugurated by the proceedings. Rival manifestations of Radicals and Nationalists were expected, and the police precautions taken were considerable; but the official part of the proceedings passed off quietly enough. President Loubet was received before the statue, and the Minister of Justice, the President of the Chamber, and the Premier delivered speeches denouncing despotism, and glorifying the Parliamentary Republic as the great safeguard against it. When they were leaving, the President of the Municipal Council hastily came forward to accept the statue in the name of Paris; but he was hooted down—perhaps not quite spontaneously—and slight disturbances occurred during the afternoon. Nationalism, however, is a declining cause in Paris, and this time the Nationalists have made themselves ridiculous. And in Paris that is fatal even more than elsewhere.

The Franco-Italian *rapprochement* on the Mediterranean question has evidently caused some disquiet in Central Europe. It is significant that the German papers have said little: it is hardly less so that the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna—possibly with an eye to the coming rivalry of Italy and Austria-Hungary in Albania and for the Adriatic—warns Italian publicists that a French Clerical majority under the Conservative M. Méline, or the eminently adaptable M. Dupuy, may think of restoring the Temporal Power; but that idea may be relegated to the speculative novelist. Our own interest in the matter may conceivably be greater, but a considerable school of English publicists has long been inclined to deprecate dependence on the Mediterranean route to India. It is natural that Italy should be friendly with France, and that the latter should seek to propitiate her natural ally. If Italy must expand, it is infinitely better that she should do so in Tripoli than in Abyssinia. But her semi-official Press is making haste to caution her that she must not talk about it yet.

In Russia there are ominous symptoms of political disquiet such as have not been seen since 1881. A conspiracy is alleged to have been discovered among the Jews of Southern Russia, particularly at Odessa; and though they have, doubtless, excellent reasons for wishing to revolt, they have never shown a tendency to do so before. Moreover, a considerable number of towns are either under the "intermediate stage of siege," or under special police restrictions recently legalised. Most of these seem to be University towns, and students' disturbances have lately been reported, notably at Kharkoff. Here, indeed, they had their humorous side. The students who had been sent down for participation in previous disturbances appear to have come up again and demanded the expulsion of those who had been allowed to stay; and the chemistry classes at the Veterinary Institute petitioned for the suspension of the Professor inasmuch as his lectures were "confused and a disgrace to the science"—a complaint which the youth of Western Europe have learnt to make effective by the more polite and less formal process of cutting the lecture and putting on a coach. General Vannovsky, the Minister of Education, seems to have dealt with the students' grievances sensibly enough, and to have instituted an elective council of students to formulate them, which is a long step in advance in Russia. But the ferment seems to extend beyond the student class; and that class in Russia has now the *rôle* it held in Germany up to 1848—only some of its members are more determined and more practical, and many of them are women.

Early in the week the relations between Chili and Argentina had reached a very critical stage. The quarrel—not about the disputed boundary in Western Patagonia, but about the occupation of certain points in or commanding portions of the debatable territory pending arbitration on the whole question by the British Government—had reached that dangerous phase in which each disputant charges the other with insolence and professes a calmness which is merely the white heat of passion. On Sunday it was announced that in consequence of the action of Chili, Argentina had withdrawn her Minister from Santiago, and had referred the special causes of quarrel to the arbitrators. Warlike preparations went on actively on both sides of the Andes; the Chilian National Guard was called out; the Argentine Government, while prodigal in assurances that the situation need not necessarily lead to war, mobilised its reserves; the Press on both sides was, of course, very bellicose—though we must discount the eloquence of Spanish-America; and, what is most significant, the Italian immigrants into the Argentine seemed quite ready to defend her, even, if necessary, against their brethren in Chili. No doubt a war over these minor details, pending arbitration, would have been monstrous, but it might have come, nevertheless, and the Stock Exchange took alarm. Happily, better counsels prevailed; a *modus vivendi* is arranged, and the disputed points are to be vacated; and the late owners of Argentine bonds must be regretting their fears. It may fairly be remembered next time that Argentina, fifteen years ago, discharged her obligations during a period of acute strain, and that, even when the Celman gang had nearly reduced her to bankruptcy and English investors were throwing away their bonds for less than half price, she paid four-fifths of the interest on her guaranteed bonds regularly, and honestly made up the arrears as soon as she could.

In the extreme north of South America, too, matters are very critical again. Venezuela had answered the German claims with defiance; Germany was proposing to seize La Guayra, and the Monroe doctrine seemed likely to be violated, not by any intention on the part of Germany, but because nothing except a prolonged occupation could satisfy her just demands. Probably the general uprising against President Castro has averted the danger for a time. But the revolution can only weaken Venezuela further, and it is not easy to see how any new President will be able to maintain himself except with foreign aid. As that can only come from the United States, we may see curious developments.

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It has, from the first, been the aim of THE PILOT to combine with the Editorial treatment of public affairs the free expression of opinion in signed articles. Among those who have promised to write such articles, if time and opportunity serve, in the course of 1902, are:—

CANON AINGER.
SIR WILLIAM ANSON, M.P.
SIR WALTER ARMSTRONG.
THE EARL BEAUCHAMP.
PROFESSOR BEECHING.
HILAIRE BELLOC.
C. V. BOYS, F.R.S.
PROFESSOR BURY.
BASIL CHAMPNEYS.
SIDNEY COLVIN.
W. J. COURTHOPE, C.B.
SIR HENRY CRAIK, K.C.B.
D. R. FEARON, C.B.
HENRY GADOW, F.R.S.
FREDERICK GREENWOOD.
STEPHEN GWYNN.
R. B. HALDANE, K.C., M.P.
THOMAS HODGKIN, D.C.L.
SIR COURTENAY ILBERT, K.C.S.I.
HENRY JAMES.
SIR RICHARD JEBB, M.P.
F. HARCOURT KITCHIN.
ANDREW LANG.
SIDNEY LEE.
SIR ALFRED LYALL, K.C.B., G.C.I.E.
THE HON. AND REV. E. T. LYTTELTON.
SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK, Bart.
PROFESSOR SANDAY, D.D
PROFESSOR TYRELL.
A. W. WARD, Litt.D.

The Pilot

Saturday, December 28, 1901

WHAT OUGHT LORD ROSEBERY TO DO?

THE interest of Lord Rosebery's speech did not end with its appearance in the newspapers of the following day. It has been a subject of repeated and conflicting comment ever since. The deductions from it and the advice founded upon it are singularly various, and they do not coincide with the recognised party divisions. Lord Rosebery has been praised and blamed by Liberals; he has been praised and blamed by Unionists. He has been exhorted to come to terms with Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and to throw him over; to form an alliance with Mr. Chamberlain, or to drive him from office at the first opportunity; to invite his own immediate election by the Liberal party, or to give time for the Liberal party to make him their leader without any formal process. If we may judge from the language of the *Standard* there were Ministerialists who expected Lord Rosebery to forget that he was ever a Liberal, and to invite Englishmen to think of nothing but how best to support the Government. The disappointment which these gentlemen had prepared for themselves naturally led them to credit the public generally with the same feeling. We are all supposed to recognise in the Chesterfield speech a common-place party move. The reasonable Ministerialists represented by the *Times*, the *Spectator*, and the *Saturday Review* were under no such delusion. They recognised that the object of any political speech from Lord Rosebery could only be the substitution of a practical and united Opposition for the sharply divided host which has borne that name for some time past. Seeing this they saw also that an uncritical support of the Government could not possibly be had from him, and that they might well be content with a conviction, as absolute as that of the Cabinet, that the war must be pressed on until the South African Republics have been incorporated into the British Empire.

The *Spectator*, in particular, gave the speech generous and unstinted praise. It was "worthy of our best political traditions," it "never degenerated into factiousness," it was "anti-government, not anti-national." And then the *Spectator* went on first to give Lord Rosebery a warning, and next to annex to that warning a particular application. The warning is that if the speech is to be of any use it must be followed by action. "Lord Rosebery must now either become a leader or miss his opportunity altogether." That is absolutely true. What more than anything else stands in Lord Rosebery's way is the doubt whether he can be trusted to do what he says, to carry out in action the policy which he proclaims in speech. His return to political life must be followed by no fresh withdrawals. If he has not come back to stay he had better not have come back at all. The *Spectator* holds that the proper form for this action to take is the summoning of a party meeting. Lord Rosebery should "call together . . . the chief notables of the party, and then ask them point blank whether they will accept his leadership." To our thinking this would be a very dangerous course, and we do not see that it would have any adequate compensation for the risk. We do not, indeed, imagine that the invitation would be declined, except possibly by men of very decided and distinct opinions, such as Sir Wilfrid Lawson. What we fear is that such a meeting would assume something of the character of a party convention in the United States, that it would result in the construction of a platform to which the warring sections would each contribute a plank, and that this platform, when completed, would be akin to those many resolutions which have aimed at the creation of a Liberal Happy Family. We know what the fate of these resolutions has uniformly been. Formulas have first been stripped of all meaning in order to secure their acceptance, and then interpreted, as soon as the meeting is over, in the very senses of which the meeting was understood to have deprived them. It is hard for a politician to ask men to take him as their leader without making a single concession to their views. Some compromise there must be at such a meeting, and the more there is of it, the more will Lord Rosebery lose that special and distinctive position which he holds in the eyes of the nation. England—to say the plain truth—is tired of Liberal dissensions, tired of hearing the party speak with two voices, and revive on the least possible provocation the old controversies about the origin and character of the war. From this see-saw the nation looks to Lord Rosebery to release it. If an Opposition is to be of any value it must agree on the questions about which it speaks, and know how to be silent on the questions about which it differs. The way to secure this agreement and this silence is not by calling meetings or constructing platforms. It is by waiting until a policy put forward as a whole by some conspicuous statesman is accepted almost insensibly by the natural instinct of the rank and file of the party.

What then, it may be asked, would you have Lord Rosebery do? Go on, we reply, in the path on which

he entered at Chesterfield. The main purpose of that speech was the enunciation of a definite policy upon the question of the hour. All that there was in it besides —and there was much—led up to this. This is the policy which he commends to all who will listen. As we think, it needs only to be re-stated and amplified to gain the consent of the great body of Liberals and—which for the moment is of more importance—of large numbers of Conservatives. Lord Rosebery has two parts to play: that of leader of Opposition, and that of *amicus curiæ* to the Cabinet, and in order of time the second part comes first. To get his views on the settlement adopted by the Government would be a far greater victory than to go on proclaiming them as the head of a united, but for the time powerless, Opposition. What we would have Lord Rosebery do is to take every occasion of putting his policy before the nation—to set it forth at Wigan, to set it forth in the debate on the Address, to set it forth, whenever the forms of the House of Lords permit it, throughout the session. We believe that if this is done the Liberal party will inevitably come to regard him as their natural and destined leader, and that in view of this conviction it will matter little who is to be his lieutenant in the Commons. A lieutenant must make his leader's policy his own, and under the application of this simple test the question will soon settle itself.

THE EXPECTED DECLINE OF TRADE

THE year began with a general but quiet persuasion that a long spell of trade prosperity was coming to an end. The signs of decline were not very serious, nor even very obvious; but the word went forth from them that know, and was immediately received by all concerned as tidings that should naturally have been expected. The year passes, and month by month our commerce sinks from its heights "in unperceived decay, while Resignation gently slopes the way." Grateful consciousness of a long day of lively business is the seeming explanation of this complacency, which appears little less at the end of the year than it was at the beginning; though that may also be because the expected decline has been slow and comparatively slight so far, and perhaps because of something more than a hope, prevalent from the first, that the subsidence of trade would not be very great. But however accounted for, steadiness in face of foreseen hard times is excellent preparation for them, and this certainly seems to be the disposition of commercial and industrial England as the tide of its prosperity begins to turn.

There is so much complexity nowadays in commercial affairs, so many influences unnoticed till they show in results, that even the well-advised Sir Michael Hicks-Beach may be unable as yet to measure next year's decline. But we all know that whatever disturbances affect other countries appreciably will tell upon our own fortunes, and that the convulsive enterprise of two or three great nations abroad is evidently bringing on its reaction. That is one thing. For another, when the South African War ends we shall probably become aware of similar results at home, great compensations notwithstanding; in which compensations, however, abatement of taxes is unlikely to count. Therefore, although 1902 may not be the most meagre of the lean years universally expected, we should look for a certainty of less employment in the workshops, and a probable continuation of enhanced prices for many commodities which either are or are considered necessaries of life. It is the business of civilisation and progress to increase the number of such commodities, and they have been added to largely for the whole population—but especially, of course, for the artizan and lower middle-classes—even since the last period of trade depression and shortened wages. Consequently, though the on-coming period of decline may not be more severe than its predecessor, it will be more severely felt.

This result of the advance of education and refinement—the multiplication of wants, the addition of new miseries to poverty and the sharpening of the old ones —is little thought of. As we have said, it is the very business of civilisation to create wants where they do not exist, and to turn luxuries into needs. Education would fail if it did not set up discontent with the limitations and privations of poor men, or to put it another way, if no craving for a share of the refinements of life were established. And this, of course, is all very well in prosperous times, for then these new wants can be satisfied. Leisure is then allowed for the physical, mental, æsthetical luxuries of yesterday —small luxuries, perhaps, but real—to become absolute needs to-morrow; and in so far as a community does make needs of them its character and even its happiness is judged. But suppose long years of "depression," what then? Then the multiplication of wants and the turning of the minor luxuries into necessaries is not so well. Then discontent with the limitations and privations of poor men changes its character. What was something to be proud of is something to be pained by, and a public advantage becomes more or less a general danger.

This is not to say that there is any prospect of prolonged industrial distress on the present occasion. We have no intention of suggesting the immediate approach of any such calamity; it would be unreasonable to do so. But, merchants and clerks, middlemen and shopkeepers, factory owners and factory hands, we would have every man believe in its probable approach at no very distant time. Probability should be enough in a matter so important; and the likelihood that England will have to pass through a heavy struggle if she is to keep a sustaining share of good trade is foretold by every political and commercial portent of the day. When it may be expected in earnest is a question which no one will attempt to answer; but we are warned by an astonishingly rapid sequence of events, all to the point, that Time has changed his pace and goes more nimbly as the world grows smaller. How swiftly the forces of competition have gathered about us of late every man may see; and the spectacle should teach us to prepare for certain consequences soon rather than late.

If we are asked whether we think it possible to include among our preparations retrogression from an advanced standard of living, suppression of appetite for the minor luxuries, which are often little more than decencies when they do also elevate and adorn existence for small working people, we shall be compelled to answer No. These tastes and appetites, blessings in time of peace and plenty, must remain to be much the contrary when the means of gratifying them dwindle. But the education which, together with good times, gave life and growth to a love of books, of music, of white shirts, of well-ordered homes, must be

poor indeed if all it can do for its possessor in adversity is to fit him with "Sorrow's crown of sorrow," remembering happier things. To be of any worth, it should enable the handicraftsman to see the approach of hard times when they are pointed out to him, to think of their causes reasonably, and with a will to do all that he may to limit and soften them for the indivisible good of self and country. As a solitary individual he might not be able to act with much effect, however good his intelligence and disposition. But that is not his case. He is a member of an organised community, with its parliament, and its administration, and its officials to think and act for it, under the name of Trade Union. If these corporations ever allow their eyes and minds to range beyond the relations of master and man, it has not been our good fortune to hear of it. Of course they know well how numerous and powerful England's trade competitors have become and how likely they are to be more so. But if they have considered these great facts and probabilities in their broader consequences, as haply threatening the status of industrial England in all its parts and for all concerned, and if thereupon they have any commensurate advice to impart to British workmen, they have yet to make known their solicitude and their sense of duty. Yet grave questions arise, not as between master and man at home, but rather as between the masses of working men in England and the accumulating competition of labour abroad. Of these questions this is the chief, perhaps: If the workmen of this country would maintain the higher wages which allow so many of them comforts that would have been luxurious to their no-less-worthy grandfathers, can they hope to do so without making any other sacrifice or any extra exertion? The wise men and elders of the Trades Unions have no question before them so important as that; and yet, judging by quite recent deliverances, they either do not see it or propose to put it off. Yet there should be means to send the whisper round the workshops (perhaps in an unofficial sort of manner) that before long something will have to give way: either the British artizan's wages and his social respectability, or else the present limitations per diem of his admirable workmanship when properly called upon—which also becomes necessary.

But of course it is not an affair of the British workman only, though that he should be well employed at good wages, even though condemned to work harder and better, is the first consideration. The merchants and the "princes of labour" need much the same admonition for pretty much the same shortcomings. Too often the workman is more in love with leisure ("loafing" his detractors call it) than with his work. Too often his employer is in the same case. That is because he is a Briton of the nineteenth century and after. In America business is King; the Court is a counting-house; the aristocracy is a much-honoured aristocracy of millionaires; and so it is that American men of business think themselves best seen when seen deep in it. In Germany business men have a different inducement to entire devotion to "the shop": at no hour of the day can he pass from trader to gentleman. In England social conditions are higher than in the first case, more easy, more pleasant, more humane, but the Englishman's business suffers. This particular disadvantage is one which he hears of less than some others, more weighty in the general, which he equally imposes on himself and the ill-used commerce of the country. Our business-men have heard from the Prince of Wales at least that they must exert themselves, must look about them a little (though that is not exactly the way in which his Royal Highness put it) if they wish to equal the traders of less wealthy communities. Now is the time for taking that oft-repeated counsel to heart. They are full of money—thanks to recent "booming"—and, seemingly, are about to have more leisure. They should employ the latter endowment in considering how best to use the former in acquiring the best methods and appliances in the world. If they do not, the next "period of depression" after this that now begins will not improbably be misnamed: it may have no end worth speaking of.

WAR AND THE RIGHTS OF SUBJECTS

The reasons given by the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council on December 18th for their previous refusal of leave to Marais, a British subject in Cape Colony, to appeal against the decision of a judge of the local Supreme Court declining to interfere with his imprisonment by the military authorities, deserve serious consideration in view of the new position which they seem to establish in our constitutional law. The petitioner, a resident of the town of the Paarl, thirty-five miles from Cape Town, was arrested there on August 15th, without a warrant, but under the instructions of the military authorities, placed in jail, and three days afterwards removed in military custody to Beaufort West, four hundred miles off, where he is still detained, both places being districts where martial law had been proclaimed. The Supreme Court, on an application for his release, was informed that there was a *prima facie* case against the prisoner, that military reasons required that he should be kept in custody; that although it could not then be stated what charge would be preferred against him, he should be charged as soon as possible; and that he had been arrested and imprisoned under a warrant charging breach of martial law regulations. The Court, on the hearing, refused the petition on the ground that it could not inquire into the necessity for the proclamation of martial law in those districts, nor accept responsibility for the acts of the military authorities in pursuance of it. Moreover, the prisoner being held in military custody, the Court could not exercise jurisdiction over him so long as martial law was in force, although had he not been removed from the Paarl the Court might have inquired into the necessity of the proclamation of martial law there. The judgment of the Privy Council delivered by the Lord Chancellor proceeds on the short ground that as war was shown to be actually raging in the Colony at the time, the acts of the military authorities under martial law and necessity were not open to review in the ordinary civil courts; and that the fact of these courts still exercising jurisdiction for certain purposes had been held by the Judicial Committee so long ago as 1830 not to affect the military jurisdiction.

It may be observed, however, that this precedent related to a wholly different state of circumstances. It was an action brought on behalf of a person who was not a British subject, complaining of the act of the executive authority in seizing his property, which act was described in the judgment given by Lord Tenterden as

"a hostile seizure, made, if not *flagrante bello*, yet *nondum cessante*, regard being had to the time, place, and person, and consequently no municipal court had jurisdiction." This act, however, was committed in a country which the Crown lawyers appearing for the defence described as "a conquered country under military occupation in every sense of the word, although the ancient tribunals existed for certain purposes." Nor had the territory been then annexed by the Crown, and was not therefore in the same position as the Transvaal or the Orange River Colony are now, much less Cape Colony.

No precedent, however, is cited for the proposition laid down by the Colonial court expressly, and the Privy Council impliedly, that the proclamation of martial law by an executive authority is sufficient to prevent the courts from inquiring whether that proclamation is really justified by the facts. This would enable the Executive, in any part of the realm, by alleging military necessity, to disregard the law altogether. It recalls the arguments put forward by the lawyers and judges of Charles I. in Darnel's case, where it was held that a *habeas corpus* would not lie for a subject committed and imprisoned by command of the King or the Privy Council where this was the cause returned by the gaoler of the prisoner, on the ground that they could not inquire into it, or in the great Ship-money case, where it was urged and held that the Crown had a prerogative right to levy ship-money where this was necessary for the safety and honour of the kingdom, then actually at war, to avert imminent danger, and that the King was the sole judge of the danger and necessity. It is hardly necessary to recall that these contentions and judgments were invalidated by the Petition of Right. But it is now common knowledge, from its repeated statement in our Courts and in Parliament, that the proclamation of martial law by an executive officer does not create a different kind of law to what existed before, nor does it give the Crown and its officers any greater rights over the subject. It is at most a warning that the exercise of force will be resorted to by executive officers for the preservation of order. Acts done under it beyond the law can only be justified by proof of imminent danger and necessity, and are invariably given statutory sanction by subsequent Acts of indemnity, and even this protection only extends to acts done reasonably and in good faith of their absolute necessity.

On previous occasions of rebellion in a colony or in Great Britain the Courts have not felt obliged by the existence of an actual state of war within their jurisdiction to hold that it was their duty to refuse to exercise their jurisdiction, for the phrase "a state of war" may mean anything from a general disturbance of order to a mere local disorder; and in principle, it would seem, there can be no difference between civil war and foreign invasion in this respect. Wolfe Tone's case in 1798, during the Irish rebellion, has always been regarded as establishing beyond question the rule of our law, stated by Lord Chief Justice Hale, that "regularly when the King's Courts are open, it is time of peace in judgment of law," and the ordinary tribunals continue to exercise their jurisdiction. The Irish Court of King's Bench there granted a *habeas corpus* for Tone, one of the rebels, who had been taken prisoner on board a French ship, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death, on the ground that it was the supreme criminal court of the land. The "time of war" in law has been said to be "*quando Hannibal ad portas*, when the courts of justice are shut, when the King in person takes the field, and when property ceaseth." No Court has previously acquiesced in British territory being subjected to purely military jurisdiction as if it were in a hostile country.

The position is perhaps more forcibly brought home to ourselves when it is remembered that the petition in this case was equivalent to a demand of a writ of *habeas corpus* under our law. Whether that right exists under that name or not at the Cape, a recent example has been given by the Supreme Court of the Colony of its power to exercise jurisdiction for the same purpose in a case of arrest and imprisonment of a person by order of the Executive without warrant, without any charge being brought against him, and without his being brought before any court, in a territory where a complete criminal code and system of jurisprudence was in force. If any other proof of this power were required it will be found in the fact that until 1862 an English superior Court could and did grant and issue a writ of *habeas corpus* to any part of the dominions of the Crown of England, including the self-governing Colonies—*e.g.*, Canada in 1861; and the High Court can do so still except as regards colonies and dominions of the Crown in which there is "lawfully established a court of justice having authority to grant the writ and issue it and ensure its due execution throughout its jurisdiction," with regard to which its power has passed to the Colonial Courts. In our law it is recognised that the writ though "of right" is not "as of course," and that the Court asked to grant it must be shown good cause for so doing. It has been said that "an overruling necessity to which all other considerations must give way" will justify its refusal—*e.g.*, "in the case of a lunatic or a person with an infectious disorder, but that there is a great difference between such a case and one which will be attended with general inconvenient consequences." There is also precedent for the Courts refusing the writ where a person is charged with an offence against the law, though he is in military custody without a warrant, if he is to be transferred to civil custody and detained for the purpose of a civil trial. The Court in the present case might well have based its refusal on such a ground as this, justifiable by precedent, and not open to the constitutional objection of departure from ordinary procedure under circumstances of great though certainly not unprecedented difficulty. It must be remembered, however, that the decisions of the Privy Council do not bind the Courts of the United Kingdom; and it is to be hoped that further consideration will at any rate restrict to the narrowest limits the theory that a "state of war" raging within the realm will be allowed by the judiciary to excuse executive officers in taking steps unwarranted by law under the vague plea of military necessity.

THE REAL ERASMUS*

THE spirit of impertinent curiosity which we all inherit in some degree from our humbler ancestors manifests itself remarkably in civilised man in his desire to read other people's letters, especially such as were not written for his eye. We should like to know what our neighbours say when we are not listening; but as that is impossible, the next best thing is to read what they write when we are not looking. The most interesting pages of every memoir are those which present to us the hero's letters; we may not care much what his biographer says about him, but we enjoy the self-revelations of his intimate correspondence. And so the letters of Erasmus, like the letters of every great man, have been read and re-read with eager attention by multitudes who

* THE EPISTLES OF ERASMUS. By F. M. Nichols. Longmans. 18s. net.

cared little for his philosophy or his learning. There is, indeed, plenty of material. In Mr. Nichols' exhaustive edition 723 letters are tabulated, and his list only brings us as far as 1517, when Erasmus had still nineteen years of letter writing before him. "As a writer of Epistles, I may perhaps have seemed to have some slight capacity" was certainly not an extravagant boast. If one could believe Erasmus when he tells us that he did not write originally with a view to publication, and that his letters are simply the transcript of his daily moods, one would feel that here indeed are invaluable materials for the study of a soul. But it is hard to doubt that Erasmus too often writes with an eye to the public.

He knew his own superiorty to the men with whom he associated, and he was well aware that his letters were regarded as literary treasures. The affectation of not desiring them to be published is as transparent as the pretence he made of despising his doctor's degree, when for years he had been moving heaven and earth to get to Italy for the purpose of securing it. No, we do not see Erasmus in *déshabille* in his letters. He is generally dressed for the stage. "The reputation of the author is apt to suffer, because most people form an estimate of the whole character of the man from some single letter, whereas we sometimes write after taking a glass of wine, sometimes when sleepy, occasionally when wearied out, or even sick, or attending to some other matter, sometimes when not in the humour: and we frequently adapt our language to the capacity or judgment of the person to whom we are writing." This is politely to deprecate criticism, such as the published letters of Erasmus need not fear, as he knew very well.

But, although you rise from his letters with an uncomfortable feeling that the man is laughing at you, it is hard to distrust the general impression as to his character which they leave on the mind. Mr. Nichols' learned labours have made it possible for us to read the Epistles in chronological order, and for this reason, as for many others, his admirable edition will be indispensable to future students. And we feel that Mr. Nichols is quite justified in his cautiously expressed suspicion that his full presentation of the documents will not tend to enhance Erasmus' reputation as a man. This is not due to any publication of material which Erasmus would have concealed. Mr. Nichols would agree with his author about such literary malpractice: "If we allow it to be only a light offence to break open a man's desk and purloin papers which he wished to hide, does it seem a trifling crime to publish to the author's discredit, defaced with unskilful patches, works which he never meant to publish at all? . . . Yet those who do the one are sent to the gallows, and the other people are called literary men." But Mr. Nichols has only reprinted what has been long since given to the public (with the exception of one letter, No. 175); and it is by his more careful arrangement of the Epistles and by his scholarly notes that he is able to throw new light on his author.

Mr. Nichols' volume only deals, as we have said, with the *Lehrjahre* and *Wanderjahre* of Erasmus. The story of his editions of the Greek Testament and of the remarkable part which he played in the early days of the Reformation has yet to be told. Mr. Nichols fixes 1466 as the date of his birth, and disposes finally (let us hope) of the popular idea that Erasmus, like Desiderius, was a name invented by himself and intended to represent the meaning of the Dutch *Gerard*. The fact is that the boy was called after a forgotten saint, whose cult in the Middle Ages was pretty widely spread. There is a Chapel of St. Erasmus, if we mistake not, in Chester Cathedral as well as in Westminster Abbey. If the juvenile letters written to his friend Servatius be anything more than school exercises in composition, the young scholar must have been a good deal more of a prig than he became in later years. Indeed, a little priggishness when he was living in Paris would not have been unbecoming the Augustinian order to which he belonged. But the interesting period in the correspondence begins when Erasmus leaves the convent and has to shift for himself. One does not know whether to be more astonished at his industry and his whole-hearted devotion to learning, or at the vanity of the man and his unsurpassed audacity as a beggar. It all hangs together, nevertheless. Erasmus determined first, and above all, to be a scholar. He could have secured ease and high station more than once, but it would have been by sacrificing the independence which was essential to the prosecution of his studies; and so he put such ambitions far from him. Then he did not really care about money for its own sake. He desired to live comfortably if possible, and he was not insensible to the pleasures of a good dinner. (Was it not another great scholar, Dr. Hort, who said that the man who professed not to care what he eat, was either a liar or a fool?) But if comfort was to interfere with liberty, comfort must go. More than once he wrote that he would willingly pledge his clothes to get books. "If there is any fresh Greek to be bought, I had rather pawn my coat than not get it; especially if it is something Christian, as the Psalms in Greek or the Gospels." In this he was quite sincere; but he would rather *not* pawn his coat if he could help it, and he is not slow to press his necessities on the attention of his patrons, Archbishop Warham, the Bishop of Cambrai, and the rest. Indeed, he becomes shameless when he begs his friend Batt to plead his cause with the Lady of Veer, one of the most generous of his helpers. "You will point out how much more credit I shall do her by my learning than the other divines whom she maintains. They preach obscure sermons; I write what will live for ever; they, with their ignorant rubbish, are heard in one or two churches; my books will be read in every country in the world; such unlearned divines abound everywhere; men like me are scarcely found in many centuries, unless, perhaps, you are too scrupulous to tell a few fibs for a friend. . . . You can say that I am the one person, who, if she compares me with the rest, etc., etc. You know your old way of lying profusely in praise of your Erasmus." One would think that this letter, at least, was not intended for publication, and yet it is printed in the *Farrago*, brought out with Erasmus' own sanction and supervision in 1519. There is not much in this of the "virgin modesty proper to letters" of which he speaks elsewhere. And in the next letter we find him loud in abuse of his good friend Batt for not having succeeded in getting the money out of the lady! He was a prodigy of learning and of industry, but one can never quite forget that Erasmus was not a gentleman.

"The Letters," says Mr. Nichols, do not "give the impression of a scrupulous observance of truth in the minor matters of life." That is a hard judgment, and we do not know that we should like to state it quite so baldly. Mr. Nichols, indeed, qualifies it by pointing out that in great matters Erasmus could never be bought; but we do not think that worse can be laid to his charge in the matter of truthfulness than his tendency to write picturesquely and with an eye to effect. Like Sir Walter Scott, he could not bear to send a good story naked into the world without a hat and stick; and for this reason one is sceptical as to the historical authenticity of some of his recorded adventures in taverns and on the highway. But Erasmus sought truth all his life in great matters; the seeking of it was the master passion which governed every decision of his career. When found, it did not present itself to him as of such supreme importance as when it was eluding his grasp but that is the way with many scholars. And, again, it would be, we believe, to misinterpret Erasmus to suppose that he was not thoroughly sincere in his endeavour to get at the heart of things. He hated cant and imposture of every kind, and his indiscreet tongue said many savage things about the ecclesiastical charlatans who were to be found in his day, as in our own; but he recognised sincerity and truth when he met it. What is even more to the purpose, men like Colet and More admitted him to their intimacy. It is impossible to believe that their friend was insincere,

although he had his little affectations of style and speech, and was not above writing a blarneying letter when he wanted to get money out of his wealthy associates. In fine, Erasmus, as revealed in his letters, commands our admiration for his singleness of purpose and enthusiasm for truth, but he falls something short of the highest type. He was not of the stuff of which heroes are made. For one thing, he never cared as much for men as he did for books; for another, he was timid, both physically and morally, and so he failed to be, as he might have been, the prophet of the Renaissance. But his was the most subtle mind of his age; and, as Mr. Froude bids us remember, we shall perhaps best see the age as it was if we look at it through his eyes.

THE SPIRIT-WRESTLERS

AMONG the minor Russian sects which, unlike the Sacerdotal Dissenters already described in these columns, are quite out of touch with the Orthodox Church, and, indeed, have nothing in common with her, the most remarkable, and also the most respectable, are the "Spirit-Wrestlers," * with their offshoot, the "Milkists,"† who have recently acquired an adventitious importance owing to Count Tolstoi's chivalrous championship of their hopeless cause.

The "Spirit-Wrestlers" are generally supposed to be of Quaker origin. They first appeared, between 1740 and 1750, in the village of Okhoch, in the Government of Kharkov, and their doctrines were developed and systematised by one Kolesnikov, who resided in the Government of Ekaterinoslav (1750-1775), and was evidently well acquainted with the writings of Eckarthausen and St. Marten. Under Kolesnikov's successors Ilarion Pobirokhui, a small squire, and Kaprestui, a retired non-commissioned officer, the sect spread into Tambov and other governments, and by 1826 numbered some twenty-seven thousand adherents. The "Spirit-Wrestlers" were peaceful and law abiding enough, but the eccentric opinions of the new sect alarmed the sensitive orthodoxy of the Russian Church, and, from the first, it was exposed to almost incessant persecution, especially in 1793-4 and 1797-1800, although for safety's sake it outwardly conformed, for a time, to the State religion. Yet the reports sent to the Government concerning its general behaviour were invariably favourable. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the bulk of the sect was transported to the Melitopolsky district of the Tauridian Government and settled on the banks of the Molochnaya, where, as seventy-nine thousand acres of the best land were placed at its disposal, its lot may be said to have improved. The "Spirit-Wrestlers" also learned many useful arts from the neighbouring colonies of the Menonites, and their agricultural system soon became one of the best in Russia. But the Government could not leave them alone. Fresh persecutions began in 1819, and in 1837 they were transported into the Trans-Caucasian region, whence, in our own days, as we know, they have also been driven.

Our information about the "Spirit-Wrestlers," despite the interesting description of them given by Haxthausen, who visited the remnant of their Crimean colony in 1843, and despite O. Novitsky's monograph on the subject, ‡ is unsatisfactory, and often contradictory. Especially to be avoided are the accounts of them by enthusiastic partisans. They have no written confession of faith, indeed there are few among them who can read and write at all, so that what they actually believe can only be gathered from the sayings or oral teachings of their elders. According to them the memory of man corresponds to God the Father, his reason to God the Son, and his will to God the Holy Spirit. Again, the Father is Life, the Son is Light, and the Holy Spirit is Peace. Moreover, the Father is Height, the Son is Breadth, and the Holy Ghost is Depth. The human soul, according to the teaching of the "Spirit-Wrestlers," existed before the creation of the world; first fell with the fallen angels, and was then banished to earth and enveloped in flesh as a punishment. After death the soul of a righteous man passes into the body of a living saint or newborn child, while the soul of an unrighteous person enters the body of a beast. Heaven and hell are to be understood spiritually. There are seven heavens, viz., Peace, Understanding, Continence, Benevolence, Long-suffering, Conscience, and Charity. The only difference between the present and a future life is that in the latter there will be no sin. There will be no resurrection, and what is called the end of the world will be simply the extirpation of sinners. Jesus Christ, according to the "Spirit-Wrestlers" was simply a man in whom the divine understanding was extraordinarily developed, and His soul was as liable to transmigration as are the souls of ordinary men, and certainly was incarnate in both Kolesnikov and Kaprestui, the founders of the "Spirit-Wrestlers." He originally became flesh to give us an example of patient suffering. But His whole life on earth is to be understood spiritually. They admit that the Bible is the gift of God, but practically apply only "the profitable portions" of it, and explain the remainder symbolically. They attach far more importance to their "Living Book,"* that is to say, the unwritten oral traditions obtaining among them which are handed down from father to son, together with the hymns in use among them, many of which are paraphrases of the Psalms. The only descendants of the Apostles they recognise are the pure in mind and body, the gentle, the peaceable, and the humble. The principal sacraments and ecclesiastical customs are explained away. Thus the Eucharist is the receiving into oneself of God's word; matrimony depends for its validity on the simple consent of the contracting parties; fasting is abstinence from evil thoughts and deeds.

The Milkists † are an offshoot of the "Spirit-Wrestlers." The founder of the sect was the peasant Semen Uklin, an itinerant tailor of Tambov, who, in the course of his wanderings, made the acquaintance of one of the leaders of the "Spirit-Wrestlers," Pobirokhui, and married his daughter. They parted after five years because Uklin would not agree that internal illumination was the only source of religious truth. Like the "Spirit-Wrestlers," the Milkists utterly reject the teaching of the Orthodox Church, but they differ from the "Spirit-Wrestlers" in maintaining that Holy Scripture is the fountain of all divine doctrine, although many of them regard the Old Testament as of higher authority than the New. They teach, *inter alia*, that outside the Bible there is no religious truth; that the Church founded by Christ only lasted till the fourth century, and was then corrupted by the fathers and the councils; that they themselves have restored the Church to its original purity, and are the only Biblical Christians; that Christ is the one high priest, and that all the brethren are equal in grace; that God is a Spirit in three persons, but that the Son and the Holy Ghost, although consubstantial with the Father, are not coequal with Him as touching His Godhead; that Christ did indeed become incarnate, but that the flesh he took upon him was the same as that assumed by the angel Raphael when he accompanied Tobit; that Christ

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* Dukhobortsui. † Molokane.

‡ "Dukhobortsui." Second ed. 1882. Most of the documents relating to them are preserved in the archives of the Russian Ministry of the Interior, and still await an editor.

* Zhivotnaya Kniga.

† Molokane, so called by the orthodox, because they drink milk during the great fast. They themselves explain the term as meaning that they alone possess the pure milk of the Word. They call themselves "Spiritual Christians."

did not die as men die, but in a manner peculiar to Himself.

In its later developments this sect has shown a tendency towards mysticism apparently contradictory to its originally rationalistic principles. One of Uklin's successors, on returning from Persia, began preaching the second advent of the Saviour, who would gather together the faithful (*i.e.*, the Milkists) from all parts of the world, and lead them into a land flowing with milk and honey near Mount Ararat. Between 1833 and 1866 a whole series of false Christs and false prophets appeared among them, undertaking to ascend up to heaven on a certain day, and persuading many of their adherents to fling themselves off mountain tops in the expectation of being miraculously supported in the air. These extravagances have, at least, had the good effect of bringing a portion of the Milkists nearer to the Orthodox Church, notably those generally known as "The Sect of the Don,"* who freely admit the inadequacy of Uklin's spiritual interpretation of Scripture, show some traces of an ordained priesthood, anoint the sick and dying, and copy in their Communion office the eucharistic ritual of the Orthodox Church. They are also looked upon more indulgently by the Russian Government because, unlike the other Milkist sects, they pray for the Czar, submit to civil authority, recognise oaths, and do not refuse to submit to military service.

The great majority of the Milkists, however, have split up into a baffling quantity of sects, some with judaical and some with communistic tendencies, while others, again, closely resemble the Hampshire "Jumpers" and "Shakers." The chief of the judaical sects are the "Sabbatarians," and the "Sundayarians,"† if the term may pass. The Sabbatarians were founded by Semen Dalmatov. They abstain from all the food prohibited by the Mosaical law, and some of their extremists, led by Sudukov, a peasant of Dubovka, openly proclaimed that the Christian dispensation was inferior to the Jewish, that Moses was greater than Christ, and that Saturday, not Sunday, was the holy day of the week. The Milkists of Saratov refused to go so far as this, and were therefore dubbed "Sundayarians." The Communists, as the name implies, have ‡ all things in common, yet, strange to say, this is the only Milkist sect which does not allow an absolutely free interpretation of Scripture—individuals must submit their private interpretations to a Sud'ya, or court of twelve presbyters, for examination and correction. The Community of Jumpers was founded in the thirties by Lukian Petrov, one of the Milkist false Christs, a shameless trickster, who gained an extraordinary influence by pretending to raise young women from the dead, and introduced leaping and jumping into the Milkist ritual. This stimulating practice was still further developed and systematised by one of his followers, Maksim Rudometnik, called also "The Gnat," from his extraordinary agility in these religious exercises. This ritual leaping and dancing was only practised, however, on great occasions and according to carefully prescribed formulæ, and was accompanied by prayers and the singing of hymns. In 1857 Rudometnik took a further step by proclaiming himself "Tsar of the Spiritual Christians." On this occasion he was solemnly crowned, and thenceforth went about in a distinctive costume, adorned with a sort of epaulets, on which were inscribed the letters Ts. and D.§ He was ultimately seized and banished to Solovki, on the White Sea; but other "Tsars" quickly sprang up in his place, who have given the Russian Government some little trouble, though they have never been very dangerous. R. NISBET BAIN

* Donskoi Talk." They call themselves "Evangelical Christians."

† Voskresniki.

‡ A tenth part of every man's possessions is now the general rule.

§ The initials of the words Tsar Dukhovnikh, "Tsar, or King of the Spiritual Ones."

MINOR TRAGEDIES

OBADIAHS

THERE is an intimate pleasure in recalling the long manuscript curse that Mr. Shandy (to save himself from profaner swearing) kept upon his mantelpiece in readiness for Obadiah's bungles. And how we sympathise with him when we remember the awful knots that Obadiah made in the crucial green baize bag and all that came of them. But that was a single catastrophe. We have an even warmer fellow-feeling with Mr. Shandy in the Obadiah doings of every day.

"When my father received the letter which brought him the melancholy account of my brother Bobby's death, he was busy calculating the expense of his riding post from Calais to Paris, and so on to Lyons. 'Twas a most inauspicious journey, my father having had every foot of it to travel over again, and his calculation to begin afresh, when he had almost got to the end of it, by Obadiah's opening the door to acquaint him the family was out of yeast, and to ask whether he might not take the great coach-horse early in the morning and ride in search of some. 'With all my heart, Obadiah,' said my father, pursuing his journey; 'take the coach-horse and welcome.' 'But he wants a shoe, poor creature,' said Obadiah. . . . 'Then ride the Scotch horse,' quoth my father, hastily. 'He cannot bear a saddle upon his back,' quoth Obadiah, 'for the whole world.' 'The devil's in that horse; then take Patriot,' cried my father, and shut the door. 'Patriot is sold!' said Obadiah. 'Here's for you,' cried my father, making a pause, and looking in my Uncle Toby's face as if the thing had not been a matter of fact. 'Your Worship ordered me to sell him last April,' said Obadiah. 'Then go on foot for your pains,' cried my father. 'I had much rather walk than ride,' said Obadiah,' shutting the door. 'What plagues!' cried my father, going on with his calculation. 'But the waters are out,' said Obadiah, opening the door again; on which (and who can blame him?). Mr. Shandy let go his compasses, or rather, with a mixed motion betwixt accident and anger, he threw them upon the table."

We have many of us nourished an Obadiah in our bosoms, and there is not one among us who would not be thankful to have within reach Mr. Shandy's curse. But there are several varieties of Obadiah; it would, indeed, be hard work to enumerate them precisely. Roughly speaking and for common use they may be divided into about four sorts. One can count, for instance, the Untrained Oaf; the Trained Oaf; the Job-servant; the Servants that are no servants.

The Untrained Oaf is usually an orphan. She often comes from a Home and you have probably taken an interest in her since she was eight. She begins by being a dear, human, more or less pretty little girl. But there dawns a day when change invades her; when she becomes strange, shapeless, undecipherable. Whatever philanthropic pains you take, her clothes assume oafish proportions. Christian charity itself could not truthfully say she was attractive. It is at this moment that you take her to your hearth to be trained as a servant. Destruction follows in her wake; Sennacherib was nothing to her. Tea-cups break and lamps smash after her as naturally as flowers blow in the spring. "Things break in her hand," she tells you, with all the calm of predestination. Those hands in which things break spontaneously are the curse of the Untrained Oaf. She has arts, too—black arts they might be called—unknown to the majority. She knows how to spoil new boots with blacking and how to convey it to her forehead whilst she is peeling the potatoes. She has indeed a fatal passion for blacking, and has been known to flavour the soup with it. When she smashes the Sèvres tureen she says "she is very unfortunate," and weeps; and so she does when she suffers from drinking your gargle instead of the quinine that you put out for her, on which she tells you "she

feels that bad that she knows she has lost her health." She seems to be ever on the look out for catastrophes, for she starts when you address her unexpectedly. Her life passes between Scylla and Charybdis, cook and housemaid, and the worst of her is that when you want to be sorry for her you can't. Her very weeping is prevented from being pathetic by the heavy snuffling which accompanies it. She can exist in very humble life. I can recall one of her kind in Whitechapel—Briseïs de Courcy by name—who received a confirmation-notice from her parish. Her mistress, a kind-hearted Jewess in plush, came to the district-visitor. "Oh, Miss," she said, "I do beseech you not to send Bryce any more of them papers. She's got it into her head that you want to make a lady of her, and it's that dreadful that she's been and put all my best knives and forks in the oven and baked them instead of the pie." How little can we forecast the effect of anything, spiritual or temporal, on the gap where the poor Oaf's mind ought to be! It must be added that she is not confined to her own sex. The male Oaf has always been there, probably since the days of Villeins. None has understood him better than Goldsmith, and Diggory is a classic. So, probably, is the stable-boy whom the country vicar had in to wait when he had guests, and who (being bidden to reserve the good wine for the few and give the rest a cheaper liquor) went round the table saying, "Sherry or inferior sherry, sir?"

About the Trained Oaf there is not much to be said. She has been trained in her particular duties, and within those confines she can be trusted; but, once outside them, she commits the queerest vagaries. She is, as a rule, a housemaid, but her mistress asks her to help wait at a dinner party. The host aspires to a literary career and has invited an important editor whom he is anxious to cajole. At the moment when the great man has all but asked for an article on "C.I.V.'s and Socialism" the Trained Oaf's boots creak and she deposits the whole of the mint-sauce on the editor's lap. It falls upon anything but the lamb for which it was destined. "I should never 'ave done it at my own work," says the Oaf with pride next day. I knew one such who could not understand the plainest injunction and yet had a strange taste for the novels of Meredith. "Rhoda Fleming," "Evan Harrington," "Richard Feverel," used, in turn, to disappear from my shelves. I never discovered why she read them. Perhaps she was a genius of the simpleton sort and I had all this time been harbouring a relation of Betty Foy.

The Job-servant belongs to a different category; she does unnecessary things. When she is a parlour-maid she arranges the napkins as fans and cockle-shells and calls them serviettes. She knocks at the drawing-room door and addresses you as Madame. When she is a cook she tells you that your kitchen is the most uncomfortable she has known, and that if you ever want to dine properly again you must reconstruct your kitchen-range and buy half a dozen new frying-pans. You engage her for the summer (you probably have a house in Surrey), and she "would never have come had she known you was that far out." You ask whether she likes the country. She does, she says, "but she has been used to another kind; *she* has always been accustomed to Dover." You point out that your neighbourhood is pretty. "Yes," she replies, "but it's different from Dover; there's shops at Dover." Thenceforward, whatever goes wrong in the kitchen, or her health, you find yourself confronted by Dover. Her legs of mutton grow more and more depressed, and she hangs her rice-puddings upon a willow-tree. Our hearts rise when the summer is over and she returns to Dover at last. There is another kind of job-cook, more exhilarating and more disastrous. She is a treasure; nothing comes amiss to her; she makes *entrées* out of nothing and bakes plum-cakes on a spirit lamp; she puts her hand to housework; she spends nothing, and you wonder why nobody has made her their own—till one fine night when you have to help her up to bed. Every silver lining has a cloud.

Servants that are no servants are a higher theme. They represent a hierarchy—a limited hierarchy, consisting only of Chefs, Coachmen, and Butlers. Lord Beaconsfield alone could do justice to the Chef. Who else could have drawn for us Papa Prévost, who caught a cold when the *entrées* went wrong? He had "the grand air of the Imperial Kitchen." "Had it not been for Waterloo," he said, "I should have had the cross; but the Bourbons and the cooks of the Empire never could understand one another." Characters so superb as these are only tragedies to themselves. Their sorrow is that of the artist, who despairs of the work which is enjoyed by others. The tyrant coachman is a much pettier creature. Who that has possessed a barouche, or sat in the parental brougham, has not known his blighting despotism, the scourge of youth? Who has not had to leave a charming party, even a ball, because "James and the horses must not be kept waiting?" And who can tell what young loves, what budding romances, have not been cut short by his untimely agency? "I don't hold with all them *pros* and *cons*," he says when he has been to and fro rather more than usual. He indulges his own egoism under cover of kindness to animals, and retires to an endless old age on a pension which would keep two curates.

The Coachman is plain-sailing; the Butler is a mystery. He is the Rhadamanthus of respectability, and stands on the threshold of the house to judge him that cometh in and him that goeth out. He can make the comfort or the misery of your guests, and of yourself too. For woe to him who has fallen under the ban of his disapproval. It is not virtue he demands so much as respectability; he does not love, nor does he court any warmer feeling than that which you might safely nourish for the Bank of England. Yet awful though he be, he can indulge in simple joys. I can recall the sight of one of these splendid creatures sharing with the footman, on the back-stairs, the poached egg that came down from the dining-room breakfast; and the hysterics of the cook at "Mr. Goodford's hurting conduct towards my flavouring in refusing a third 'elping of pork." The History of his Evolution, from Pharaoh's Chief Butler to Dickens's Littimer and "the Analytical Chemist," remains to be written. To many it may seem overstrained to count these kingly characters among the minor tragedies of existence; but those who have dwelt beneath the shadow of their etiquette will understand. They will know what it is to live day by day with one who reads your post-cards, who knows (you know not how) every secret of yourself and your family. They will grasp, as none other can, how hard it is to shake off his yoke.

We have wandered far from Mr. Shandy and the Scotch horse, and yet not so far neither. There are Obadiahs and Obadiahs, and domestic peace can be disturbed in more ways than one. EPSILON

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LAST winter saw a determined effort to free the rising generation from the tedious thraldom of what is nowadays called Pantomime. The unrivalled Miss Ellaline Terriss and her companions with *Alice in Wonderland*, and an excellent all-round cast with *Struwelpeter*, provided two entertainments which really amused children, while the former piece was in addition pretty and fanciful. Evidently the experiment met with the success it deserved, for this year *Struwelpeter* is again performed (though by different actors), and Miss Terriss appears in a new fairy tale. Nor is this all, for two or three other theatres are following the same policy of providing fare really suitable for children. To say this is not to depreciate the glories of Drury Lane, it is only to say that they are fitted for other ages than those of the schoolroom and

nursery. The reason why *The Swineherd and the Princess* is excellent for the little ones is that (spite of the story being altered from tragedy to comedy) the simple spirit of Hans Andersen is preserved ; there is no editing by music hall celebrities, whose peculiar humour does not match with fairy tales.

Bluebell is a London flower-girl of the well-marked Dickens type, a model for all around. She has two little sisters whom she keeps in food and the necessaries of life, including the most immaculate nightgowns. She reads them to sleep with fairy stories, and one night drops off to sleep herself while doing so, and dreams and dreams. She finds herself in fairyland, with the task before her of finding a certain King who was put to sleep by enchantment three hundred years ago and is still snoring. Of course, she succeeds, Miss Ellaline Terriss always does succeed, but she goes through many surprising adventures first, and when at length she discovers the poor old man (with yards of white beard and an air of age that make Rip Van Winkle himself look a mere boy by comparison), we all feel she is sure to get some great reward. And so she does, for directly he reaches the palace he becomes young again—just where he left off three hundred years ago —and offers to make her queen of all the land. But Bluebell has promised to marry a street boy down away in London town, and though the King is curiously like that same street boy she will have nothing to say to him, because she is faithful to her love. And then the dream ends, as end dreams will, and she is again in her garret with the half-hearted dawn feebly seeking entrance through the window. But though there is no more fairyland, and though the King who was so like Dick has vanished for ever, yet are there good things in store. A rich old gentleman takes her, and her mites of sisters, and Dick, and the cat, all off to his grand house to live with him, and ——. Well, of course there can't be any more after that, so let us also go to bed and invoke dreams.

A capital piece for children, and if we elders find the one great weakness of Dickens rather obtrusive they will not. Miss Terriss is an ideal Bluebell, sweet and bright and simple—a most unstagey representation. Mr. Seymour Hicks is clever, as always, but the exceeding realism of his dirty rags is a mistake. There should be a consistency in these things. Realism may properly be brought into contact with romance and poetry, as witness Peter Quince and his company of comedians, but then all the realistic folk must be equally realistic. You cannot have Bottom, a hard-handed workman, stained with the grime of toil, and his companions idealised persons spic and span as a Gaiety chorus. But this is just what Mr. Hicks does. He gives us a street arab of the gutterest variety, a lad tattered and torn beyond power of needle and thread and dreadfully dirty (except his face and hands) and alongside this scarecrow is a crowd of other street boys and girls beautifully clean. All are idealised except this one. No doubt Mr. Hicks thus finds his opportunity for a clever and observant bit of character acting, but he is quite out of the picture. He is not of the same race as the youngsters who gather round him in the Strand. He is real life, they are stage life. These two leaders are well supported by their followers, small and big.

At the Royalty advantage is taken of the absence of Mrs. Patrick Campbell to produce a real old-fashioned fairy story, the well-known *Swineherd* of Hans Andersen ; but, as has already been mentioned, the unhappy ending is altered, and instead of the Princess reaping the strictly copy-book harvest of her naughtinesses she is allowed to marry the disguised Prince. It would never have done to send the little ones weeping to their beds. This concession to sentiment apart, the story is very well transplanted. The authors have left us Hans Andersen. This could not have been altogether easy, for the amplification of such a sketch into a three-act play presents many stumbling-blocks. They are ably assisted by Mr. Carl St. Amory, who furnishes some tuneful numbers which catch the ear and refuse to be dismissed. As the King, a fairy tale King if ever there was one, that most promising young actor, Mr. R. C. Herz, is once again successful. His humour is a bit crude, it requires what Mr. Wegg would have called " mellering," but it is there—which is the great point. He thinks out his character, and makes up his mind what is to be done with it. The manner of singing the hunting song is a particularly good instance of this, a quaint effect produced with an apparent absence of effort. Miss Decima Moore is a charming Prince, dainty as Dresden China, and is invaluable in her songs. Miss Phyllis Broughton proves that she has not forgotten how to dance, and Mr. Nye Chart gets some fun out of the Major Domo. This is a piece that certainly ought to be seen.

Next week there will be more children's plays to write about, including the evergreen *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, so this is a good opportunity for a few words on a very amusing trifle to which I have not yet referred. The world of playgoers is crowding in to see *Sherlock Holmes* at the Lyceum ; they ought to cross the street the next night and see the burlesque on it at Terry's. As to which of the two they will find the more humorous, no opinion can be offered — that is matter of individual temperament—but they cannot fail to be delighted with the admirable performance of Mr. Clarence Blakiston. Since the late Mr. Royce reproduced Sir Henry Irving as the brothers dei Franchi nothing so good has been seen. I say " reproduced" advisedly, for that is the test of imitation. Hundreds of men possess sufficient mimetic power to hit off a few salient mannerisms, but he who can reproduce appearance, voice, gesture, and manner, applying them to the matter in hand as his original would apply them, in short, becoming his original for the moment, he is the real imitator. Horace Smith in literature showed the world just what Sir Walter Scott might have written had a London fire been his theme, and Mr. Royce could certainly have shown us how Sir Henry Irving would have played Cassius or Manfred. Mr. Blakiston has not the same opportunities, because Mr. Gillette is one of those severely restrained actors who get their effects by repose and absence of emotion, but it would be difficult to imagine a better duplicate. Excellent fooling without a trace of ill-nature. The little skit is full of good things, the deductions of the great detective furnishing material for many an obvious, but not the less hearty, roar of laughter. The heroine is made more of than in the drama at the Lyceum, and, without being a particularly close imitation, is a vastly clever bit of burlesque. It has always seemed to me a pity that this style of piece is not more frequently attempted in England. No harm is done to anyone by good-tempered joking, and assuredly a Sheerluck Jones contains more genuine fun than the stock hero of farcical comedy.

W. HUGHES HALLETT

COMMENTS BY THE WAY

WHO is " Fairness " ? He or she (for I cannot be sure even of the sex) writes to rebuke me for my recent observations on matters episcopal.

" Who do they do good to ? " asks " Fairness."

" 'Think of who ?' " inquired Mrs. Squeers, who (as she often remarked) was no grammarian, thank heaven !

But, waiving these pedantries, and coming to the point at issue between my correspondent and myself, I transcribe this damning sentence :—

" Do you really in your honest moments think there is any genuine comparison between what S. Smith said of Prelates 100 years ago, and what Bishops are now doing and saying in these days ? "

In your honest moments, quotha ?

I would have " Fairness" know that all the " Bystander's" moments, both waking and sleeping, are

honest, though very likely he may be the victim of invincible ignorance or ineradicable prejudice. And, replying to what I conceive that my correspondent means, rather than to what he (or she) exactly says, I affirm that there is a "genuine comparison" to be drawn between the ways of Bishops as Sydney Smith described them and the ways of Bishops in 1901. And the comparison is wholly in favour of the modern type. The establishment of the Ecclesiastical Commission, which threw all episcopal properties into the common pot, and then dealt them out again in fixed and moderate incomes, was a signal means of grace to those whom it directly affected. In the good old days the Archbishop of Canterbury could "only be approached on gilt-edged paper;" and even the Bishop of impecunious Oxford never appeared in his Cathedral city without four horses and two powdered footmen. In a certain sense, no doubt, these splendid products of established religion conduced to social agreeableness. Like the excellent prelate described in *Friendship's Garland*, they "had thoroughly learnt the divine lesson that charity begins at home." They maintained an abundant hospitality; they celebrated the appointments of their sons to canonries by balls at the episcopal palace; they did not disdain (as we gather from the "Life of the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer") the relaxation of a rubber of whist, even on the night before an Ordination, with a candidate for a partner. They dined out, like that well-drawn bishop in "Little Dorrit," who "was crisp, fresh, cheerful, affable, bland, but so surprisingly innocent"; or like the prelate on whom Thackeray moralised: "My lord, I was pleased to see good thing after good thing disappear before you, and think that no man ever better became that rounded episcopal apron. How amiable he was! how kind! He put water into his wine. Let us respect the moderation of the Establishment."

That the curtailment of these splendours has helped to produce a better type of Bishop cannot, I think, be doubted. Dr. Liddon once directed my attention to the portrait of a remarkably bloated and sensual-looking prelate in the Hall of Christ Church, and murmured in my ear, "How singular, dear friend, to reflect that *that person* should have been chosen in the providential order to connect Mr. Keble with the Apostles"—and certainly "that person" looked remarkably unlike either end of the chain. The Bench of the present day shows no specimens of that type. Our Bishops are hard-working, abstemious, and accessible men, not justly chargeable with any graver faults than an undue subservience to secular opinion, and a panic-stricken timidity when the safety of the Establishment seems to be threatened. And, if this improvement has accompanied (or resulted from) a diminution of wealth and worldly state, it is not unreasonable to hope for even better results from further developments in the same direction. "Fairness" points out to me that the Bishops of Ripon, and Rochester, and St. Albans, live, not in palaces or castles of the old type, but in substantial and suitable "houses." This is true, and it marks a stage. The income of £5,000 a year with a comfortable house fairly typifies the Victorian or transitional idea of the episcopate. It is a long descent from £40,000 a year at Farnham or Bishop Auckland; but it is also considerably removed from the ultimate possibilities of apostolic retrenchment. "We have this treasure in earthen vessels," and, whatever be the virtues or defects of individual Bishops, the Episcopal *Charisma* itself is a "treasure," vitally necessary for the Church's work and warfare. My cry therefore is, "More Bishops," with smaller dioceses, smaller incomes, smaller houses, and no Curate-Bishops, miscalled Suffragan. Without considering our Holy Aunt, the Church of Rome (whose example should, of course, be eschewed by all good Anglicans), or the case of the Eastern Prelates (who are not married and, therefore, can manage on very little), the history of Episcopacy in Scotland, or of the Nonjurors in England, might supply abundant instances of the Episcopal Office maintained in its truest, because its most spiritual, dignity, at a very modest outlay.

Of course, the real difficulty in the way of such a reform as I desire lies in the *damnosa hereditas* of historic palaces. To sever the connexion of the See of London with the Manor of Fulham, would destroy one of the most striking illustrations of the continuity of the Church of England. And if Farnham or Bishopthorpe were in the market, it would certainly be snapped up by our Roman friends, and be made an effective base of operations in the war against Anglicanism. But could not the Church of England sell all recently acquired palaces (as was done in the case of Addington), convert the historical ones into theological colleges or homes for communities, and cover the face of the land with Bishops at a thousand a year dwelling in suitable habitations?

Perhaps it is only a dream; but let me, in justice to a friend whom I may have embarrassed, protest that the dream, such as it is, is my own. Of the ideals, hopes, and intentions of the new Bishop of Worcester I know nothing, except that, whatever form they take, they will be inspired by only one consideration—the highest efficiency of the episcopal office in the central diocese of England.

BYSTANDER

CORRESPONDENCE

PAX

(FROM OUR FRENCH CORRESPONDENT)

PARIS, *December 24th*, 1901

THE papers begin to give many signs of what doctors call a remission. Two months of continual political fever must bring that at last. The agitation was greater than ever in the beginning of last week, and spread even to the Senate, which originated no less than a mild measure towards the complete removal of the *Loi Falloux*. Twelve in a committee of fifteen unhesitatingly declare that liberty of teaching is inconsistent with democratic equality. This, of course, raised a tempest in the Catholic and Liberal Press. But whatever we are likely to see in a few weeks' time, the flash of energy from the old gentlemen and the revolt among the sheep of Ajax were of short duration. You have noticed sometimes the wild fluttering which goes on in an aviary a few minutes before sunset, to the discomfort of casual lookers-on. Suddenly a sort of dull despondency seems to come over the cage with the gathering dusk, the little prisoners ruffle their little wings at the horrible vision, and having no better course open to them, shortly after go to sleep. Politicians and journalists are wakeful animals, but when they see the approach of the "confectioners' truce," they do what their nature allows them, and go back from the pole of fury to that of childish levity. The *Univers* falls to a tone of mild banter about the most vital interests, the *Temps* welcomes light *chroniques* about shop-windows, the Deputies and Senators vouchsafe with congenital distinction that *ils s'en fichent*, and make a formidable effort towards the protraction of their holidays. Then a *fait-divers* becomes an affair of State. Public attention is rivetted on a sensational trial. The horror of a father having possibly brained his five children in the same night is half-forgotten; the reports of the case, given more amply than those of Parliament, are read from the first line to the last, a thrilling counterpart of Zola's novel *La Terre*; and the whole country, asking itself whether the judge is really not too sure that Brierre is guilty, wonders what the jury will think, and feels inclined to bet. Then there is much talk about statues, a topic not likely ever to run short in France. Three have been, or are to be, erected to three irregulars: one of civism, Bandin; one of patriotism, Heinrich Heine; one of poetry, Verlaine. The comments on the three are not of the most serious, and betray the skittish disposition of the

time. Baudin's heroic speech, "Wait a second, you will see how a man dies for twenty-five francs a day," is parodied; old Clovis Hugues, all beard and hair, a shabby, uncanny figure, pretty sure to appear on a barricade if the game came round again, says: "Just wait, you will see how Deputies refuse to vote for twenty-five francs a day." Heine's apotheosis in a Paris cemetery causes some surprise; his day is already so far back. The Parisians who write about him, a little at random, do not seem to remember that he was one of themselves—in fact, that he had the qualities or the defects most highly prized or most affected on the boulevard. Jules Lemaître puts him in an enumeration of Northern writers which looks very much like a jumble. As to Verlaine, his statue, which is only a bust, is still a thing of the future, but it would seem of the near future. The Socratic head will be seen before long—not in the Luxembourg, though it has become lately the verdant home of bronze and marble minor poets, but in some out-of-the-way square at the Batignolles. I should not like to miss the unveiling. The Decadents are not so young as they used to be, which is a catastrophe for many of them, and it would be interesting to know how many are left. One of them, M. Gustave Kahn, wrote some weeks ago an article which I long to criticise. The once familiar decadent prose is growing rare, and those reminiscences speak of a quickly-fading past.

We could hope some time ago that political peacefulness would spread on to the clerical press, an amazing prospect. At least for a fortnight we should have been in Arcadia. The *Semaine Religieuse* of Cambrai announced in effect that a note from the *Agence Havas*, professedly translated from the *Osservatore Romano*, had forbidden any further polemics between the Democrats and their opponents. On the score of this note the *Semaine* would have liked to omit a salt-and-pepper page or two in which it said for the sixtieth time what good Catholics ought to think of an abomination like the Clerical Congress at Bourges. Unfortunately, the page was printed already, and the editor declared he had no medium between abuse and a blank, but he was only too pleased to follow the Holy Father on a ground where there would be all sheep and no wolves. This mild, obedient editor is no other than the well-known Chanoine Delassus, of American fame. I suppose you have clear ideas about the very reverend gentleman. He is the man who first saw the monster *Americanism*, grappled with it, and killed it. Ever since his loins have been girdled with strength, and he is hankering after more monsters. Whenever these will not turn up he falls back on the innocent Abbé Lemire, who belongs to the same diocese as himself. If the unfortunate Deputy happens to have said anything in the Chamber, he scents out a heretical smell in his speech; if he has been silent, it is cowardice or stupidity. Do not imagine that he goes the length of the words; he is too good a Christian for that. He generally wraps his meaning in felicitous biblical or patriotic quotations. Again, do not suppose that he is a hypocrite. He is not very sportsmanlike, but he is not a hypocrite. He is only one of those good men with iron heads who mistake the letter for the spirit, and would sorrowfully but courageously burn your errors out of you. The good *chanoine* appeared greatly relieved in his latest issue. He had had the real text of the Papal note, and it only forbade insulting language *à propos* of democracy. Now insulting language he never uses; he is only firm, and the advisability of firmness in matters of faith he establishes by some strong passages of St. Paul to Timothy, and also of Saint Augustine. Having thus extricated the present situation from the false commentaries which heretical bad faith would put upon it, he proceeded to demonstrate that the Abbé Naudet, editor of the *Justice Sociale*, and the Abbé Dabry, editor of the *Voix du Siècle*, take no more heed of the Pontifical directions than if they were Turks. These two writers have said they do not wish to throw in the lot of Christian Democracy with that of M. Piou. They may not be absolutely wrong in this, seeing that M. Piou is not a Christian Democrat. They will not fail to try and prove it, and as M. Piou is a very good man, actively and successfully collecting money for the *Action Libérale*, they will evidently be thought very bad men by a great many people. They are not too much liked already by those who are not their professed friends. Cardinal Richard, for one, does not like them; he knows that M. Naudet is a possible Deputy, and his notion is that there are two priests in the Chamber, and that is two too many. Other bishops are afraid of them, because they say *such* things sometimes, and would fain forbid their priests read them. Ah! will not the *petit Jésus* to-night put finest essence of prudence in some clerical wooden shoes, of intelligence in some others, and in all a good provision of the strongest opium sweets? Even thou, indulgent reader, whom I do not forget in taking these wishes, would'st be greatly benefited by their accomplishment.

LUX IN TENEBRIS LUCET

At last! The world had waited long,
While sin and death grew proud and strong—
At last there broke the Angels' song.

As heaven with Angels' wings grew bright,
What ecstasy of pure delight
Thrilled through the silence of the night.

Some shepherds who their watch did keep
Heard this sweet song, and left their sheep
Alone upon the fellside steep.

Fear not, ye sheep; a Child is here
Who holds the meanest creatures dear;
He watches, and ye need not fear.

The shepherds come that they may view
The Babe who is their Shepherd true;
Now are they sheep and shepherds too.

The poor are first to gain His fold,
Who gentle hearts more dear doth hold
Than myrrh or frankincense or gold.

See how the oxen in their stall
Press close to Him, who is so small,
Yet is the Maker of them all.

From Him they fear no cruel blow,
The little Jesus loves them so,
And would have all men kind, they know.

As in His mother's arms He lies,
He smiles on them in sweet surprise,
Then turns His gaze on Mary's eyes.

Man's cruelty to womankind,
Contempt, oppression, passion blind,
What reparation shall they find?

The eyes of Jesus Christ are bright
With love for Mary—thus the light
Avenges all the long, sad night.

O dearest Mother, His and mine,
Ask with me of thy Child Divine
That on me, too, that light may shine.

And, e'er my wasted life be done,
And e'er my sluggard race be run,
O Mother, show to me thy Son!

S. D. Collingwood

REVIEWS

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS*

MR. HOLLAND has produced a thoughtful and helpful study of some of the great political problems for which the British race will be called upon to find a solution before the present century has run its course. While hazarding no very decided forecasts of the future, he does, it seems to us, correctly suggest the lines upon which the political organisation of the Empire is likely to proceed, and his suggestions are couched in language which is studiously moderate and free from the risk of offending the most rigid opponents of the ideas embodied in them. He commences with an accurate and lucid survey of the causes which led up to the American War of Independence, showing that the vast majority of individuals on both sides were wholly averse from the idea of a recourse to arms, and that very few persons saw whither events were tending until the two countries were on the brink of a cataclysm from which it was too late to turn back. There was a clashing of irreconcilable ideals for which, perhaps—as in a far later case—the only arbitrament was the sword. Many of the facts cited by Mr. Holland are curiously reminiscent of phases of thought and action through which the British people have been passing during the last two years. A conspiracy was suspected on either side: on the one hand, to shake off the supremacy of Great Britain altogether; on the other, to tyrannise over and reduce the colonists to a subjection unworthy of a free people. The strength of the colonists was underrated. The Whig Opposition was cut in two. Men of unquestionable honesty took diametrically opposite views. Gibbon, the historian, wrote:—

> For my own part, I am more and more convinced that we have both the right and the power on our side, and that, though the effort may be accompanied by some melancholy circumstances, we are now arrived at the decisive moment of preserving or losing for ever both our trade and empire.

Five months later John Wesley wrote to Lord North:—

> Some of our valiant officers say, "Two thousand men will clear America easily." No, nor twenty thousand, be they rebels or not, nor perhaps treble that number. They are strong, they are valiant, they are one and all enthusiasts for liberty—calm, deliberate enthusiasts. . . . But you are informed they are divided amongst themselves. So was poor Rehoboam informed concerning the ten tribes, so was Philip informed concerning the people of the Netherlands. No, they are terribly united; they think they are contending for their lives, children, and liberty.

No one to-day questions Wesley's honesty of purpose, or thinks that the preacher, who thought that the Americans were not alone to blame, was less clear-sighted than the historian who believed his country to be wholly in the right.

There are a large number of persons who profess to believe that the Home Rule question was killed along with Mr. Gladstone's Bill in 1893. That, however, is not Mr. Holland's opinion. He believes that the attempts to grant to Ireland a certain legislative independence have failed because they were conceived upon wrong lines. He points out most truly that some method will have to be found by which to escape from the congestion of business in the House of Commons. The simplest way out of the difficulty certainly appears to be a delegation of purely local business to local centres upon a federative basis. Such a course would surely be to the advantage of all parties concerned if certain preliminary obstacles could be overcome. The question is, Can they be overcome? Mr. Holland thinks that eventually they must and will be, and that the existing state of parties makes the present moment opportune for deliberating on the subject of Home Rule all round. Ireland, he says:—

> Continues to return, without change or fail, at every election a large majority of representatives pledged to support the cause of Home Rule. The desire of the people is constant; and if ever again British parties are as nearly balanced as they were in 1885, the question must return for decision. It is well that it should be coolly discussed while there is still a great Unionist majority. If, some years hence, this majority is overthrown, it may be wrongly decided amid a storm of passion.

Turning to a question only second in importance to the relations between the various portions of the United Kingdom, Mr. Holland discusses the methods by which a strengthening of the ties binding the Mother Country to the Colonies may be brought about. There can be very little doubt that the twentieth century will, as the writer remarks, "see the decision of the question whether the British Empire will break up, or whether it will live in a closer unity." On that decision depends, to all appearance, the future of Great Britain, her continuance as a world-power or her decay. Yet, in spite of the magnitude of the interests involved, no statesman has yet been able to suggest a workable arrangement which will give the great Colonies a share in the direction and control of the affairs of the Empire. At present the Colonies pay a proportion of the costs of Imperial administration and defence which is by no means commensurate with their wealth. But if they are to bear their due share of the burden, they will certainly claim proportionate representation in the body which has charge of expenditure for what may be called Imperial purposes. That body, obviously, cannot be the Parliament of the United Kingdom as at present constituted, for the one sufficient reason that a scheme cannot be devised which will place Colonial representation in such a body upon a basis satisfactory to the Colonies. The solution of the problem will possibly be found to be—

> Not a body invested with sovereign powers of legislation and taxation, but an Imperial Council acting as an intermediary between the great officers of State and each part of the Empire, conveying the wishes and opinions of the nations concerned to the Imperial Executive, and recommending, conversely, to their own Governments the measures suggested by that Executive and approved by themselves.

The knotted skein will probably unravel itself little by little and upon no exact plan, as great political and economic problems have a habit of doing. But Englishmen both at home and in the Colonies must be prepared to sacrifice some cherished traditions if they are to gain the additional strength which a closer union will bring with it.

* IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS. By Bernard Holland. Arnold. 12s. 6d. net.

ROBESPIERRE*

PLATO says that nothing great can be done without time, and we have Hegel's word for it that nothing great can be done without passion. Mr. Belloc's Robespierre satisfies one of these tests; it has passion. There is in it all the perfervid genius of the Gaul, an unabated enthusiasm for the natural beauties, the high destinies and the great traditions of France, a living faith in the revolutionary creed, save where it comes into conflict with the claims of the Catholic Church. The book is encumbered with no inanimate erudition; it is alive, vivid, eloquent, full of picturesque digression, of political aphorism, of minute and studied dramatic effects. Here and there, in spite of the author's economy of footnotes, we detect signs of careful and clever historical research. Indeed, the volume evidences so many of the finer and rarer gifts of the historian—notably the power of conveying the atmosphere of past times—that we hope great things from its gifted author. And all the more because our hopes of him are high, we shall devote the rest of this review to pointing out what we conceive to be his shortcomings. Our belief is that if Mr. Belloc can correct certain faults of method and of manner he may live to achieve great things in history.

The things lacking to him are time, self-control, a more accurate handling of facts, a greater circumspection of judgment. There is a certain wilfulness and lack of sobriety in the style, an over-fondness for symbolism, and abstract substantives, and queer words and Gallicisms; in a word, for

* ROBESPIERRE. A Study. By Hilaire Belloc. Nisbet.

violent effects. Thus Robespierre recites a panegyric "in the magnificent but fatigued presence of what held France"—in other words, of Louis XVI.; thus an escape is an "evasion," a bloodless man "an exsanguine figure," and the king's deposition "a deposal." We read of "his absolutes," meaning "his abstract principles," and of "the primaries," meaning "the primary assemblies." In one place we learn that Robespierre "exalted himself," in another that France "reseized herself," Gallicisms which Mr. Belloc would doubtless defend, but which we cannot but regard as blemishes in a style which, though sometimes overstocked with images, is for the most part pure, musical, and nervous.

The portrait of the man is excellent and sound in all the essentials. In Mr. Belloc's opening chapter we have an appreciation of Robespierre's appearance, manner, and habit of mind, which is both fine and penetrating. We confess that we should have preferred the story more simply told, and Mr. Belloc would probably have written more to our humdrum taste if he had not been so anxious to avoid dulness. On the main question of Robespierre's relation to the Terror, Mr. Belloc has, we think, followed Hamel too closely. True that after the law of 22 Prairial only one list of condemnations was signed by Robespierre. But does this prove anything? The Law of 22 Prairial was, as Mr. Belloc admits, the work of Robespierre, and, as Mr. Belloc says, "it suppressed the defence." During the thirteen months which preceded it, there were 1,220 executions; during the forty-nine days which followed, the number of victims was 1,376. This fact alone suffices to explain why the popular imagination of France fixed upon Robespierre as the author of the Terror. But it is said Robespierre abstained from signing condemnations; therefore he was not a Terrorist. To this, we would answer in the words of the accomplished scholar who writes on the Convention, in MM. Lavisse and Rambaud's "Histoire Générale": "Cette abstention peut être l'hypocrisie d'un ambitieux qui laissait à d'autres le soin de faire aller la meurtrieuse machine forgée par lui-même." Nothing, indeed, or hardly anything is known of what passed in the great Committee, but the mere fact that Robespierre allowed Danton's head to fall, argues a certain element of baseness in his composition to which, in our opinion, Mr. Belloc has not given sufficient weight.

There are certain inaccuracies of detail. Let us take, for instance, the concluding chapter on Thermidor, where everything depends upon the correctness of a number of minute touches. Mr. Belloc is deft and brilliant, but several of the tiny things are just wrong. For instance, we are told in a note that Hanriot could not have been present to ward off the crowd from the last tumbril, because he was lunching with friends in the Quartier St. Antoine, a mile off. It is true that he was not with the tumbril, and it is true that he was lunching in the Quartier St. Antoine; but the last tumbril did not leave the Palais de Justice till after 5 p.m., as we know from a letter of Dumesnils. Even Hanriot could have finished lunch by that hour. Again, we are told that Robespierre was driven to the Luxembourg in a cab with Chanrier *(sic)* and one gendarme. The man's name was Chanlaure, and he was accompanied by an usher and a gendarme named respectively Filleul and Lemoine. The man who shot Robespierre was Méda not Merda (Mr. Belloc's printer consistently gives us Herbert for Hébert), and he died of wounds received at the Moskowa, not at the Beresina. Lebas, says Mr. Belloc, was taken to La Force, and he adds a note that Madame Le Bas in her memoirs says that the prison was the Conciergerie. Are not the names inverted by mistake? We have not been able to consult Madame Lebas's memoirs, but Hamel, whose reputation for accuracy stands high, after stating that Lebas was taken to La Conciergerie adds a note to the effect that Madame Lebas says that he was taken to La Force. Again Mr. Belloc says that in the Convention on the 9th Augustin Robespierre rose to throw in his lot with his brother "shamed" by the virtue of Lebas. Surely Augustin made his exhibition of loyalty *before* Lebas? The Moniteur account is perfectly clear. As soon as Loseau has supported Louchet's motion for the accusation of Maximilian, Augustin rises and says, "I am as guilty as my brother; I share his virtues. I also demand to be arrested." Then when the arrest of the two Robespierres, of S. Just and Couthon has been decreed, Lebas rises and also demands to be arrested.

We agree with Mr. Belloc that footnotes ought to be used sparingly. But it is always well to give them when an author is drawing upon an unusual and little known source as Mr. Belloc appears to be doing on p. 322, when he tells us that the Jacobins "sang of the Republic" on the evening of the 8th when Billaud and Collot ran away. The ordinary version is that the club broke up with cries of *Vive la République, périssent les traîtres.* Such ejaculations would not be musical, though perhaps by the malevolent they might be regarded as an appropriate swan song. One other question of procedure and we have done. When a man's remarks are quoted in a book between inverted commas, we have grown to expect that the author is giving us the *ipsissima verba* or a literal translation of them. This is not Mr. Belloc's way. He gives us an artistic abridgment. We have no great complaint to make against this procedure, provided that we are warned beforehand. But it is a little dangerous. "Believe me it is not an eternal sleep. I would have it written upon all graves that they are an entry to immortality. So speaks Robespierre to the Convention in a phrase of lapidary conciseness, according to Mr. Belloc. But if Mr. Belloc is a good artist Robespierre was a bad one. He was incapable of "immortal velocity," and spoilt his finest phrases with streams of prolix conventionality. What he really said was this, "No Chaumette, no Fouché; death is not an eternal sleep. Citizens, efface from the tombs this maxim engraved by sacrilegious hands, which throws a funeral crape over nature, which discourages oppressed innocence, and insults death; rather engrave this: death is the commencement of immortality."

We trust that nothing we have said here will be regarded by Mr. Belloc in the light of a discouragement. He has attempted a difficult theme and produced a book full of talent and power. But Clio is the most austere of the Muses, and heavy are the burdens which she lays upon her votaries.

A COLONIAL HISTORY FOR SCHOOLS*

In what appertains to past history, Miss Dodd's book is a very valuable and sound piece of work. It contains a vast deal of well-condensed information as to the history not only of the British colonies, but of British India likewise. Among much that is familiar we find some pieces of information, such as the sketch of the history of the Colonial Office and its predecessors, which fill up awkward gaps in the knowledge even of some professed students of the history of the Empire. In this way the book may serve as a manual of reference as well as a schoolbook. Where it fails is where many such books do fail; there is a complete breach of continuity between past and present. Even in the past there are little omissions—the history of British Columbia might well be connected with that of Great Britain through the Nootka Sound episode of 1790, and the Jamaica rebellion of 1865 is not mentioned at all. Still such minor oversights are matters of course in a highly condensed narrative. But, though we do not want party politics in our school books, the period of South African history between the London Convention of 1884 and the outbreak of war in 1899 is not adequately disposed of by the statement that "the discovery of gold in the Transvaal, by attracting a large heterogeneous population to the district, sowed the seeds of future difficulties"; if Samoa was worth mentioning at all (which we doubt), the Anglo-German agreement should have been included; and we cannot find anything (except a summary of the Treaty of Utrecht) bearing on the French shore difficulty in Newfoundland. Again, we presume the work is likely to be used in girls' high schools and many of

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* A Short History of the English Colonies. By Agnes F. Dodd. J. M. Dent and Co. 2s. 6d.

the pupils in them are led to take a good deal of interest in mission work. Yet we find nothing about Uganda—nothing, indeed, about East or Central Africa at all. These, it may be said, are not "colonies," but that is true in different ways of India, Samoa, the Tonga Islands, and Cyprus, all of which appear in the volume. If the facts of past history are to be thus kept apart from the interests of the present, we do not see the use of loading the youthful mind with them. The fault is so common that it is worth commenting on, and Miss Dodd's book is so good in many ways that we hope to see the gap bridged somewhat better in the next edition. Meanwhile, the work of bridging it may be commended to capable teachers.

THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT*

THAT a tenth edition of Canon MacColl's "Reformation Settlement" has been called for is sufficient proof of the popularity of the work. It will be remembered that the original edition was produced in an amazingly short time, in response to the needs of the moment. Consequently, as each edition has issued from the press, Canon MacColl has taken occasion to make such corrections and additions as seemed desirable. The present edition is furnished with a new preface which contains a "Rejoinder" to a "Rejoinder" of Professor Maitland on the question of Roman Canon Law in England, a somewhat important quotation from Mr. Pollard's review of the eighth edition of the "Reformation Settlement" in the *English Historical Review*, and a discussion of "a doctrine of eschatology which has lately found its way among us from America." This doctrine, says Canon MacColl, is "that all souls who pass through life free from sin after baptism, or purged before death from all post-baptismal sin, go straight into the highest heaven, where they enjoy the Beatific Vision of the Blessed Trinity in the uncreated essence of the triple Personality. Those, on the other hand, who die in grace but unfit for the Beatific Vision, go into Purgatory, where they suffer more or less according to their sins and flaws of character, and are relieved and finally released through the suffrages of the Church on earth and the efficacy of the Eucharistic sacrifice. Those who die out of grace go straight to hell, the abode of the devil and his angels, and we are assured that this is 'the Catholic view' and is *de fide* . . . that this has always been the doctrine of the Church, East and West, including the Anglican Church, the only exception being 'a small body of men' in the present day 'who may be said to constitute a school in the Anglican Communion.'" This doctrine of eschatology is sharply criticised by Canon MacColl, his chief point of attack being the assertion that according to the Catholic teaching of East and West alike the Saints enjoy the Beatific Vision before the Last Judgment.

If Canon MacColl has rightly stated the position of his opponents, there is no doubt that they were more than rash in asserting that the doctrine of the present enjoyment of the Beatific Vision is *de fide* in the Eastern Church. Canon MacColl puts the whole case in a nutshell when he says "The Eastern Church, with the large-hearted tolerance which distinguishes it on all matters outside the decrees of the Ecumenical Councils, has made no *de fide* pronouncement on the condition of souls after death," and, again, "The Easterns do not regard their mode of stating the doctrine as *de fide*, nor do they all agree in the details of the doctrine." We know the temper of the Roman Church, that love of order and authority, which casts statements into syllogisms and crystallizes pious opinion into dogmas. But this logical habit, almost a necessity to a Western mind, is wholly alien from an Eastern; the *ergo* is repulsive to him in matters of faith, and he refuses to admit the truth of what to a Western seems a valid deduction from admitted premises. In the sentences we have quoted Canon MacColl is on firm ground, firmer, we think, than in his attempt to state what is the prevailing Eastern "opinion," for that seems the best word, respecting the condition of the saints—though we are not prepared to quarrel with it—or to harmonise this opinion with current Anglican teaching. That there is a difference between Roman and Eastern eschatology we have already pointed out, but in practice the difference does not amount to much. On the other hand, the gulf between the Eastern and the ordinary Anglican is profound. Imagine an English Churchman addressing the "all-hymned Theotokos" in the middle of Morning Prayer and asking her to save King Edward, whom she has called to reign, and from heaven (ουρανόθεν) bestow upon him victory over his enemies. What a startling addition to the "State Prayers." And yet this Theotokion from Orthros is only a specimen of countless addresses of the kind scattered through the Orthodox service-books. Canon MacColl is quite right in pointing out that heaven is an ambiguous phrase, since there are at least three heavens and "many mansions;" and he *may* be right in saying that it does not follow from the Eastern view, that even the Mother of God, "more honourable than the Cherubim and infinitely more glorious than the Seraphim," is yet admitted into the highest heaven and to the Beatific Vision. But upon this last point he has to reckon with St. John Damascene, who, in his sermon on the Assumption, says expressly that it "was fitting that she who saw her son die should look upon him seated with the Father." But must we not admit that there is a very real difference between the attitude of the Eastern and the Anglican to the Christians "admitted into heavenly glory"?—we quote from Khomiakoff. Do not Anglican divines of the highest reputation question the belief of every section of historic Christianity, and express a "doubt about the possibility or reality of a communication between living and dead through Christ and in Christ," which the same Orthodox theologian brushes aside as "too un-Christian to want an answer," even if they shrink from contemplating the saints departed as wholly unconscious and inactive. In fine, we think that Canon MacColl has satisfactorily answered his opponents, who seem to have had but a nodding acquaintance with Eastern theology and Eastern habits of mind, but is the particular subject of controversy, *i.e.*, the nature of the heaven to which the Saints are admitted before the Last Judgment, and whether they actually enjoy what is technically known as the Beatific Vision, worth discussion to the extent of two-thirds of his preface? Perhaps Canon MacColl will answer "Yes, for they called me a heretic," and we admit that if they did they were very provocative. Still, we should like to see our author discussing not one highly abstruse point, but the whole question of the Communion of Saints, as between Romans, Easterns, and Anglicans. But that would hardly come under the title of "The Reformation Settlement."

* THE REFORMATION SETTLEMENT. By the Rev. M. MacColl, Canon of Ripon. Longmans.

MR. CHEVALIER'S RECOLLECTIONS*

MR. CHEVALIER, like the moderate temperance party, has started a public of his own, and with a completeness of success which they have not yet achieved. From the stage he moved to the music-hall, and by that queer road has arrived at an entertainment which, while in many ways unique, recalls now John Parry and now Mr. Woodin. Within his limits he is an undoubted artist. He does not challenge comparison with the higher class of actors who deal with human passions—his situations are too brief, the lives of his characters too momentary, to allow of that—but in everything that goes to make up the externals of humanity, dress, appearance, voice, gesture, manner, he is thorough, and, after all, few dramatic triumphs of the modern theatre require more.

Born in 1861 he served his first years with the Bancrofts, the Kendals, and Mr. Hare; was in the original cast of "The Magistrate," and "The Schoolmistress," at the Court. An interval of burlesque, and then came an offer from the Kendals to go to the States, but he preferred staying in London. There is a lack of dates in the book, but, according to "Who's, Who?" it was in 1891, that, finding himself out of

* BEFORE I FORGET. The Autobiography of a Chevalier d'Industrie. Written by Albert Chevalier. Illustrated. Fisher Unwin. 16s.

work, he accepted an engagement at the London Pavilion, and introduced to an appreciative audience the now famous Coster song. His success was instantaneous, but, strangely enough, was not just at first endorsed in the provinces. Then followed a course of years in which he had but to announce himself, and a full house was certain—in London at this or that music-hall, in the country at a music hall or in any room large enough for his entertainment. With this triple experience, knowing all three audiences, his remarks on the comparative difficulties of stage and music-hall are exceptionally valuable. "I unhesitatingly assert that to hold and to interest a music-hall audience is by far the more difficult task—when the performer attempts to be artistic, and to produce his effects legitimately." This one might suppose on *à priori* grounds, seeing the different conditions. He tells us that many of his songs and sketches which failed in the "halls" have been great successes in the entertainment, and suggests, "Perhaps they were not sufficiently obvious. The fancy of a music-hall audience must be caught at once. It won't wait to be tickled. There is very little 'working up' possible, as an actor understands the process. . . . You must start in with an effect." Again, the fact that in a music-hall "a proportion of the audience comes, not to be amused, but to amuse itself," is a disturbing element. But whatever difficulties Mr. Chevalier found, he triumphed over, and his name became a household word in two large sections of society, those who favoured a polite entertainment and those who took their ease in a "hall."

In May, 1898, began a prosperous tour in the States, with some funny incidents, as might be expected. The American hotel impressed Mr. Chevalier much, and rightly so, but four dollars a day with a private bath room is considerably under the usual tariff of a first-class house. Here is a story of how the law as to obtaining refreshments on Sunday is, or was, evaded. The point is that a simple drink was illegal, but the wayfarer requiring food might have something with it. Evidently here was room for ingenuity :—

He called for lunch and a glass of beer. The waiter walked to the next table, at which was seated another "luncher," and, without asking permission, removed a suspiciously worn-out, tired-looking sandwich, placed it before the comedian, serving him at the same time with a glass of beer. Six more men came in and called for "lunch." The same sandwich was passed round and six glasses of beer supplied. Presently a tramp put in an appearance. He, too, called for lunch, but being more hungry than particular, he ate the hitherto despised sandwich. And the saloon had to close up."

In May, 1898, Mr. Chevalier started his entertainment in London, trying it first at the St. James's Hall, and then establishing it permanently at the Queen's Hall in Langham Place—we say permanently because, so long as he pleases to continue it, so long will there be plenty of people to see and hear him. He has developed into an institution of which London is proud.

All has not gone smoothly with Mr. Chevalier, for if he has had few disappointments professionally, yet on the other hand, like Dogberry, he has had losses. He complains bitterly that, having been swindled out of something like £10,000, the law, while acknowledging the rights of his case, would give him no practical satisfaction by making things unpleasant for the rogue. The details of the business he does not tell us, but it is a too frequent experience. The meshes of our criminal law are unfortunately full of big holes for the swindler.

NEW TESTAMENT LITERATURE

(1) THE ACTS OF THE APOSTLES. An exposition by R. B. Rackham. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

(2) THE EARLIEST GOSPEL. By Alan Menzies, D.D. Macmillan. 8s. 6d. net.

(3) HANDBOOK TO THE TEXTUAL CRITICISM OF THE NEW TESTAMENT. By F. G. Kenyon. Macmillan. 10s. net.

(4) JOHANNINE PROBLEMS AND MODERN NEEDS. By H. T. Purchas. Macmillan. 3s. net.

(5) THE LAW OF FORGIVENESS. By J. M. Schulhof. Heffer, Cambridge.

(1) Mr. Rackham's edition of the Acts is the first instalment of the Oxford commentaries on the New Testament, which are being prepared under Dr. Lock's general superintendence, and it promises well for the series. Dr. Gibson's admirable volume on Job appeared a couple of years ago in the Old Testament section, but it has had no successor as yet, so far as we know. Mr. Rackham's notes are cast in the form of a running paraphrase or commentary, and have on that account the merit of being easier to read than notes generally are. The edition is intended mainly for the use of educated lay people who do not read Greek, and thus all quotations are made from the English Bible, the text of the revised version being taken as a basis. The editor has executed his difficult task with skill as well as with learning, and we have no doubt that his commentary will be found very useful. More especially valuable are the discussions of special points bearing on the early history of the Church. Mr. Rackham has clear views of the period, and he expresses them with decision and definiteness, the discussion on the Church and the ministry being particularly well done. His opinion as to the date of the Acts is that it was written before St. Paul's death, and he has presented the arguments in favour of this thesis with skill and effectiveness, but we are inclined to think that there is more to be said for a date subsequent to the fall of Jerusalem than he will allow. However, this is a matter which is still *sub judice*, and Mr. Rackham has vindicated his right to his own opinion. A more serious criticism which we are inclined to pass upon his book is that it is too long and too much crowded with details for the readers to whom it is professedly addressed; while it does not on the other hand discuss with sufficient fulness several important questions on which the critical student will desire information. The volume contains some 640 closely printed pages, and, valuable as many of the comments are, we feel that the commentary as a whole is unduly drawn out. The line is not clearly drawn by Mr. Rackham between exegesis and homiletics, and we think it would have been better had he resisted the temptation to expound his text from a homiletical rather than a critical point of view. The note on the descent of the Spirit at Pentecost affords an example of what we mean. It is difficult to believe that St. Luke really intended to convey to his readers by his brief narrative all that Mr. Rackham reads into the text. For instance, the editor observes that "the parallel in the Acts to the list of the nations in Genesis x. and to the confusion of tongues in Genesis xi. is most obvious." It is true that the parallel has suggested itself to many commentators, ancient and modern; but we do not think that there is the slightest hint of it in the Acts. To lay stress on it is to "improve" the text in the preacher's interest; but it is hardly sound exegesis. Another point as to which we are not satisfied with Mr. Rackham's commentary is his too facile note on the language of the Acts relative to baptism "in the name of Jesus Christ," rather than in the name of the Trinity. "A simple explanation," he writes, "is to suppose that *in the name of Jesus Christ* had been the original formula, which was afterwards superseded by the name of the Father, Son, and Spirit," and that the final editor of St. Matthew's Gospel, writing about "A.D. 60-70, in giving a summary of the Lord's commands, had used the formula familiar to him from its universal use in the Church." This is to put forward a very grave hypothesis as to the non-historical character of the words ascribed to our Lord at the end of St. Matthew's Gospel, without anything to show that it is justified by the facts. Indeed, Mr. Rackham at once proceeds to suggest a quite different explanation of the difficulty. We feel then that his commentary, excellent and learned as it is, errs both by excess and defect. If it only aimed at edification, it would be quite excellent; but it challenges criticism as a serious attempt to explain, exactly and scientifically, the text of the Acts. And this we fear that Mr. Rackham has in several instances failed to do, *e.g.*, to interpret Acts ix., 19, and xvi., 34, of the Eucharist is more in the spirit of the mediæval commentator than of the modern scholar. On the whole, we think that he has done a good piece of work and one which will add to a well-deserved reputation for learning; but he would have done a better, in

our judgment, had he been more concise where the narrative is plain, and thus left himself more space for the discussion of the real difficulties of the history. It should be added that the commentary is enriched by an excellent map, and by a very large number of well-chosen references to other parts of the New Testament, in particular to St. Paul's Epistles, the collection of which must have cost great labour.

(2) Dr. Menzies, who is Professor of Biblical Criticism at the University of St. Andrew's, has written an independent and original book, which we have read with so much interest that we should like to praise it, were it not that we find ourselves utterly at variance with the author on some important matters of principle. "I would not conceal my belief," he writes, "that the face of Jesus as he actually was and spoke, strove and suffered, lived and trusted and hoped, has been to a large extent hidden from us by the theology we have inherited"; and so he has attempted to write a commentary on St. Mark's Gospel which shall be free from "dogmatic prepossessions." It seems to us that Dr. Menzies' notes will convey, whether rightly or wrongly, to most of his readers the impression that he does not accept the Divinity of Christ in the sense in which the Church has always held it. He speaks of our Lord all through as of one who gradually awakened to the consciousness that he had a great Mission, but who was not Himself "equal to the Father as touching His Godhead." If we have not entirely misunderstood Dr. Menzies, he holds that "the figure of the Saviour rose in importance" as time went on, and that the Jesus of St. Mark is something less exalted than the "Word who became flesh" of St. John. This has often been said before, but we cannot think that it is true to the facts. And so we find it difficult to follow Dr. Menzies' comments on the various incidents of the Great Life which are recorded in the second Gospel. The Introduction which he has written is a careful and scholarly piece of work, indicating his acquaintance with the voluminous literature which has grown up round the Synoptic Problem, in Holland and in Germany as well as in England; and many of his notes show real insight. But the tendency of the book is, we think, unduly sceptical as to the trustworthiness of St. Mark's report of details, despite the editor's assurance that he holds the second Gospel to be, in the main, historical. Dr. Menzies writes in a reverent spirit, widely different from that of Paulus; but we are reminded of Paulus at many points. We have an uncomfortable feeling, as we read, that this interesting commentary will not tend to convince readers of the editor's expressed conviction that the Figure of the Christ in St. Mark, as compared with that in the other Gospels, is "though more human, not the less divine."

(3) Probably no scholar in England is better qualified from personal knowledge to speak about the characteristics of Greek manuscripts than Mr. Kenyon, of the British Museum. His fine scholarship, his skill as a palæographer, and his sound judgment encouraged us to expect as good work from him in the field of New Testament criticism, as he has given us in his *editiones principes* of the literary spoils of Egypt. The book which lies before us has more than fulfilled our hopes. It contains a remarkably clear and accurate statement of the facts as to the manuscripts and versions of the New Testament, and provides, in addition, a satisfactory and dispassionate account of the rival theories of textual criticism which at present occupy the attention of Biblical scholars. Mr. Kenyon evidently inclines to the school of Hort, but he states the case for the Western text quite fairly, though his treatment is necessarily brief. The most striking features of this book are, however (1), the completeness of the author's knowledge of Greek MSS. of the New Testament, and (2) the confidence with which he re-affirms the statements as to the dates of the more important of them which appear in books like Scrivener's "Introduction." He has been able, in the first place, to supplement even the seemingly exhaustive list of uncials given by Scrivener and Gregory; and has for the first time, so far as we know, classified the papyrus uncial fragments discovered of recent years. His observations upon papyrus MSS. generally are of the more importance because the subject of writing on papyrus has not been adequately discussed hitherto in the usual text-books, although the books of the New Testament must have originally been written on that substance rather than on vellum. And secondly, it is very satisfactory to find that he follows his predecessors in ascribing the Sinaitic and Vatican codices to the fourth century. Hug said long ago that Cod. B was of that early date, and his judgment has been accepted by most people; but the classification of uncials is a difficult problem, and until quite recently the data had not been examined with sufficient thoroughness to justify confidence in the provisional dates assigned to the various codices. It is natural to compare Mr. Kenyon's work with Dr. Nestle's on the same subject, which we reviewed some months ago; and the Englishman need not shrink from the comparison. Mr. Kenyon does not, indeed, go so fully into the criticism of special texts as Dr. Nestle does, nor are his bibliographical lists so complete. But, on the other hand, his book is more readable, and the sixteen *facsimiles* with which it is enriched are better selected, and are more instructive than Dr. Nestle's, most of which, indeed, had appeared in other books. We regret to find that he has followed Tischendorf in his judgment that the last verse of St. John's Gospel was omitted in the original text of Cod. Sinaiticus and that its presence in that manuscript is due to the contemporary corrector. This was challenged by Tregelles, but the matter was finally settled by Dr. Gwynn in *Hermathena* No. XIX. (1893). It is there demonstrated (there is no other word) that Tischendorf was utterly wrong, and that St. John xxi. 25, in Cod. Sinaiticus, is due to the original scribe. There is no external evidence whatever for its omission from the Gospel, and we hope that Mr. Kenyon will mend his statement to the contrary in the second edition which his book will soon reach.

(4) Mr. Purchas has written a somewhat paradoxical book which yet has the merit of freshness and independence. It is largely concerned with the attitude of the Fourth Gospel to the Christian ministry and to Christian institutions generally, and Mr. Purchas thinks that St. John's theology counteracted the "development of self-seeking officialism" which all too soon was observed in the Church. The Gospel was written to emphasise the spirituality of the new message which Christ brought to the world, and Mr. Purchas speaks of "the unfavourable attitude of St. John towards the monarchical episcopate." He has some acute observations on the status of the primitive bishops and presbyters, the latter word signifying, in his judgment, merely the elder members of the Christian community; but we have not found the book convincing as to its main thesis. Why does Mr. Purchas twice describe the great work of Irenaeus as the treatise *contra Haereseos?*

(5) Mr. Schulhof's little essay on the ethics of forgiveness is based on a study of the language of the New Testament itself. He provides a careful analysis of the meaning of ἄφεσις and cognate words in classical Greek in the LXX., and in the New Testament; and remarking that the familiar combination, "forgiveness of sins," is first found in the *Benedictus*, he suggests, "in the absence of an earlier instance, that it owes its origin to Zacharias." He goes carefully through the Gospel records, and comes to the conclusion that in St. John xx. 23 the gift which was bestowed by the Christ was "a power of insight, a gift of prophetic discernment, rather than any right of arbitrary decision." As to the retribution which the future has in store for sinners, "there is nothing in the New Testament to ascertain for us unambiguously whether repentance, to be effective, must be *in* time or may yet be possible beyond time." The book is written in few words—too few adequately to bring out the meaning, to our mind. But although it is difficult to follow the writer's thought, despite the mathematical exactness of the way in which his arguments are marshalled, his essay is worth reading. It is full of suggestiveness and of insight, and is marked throughout by a desire to examine dispassionately all the available evidence.

We have also received Rev. M. Stevenson's edition of St. Luke, in Rivington's *Handbooks to the Bible*, and Professor Bennett's edition of the Catholic Epistles in the *Century Bible*, as well as the *Twentieth Century New Testament*, a well-meant and carefully executed but to us most unattractive volume.

NEW BOOKS

(1) MARY BOYLE, HER BOOK. Edited by Sir Courtenay Boyle. Murray. 10s. 6d.

(2) OXFORD STUDIES. By John Richard Green. Edited by Mrs. J. R. Green and Miss Kate Norgate. Macmillan. 5s.

(3) THE LIFE AND TEACHING OF LEO TOLSTOY. A book of extracts, with an introduction. By G. H. Perris. Grant Richards. 6s.

(4) WALES. By O. M. Edwards. Fisher Unwin. 5s.

(1) The old-world title, *Mary Boyle, her Book*, at once suggests the atmosphere in which we find ourselves on opening the book of memoirs of a lady of the last century which some of her descendants have just given to the world. Miss Mary Boyle, the daughter of Admiral Sir Courtenay Boyle, was born in 1810, and died in 1890, and at the end of her long life must have had a wonderful procession of events to pass in review; but although she lived so far into our own time as to be associated with recent events, her character was formed during the first half of the century, and her tastes and sympathies became and remained early Victorian. As a girl she associated chiefly with the innumerable relatives with which both sides of the family were amply provided, and her life was spent in journeys from one great house to another, varied by visits both to our English Court (her father, mother, brother, and sister being all, at various times, attached to the Royal household) and to those of Continental states. But of this life she has very little to tell us beyond some kindly gossip and a few personal reminiscences of not very important dignitaries. In later years, after her father's death (1868), she took a small house in South Audley Street, and there established something of a literary "salon." She was herself an admirable actress, much in demand for private theatricals, and counted amongst her friends Charles Young, the Keans, the Keeleys, the Kembles, and many other actors and actresses of note. Her literary instincts, too, were keen, and she reckoned amongst her correspondents Walter Savage Landor, Dickens, Tennyson, and Browning, while among the names which occur constantly in her memoirs are those of Lord Houghton, Bulwer Lytton, Bunsen, Lowell, Overbeck, Charles Lever, and G. P. R. James. Under the influence of the last she wrote two novels, "A State Prisoner," and "The Foresters." Later in life she produced a volume of poems, and a short character sketch, entitled, "Tangled Webs," but none of her literary efforts brought her more than a passing notice. Her real charm seems to have lain in her conversation and her "brilliant wit," which, however, we have to take on hearsay as no striking examples of it have been preserved. Miss Boyle, moreover, wrote her memoirs but a few years before her death, and seems then to have trusted to her memory and to have had very little, if any, help from notes made whilst she was a living actor in the interesting scenes amid which she moved. It thus comes to pass that in her pages we find few facts or comments, and gain little idea of the personality of the writer beyond the impression that she was amiable, bright, and popular. Her chosen sobriquet for herself was the "Butterfly," and it is the butterfly method in which she chose to write. We pass from one scene to another, are introduced to actors, writers, artists, princes, and even kings and queens, but at the end of the book we have gained little fresh knowledge of the crowd of persons and places whose acquaintance we have made. People who pass through life without taking notes are much the pleasantest, but when they come to write their memoirs it is difficult to make good the deficiency.

(2) The *Oxford Studies* of the late Mr. J. R. Green consist for the most part of a series of papers on "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," contributed to a local Oxford newspaper as early as 1859. Written when the author was quite a young man (they formed, we understand, his first contributions to literature), the articles are abundantly clever and entertaining, but a little unsympathetic and often unduly scornful. It may well be owned that Oxford society in the eighteenth century was both intellectually and morally at a low ebb, and to an aggressive young Liberal of 1859, its faults were naturally contemptible. In treating the same subject twenty years later in his delightful monograph on Oxford, Mr. Andrew Lang's Jacobite sympathies enabled him to write with the genial tolerance which is a much happier literary mood than that of half-smothered indignation. But Mr. Green was first in the field. To extract an entertaining history from the columns of old newspapers and the desultory notes of the Oxford diarists was no small feat for a young writer, and these semi-hostile studies of the Oxford that played at Jacobitism were certainly worth preserving, desultory though they are. Such defects as they have are the more apparent because of the ripe excellence of the paper on "Early Oxford," by which, to preserve historical sequence, they are preceded. This was written some twelve years later, within a few years of the "Short History of the English People," and is a fine example of Mr. Green's gift of picturesque presentation. To him the city in which he was born, rather than the University which grew up within it like a young cuckoo, was his true *Alma Mater*. Brief as the sketch is, it is an eloquent vindication of the ancient glories of the city in the days when only a handful of starveling scholars were housed within its walls, and far more than the long series of articles devoted to the eighteenth century it makes us realise by how much we are the poorer in that Green did not live to write the history of Oxford, which would surely have been his greatest work.

(3) In the introduction to his small volume on *The Life and Teaching of Leo Tolstoy*, Mr. G. H. Perris prophecies that "a century hence Tolstoy will be known as Milton and Bunyan and Dickens, perhaps even as Isaiah and Paul, Augustine and Shakespeare are known." To write thus is to give fair warning that we are dealing with an enthusiast, and may expect rather a eulogy than a criticism. For those who like eulogies Mr. Perris has provided a whole-hearted one, being careful to quote chapter and verse in support of each detail of his praise. But the introductory essay forms only a small part of the book, and we are chiefly grateful to the editor for the opportunity he offers of judging Tolstoy and his teachings out of his own mouth. Most of us know some half-dozen of the famous Russian's greatest books, but few English people are even aware of the number and scope of his literary works, and no one that we know of has hitherto marshalled such a series of extracts from them, as Mr. Perris here offers, in chronological order. We are thus enabled to trace the development of Tolstoy's teaching, and though our estimate of it may differ widely from that of Mr. Perris, we may warmly recognise the service he has rendered both to his author and to English students of his work.

(4) Mr. Owen Edwards's *Wales*, in the "Story of the Nations" series, is a good book, but hardly so good as its preface led us to hope for. In his preface Mr. Edwards writes:—

> In the first half I try to sketch the rise and fall of a princely caste; in the second, the rise of a self-educated, self-governing peasantry. Rome left its heritage of political unity and organisation to a Welsh governing tribal caste; the princes were alternately the oppressing organizers of their own people and their defenders against England. The literature of the princes are the courtly tales of the Mabinogion and the exquisite artistic odes of Davydd ap Gwilym and his contemporaries. The princes were crushed by the Plantagenets, their descendants dispossessed by the Lancastrians or Anglicised by the Tudors. On their disappearance a lower subject class became prominent, inheriting their changing traditions, and feebly imitating their decaying literature. This class, with stronger thought and increasing material wealth, rules Wales to-day.

No more admirable programme for a history of Wales could be demanded. Unfortunately, in carrying it out Mr. Edwards has made his "first half," in which he sketches the rise and fall of the princely caste, extend to nearly three hundred and forty pages, while to the rise of the "self-educated, self-governing peasantry," by which, as he truly says, Wales is to-day governed, he devotes only sixty. The book is thus badly proportioned, a fault which we could more easily have forgiven if the balance had been reversed, and the lion's share of space and attention assigned to the modern period, which is much the more interesting and important of the two. The long struggle with England, which only ended with the accession of a Tudor king, makes but a pitiful story. Even the great Llewellyn and Owen Glendower could hardly raise it to more than this. It would not be true to apply to them the old bardic phrase with which Matthew Arnold made such play in his "Celtic Literature"—"they went out to battle, but they always fell"; on the contrary, they often had the better of their English assailants. But they were engaged in a hopeless cause, which all their military gifts, diplomacy and statesmanship, could not make possible, and the long record of harrying and slaughter has little interest for us to-day. The vital part of Mr. Edwards's story begins with the Anglicising of Wales under the early Tudors, for it was then that the seeds of modern troubles were sown in the degeneration of the ruling caste, who separated themselves from their people in order, by means of English law, to get the land into their own absolute possession. The evils which the new land-laws began the Reformation intensified, for the avarice and nepotism of the English-speaking bishops left the people with little spiritual help. That the people followed the gentry so whole-heartedly during the Great Civil War, can only be explained by the tradition of loyalty which the personal popularity of the Tudor sovereigns among their Welsh subjects had set up. Under the later Stuarts Wales continued loyalist and Tory. How and why its politics altered can hardly be said to be told in Mr. Edwards's narrative, in which the story of the last two centuries is compressed into less than twenty pages. All that he writes is good, but a second volume of the size of this is needed to make the modern history of Wales really intelligible.

FICTION

Frédérique. By Marcel Prévost. Translated by Ellen Marriage. Duckworth. 6s.—The class of educated readers needing translations of French novels has always been somewhat of a puzzle to us, yet that it exists and is of fairly large dimensions is indubitable; and the introduction to the English public of M. Marcel Prévost's striking novel *Frédérique* is commendable from several points of view. It deals, in a pregnant and vigorous spirit, with a problem that has hitherto made its appearance in art that is weak, crude, and insincere. What is known as the "Woman Question," the emancipation of women from traditions that have become the web and texture and life-blood of civilised races, has received no inconsiderable degree of attention at the hands of several women novelists in this country, and—if we except Mr. Gissing—one or two inferior masculine novelists. But it has been reserved for M. Marcel Prévost to handle it in dynamic relationship, so to speak, with existing modern forces, whilst at the same moment respecting its limitations from the æsthetic standpoint. M. Prévost is neither an ascetic nor a sentimentalist. He has knowledge of the world, experience of the facts of life, and a philosophic insight into the tendencies and outcome of theories that run counter to human experience. The twin heroines of the book are two young girls of the lower middle-class, whose early surroundings and influences have impressed themselves upon their souls. The elder, Frédérique, is illegitimate, and the relations of her mother, soulless and conscienceless, with her husband, a nerveless, consumptive clerk, their alternate quarrels and animal emotionalism, have at an early age troubled and repelled her; and ere the dawn of her own womanhood the iron has entered her soul. Her younger sister, Léa, of flower-like loveliness, shares her integrity of soul, but is fashioned of softer, tenderer, and more impressionable material. These young girls, who are roughly typical of all feminine humanity, come under the influence of an emancipated woman, Romaine Pirnitz, a strange, sexless, deformed being, with "nothing of the woman about her but her beautiful hands." This character (or, rather, caricature) is the weakest part of the book. Her magnetic influence over Frédérique is not made real to the reader, and her fanaticism is so much overdrawn, that she becomes representative rather of an *idée fixe* than of a human being acting under the domination of wild untried theories. The aim of Pirnitz is to found a college for the training of girls on wholly new lines. Their lives are to be independent, honest, and laborious, and the crowning glory is to be Celibacy. Frédérique and Léa enthusiastically adopt these views. Under the direction of Pirnitz, they come to London to be trained in a college established to carry out these educational theories; and whilst there they meet a young Norwegian artist, Georg Ortsen, living with his sister, also an *emancipée.* The youth Georg Ortsen, who is drawn with subtle skill, and is in a measure a new type in fiction, is dreamy, imaginative and as virgin in experience as Léa herself. Reared in the austerest northern traditions of art and morality, he willingly acquiesces that the love between him and Léa which soon springs into life, shall be wholly "spiritual." Some love scenes of idyllic beauty, that greatly lose in Miss Marriage's version of the book, follow, and have for their setting Hampstead Heath and Regent's Park. With this spiritual bond of love between them, the inadequacy of which Léa is the first to feel dimly and with terror, they separate. Georg goes to Italy to study art, and Léa and her sister return to Paris to help in the establishment there of the new college. When Georg returns from Italy he is no longer an immature youth. The book of life has opened for him, the sensuous art of Italy, the colour, intensity, and passion of southern life and character, have deeply wrought upon his poetic temperament, experiences hitherto unknown have opened up rich possibilities of joy, and chiefest amongst these is the sensuous love of man for woman. The scene in which he comes to claim Léa, no longer in *spiritual* union, foreshadows the tragedy of the story, and is wonderfully impressive. M. Prévost writes for men and women, with the passions of men and women, and his presentation of theories which are very popular just now, acting upon ordinary human character in a world such as we know it, has the double value of philosophic truth and of art that is strong, poetic, and interesting.

The Cankerworm. By George Manville Fenn. Chatto and Windus. 6s.—Mr. Manville Fenn's *Cankerworm* has trailed itself out to quite the length of a sea-serpent; but though the book has developed into a portly six shilling novel, it is in style and incident much what we fondly picture to ourselves as a penny dreadful. The story deals with Linda Draycote, an innocent and angelically beautiful girl, whose eyes "promised great ability in conjugating the verb to love," and who is deceived into a mock marriage and deserted. Years later, believing her child dead, she is persuaded, of course out of the noblest motives, to marry the Earl of Inveraigh without revealing her secret. Whereupon there follow peaceful years, only marred, we suppose, by the "cankerworm" of remorse or secrecy. Naturally, Linda's son is not dead, but has developed into an artist, in which capacity he falls in love with the Earl's daughter, of whom he paints a "startlingly life-like" and "beautifully etherealised" head. It is equally inevitable that Linda's betrayer—a gentleman given to exclaiming *hah!*—should reappear as her husband's guest, should make infamous proposals and be virtuously spurned. He surprises son and mother embracing; accusations and complications ensue, ending in the villain's suicide, the closer union of the husband and wife, and the conditional betrothal of the lovers. In fact, the long mystery ends so desirably that we are almost forced to doubt the moral mission of *The Cankerworm.*

The Cavalier. By George W. Cable. Murray. 6s.—The narrator of this tale is one Smith, a very young officer in the Confederate Army, looking a mere boy, and, though gallant enough, having more heart than head. He has fallen under the spell of his superior officer, Lieutenant Ferry, of Ferry's Scouts; and it may be fairly owned that the man, self-disciplined and simple, whether in frankness or in silence, is a good hero. The fault of the story is in the heroine. Though lauded on every page for her nobility of mind and look, the woman is of the old, undying stock of the temptress. She knows exactly how far to go, with sudden smiles, and apparent self-surrender, and liberties of touch, till the victim is surprised out of his secret. Thus a rival, Gholson, dangerous to her lover, Ferry, is wooed away and beguiled from his murderous intentions. For the truth of this we appeal to the author's own chapter, "An Aching Conscience," in which the innocent Smith, who had only just parted with the young girl he loved, felt cut off from heaven and all things good after two or three hours of riding alone with her in the night. And we do not wonder at it. Granted that Charlotte Oliver had been entrapped into marriage with a ruffian, whom she left on her wedding day, and had had to go armed against him ever after, and that she had to live by corresponding and espionage for the army, we wish she had not passed as Miss Coralie Rothvelt. The novel has plenty of bright conversations, but is extremely difficult, as the key to many of the intrigues is not given at the time.

The Fortune of Christina M'Nab. By S. Macnaughtan. Methuen. 6s.—This is an amusing book, of the lightest and frothiest kind. The fortune in question amounted to £18,000 a year, and Christina, who came of the Scottish middle-class, sets out solemnly for England in quest of a marriageable earl or duke. The enterprise thoroughly commends itself to the canny mind of her sometime *fiancé*, an electrical engineer, who arranges the terms (£2,000 a year) for her reception as guest in an aristocratic family. When she sits down to dinner in the great London hotel, "Christina had her purse, her bedroom door-key, and a small box containing a few trinkets on her knee, and these she held securely whenever the waiter came near." The upper classes puzzle her. They write incessantly to the "Stores." They chatter incessantly about dogs. "Whether they talked of Canon Phillips, who preached 'quite good sermons,' or Mrs. Blake, who told 'quite good scandals,' the conversation was carried on with the same brilliant imbecility." Her experiences are told with much humour, though one or two characters are wearisome and over-flippant; and after a brief engagement to a beardless duke love prevails, and she bestows her hand and fortune on the engineer.

T'Bacca Queen. By Theodora Wilson Wilson. Edward Arnold. 6s.—This curious *sobriquet* is bestowed on beautiful Nell Carradus by her fellow-workers in a Lancashire tobacco manufactory. Her wealthy grandfather dies, and, passing over her mother, with whom he had quarrelled, leaves the bulk of his money to Nell's aristocratic cousin, Eleanor Carradus, who is teaching music at Weimar. The portraits of the heiress and the working-girl, both high-spirited, impetuous, and independent, hang, like contrasting pendants, in a gallery of minor sketches, all of which display quiet observation and insight. Arthur Calthwaite deliberately makes love to both, and when his designs on Nell are discovered, the two girls are drawn together in the heartache that follows disillusionment. The author has an eye for dramatic situations. A grave, serious tone pervades the book, the characters falling into two groups—the rough, godless Scarthsiders, among whom Nell lives, and the little band of philanthropists, Eleanor's friends, who work among them. It is a little gushing in parts, but shows much promise.

Mr. Elliott. By J. O. Ford. Edward Arnold. 6s.—Accurate and conscientious realism, reproducing only the sordid aspect of manufacturing life, is the key-note of this tale. It is a barren monotony of commonplace, whether the scene is laid in grimy, poverty-stricken Stannerton, where *Mr. Elliott* sweats his *employés*, driving them into lower and lower depths of vice; or in the stuffy best parlour of Fairfield Grange, where the vulgar Elliott family is discovered, chapter by chapter, in perfectly real but entirely flat situations. *Mr Elliott* has thick lips and a "well-fed face" (*sic*); Mrs. Elliott, who feels the heat, is in the habit of sitting with her collar undone—and so on, through a thousand laborious details. Even the lovers have no "uplift." It is, indeed, in Stevenson's words, "the prison yard of the abominably ugly" that confronts us throughout.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MARY STUART—*PECCATRIX*

SIR,—After cordially thanking my friend Mr. Andrew Lang for the very kind terms in which he mentions my work on Mary, Queen of Scots, I nevertheless feel myself obliged to express my dissent from him in one rather important particular. He raises a doubt (but merely by way of question) as to the meaning which should be put upon the words, *illa peccatrix*, which Father Edmund Hay (a Jesuit who was in Edinburgh at the time of Darnley's murder) applies to that Queen.

Before giving any opinion on the subject, allow me to quote the passage from Father Hay's letter in full:—

> I should write about Scotland . . . were not the Bishop of Dunblane . . . so well able to instruct you. Therefore I will only beg you, of your wonted charity towards the queen, to be sure that she is remembered in the sacrifices and prayers of the Society. It may be that some day all things may combine for the good of that sinner, and that she may hereafter become a doer of great deeds, who formerly would not consent to sound counsel. [*Fieri enim potest, ut illi peccatrici omnia in bonum aliquando co-operentur, et fiat postea magnorum operum effectrix, quæ olim noluit sanis consiliis acquiescere.*] (Hay to Borgia, January 21st, 1569; in my *Papal Negotiations with Mary, Queen of Scots*, p. 507.)

The question which your readers must put to themselves is this—What did Hay mean by calling Mary *illa peccatrix?* *Peccatrix* is a household word in the mouths of all, and especially those who constantly use the language of the Latin Vulgate (as Hay and Borgia did), to denote a woman guilty of the sin of St. Mary Magdalene, to whom St. Luke twice applies it (c. vii.; vv. 37, 39). Is it used in the same sense here? Or can its application be restricted to the rejection of the "sound counsel," mentioned later? Mr. Andrew Lang now inclines to the latter meaning. Father Hay, he says, "writes rather as if her real offence was the refusal to listen to sound counsel." Let us see.

The passage under discussion occurs at the end of a long business letter not concerned with Scotland. The passing reference, made in general terms to events that were then nearly two years past, must, therefore, refer to some striking fact, so familiar to the correspondents that no further specifications were necessary. And surely Mary's *peccatum* with Bothwell was a notorious event, which could be recognised only too well under an allusion of this nature. Her connivance at the murder of Darnley (if she did consent to it) was secret. Her co-religionists (Father Hay presumably amongst them) have generally doubted whether she knew of it at all. But the match with Bothwell was celebrated in the face of the world. The woman, who had been admired as the Catholic heroine of Europe, had ignominiously allied herself with a man, who was already married, and who had presumably had a large share in the murder of her own husband. She, who had repeatedly promised rather to die than swerve from the Catholic religion, had not only sinned against that religion by her marriage, but had thereby ruined the fortunes of Catholicism in this island as well as her own. Serious men like Hay and Borgia forget this crime. No need for them to accentuate even a slight allusion to it.

I should, therefore, find it very difficult to conceive that the word *peccatrix* referred to the murder of Darnley rather than to the match with Bothwell. But how much harder to imagine that it is only applied to the offence of imprudence in "not consenting to sound counsel."

Mr. Andrew Lang's suggestion that it should be so restricted arises (as I understand) from this. The original terms of the counsel, to which presumably Hay refers, was far from being "sound," as Mr. Lang well shows, and Mary was quite right to reject it. This is striking; it shows that Hay viewed some things in a very different light from that in which we should

regard them; and hence the doubt (if I apprehend Mr. Lang's reasoning aright) whether Hay may not have restricted the meaning of the word *peccatrix* to the sense above mentioned.

But this is surely a case of pushing conclusions too far. In the rest of his correspondence Hay writes clearly and uses words correctly—why not here? When Mr. Lang does differ from him, the point of departure is not over a word, but about a sentiment, which the modern mind rightly deems barbarous. If Hay had intended to say what Mr. Lang suspects that he meant, he would without doubt have expressed that sentiment quite plainly. As it is, he says something different, and I cannot but believe that Mr. Lang's first thoughts were best: Hay intended the word *peccatrix* to summarise Mary's relations to Bothwell.

Thus the peculiar value of Hay's testimony remains. While the rest of Mary's friends thought it their duty under the circumstances to abstain from plain speech, he in one word gives us a testimony, upon which we can rely with greater security than we can upon the voluminous accusations of Mary's many enemies.

Whilst I sympathise with all that Mr. Andrew Lang says against the soundness of the good counsel tendered to Mary through Hay; yet I should like to add that a somewhat different complexion may be put upon the matter by taking more documents into consideration, as I have endeavoured to show at p. cxi. of my work above referred to.

J. H. POLLEN, S.J.

31, Farm Street, W., December 21st, 1901.

EDUCATIONAL POLICY

SIR,—Since it is recognised on all sides that a comprehensive scheme of education must be laid before Parliament in the ensuing Session, I trust that you will allow me, as you have done more than once before, to state the main principles which, I feel sure, must be embodied in any final settlement of the educational question.

It has become the duty of any State which seeks to hold its position in the roll of European nations, and especially of one which claims to be the centre of a world-wide Empire, to see that all its children, to the extent of their ability, receive a secular education fitting them to do their work in life with advantage to themselves and others, and to act as worthy citizens of a commonwealth which has such vast responsibilities. This duty is peculiarly its own, and both the methods of its discharge, and the machinery by which they are to be carried out, must be appointed by State legislation.

But the stability, order, and prosperity, of every State rest ultimately on the moral and spiritual health of its members; and, therefore, although the State is not bound, nor indeed competent, to teach religion, it is of primary importance to its welfare that it should see that religion is taught efficiently; and I feel sure that there is enough earnest faith among the citizens of this realm of England to insist upon the State securing this essential safeguard of its secular well-being.

On the other hand it is the wisdom, if not the duty, of a Church to see that all its children shall be fitted to take their place in the world, by having such secular knowledge and training as may enable them to do their duty, and promote the glory of God by becoming worthy members of the State to which they belong. But it it is no necessary part of the duty of a Church to provide itself that secular education, if the State is willing and anxious to do so.

In the present divided condition of Christendom the State is not competent, and therefore has no right, to select one particular form of Christian belief, and insist that all its children shall be brought up in that. The religious training must be left to the different religious communities, the parents or guardians of the children being allowed to determine the Church or denomination by which each child shall be brought up. Even in the case of agnostics or infidels the State can hardly insist that the children shall be taught any religion if the parents object to their being so, but in such instances the State may very rightly insist that the time set apart for religious teaching shall be employed in inculcating systematic morality.

From these principles the following practical consequences seem necessarily to follow:—

1. The State should allot, as distinctly a part of its educational system, a proper portion of the school time, to be devoted to the religious training of its children, by teachers appointed by the various Churches or denominations for that purpose.

2. It would be desirable that this training should be given in rooms provided by the several religious bodies; but as the schoolrooms for secular training would not be occupied during that time, it might be arranged, in the case of those communities which could not provide a separate room, that the religious instruction should be given in the ordinary schoolrooms.

3. The Church of England, and all other religious communities that chose to do so, should give up the struggle to supply secular education to their children. They should only demand that no teacher in the State schools should be permitted to speak disparagingly of any form of Christian belief. On the other hand, the State would rightly require that no sort of disloyalty or insubordination should be encouraged under the guise of religion; and that the religious teachers should not be permitted to speak against any form of Christian faith differing from their own.

I earnestly commend these considerations to all who are interested in the subject of education, and especially to the members and managers of the National Society. Instead of continuing the futile attempt to maintain the present system by additional Government assistance, let them seek to work out a plan by which the Church and the State, in friendly co-operation, may each do the work that properly belongs to it in efficiently bringing up the children of the nation. For it seems pretty certain that a Church which is unable to afford a decent maintenance for its clergy cannot go on much longer expending thousands every year in teaching reading, writing, and arithmetic.

GEORGE GREENWOOD

Brighton, December 17, 1901.

THE UNIVERSITY QUESTION IN IRELAND

SIR,—Personally, I have little or no interest in the question of granting the Roman Catholics of Ireland a charter to enable them to confer University degrees; but when we find Professor Bernard, Archbishop King's Lecturer in Trinity College, Dublin, stating that, as a taxpayer, he is quite willing to pay his share of taxes in order that his Roman Catholic fellow countrymen shall be able to educate their youth in any University that pleases them, it is time for other taxpayers to speak out.

The supposed necessity for a Roman Catholic University rests upon grounds which are not tenable, namely, those of of conscience. In order to enable any citizen to gain relief from the State, it must be shown that he is asked to do something, or that he is entitled to do something, the doing of which directly interferes with what is usually known by the name of conscience.

The State has, so far as University education is concerned, utterly and completely removed everything from the Statutes of Trinity College, Dublin, that could interfere with the conscience of any man. A Jew, Turk, Infidel, or any other person who chooses to think for himself, can enter Trinity College, and may gain a sizarship, a scholarship, a fellowship, or anything else he is able to win by open competition. His conscience has nothing whatever to do with the matter.

But so far as one can understand Dr. Bernard (and it is not easy to misunderstand him at any time), as well as Bishop O'Dwyer and Dr. Delany, S.J., the question is not a matter of conscience at all, but of fear. The danger appears to be that, owing to the want of instruction given by the clergy of the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland to the poorer and less educated of their flocks, they may, if they enter a body where all sorts (and no sort) of religions are tolerated, be led away, either to renounce the form of Christianity to which they previously belonged, or to give up religion altogether.

Here the aid of the taxpayer is invoked, and, be he Jew, Mohammedan, Christian, or Agnostic, he is to be forced, against his "conscience," to contribute towards the relief of the Roman Catholic, whose views must be accepted as final on the subject! I hope I make it clear that I am not beating the "Protestant drum."

Now, it seems very like wasting time to argue the question, when we remember that the Church of Ireland was disestablished and disendowed for the purpose of removing an imaginary grievance—for it was only imaginary, as the Roman Catholic farmers found out afterwards; and that Mr. Fawcett's Act of 1873 was passed to enable people of all sorts of beliefs to enter Trinity College, and to gain all it had to offer.

So far as Ireland is concerned, the State knows nothing of "conscience," except it be to remove any barriers that may exist; and as I understand the principle adopted by Parliament of late years, it was never contemplated that after pulling down the doors of a man's house, to enable his neighbour to take shelter therein, a new house should be built for the unsheltered one, because he refused to take the shelter offered to him; and also that the doors so removed should not be replaced, in case he should ever think it worth his while to spend a night there.

Dr. Bernard admits that "denominationalism" is an "ugly word," but he thinks that the clock might be put back, and that the principle of religious endowment, which was given up in reference to Maynooth College many years ago, might be again adopted with advantage. As a taxpayer I cannot follow him. If the Presbyterians became sufficiently troublesome to the State, or to a party, which is of greater import, would it be fair to me that I should have to pay taxes merely to keep them quiet? Suppose I came to the conclusion that Trinity College was dangerous to the religious belief of my sons, because Presbyterian Fellows lectured them, or Jewish Professors examined them, would the State listen to me and men in my position if we said, "Give us a Church of Ireland University, for we decline to send our sons to an institution where Church influence does not prevail, and where the governing body may be of any or no religion"? I trow not.

Let the State grant as many charters for conferring degrees as there are sects in Ireland, but let it not ask taxpayers to *endow* these little Universities—there's the rub.

58, Mountjoy Square, Dublin, WILLIAM BUTLER
December 22nd, 1901.

SIR,—Dr. Bernard is a good man, and one of the very best of that queer species, the Irish Protestant. His words are entitled to respect, as he is as liberal as one brought up in Irish Protestant traditions can well be.

He objects to pay taxes to "Romanists" to educate "our" children. Note two things: First, all taxes are, of course, Protestant; the moment the money paid by a "Romanist" reaches the *fiscus*, it becomes, *ipso facto*, Protestant money.

Do not blame him for this; it is the ordinary Irish Protestant way of speaking and thinking. Notice next that Catholics or "Romanists" are to satisfy him and his like as to what they need. What would he think if "Romanists" were to dictate to him and his friends as to what they ought to accept?

Dr. Bernard asks what dangers Irish "Romanists" would run in Trinity which they do not run in Oxford. Let me answer him, *more Hibernico*, a little obliquely. Personally, I am not perturbed about "dangers," but I feel deeply the degradation which must befall a young Irish Catholic coming into a place where there is not a tutor, Fellow, or Provost of the faith professed by the majority of the country, and where they would have to wait at least thirty years before one of their number (were he very successful) might reach the governing body. The anomaly of Trinity would not be borne in any country where institutions had to stand on their merits; its monopoly is solely due to the influence of English Protestant opinion. JOHN F. TAYLOR

SIR,—My friend Dr. Bernard, in his interesting article, discusses the proposed Roman Catholic College from the Trinity College standpoint, and fails to see that the proposal of the Roman Catholic hierarchy is based on the old plea, "Those who pay taxes ought to share in the benefits they confer." They say: "We shall have a college with a Roman Catholic atmosphere as pronounced as the Protestant atmosphere of T. C. D. The Protestants can share our privileges on the terms they offer us the benefits of T. C. D." This means that in a modern college, well endowed with public money, great temptations will be offered to students—who would otherwise attend Trinity College—to become members of the new institution. Irish Churchmen are not wealthy, and cheaper education, with efficient training in classics, literature, and modern science will attract many to the new college, and thus an injury will be done to the University of Dublin. The members attracted will not be less from the fact that Irish Protestants have as a rule sufficient robustness to resist the influence of a Roman Catholic atmosphere, and there is very little danger of their accepting the doctrines and discipline of Rome.

That this possible injury to Trinity College is not imaginary may be judged from the attendance of the children of Irish Church clergymen at the Roman Catholic School of Medicine and Hospitals, when undenominational and Protestant Schools and Hospitals are open to them. The evidence of Father Delany, S.J., on the number of Protestants who have attended the History and Philosophy classes in the Catholic University has a different explanation. The Professors of these subjects in the Catholic University are examiners in the Royal University, and the honour lists show that the large majority of those who obtain the highest places in those subjects come from the class-rooms of the examiners. I do not attribute favouritism to the distinguished professors, but anyone who has acquaintance with the varied opinions that exist on historical and philosophical questions at once sees the great advantages those who have studied under an examiner possess. The present writer is one of the few who have obtained first place from the class-room of a teacher who had not examined him, and he well remembers the surprise his limited success caused. Protestants who have won honours in philosophy and history from the Catholic University make no secret of the motives that led them to study in its halls.

On the general question of the permanent influence of a Roman Catholic University or College on Irish life my opinion is decidedly adverse. The present pressure is to some extent, at least, due to fear lest the Roman Catholic laity may get out of hand and send their sons to the existing institutions for higher education.

December 21st, 1901. T. J. P.

PRAYER-BOOK REVISION

SIR,—The Earl of Dysart—who opened the discussion upon the Anglican Prayer-book, which you courteously admitted into your columns—in his reply to my letter, enlarges the area of his original theories by seeking to draw me into a knotty theological controversy by inviting my views upon the Commination Service and the Athanasian Creed. Possibly his sentiments on these two subjects and mine might coincide, or they might diverge; but at present this is not the point, and why tax, under the circumstances, the amiable forbearance of an editor, and the equal forbearance of readers, by an irrelevance? This is all, upon the present occasion, I wish to point out to the Earl. The gist of his argument is to be found in his desire to see the Anglican Prayer-book remodelled upon the pattern of the American, and he seems to be vexed because the Mother will not follow the lead of the child. I think he would condemn this policy in social and family life, and would frown his severest frown upon that which is so apparent in our day of the young bossing their elders, and they who should be learners assuming the airs of teachers. The moral is this: The Mother Church of England is the parent of the American Episcopal Church. Should the mother obey the child or the child the mother, according to the laws of nature and old-fashioned, established and recognised proprieties, if the mother be sensible and sane? And yet one other remark. His lordship thinks that he should have all the elasticity of a new country, with its easy machinery for reforms, while he would, of course, continue to reside in the old country. Surely he would ask to have too much. One cake at a time is enough for ordinary mortals. America, in Church and State, is not all butter and honey, or, as Dickens would say, "all beer and skittles." England has her old laws which cannot easily be broken. She moves slowly and stiffly with her old joints. Her old head thinks and ponders before her lips open. She is not given to speak unadvisedly with her lips. All this may be provoking to an ardent, revolutionary, reformer, and a young blood of the modern England type; but he must set against this, if he would be fair, the manifold advantages of order, of comfort, of security, of dignity, of prestige, even if the historical does not appeal to his imagination and his higher and nobler feelings. My last word in this correspondence shall be an Irishism—there is a backward progress as well as a forward. America sends us bad weather; do not let us ask her in addition for bad theology and a windy Liturgy and and Yankee rubrics. A. C.

WHAT'S WHAT?

SIR,—I think I must thank you for your very amusing notice of "What's What," though protesting that you really are less than fair to the fifty or sixty people who have assisted in writing the book. Not one of these do you mention, nor give your readers any hint that such people exist; and yet several are far abler writers than myself, and better known to the public. I should like also to say a word of protest with regard to my opinions on "Decoration" as represented by your reviewer. The article in question from which you take various words is *not* intended to recommend the early Victorian style of decoration as an ideal one for a dining-room. And this is expressly stated. My point was simply to show the manner in which a number of things, not in themselves decorative or specially attractive, might be combined so as to produce a decorative effect by a certain judiciousness of arrangement, and contrasts of strong colour with sombre woodwork and plain gilding. Put in a nutshell, the contention of the article was that, by symmetry, contrast, and series, even the ugly might be made comparatively beautiful, and at all events for living purposes thoroughly

comfortable. The point is one really worth your notice and that of your readers; for "trade" decorators contradict it universally, both implicitly and explicitly. Moreover, if thoroughly grasped, and carried out with some little care and intelligence, this idea will make anybody to some extent capable as a decorator and a furnisher. It is just the opposite side of the moon to the "Queen Anne style," the "Neo-Jacobean," the "Looey Quatorse," as Mr. Hichens calls it, *et id genus omne*. Pray, get one of your amusing writers to devote his powers of satire to the decorative absurdities of the trade, and don't credit me a second time with preferring some style of decoration which I only mention comparatively, as an instance of how to use to the best advantage uncongenial material. And, a word in your ear—tell it not in Gath, but the details about the production of "What's What," its maze of dates, hour of going to press, etc., were, I fear, written by the editor almost with his tongue in his cheek, for the perplexity of meticulous reviewers. The phrases have achieved their purpose and taken in the majority. HARRY QUILTER

9, Manchester Square, W., December 21st, 1901.

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